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A MAY HOLIDAY—By Frank Brangwyn

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If We Are to Prevent the Next War

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

In view of the current discussion of war and peace evoked by the Bok plan and with particular reference to the current interest in oil as a factor in national and international politics, we present this provocative paper. Mr. Russell's valuation of patriotism will be vigorously challenged by many readers. It is a stark and unqualified statement as it stands, but it opens up a question which we hope to have discussed from various angles in later papers.—THE EDITOR.

IN dealing with this topic, I wish to eschew all rhetoric and adopt a severely scientific attitude. Any man who is not a fiend or a maniac must by now be convinced that human life cannot remain tolerable unless ways are found of preventing war on a large scale. It is true that war has existed for many thousands of years without preventing progress in civilization. But modern organization and machinery have made war a far more destructive thing than it ever was before, and have made its prevention far more imperative. If we are to discover ways of preventing it, we must be as scientific as a physiologist investigating the cause of cancer. There is, to my mind, a great deal of very unscientific thought in the world on the subject of the causes of war. All such thought turns good desires into channels where they cannot prove effective. Only the combination of good desires with scientific insight can

give success in pursuing this purpose of the prevention of war, as to which all decent people must be at one. With this preliminary, I shall address myself to the impartial analysis of the causes of war.

Various unduly simple theories must first be dismissed. Many socialists contend that modern war is due to capitalism, and would automatically disappear if capitalism were abolished. The first and obvious objection to this theory is that war existed before capitalism. Modern wars are not so entirely remote from ancient wars as to make it certain that their causes are utterly different. Nor do we find that the most capitalistic nations are the most warlike; in fact, America is the least warlike of the great powers, while France, the most warlike, is the least industrial. The little countries of southeastern Europe are intensely bellicose, but mainly agricultural. Czarist Russia was by no means pa-

cific, though eighty-five per cent. of the population were peasants. We find, of course, that capitalism, like every other powerful political force, becomes connected with the forces making for war wherever such forces exist; but it is a wrong analysis to suppose that capitalism generates these forces. The connection that does exist is a matter to which I shall return presently.

The friends of war have another theory, also unduly simple; they say that war is due to "human nature." The object of this theory is to recommend the conclusion that war can never be eradicated. But "human nature" is a very vague phrase. Presumably, it is intended to designate what is instinctive in us as opposed to what is learned from our social environment. The investigation of human instincts has been undertaken by a number of psychologists and anthropologists, but the best of them confess that as yet very little is known on the subject. One test of an instinct is that it must be found throughout the human race. Some very primitive races appear not to know war in our sense at all, but only combats between individuals; this tends to prove that war is not wholly instinctive. But, apart from this argument, there is the fact that the operation of an instinct depends not only upon human nature, but also upon the existence of a stimulus. Every instinct in operation is a result of two factors, the predisposition and the stimulus. If you receive a blow on the nose, you will have an instinct to hit back; but most of us never have the stimulus to the exercise of this instinct after we leave school. If you kept ten men without drink for a period of three days, and then put a

single glass of water in front of them, they would fight for it, perhaps kill one another, and probably upset the water in the process. But it does not follow that at a dinner party each guest will fight to get all the food and drink for himself. So it is with war: given an adequate stimulus, war results from instinctive dispositions, but there is no reason why an adequate stimulus should be given. Many nations have lived without war for long periods, and have shown no sign that they were suffering from thwarted instinct. It may be admitted that energetic men love rivalry, and demand opportunities of contest; but politics and foot-ball provide outlets for this impulse. The theory that war is due to human nature has two elements of truth: first, that our instinctive disposition responds to certain stimuli by an impulse to fight; secondly, that some of our active impulses find satisfaction in war. But the stimuli can be removed by political measures, and the impulses can be satisfied by less destructive forms of contest. It is therefore not true that human nature makes war forever inevitable.

§ 2

Another unduly simple theory is that war is due to the pressure of population. This theory is much in favor in Japan, it was advanced by some Germans before and during the war, and it is advocated occasionally by publicists infected with excessive Darwinism. The facts are conclusive against this theory. France has no population problem, but is extremely warlike. China has a population problem even more severe than that of Japan, yet shows no disposition to war. In the years immediately preceding the war,

Germany had no population problem, as may be seen from the fact that emigration almost wholly ceased; the little that occurred was mainly due to fear of military service. The theory of natural selection and the struggle for existence made people think that war must have biological causes. Such causes are seen operative in the victory of white men over the aborigines of America and Australia, a victory due more to bacilli than to firearms. But in the great wars between civilized countries biological considerations play a very small part. Sometimes, as in the British conquest of India, the effect is to increase the population of the vanquished and diminish that of the victors. This shows how dangerous it is to introduce biological ideas crudely in considering modern war.

§ 3

To understand the causes of war, we must go to three sources: politics, economics, and social psychology. The last of these is unduly neglected in most discussions. Let us begin by trying to see what part it plays.

Social psychology distinguishes two kinds of groups, the leaderless group, and the group that has a leader. In practice, most groups are intermediate, and do not belong wholly to either type; that is to say, there are some decisions which spring from the decree of the leader, and others which he accepts from the desires or impulses of his followers. The power of a leader is greatest in a group organized for war; indeed, it is probable that the needs of war were what originally caused the prevalence of leaders. Dr. Rivers tells how the Melanesians coöperate in complicated tasks without the need of leaders, just as a flock of birds in flight

coöperates in wheeling to right or left all at the same moment. This instinct of leaderless coöperation is much stronger among savages than among civilized men, but even among savages it is not adequate for purposes of war. Accordingly, chiefs are adopted and obeyed in time of war. This is the origin of monarchical and aristocratic institutions.

A community exposed to a constant risk of war retains its leaders even in time of peace, both for the sake of preparedness and because of the respect which they have won during the fighting. Thus the type of group that has a leader becomes more and more predominant, culminating at last in absolute monarchy. This institution, however, is exposed to one or other of two difficulties. If it is hereditary, the vigorous man who founded the dynasty is likely to be succeeded by descendants who are greatly inferior to him; they delegate their authority to subordinates, and come in time to be despised. If the monarchy is not hereditary, the death of the ruler is pretty sure to lead to an outbreak of civil war among rival claimants by which the state is weakened. Both causes may be seen operating in the decline of the Roman and Chinese empires. The modern world has found a solution in representative institutions, which lead to a peaceful method of choosing non-hereditary leaders. But the old psychology of the tribe on the war-path is still at the bottom of much of the relation between leader and followers. How this affects the question of war, I shall now try to show.

First, the power of leaders is much greater in time of war than in time of peace, and it is greater when peace is threatened than when peace is secure.

Leaders are sure to be people with a great love of power. If they are hereditary, they have always had the habit and expectation of power, which make the thought of a life without power intolerable. If they have been chosen, they must have had the energy to get themselves chosen, which almost invariably implies a great desire for a prominent position. Therefore in either case the leaders will be glad of anything that increases their authority. Nothing increases their authority so much as war, because of the instinctive make-up of men's social instincts. Therefore leaders, other things being equal, have a constant temptation to lead their followers into war. I do not mean that all this is in their conscious thoughts. But the virtues they will naturally prize will be loyalty, obedience, and the like, and they will feel almost unconsciously that war brings these into play. What will emerge in consciousness may be a belief that war is morally elevating, quite sincerely entertained, but derived psychologically from the impulse to consolidate leadership.

This applies especially to those leaders whose authority has a traditional basis and is threatened, rightly or wrongly, by modern movements. Emperors and ministers of religion belong to this class. In 1914 the kaiser and the czar both wanted war. The real reason was that the emotions of war rouse the primitive devotion of the tribe to its chief, and sweep aside the more artificial forms of social coöperation which democracy has built up in modern times. It is true that the kaiser and the czar both lost their thrones because they were defeated; but both, of course, expected to win, and would have consolidated their authority if

they had done so. Ministers of religion of all denominations were, with few exceptions, enthusiastic for the war. At first sight this seems curious. Shortly after Confucius, there was a Chinese philosopher, Mo Tih, who preached the doctrine of non-resistance. His teachings were widely accepted, and those who accepted them refused to fight. At last they became a danger to the state and were suppressed. The Chinese are puzzled by the fact that the same doctrine is part of the religion of the white nations, and yet the official teachers of this religion are, as a rule, more bellicose even than the average man. Why is this? Evidently because the fear which exists in war-time increases the authority of religious leaders, and therefore seems to them to be making people more virtuous, though, like the emperors, they are unconscious of this motive.

§ 4

So far we have been considering only the leader's side of the social psychology of war. It is time to turn to the other side. Men will not follow a leader unless his commands are in some conformity with their own desires and impulses. Unless war made some appeal to the disposition of the average man, he would simply set aside a leader who invited him to go to war, whereas we find that, in the first days of a war, the leaders who have brought it on are almost invariably more popular than before. This is partly due to the closely related motives of fear and rage. The war, of course, has been brought on by the other side, therefore we may justly feel angry with them; and the more reason there is to fear the harm they may do, the more occasion there is for anger. This attitude, how-

ever, is not wholly genuine. At the outbreak of war people do not examine dispassionately the case for and against their own side; they seize with avidity on the propaganda which is offered to them, and if they are deceived, the fault lies largely with themselves. We cannot therefore place all the blame on leaders, however much they may misrepresent the facts.

Fear, rivalry, love of dominion, and love of excitement are the chief emotions which make the ordinary man not averse from war. The part played by fear is a little complicated: when fear goes beyond a certain point, it prevents war, but when it falls below this point, it promotes it. People do not wish to go to war when it is quite obvious that they must be beaten. But when the chances are fairly evenly balanced, fear produces hatred and a state of nerves and the expectation of being attacked by the other side. This is a mood in which any little incident may lead to war fever. Thus fear is a motive which reinforces rivalry, though where the disparity of strength is so great that rivalry is out of the question, fear produces submission. Love of dominion produces imperial wars—the South-African War, the Spanish-American War, and so on. This motive does not operate only with rulers. The ordinary citizen likes to feel that his country is putting forth its might and showing dirty Dagoes or wily Chinks or whoever it may be that they cannot flout an imperial race with impunity. This sentiment is very well developed in Great Britain; in the United States it is still in its infancy, but no doubt it will grow. The part played by love of excitement in leading to the outbreak of wars is obvious. Unfortunately, as education increases

and people read newspapers more, this motive becomes increasingly powerful.

The passions which promote war clothe themselves in myths, which are accepted by almost the whole of a belligerent nation. These myths, like the delusions of psychoanalytic patients, completely deceive men's consciousness, and are thought to be the grounds of their actions, whereas they are really excuses covering up less reputable motives. Since, unfortunately, the medical men in the community mostly share the collective hysteria, there is no one to psychoanalyze the patients, and they encourage one another, like a lunatic asylum suddenly bereft of keepers. When the fit is over, they quite forget what they said and thought during their excitement. I invite anybody to look up the newspapers of the first days of a war which he thinks he remembers; he will be amazed at the hot blast of unreason that meets him, and will find it incredible that he read the newspapers at the time without any feeling of revulsion. Most people in England have quite forgotten that in the autumn of 1914 England was supposed to be full of Belgian children with their hands cut off, who were believed in although not one had a name and address. I fancy Mr. H. G. Wells has quite forgotten that he coined the phrase about a "war to end war," that he professed himself "enthusiastic for this war against Prussian militarism," and that when the Germans were before Liège he pronounced the German military machine powerless to advance another step. It is well to remember these things, so as to be on our guard next time.

I pass now to those causes of war which are not wholly irrational, but are based upon some person's expectation

of profit to himself or his country or his cause. Wars are caused, as a rule, by a small number of people, on more or less rational grounds, desiring them, and operating upon the irrational impulses of the crowd by appeals to honor, patriotism, etc. It is necessary to understand both sides of the process. They may be compared to the parts played in the spread of a disease by the bacillus and the predisposition. Probably we are all exposed almost daily—those, at least, who live in cities—to infection by the tubercle bacillus, but only those who are more or less predisposed actually acquire the disease. So we are constantly exposed to war-mongers, but we do not become warlike without a certain predisposition. I want now to consider the war-mongers, who provide the stimulus to war-fever. Just as a disease may be treated either by an antitoxin or by hygiene, so war-fever may be treated either by sterilizing the war-mongers or by rendering the population too sane to be infected by them. Both methods are good, and both should be pursued simultaneously. But first let us see what are the war-monger's motives.

§ 5

First of all, there are genuine wars of principle; civil wars are often of this kind. The English Civil War and the American Civil War were both wars of principle. In the latter, for example, the war-mongers were the convinced abolitionists and the convinced supporters of slavery. The war which the Soviet Government fought and won against half Russia and the whole outside world was a war of principle, as to whether the world should be organized on the basis of production for use or

production for profit. Because it was a war of principle, the Bolsheviks were able to win it by propaganda, because the other side could secure soldiers only by concealing its principles. The war-mongers in that war were the convinced communists and the convinced supporters of capitalism. These two are also the men who are preparing the great Marxian class-war, probably in the form of a revolt of debtor nations against the tyranny of creditor nations. In all such cases, it is the men who hold strong political convictions who are the war-mongers.

Wars of prestige are an important class; in these the war-mongers are partly men who will be admired if the war is won, and partly men with a very strong national consciousness. Such men are by no means always self-interested. Hardly any person did more to bring on the Great War than Mr. Leo Maxse, editor of the "National Review." Year in, year out, he preached suspicion of Germany; he raked up every fact that could be used against the Germans, and softened every fact that could be used against the Russians. He provided politicians with telling arguments about the danger of German competition, and poltroons with bogies about the German navy. But all this was done quite disinterestedly, because he believed it his patriotic duty to do it. He had no personal ax to grind. No doubt his subconscious motive was pride in his own country's power, and the wish to see the supremacy of Great Britain reëstablished. Purely sentimental motives of this kind play a quite enormous part in the genesis of war.

Politicians become war-mongers from less worthy motives. To rouse national passion is a good way of caus-

ing one's past sins to be overlooked. A politician goes to the average voter and says, "Vote for me, and I will make you rich and prosperous." The average voter votes, but does not become rich and prosperous. He is inclined to blame the politician. But the politician persuades him that it is the wicked foreigner who is to blame. He exhorts the average voter nobly to forget his own selfish needs, and to devote himself to the unselfish task of exterminating the wicked foreigner. If the average man has no recent experience of war, he responds enthusiastically, and the politician gets a new lease of power. There are only two cures for this state of affairs: one, more sense on the part of the average voter; the other, a law that every politician who advocates a war shall spend the whole duration of the war in the trenches, unless he meets his deserts before the war is over.

§ 6

I come now at last to what generally comes first—the economic causes of war. As to these, let it be clearly understood what is meant. It is not the subsistence of the population that is concerned; no modern war is likely to enrich the ordinary citizen of the victorious party. What is meant is the rivalry of groups of enormously rich men, who identify themselves with various national sentiments, and thus secure the lives and fortunes of their gulls in support of their business enterprises. And the object which these groups of rich men aim at is not even money; in almost all cases, the object is merely the defeat of a rival group. If money were the object, they would combine with their rivals. But they are rich enough to be indifferent to

profits, and devote themselves instead to victory, which they secure by generating universal hatred, exterminating millions of men in battle, killing millions of children by starvation, and destroying civilizations wholesale. In the intervals of these beneficent activities, they address Y. M. C. A.'s on the duties of a true Christian. And their piety is applauded by their hirelings in universities and churches throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The fact that business, with certain exceptions, is organized nationally rather than internationally is due to two causes: first, that big business enjoys rivalry, without which life would become tame; secondly, that the sentiment of nationality enables a national business to get the assistance of armies and navies gratis. There is no technical reason why businesses of the sort that are now national trusts should not be international trusts; if this were the case, the business men would be richer, and the rest of the world would be delivered from a great menace. But before that becomes possible on a large scale, we shall all have to grow less nationalistic in our sentiments.

Assuming the national organization of big business, the economic causes of modern war follow inevitably. Two things are involved, markets and raw materials. Either may be secured by annexing territory, but may also be secured in less blatant ways. I shall not say anything about markets, as this is a well worn theme, but a few words about raw materials are unavoidable.

Raw materials may be needed for peaceful industry or for war munitions. Let us begin with the former.

The United States is in a singularly fortunate position in this respect; I believe that tin and rubber are the only

important raw materials which have to be mainly obtained from abroad. Great Britain, on the contrary, is in a singularly unfortunate position. Originally, coal and iron gave supremacy to British industry, but now the iron ore is nearly exhausted, so that the British iron and steel industry depends upon ore from Spain and Sweden. With the exception of coal, virtually all the raw materials of British industry come from abroad. As nations become aware of the importance of raw materials, they become less willing to export them, and more anxious to utilize them at home. Great Britain, therefore, cannot count on the necessary supplies of raw materials except from regions under her political control, direct or indirect. That is one reason why loss of empire would mean the death by starvation of about half the population of Great Britain. In these circumstances a certain degree of imperialism is scarcely surprising.

The raw materials of war raise even graver problems. Success in modern war depends almost wholly upon five factors: coal, iron, oil, credit, and industrial skill. Credit, perhaps, is hardly an independent item, since a nation which possesses the other four requisites will also be able to get credit. Coal and oil are more or less alternatives; a nation which has one can use it for many purposes for which another nation might use the other. But oil is indispensable for some purposes, whereas coal can almost always be replaced by oil, so that oil is the more important. We may therefore reduce our list to oil, iron, and industrial skill. Russia lacked industrial skill, and Germany lacked oil; that is why both were defeated in the Great War. But in-

dustrial skill can be created, whereas oil and iron cannot. Therefore as motives for imperialism oil and iron are the prime factors. France acquired the iron of Lorraine by the Versailles Treaty, but needed Ruhr coke in order to work it profitably. That is why France is in the Ruhr and German learned men are dying of hunger and cold. Japan needed coal and iron, and seized the opportunity of the Great War to obtain control of the coal and iron in China. The Washington Conference did almost nothing to liberate the Chinese from this yoke.

The oil of the world is controlled by two rival groups, an American and an Anglo-Dutch group, but politically it may be taken as British. The American oil interests have an understanding with the French Government, whereby they have practical control of any oil in French hands. Hence they have supported all that France has done against Germany in recent years; at Genoa, it was apparently these interests that prevented the adoption of a sane and united policy. They embolden the French to resist British demands for moderation, and makes the British not dare to press these demands for fear of displeasing America. Meanwhile British oil interests have dominated British policy for many years past. The British Government agreed with Czarist Russia to partition Persia just when that country had inaugurated a democratic and progressive government. The British took the south, where most of the oil is, and have held on to it ever since. For the sake of oil, the British have established themselves in Mesopotamia and Mosul, exterminating political opponents in that region by bombs from *aéroplanes*. For the sake of the Borneo oil, the

British are creating a great naval base at Singapore, and trying to force the Dutch to create an East-Indian navy. Since the oil belongs to British and Dutch jointly, such a navy, if it existed, could be counted on to coöperate with the British, supporting itself on Singapore. In this way, the provisions of the Washington Treaty would be evaded without being infringed. It is said by propagandists of American oil interests that the oil in the United States will be nearly exhausted in another twenty years, whereas the oil controlled by the British is capable of lasting another two hundred years. Since naval supremacy depends on oil, and the life of half the population of the British Isles depends on naval supremacy, the question is one which interests British statesmen. They therefore put the British Army and Navy at the disposal of the British oil interests, and the taxpayer is compelled to swell the dividends of millionaires. It is said that British and American oil interests have come to an agreement. I very much hope that this is true, since the question is just of the kind to lead to a first-class war. It must not be supposed that there is any right or wrong in the question; so long as nationalism and private capitalism persist, no attempt to settle the question on a basis of justice is possible.

§ 7

Competition between nations for markets and raw materials can be avoided by two methods. The easy method, which may be adopted any day, is an agreement among powerful groups, parceling out the world, and recognizing one another's exclusive claims. This would do a great deal of

good, or, rather, would prevent a great deal of harm. It would replace national capitalism by international capitalism, and therefore remove the present economic causes of war. But it would increase rather than diminish the exploitation of the weak by the strong. America and Great Britain could, if they chose, combine to rule the world not by the old crude method of annexing territory, but by giving or withholding credit, raw materials, and commodities. They would of course use their power tyrannically. France, Italy, and Germany would perhaps be admitted to partnership, but Russia, India, and China would sooner or later rebel. United, they could achieve independence, since they are mainly agricultural and contain about half the human race. Probably they would develop an economic system different from ours, and would therefore be said to practise the nationalization of women. Ultimately, the proletariats of Western countries would wish to adopt their economic system. In this way, therefore, no permanent peace is to be expected.

There is another, more difficult, method of dealing with competition between nations. Under the stress of war, this method was actually adopted as between the Allies. This method is to have an international authority for each kind of commodity or raw material of fundamental importance, which decides how much each country is to have, being guided in its decision by the needs and capacities of the population. During the war there was a petroleum commission, an iron and steel commission, a coal commission, and so on, each containing representatives from the various nations concerned. These commissions decided

how the available supplies should be divided among the Allied nations. The same system, extended to all nations in time of peace, would solve the whole problem of raw materials. But of course the stronger nations, especially America and Great Britain, will never voluntarily surrender the advantages of their strength in this way, at any rate until the opposition to them is strong enough to frighten them. And this will not be until industrial development has made great strides in Russia, India, and China. Thus we are brought back to the same position as before.

I do not wish to suggest, however, that the position is hopeless. The trouble springs from the interlocking of two evils. On the one hand, mankind have a proneness to group-feeling, that is, to the formation of rival herds, each of which believes that the destruction of the other would be to its advantage. The disposition to form herds is, in a loose sense, instinctive, but their rivalry need not take the form of war, and is capable of taking forms that are beneficent when a superior authority makes war impossible. Unfortunately, the national herds are utilized by ruthless and bloodthirsty business interests in their contests; this is praised under the name of competition. If the existing system of production for profit were superseded, at least as regards fundamental raw materials, by a system of production for use, there would no longer be so much money spent on bribing newspapers, school-

masters, professors, and parsons to extol bloodshed under the name of patriotism. In that case, public opinion might be changed by the operation of reason. It might come to be understood that patriotism is the blackest crime of which a man in our age can be guilty. A man who murders one man with his own hands is executed by the law, but a man who, by preaching patriotism, causes millions to kill millions, is universally respected and has statues put up to him when he dies. Those of us who do not wish to see our whole civilization go down in red ruin have a great and difficult duty to perform—to guard the door of our minds against patriotism. I mean, that we should view impartially any dispute between our own country and another, that we should teach ourselves not to believe our own country morally superior to others, and that even in time of war we should view the whole matter as a neutral might view it. This is part of the larger duty of pursuing truth; nationalism cannot survive without false beliefs. If we can learn to serve truth, to be truthful in our thoughts, to avoid the flattering myths in which we like to disguise our passions, we shall have done what we can to save our world from disaster. For this creed it is worth while to suffer, and indeed those who have it must suffer, for persecution is as bitter as in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. But in the very suffering there is happiness, and a promise of better things in the time to come.

The God of Good Bricks

BY GRANVILLE BARKER

So they brought the man, who was named Um, son of Toth, before the chief overseer of the brickmaking. But it was nearing midday, the heat was already heavy over the brickfields, and the overseer was impatient to be gone.

"You must punish these fellows yourselves," he said to the two foremen who had brought the man.

"Pardon, Lord," said the upper foreman, "but this is an unusual matter."

"Go on, then," said the overseer, "but quickly."

"The man," said the upper foreman, "is one of those who stamp the sign of the king upon the bricks. He has been found stamping another sign."

"What sign?" asked the overseer.

The upper foreman shook his head.

"Who am I," he said, "to read a sign? Here is the brick we found, with the seal he used."

The under foreman held them out.

"Lord," said he, "I saw him take the seal from his garment, spit on it, and seal the brick privily. So I stole behind, and before he saw my shadow, I struck him with my stick, and then took both the seal and the brick from him. The brick is not yet dry."

The overseer looked at the seal and frowned.

"It is a good seal, and he has stamped more bricks than this with it,"

he said. "Is he alone in the business, do you think?"

"I have told all I know," said the upper foreman.

"And I, Lord," said the other.

"I must take this matter to the priests," said the overseer, "for if bricks have gone to the temple building with another sign than the king's on them—" He did not finish. The foremen looked alarmed.

"Bring the man to my house in the afternoon, and we will take him to the temple."

"Lord," said the upper foreman, "we could kill him here and now, and no one would know."

The overseer considered, looking at the culprit, who stood silent. A little blood from the wound the under foreman had given him had mixed with the dust, and had dried in the pit of his neck. His toes played upon the sand; otherwise he was quite still. From him the overseer looked more sharply at the foremen, and at the under foreman very sharply. The latter was a short, square man with a hanging face.

"No," thought the overseer, "more bricks like this might be found up at the temple, and a secret shared between three is no secret whatever." He did not much like the look of the under foreman.

"Give me the seal and the brick,"

he said, "and bring the man to me in the afternoon." Then he turned and went homeward.

The foremen went to their midday meal, and that they might have leisure for it and for their sleep afterward, they put the man into one of the madmen's cages that was near. It would happen that men went suddenly mad from working in the sun. It did not last, but they were dangerous in their frenzy, and cages were kept ready for them.

When, in the afternoon, they reached the overseer's house, he was not yet awake. He had not slept easily, for he was troubled by this business of the seal. They had waited a full hour in the shade of his wall when he came out, riding his mule and followed by two servants, and all made their way to the city. They went slowly, for it was still over-hot and the road was shadeless. Their steps were silent on the sand, and they could hear the unrestful music of the city sounds from behind its walls. The temple was on the far side, and they went even more slowly through the crowded streets. When they reached the temple, the overseer found a priest that he knew, and went on with him, leaving the rest in the court, which was rebuilding. Work had finished for the day, and it was nearly empty. The king's hall, which also had been built anew, stood just beyond.

Presently the priest came back for the two foremen. They left their prisoner with the overseer's servants and followed through an inner court and then through dark passages till they came to a chamber that would have held fifty men. The overseer was there with an older priest, who, as soon as he saw them, began to speak in a gentle, level voice.

"There is nothing strange or new in this," said he, nodding toward the seal, which the overseer held in his hand. "It comes of the brickmakers learning the meaning of the king's sign upon the bricks. They think they, too, can please the god by making scratches of their own. It is folly. Their scratchings have no meaning; so how should a god regard them? But how long," he asked the overseer, "have these two worked in the brick-field?"

"This one," said the overseer of the upper foreman, "was a soldier with me. The other—"

The under foreman bowed crouchingly, his arms hanging.

"From a child, holy Lord," he said.

"Many a time, then," said the old priest, "he at least has seen men beaten for making scratches on the bricks. This fellow you caught has, it is true, been more cunning, for he had tried to make a seal; but the signs on it are nonsense, and the whole thing is folly and of no importance. The man must be punished, of course, and as the bricks are for the temple, we will see to that. So keep him safe for the night," he said to the young priest, "and these two can go." His kind, even voice had never changed. The two foremen bowed and went out. The young priest led them by a short way to the outer court and dismissed them.

"I am glad you sent for them," said the overseer when the two had gone. "I should have bungled it by myself."

"It would not have done to tell them the truth," said the priest, "that the seal is well cut, and the blessing invoked so that it cannot fail."

"Of course not," said the overseer. "I feared it was serious when I first saw the thing. Will you question the man himself?"

"Not to-night. Is there a friend's house in the city where you can stay? You cannot sleep here, you know, for you have been a shedder of blood."

"Not since the last war."

"That makes no difference. Even this room I shall have purged to-morrow after you have been here again. It is better to be strict."

The overseer sniffed.

"How many bricks can the seal have been used for?" asked the priest.

"Perhaps twenty, perhaps more."

"And some may be built into the temple?"

"I fear so."

"I will have taken counsel to-morrow. The god may turn this to good," said the priest.

The overseer departed.

The two foremen made their way through the city in silence. They stopped only once, when the upper foreman saw a man selling sweetmeats and bought some for his wife. When they were outside the walls and on the low, bare track to the brick-fields, which showed far off, a darkened patch in the river-bend, the upper foreman said:

"Nevertheless, the seal was a good one and well cut. Though I cannot read it, I can tell that."

"Do you mean that he lied to us?" asked the under foreman.

"A straight lie, and a good thing for us that he did; for if it all matters so little, how can we get into trouble about it?"

"What a priest says, becomes true," said the under foreman.

The upper foreman spat.

"Facts are facts," he said, "and I am sick of this brickmaking, anyhow."

§ 2

In the morning the overseer found, besides the old priest, two more at the temple to receive him. One was middle-aged and fat, the other was gray in the face and thin, and might have been of any middle age. They were sitting on the ground, knees to chin as their custom was,—except for the fat one, whose knees would only stick out straight,—and the seal and the brick were on a little stool before them.

"You have been much to blame," said the fat priest the moment the overseer was brought in. "This sort of thing may have been going on for months, and a hundred men may be in it. What are your spies about not to have told you?"

"I keep no spies," said the overseer. "My men work well enough as a rule, slave and free. If they do not, I punish them."

"You must set spies at once," said the fat priest.

The overseer clenched his fists and stood very upright, as was his habit when angry.

"But as to this man you have caught—" the old priest began in his clear, even voice.

The overseer took him up.

"He is guilty and must be killed; I know that. Kill him yourselves or hand him back to me; it's all the same."

"You know that we shed no blood," said the old priest. "And he must first be questioned. I hope there has been no talk of killing, or we shall get little out of him."

"What is it that is cut on the seal?" asked the overseer.

"The man's name in place of the king's, and offered to the god as the king should offer it."

"Who can have cut it for him?"

The old priest did not answer. The priest with the gray face was drawing patterns in the sand of the floor with his finger. He spoke for the first time.

"We shall get little out of questioning such a man in any case. Who is to tell whether he lies or speaks truth, and what does it matter? There is a better way. Think who is likeliest to have devised such a plan to bring shame on our temple and the god."

"I don't understand," said the overseer.

"For these seven years we have gained credit with the king and the people, for as peace has endured, so has the god of peace been exalted, until to-day, when we are building a temple the envy of all who see it, of other priests and other gods."

The gray-faced priest paused in his speech, though not in his pattern-making in the sand. The two others looked keenly at the overseer, who made no sign.

"Surely," the voice went on, "there are to be found among the more worthless rascals in your brick-field men who at second or first hand are being bribed to do dishonor to our god. With this first proof to guide us,"—the bent head lifted till the eyes caught the seal,— "other and livelier proof should not be hard to find. It would be worth the finding to us and for you. The enemies of our god must be trapped in their evil doing and destroyed."

He finished, and with his finger finished his pattern, too.

"You're wasting my time and your own," said the overseer. "If you want this man punished, say so. If not, I shall go to the king's steward. I'm his servant, not yours."

He picked up the seal and the brick.

"Put those down," said the fat priest.

The overseer looked as if he did not mean to obey.

"It'll be you that the steward will punish then," said the old priest.

"I can take punishment," said the overseer.

"You are offending the god now," said the priest with the gray face.

The overseer laughed.

"I have been offending the god of peace all my life," he said. He added, "Let me tell you that if I come across your spies in my brick-field, I'll tread on them."

With that he went, trusting to luck to find his way.

"You frightened him. You should not have frightened him," said the fat priest in great agitation. "And now he'll report all that to the steward."

"All the better," said the priest with the gray face. "If it spreads as gossip, it may yet come home as proof."

§ 3

The overseer felt very bold to have defied the three of them, for he feared priests as a rule. He walked quickly; he meant to make the most of his courage. The king's steward was not a personage to be trifled with, either. Besides, as a soldier, he knew what was due to those above him.

"But I should have killed the fellow myself and said nothing," he thought rather angrily. "It will come to that in the end, and the quickest way is always the best."

That courtyard of the palace on which the chief steward's quarters gave was full already. The palace servants came and went, busy, and looking busier than they were; while round the walls sat fifty men whom the

steward would see before the day was over, and a hundred more that he would n't: petitioners, creditors, men with news to sell, men with time to waste, men asking employment or seeking honor, samples of all the human scraps which are drawn by the magnet of a court. But the building of the temple was held important; therefore the overseer passed in quickly.

The king's chief steward was a little, old, and weary man. He worked hard and got no thanks for it. There were few petitioners that he did not ultimately see, few complaints that he did not hear with patience. He had risen thus high in the king's service by his great merit. He could rise no higher; dismissal and disgrace could be the only change. Therefore, as perforce he stood in the way of every man under him, he trusted none of them and did as much as possible of the work himself.

He heard the overseer's tale with great attention. He examined the brick, he examined the seal. Then he said, though not harshly:

"You will have to be punished yourself, of course, and you should not have left the man a prisoner with the priests. They may make ill use of him."

"What use is he to them without the seal and the brick?" asked the overseer. "What can they do?"

"I have never yet been able to forecast," said the chief steward, "what priests will do or not do. They are unreasonable even to the point of what would seem dishonesty if they did not tell you that their god had inspired them, to which, of course, there is no answer; for a god cannot act according to reason. Man would lose all fear of him if he did. Nevertheless, priests have their uses. By teaching the peo-

ple that there is much too high and holy to be understood, they stop inquiry into much else more mundane that it might be unprofitable to have to explain. Thus the king's servants are saved trouble, and I am not angry when at times they try to cheat me, too. It is only when, as now, they want to expose one another that I am perturbed, for of course they know well how to do it. We must get the man out of their clutches."

"Give me an order," said the overseer, "and I 'll go back for him."

"I cannot. It needs word now under the king's own hand. The captain of the guard might manage it. He is glad of a chance of law-breaking now and then, and the king does n't mind. It keeps the guard cheerful."

He paused, rubbed his chin, twitched his head, rubbed his nose, and then went on again. It was his habit to think aloud like this; he liked to carry his hearer along with him, to show how reasonable he was. He only hated being interrupted.

"But I cannot ask the captain of the guard myself, for he wants a favor of me that I do not mean to grant. I wish he 'd ask for something that I could give him, for it is growing difficult to avoid him day by day. The chief butler might help us, and in any case he likes to be told things that do not concern him. We will go to the chief butler."

The chief butler was not in his office, but a servant told them that half an hour before he had gone to see the captain of the guard.

"Very lucky," said the steward. "And I shall not be asked the favor, for it is a thing of which the chief butler is not supposed to know."

At the quarters of the captain of the

guard the overseer was left outside. This courtyard was full of soldiers; therefore the overseer felt quite at home as he strolled from group to group, watching the games they played with knives or bones or dice. But the sun was already hot, and when, after a little, a man whom he knew came off guard, he was glad to sit in the shade of the wall with him and talk. They talked of themselves and their troubles in general, first, of how bad things were now, and then of how very little better they had been in the past.

§ 4

But presently he was called in to where the steward, the chief butler, and the captain of the guard stood in talk. At the same time went in another guardsman, to whom was given a white staff that would serve as the king's order to the priests to deliver their prisoner.

The chief butler asked to see the seal. He had curved fingers, and he held it as if it were a work of art and he a connoisseur, inclining it to various lights and half closing his eyes.

"My own opinion," he said to the captain of the guard, "is that your friends in the rival temple have had nothing to do with this at all."

"They are not my friends," said the captain. "I was sent to serve there as a boy because my father always meant me for a soldier. There were some good men there then. But this crew of conjurers are a disgrace to the god. I only hope they are guilty and that we get them turned out."

"You 'll get no better turned in," said the chief steward.

"Quite so," said the chief butler, "and these fellows who have badgered the king into rebuilding their temple

for them are just as bad. Personally, I should encourage both sets of scoundrels to fight it out. They 'll put themselves in the wrong, and each end by discrediting the other. That will make them more or less happy and keep them quiet for a little."

"And who do you think is at the bottom of the business?" asked the steward.

The chief butler combed back with his thin, curved fingers his long, scented curls and smiled.

"You think I am mad about this," he said, "but I tell you, whenever you find an attack being made upon our country's most sacred beliefs and most honored institutions, you may look for an alien at the bottom of it, either planning or encouraging."

"Nonsense!" said the chief captain.

"But it stands to reason," the butler went on. "These freed slaves and their sons who worm their way up to wealth and position! How do they do it? By sowing among us distrust of ourselves. They buy and sell our credit in our own markets. Naturally, it pays them to cheapen it first."

"I 'd like to bring this home to one of them," said the chief steward.

The butler smoothed his oiled, black beard.

"Well, you 'll tell me all that the king says," said the chief butler, and putting down the seal, he departed.

There was a silence; then the chief captain began to swing his arms. This was all the exercise he got nowadays, he was used to say. He grunted tunelessly to mark the rhythm of the swinging. But checking himself a moment, he looked toward the overseer and remarked:

"He must go to the king as well."

"He's in disgrace," said the steward.

"What does that matter?" said the captain. "The king can decree his punishment."

"I hope he won't do that," said the steward. "It is clearly laid down that I am responsible for discipline in the brick-field. And I have been thinking over your punishment," he added kindly to the overseer. "I want to be reasonable. I should like you to feel that justice has been done."

The overseer stood to attention.

"It will be fair, perhaps," the steward went on, "if we measure it by the amount of trouble that is caused. The man, of course, must be killed, and if the affair ends here, I shall feel able to let you off lightly. But if much rebuilding is involved, and ceremonies of atonement and purging and a public scandal generally, that will give us all a great deal of trouble, and I shall have to be severe. Do you think," he asked the captain, "that the priests will insist on a ceremony, with the king present?"

"I do," said the captain. "Ceremonies bring crowds. Crowds pay."

"Then are you still sure," the steward asked, "that it is wise to bring the matter before the king?"

The captain stopped his swinging.

"I have sent word that we are coming, and I gave you my reasons." He said it as one who means to give them again. Then to the overseer he added curtly, "You can wait outside."

At this word of command the overseer turned and went. He passed through the courtyard to the outer gate through which he thought the prisoner might come, passing the guardsmen with hardly a glance this time as they squatted or lounged at their eternal games. From morning till night they played, and from night

till morning, if there was moonlight, the relief would sit flinging the dice or the bones on the little squares marked in the sand, eternally trying their luck.

"It 's dull in the brick-field," thought the overseer, "and I 'm in the devil of a mess, but anything 's better than a life like that." He stood and stared down the long brown street full of the brown, moving multitude that passed and jostled one another.

He was roused by a guardsman coming to fetch him; the prisoner had arrived by another gate, and they were all to go at once to the king. At the farther gate of the third court were the rest of the party waiting for their eyes to be bandaged, for now there were the women's quarters to pass through. The little prisoner had two guards with him. He looked shy, but not afraid. The chief captain and the steward stood with their own bandages ready in their hands; they went through often and were used to it. The gray-faced priest was there, too, and he looked at the overseer with narrowing eyes. He was not to be blindfolded; that was his privilege.

With the bandages removed, they found themselves in yet another courtyard, narrow and long and blind except for a second door, through which they passed; but in strict order now, the chief captain, the steward, the priest, then the guardsman with the overseer, and last the prisoner with his two guards. They came into an empty hall, high and dark and cool. There they waited in silence. After a moment the overseer could discern that at the end of the hall were steps and beyond them a curtain hanging. Through the curtain presently came the king.

§ 5

They knelt, all but the priest, who only covered his eyes with his hands and bowed very low; that was his privilege. The guards flung the prisoner on his face, and the steward and the overseer prostrated themselves, heads to the floor; the captain and the soldiers did no more than kneel.

"If he speaks to you, call him 'great Lord' when you answer," whispered the steward to the overseer.

When the king stopped near them, the chief captain rose; then the steward, who had the brick and the seal, rose, too, and gave them to the king. The king seemed to know their story, for asking no questions, he took them to the light of the doorway and looked at them there. The captain, the steward, and the priest followed him; then the rest rose and stood waiting. The king never spoke, but after a minute threw the brick carelessly from him and, still holding the seal, started to pace the length of the hall. He passed close to the overseer, who bowed. Then as suddenly as he had started he stopped.

"You, the three of you, judge what is best to be done. I will hear and confirm." With that he went on with his pacing.

The priest was all ready to speak.

"Not one brick with this blasphemy upon it must be left in the fabric of the temple," he said. "We must know how many he has sealed and when he began to seal them that we may trace where they are. They must be gathered in the sight of all the people and ground into dust. There must be full purgation and penitence and offerings made to the god."

The captain gave one of his grunts,

softly, that the king should not hear.

"That is not all," the priest went on. "We must know who gave him the seal, who cut the seal, who prompted the cutting of the seal; and the priests of the temple will pass in procession during seven days through the brick-field and through the city, about the king's palace, and about the temples of the other gods that it may please their god to discover to them the hidden source of the blasphemy."

"Why cut such a name as his upon the seal?" asked the king, pausing in his walk.

"For the lower degradation of your high piety, great Lord," answered the priest. "They would tell him it could win him the favor of the god. They would hope for retribution to stop short at his punishment—"

"Certainly the god has not favored him," said the king. "But there is doubtless something wrong with the cutting. I cannot tell." He held out the seal to the priest, who came bowing to take it.

"He must be questioned under torture," said the chief steward, seizing his chance, "and the new system which I have lately approved is a very good one. To each category of answer is assigned its degree of value. To those given under threat so much, to those in the first agony, to those in delirium. Then there are the questions he will not and those that he cannot answer. By the right adjustment of these values even contradictions can be reconciled."

"I should kill him and have done with it," said the chief captain; "and if you think he has stamped a hundred bricks, search in the walls till you find them."

"That will be a hard search," said

the steward. "In how many bricks did he stamp one falsely?"

"Who can say?" said the priest.

"Yes," said the chief captain, "you may have to pull down the whole temple."

There was a silence.

"I think it likely," said the priest, "that only the walls of the south court are affected. Not the inner court, or the king's hall, which has been finished these three months. I think we might proceed upon that assumption."

"No," said the king, "you will please make certain that no bricks but mine are in the hall that bears my name. What is this fellow called?"

The chief steward, whom the king addressed, turned to the overseer, who asked Um, son of Toth, what he called himself. Um told the overseer, who told the steward, who ceremoniously answered the king.

"It is not so on the seal," said the priest.

The king frowned.

"Read the seal," he said.

The priest read, "Eni, son of Toth, hath given this work to the god."

"Put the man where I can see him," said the king. The guards shifted their prisoner into the light.

"Um," asked the king, "who is Eni?"

"My brother, Lord."

"Where is he?"

"He is dead."

"Did he give you the seal?"

"No, Lord."

"Who cut the seal?"

"I myself."

The king looked toward the priest.

"Can that be?" he asked.

The priest shook his head.

"The art is taught in the temples," he said.

"Great Lord," said the steward,

"the man is obviously lying. It is useless to question without torture."

"Who taught you to cut seals?"

"My mother, Lord."

"What was she?"

"The tale as she told me—" said Um, and stopped.

"The untruth be hers," said the king.

"A virgin vowed to the goddess—to that goddess," Um said, correctly avoiding the sacred name. "And she sinned and was not killed, but given to my father. She taught me."

"How many bricks have you stamped with the seal?"

Um looked to his fingers to count.

"Not seven times ten," he said.

"When did you stamp the first?"

Um did not answer.

"Come, you can count, therefore you know the months."

"Not two months ago."

"Then there can be none in the hall," said the king to the steward.

The steward looked despairing.

"Great Lord, do you take his word?" he said. "The man is not even upon oath."

"Are you lying?" asked the king.

Um did not answer.

"Great Lord," said the priest, "hear me. Truth is not a pebble to be picked up on the road. All the man says may be fact, but what does it profit us without interpretation? He cut the seal with his brother's name, he sealed the bricks. Here is the effect, but what was the cause?"

"Why did you do it?" asked the king.

Um did not answer.

"The man is sullen," said the captain.

The king looked consideringly at him, at the tangled hair, shadowing

still deeper the downcast face, with its thin beard, which would tremble a little, though the face seemed still, at the spare body, with its rag of clothing drawn tight against the ribs. The arms hung loose and helpless; the legs were stiffened with alarm; one knee-cap twitched like a pulse.

The priest went talking on.

"Does he know why? He may tell us what he thinks is the truth. Does it profit us to know what he thinks? Truth lies beyond. And the search for truth is like the exploring of a river. From the mouth upward not only must we battle with the current, but each tributary stream is a deception, to the foolish every brook is a snare. But with the wings of divine knowledge we may fly to the hidden source; seaward the voyage is easy."

"Still, I should like to know why he thinks he did it," said the king. "Leave him alone with me, quite alone, and wait in the courtyard."

§ 6

They obeyed. There was little shade in the courtyard now. The priest went to a far corner, like one who has thinking to do. The guardsmen, at a sign from the captain, flung themselves prone. He and the chief steward walked apart.

"Your advice was not good," said the steward. "I see no end to the trouble. They—" he nodded back at the priest—"want a god feud."

"Well," said the captain, "they'll find the other temple quite happy to help them provide one. I want trouble of any sort as long as the king can be caught in it. How long since he went to war? Ten years. What has he done since? Let you govern the kingdom."

The chief steward bridled at this. "Has it been governed ill?"

"In these days," the captain went on, "the king does nothing but think. He is thought-bound. I am not against thinking in its place and for its purpose, but what use is a thought that sets a man pacing up the hall if all it breeds is another which sets him pacing down again. Is his mind a kingdom? He has fought wars, he has loved women. If these have failed him, let him try governing his country."

"Do you think that is so easy a task?" said the steward. "I have grown gray at it. The problem of government," he went on, "is that of setting men to walk in a circle. That is the art of it, and the secret is that the center must never shift. The center is our great lord, the king."

"Who would be king at such a price?"

"Is not the land prosperous and happy?"

"The land is fat."

The steward turned to where the overseer was standing very stiffly at a little distance.

"Why do you stay out in the sun?" the steward asked him. "Since the king is not angry, I think that you at least should be punished only lightly. Come now, as an overseer you must be expert in punishments; suggest what your own should be."

"Suggest you should be promoted," said the captain. "That is sometimes punishment enough in the end."

The overseer opened his mouth, shut it again, and swallowed, lest he should speak too loud, for he was choked with indignation.

"Dismiss me!" he said. "Has it come to this, that one of my own men is left talking with the king while I

am kept in the courtyard like a slave?"

"We are here, too, you know," said the steward. It did not check the indignant flow.

"I standing mute while he was questioned!"

"But you knew nothing of the matter," the steward said.

"That is not the point," said the overseer. Then he faced the captain. "I appeal to you as a soldier. Is this discipline?"

"Kings are wayward sometimes," said the captain. "It is of no use getting angry."

§ 7

"Why," asked the king, when the two were alone, "did you cut the seal with your brother's name?"

Um looked up and around, blinked his eyes, but said nothing. It could not be right, he was sure, to let his eyes rest on the king, though he wanted very much now to know what the king was like. He knew the stride and the voice, the feeling that the voice gave, and the robes that glinted purple in the shadows, and he wondered if the face was just the face of an ordinary man.

"Come," said the king, "walk with me," and he began to pace the hall as before. To keep up with his long strides, Um had to trot beside him like a dog. They went thus for a while in silence; then the king stopped by the doorway, where the light fell on the seal and the brick, lying there.

"The seal is well cut, they say," said the king. "Take it up."

Um did so, and a little of the light seemed to shine back from his eyes.

"Did your mother teach you also that the god's blessing was for such as you and your brother to steal if you could?"

"It is a good seal," replied Um.

The king took from his side the small bronze weapon he carried, and with a clean blow, for he was skilful in such things, he cracked the seal in two, so that the pieces fell.

"Lord, I have sinned," said Um.

"What is your work in the brick-field?"

"I trim and stamp. I may put aside the spoiled bricks when I will."

"Is it hard work?"

"Not too hard, Lord."

"Did you love your brother?"

"I saw him die," said Um. "I was sorry when he died."

"Did he work beside you?"

"He taught me," said Um. "He could work very swiftly and do more than the tale. He would boast that he knew all the tasks in the brick-field and that even about the building he knew; in his head he knew it. But he had never seen the building, for the brickmakers are not allowed to go to the city, so how could he know? Still, he said it. He was fierce, too. Once he killed a man. It was a good fight. There is little fighting in the brick-field unless the slaves rebel, or when those of them that have been soldiers fight among themselves in their tricky foreign fashion. But my brother killed his man clean. He did not want to kill him, but he forgot in the joy of the fighting."

"How did your brother die?"

"The sun struck him."

"Do men die of that?"

"Yes, Lord, if they labor when the fever is on them."

"Did he tell you to cut the seal for him and stamp the bricks?"

"No, Lord."

The king waited, and after a moment Um said:

"He died cursing the god."

The king lifted his eyebrows, then nodded as if considering.

"That need not trouble you," he said. "Many soldiers die so, and a god has no power upon a man facing death."

Then Um felt, without well knowing why, that he might look at the king. It was just a man's face and even friendly, but it seemed somehow to be very far away.

"It was not for fear of the god that I cut the seal," Um said; then added, "in the brick-field all gods are one."

"How is that?" the king asked.

"We make bricks for all the temples, for the palaces and the city walls, and we have no god."

"Yours," said the king, smiling, "is the god of good bricks."

Um did not smile.

"They are well made," he said, "in our part of the field. When my brother was there, they were made very well."

"Can one brick be better than another?" asked the king.

"Surely," said Um, amazed.

"Give me the brick," said the king, and Um gave it him.

"Yes," the king said, "I can see that it is good."

Um also looked at the brick, but more critically.

The king considered again.

"By the law you must die," he said, "and I also am bound by the law; but will it please you if I build into the temple that I give to the god this one brick sealed with your brother's name?"

Suddenly Um began to shake all over.

"Great Lord," he said, "I lied in this one thing. There are bricks with his name in the king's hall itself, bricks for

the doorways, one in the great stair."

The king struck the man in the face. Um did not cry out or even bend under the blow.

"I will have you flogged," said the king, "and every man that has touched a brick of yours I will flog. I will raze the hall to the ground. When did your brother die? How do I know that these cursed bricks are not everywhere in the temple?"

"I have spoken the truth now, Lord."

"How do I know?" cried the king. "I will raze the whole temple, and I will have honest men build it, faithful men, men that love me. It is my gift to the god, and mine only, as every brick shall tell. Are there others like you in the brick-field who play other tricks upon me?"

"I do not know, Lord."

"I will see every brick, I will seal every brick myself," said the king.

For the second time Um's eyes lightened.

"Truly, it would be the right thing to do," he said. "And the seals should be cut deeply, as I cut this one." He looked at its fragments. "Then in the stamping the brick itself is tested. The king's seals now are not so well cut."

"Give me those pieces," said the king, sharply, and Um picked them up for him. He fitted the broken seal to the brick. "Yes," he said, "I see." He threw the things from him and gave a sigh; then once more he began to pace the hall. As he passed Um for the first time he said:

"If I raze all the temple, it will be a great waste of good bricks," and looked as if for an answer.

"Yes, Lord," said Um, "I think they were nearly all good bricks."

And the next time the king asked:

"Were the bricks in the king's hall sealed with your brother's name the best bricks?"

"I have sinned greatly," answered Um, "but they were the best bricks I could find."

The king stopped.

"I wish that your brother had been a soldier," he said, "but you tell me that once he killed a man."

"Yes, Lord," said Um, "but he was sorry."

"Well," the king said, "I will not raze the hall, for no doubt good bricks are pleasing to the god. But I still do not know why you sealed the bricks with your brother's name, for how should the god favor him, being dead, or you, unknown, for his sake?"

"It was not for the favor of the god," Um said.

"Why, then?"

The two men stood together in the slanting light, and Um lifted his head to look full at the king, not in defiance, or as mindful of the blow that marked his forehead still, or pleadingly in dread for himself of any worse than death, but as one whose thought is master. And he spoke slowly.

"My brother had given much work

to the temple, not in knowledge of the god, for we know him not, or in fear, for he feared nothing, but because, I think, he was very happy in doing it. And the evil power of all the gods which is upon us who labor in the brick-field was jealous of his strength and joy, and it struck him, and he died. Then I said: 'Now he is earth from which the bricks are made, and the strength of the building is his again.' I meant that the god should know and fear. And so I cut the seal."

The king was silent. Then he called, and the chief captain came.

"Here," said the king, "is a man who says things you will not understand; but I give him to you, and if you have the courage to break the law, you may keep him alive. He seems to know his work."

"And for the purging of the temple, Lord?"

"Let the hall be. As to the rest, settle it yourselves. I will do whatever is usual."

Then he paced up the hall once more, through the curtain, and was gone.

"You can count that as a pardon," said the chief captain, but he said it surlily. It vexed him to see the king so thoughtful still.

Music Students in New York

BY HENRIETTA STRAUS

THERE is a certain brilliance and blare in the musical life of New York which trumpet that city to youth as a promise of dazzling appeal. A brilliance which time and again has proved only a will-o'-the-wisp, which has beckoned, only to end in the bogs and quagmire of opera or in the wastes of the concert field. Yet every year its flickering radiance draws a trail of boys and girls from every State and Territory in the Union. From the softly speaking South and the more resonant-toned West come corps of lovely voices. From the productive regions of the Middle West, especially, issue units of instrumental talent as rich and fertile in gifts as the soil that sees their birth. And though the North and the East, perhaps, are more barren, except in their foreign quarters, even they are far from being sterile. For, whether Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine; Rome, Georgia, or Joplin, Missouri, city, town, or village, each sends its annual quota to the metropolis to test its mettle before that highest and most difficult of tribunals.

It is an exodus of youth more stirring than mere pageantry, and farther reaching, perhaps, than the quest itself would seem to indicate. For the roads it travels over are the roads of sacrifice. Those often futile boasts, "My daughter is studying for grand

opera," "My son expects to be a concert player," frequently conceal a mortgage on farm or city home. And the gallantry of these mothers and fathers is not, after all, so very far removed from that of those twelfth-century parents who had to watch their children join the Crusades. Only the terrors they visualize now lurk at the end of the journey instead of on the way, and the voice which summons their offspring is not that of a Peter the Hermit, but of a modern city of steel.

Fortunately, much that they fear has no real basis in fact. Rumor leans too heavily, perhaps, upon fabulous salaried "stars" and equally Midas-touched prodigies, and the one are as scarce as the other in actual acquaintance. Perhaps, too, it stresses their escapades at the expense of their struggles and worth; for not even genius could accomplish an *Isolde* or other musical peaks with the scant preparation usually allotted by hearsay. And though it may have its "affairs," and these often in rapid succession, the true adventure of genius is its expression; and with this, rumor is seldom, if ever, concerned.

Most musical girls and boys, however, are not even potential geniuses, and their sex outlets are no different from the usual, normal "crushes" of adolescence. They are no more apt to

indulge in license than their sisters and brothers at home, and they are, on the whole, just as safe. There used to be teachers in Europe who regularly sought wealthy "patrons" for the poor girls in their charge, but that sort of thing has never, to my knowledge, been popular or prevalent over here.

As for the once evident musical youth with the flowing locks and tie, broad-brimmed hat and braided velvet jacket, he may still be encountered abroad or on the stage, but never in the studios of New York. The Bohemia he once ornamented survives only in Greenwich Village. There you may still find the gay bread-and-cheese existence that once lent him such a halo; but the insignia of his art, both hirsute and sartorial, have long since been captured by the girls, and transformed by them into bobbed hair and smocks.

And so this picturesque world of Murger's has vanished with its careless unconcern. Student life to-day is too exacting for Vagabondia, and its adventures now are rather those unrecorded triumphs and defeats that help to link the studio with the stage. The dull boarding-houses, the thousand and one equally dull flats, the squalid, huddled quarters of the poor—all these are their settings now. And if you would find that army of youthful visionaries who annually sally forth with their dreams, you have only to look in the first-named habitats to see them trying to make these dreams come true. There, in the plush grandeur of back parlors and the spare simplicity of hall bedrooms, they plan and train for futures that will survive contact with the city. And in the friendly gloom of those front basements, which economic necessity has

turned from "breakfast" into "dining" rooms, they pour out to one another these plans, embroidered with their hopes. The meal table is their verbal field, with the landlady as referee. Here there is no conversation, but plenty of "shop talk"; and the common ground for all is the big opera-house on Broadway.

To it the price of admission buys their wonder world, and though they could sit in the top gallery for less, they prefer, as a rule, to remain on their feet down-stairs. There, pressed behind the rails that separate them from comfort, they stand tightly wedged between humid walls of flesh, and breathe in spices in which the Orient and the Occident meet and clash. A view of the stage can be obtained only by muscular gyrations considerably disconcerting to neck and eyes, or by an energy and persistence bordering upon savagery. Yet, even so, they find it preferable to seats in the "balcony," where the action on the stage resolves into a moving blur of whiskers, arms, and paint, and enthusiasm moves too many patriots to sing together with the stars down below.

The standees, however, are not so prone to demonstrate their knowledge. They are too near the stage to be encouraged, and the stage is too near them to be ignored. At such close proximity the actors are no longer painted lay figures with swimming gestures, but supervoiced beings possessed by super-raptures and despairs. And the youthful novitiates rejoicing or sorrowing with them behind the rails see themselves performing similar miracles before similar audiences to the tempered applause of the boxes and parquet, the "bravos!" of the galleries and standees, and the ear-

splitting pounding of the hired clagues. For the huge auditorium is always the arena of their ultimate triumphs. Other opera-houses and opera companies may exist, but only as rungs in the ladders of their dreams. It is the top for which they aim, and for them the top is the "Met," as they call it, that golden Valhalla of singers. With its fabulous voices and still more fabulous salaries, it has become for American youth the summit of vocal ambition, and all roads that do not lead to it are but blind alleys.

Therefore the students flock to the metropolis, and there has sprung up to greet them a mushroom growth of teachers and "coaches," some of them mere quacks, and some of them quondam accompanists, who promise them short and easy cuts to fame and fortune. Costly studios and lavish advertising were at first the evidences by which they could be detected, but not for long. Legitimate teachers were soon forced to follow in their footsteps, and even the instrumental teachers, with few sugar-plums to offer, had to adopt these external signs of prosperity. Now gone with the long-haired musician is the threadbare coat of the famous "professor," and his modest studio on the top floor of some ramshackle, "walk-up" apartment-house. They may, and probably still do, survive in Europe, where art is not on such intimate terms with luxury; but in New York, where luxury is a necessity, no teacher would dare wear a shabby coat, no matter how famous he might be, nor would any one climb the stairs to gather his knowledge. Your American pupil wants all the symbols of success, and the easy ascent of the elevator to get them.

The big studios try to provide both, and quickly engulf the student in their clamors and formalities. Their very externalities are compelling, and shout their importance in ways unknown to the simple, quiet workrooms of small towns. Your New York pedagogue seldom refers to his sanctum in the singular. Whether it is the lofty, imposing duplex of the professional building, the airy or stuffy front room of some flat or small hotel, or the dreary "parlor" of some large old-fashioned house, together with its anteroom, it constitutes his "studios." Signed photographs of artist friends and pupils line the walls, and lessons are conducted and despatched with all the precision of business. The tap of a gong or a brief summons is their signal, and approached thus, they cease to be humdrum tasks, and assume the aspect of portentous events. Outside, in the waiting-room, however, life is more informal and communicative. Here autobiographies are exchanged, and greetings, perhaps, with the secretary, who is ever ready to tell you that if you do not like the hour she has given you, there is a long list of applicants waiting to take your place. In the casual talk and greetings you find the excitement of new acquaintance, and in the pleasant hum and bustle all about you, the secret satisfaction of making commerce with the musical life of the city.

§ 2

To give the teachers their due, they try in every way to enhance this feeling. Their opera classes, when possible, are drilled by some stage director with the care of a professional rehearsal. Their interpretation classes have the rigors of a public recital, with

their nerve-racking discipline of playing before one's peers. It is not unusual to see at each kind some well known manager or artist, the one to discover a new "find," the other to lend his prestige, but both there out of friendship to the teacher. Yet it is the much ridiculed reception which does most to foster this contact; for then student and professional meet on the level plane of humanity, and in the common quest of food and conversation all the barriers of the studio are "burned away."

The stimulus derived from such encounters is one with which no small town can compete. It gives the student an aplomb he is never to lose, and an undying prestige at home for knowing "interesting people." And the thrill he derives from both is comparable only to that which excites his eye and ear when New York sets before him for the first time her musical bills of fare. For, except the very poor, who have not the means to acquire contempt for such things, it is one from whose delights your born and bred New-Yorker is barred by familiarity. Only your small-town student, hungry from small-town rations, can fully appreciate the riot of great names and glorious sound that daily gluts the musical mart of the metropolis. To let him choose from it at will is like turning a child loose in a candy-shop. Fortunately, he rarely has either the time or the money to sate himself. Thanks to managerial enterprise, however, there are always ways and means to allay his appetite. He may take advantage of the special rates which even orchestras offer him, and of the popular prices which the opera-houses reserve for Saturday and Sunday nights. Or, again, he may

number among the "deadheads" when managers "paper" their houses, for on such occasions teachers are often flooded with passes to distribute among their pupils. Then and there, perhaps, is born that unquenchable thirst for free tickets which prevents many in after years from wanting to pay to hear music. At the time it merely afflicts him with musical indigestion, and leaves him thoroughly convinced that he is a Bohemian through and through.

For under all his sober mien and apparel your modern student of to-day has also yearnings for Bohemia. In my conservatory days in Baltimore, before I came to New York, we took out these yearnings in beer and sausages, and a surreptitious cigarette or two at midnight. In New York we appeased them at those innumerable Italian restaurants which used to flourish on the patronage of Caruso, and at those equally innumerable French ones, now prevalent since prohibition, where one had to be known to the proprietor to be admitted. In these we indulged our revelry-by-night propensities by eating cold-storage chicken and greasy spaghetti, the mainstay of all *tables d'hôte*. The jargon of speech all about us, even more than the thin red wine, lent them strange and subtle flavors not indigenous to our palates; for here came many foreign singers, trying to assuage their nostalgia in these dull and drab imitations of their beloved native cafés. Wildness reached its heights when we could join in some air with these singers, for then, by the lightest effort of imagination, we could transport ourselves to those countries where people grace their lives without apology or excuse. We always brought

away with us, after such encounters, something that graced our own.

This perpetual zest and thrill with which New York inoculates her guests are often lacking in her own home-grown youths. They hear and see too much from childhood, perhaps, to recapture childhood's first fresh wonder, and they become weary and sated with art before they know what art is. There are your symphony concerts for children and your operatic *Hänsels* and *Gretels* to stale their early rapture, and, later, the myriads of offerings to complete their sophistication.

Only in the districts of the poor, especially in the crowded areas of the lower East Side, will you find the avid longings of the out-of-town youth. There Russia and Poland and the Balkans, South and East and Near-East, have formed new boundaries, and flung together their surplus population. It is territory that is American only by virtue of its soil, and the sole tie of its inhabitants is their poverty. But they have a common language in music, and in the bleak austerity of their tenements the stark beauty of Bach is stained with the black dole of Tschaikovsky, and the melancholy folk-song of the Czech and Slav mingles its sad ardors with the abandon and guitar of the Neapolitan. Romance stalks the narrow, seething highways with grim mien and finger pointed sternly to the goal; for romance in these streets means achievement, and the girls and boys who seek it ask no mercy if they fail. Nor, perhaps, would they get it if they did. They live constantly in the white light of criticism—the criticism of those to whom music is sacred. I remember one gifted young fiddler, the idol of his street. As a youngster

of ten, he had had two narrow escapes from death, one from a pogrom in Russia, and one from starvation in Poland. In fleeing from the one place to the other, he had caught trachoma and nearly lost his sight. All through the days of hunger and threatened blindness, while his mother wept and his father prayed, he clung to his fiddle for comfort. In the days when I knew him he was reforming the bad boys of the neighborhood by teaching them its healing properties. We would sit for hours in his tenement flat playing Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, and as we played, family and friends and neighbors would steal in quietly, until we had an audience that filled the room and that ranged in age from children of three years to mothers and grandmothers in *scheitels*. Except for an occasional nod or involuntary swaying to the rhythm, no approval or disapproval would be expressed until we had finished. It was a silence loaded with intensity, and one had to strain to meet it. Afterward came the discussion, hot and sharp and shattering, but relieving the terrible pressure as a thunder-storm clears the air of electricity.

This is the sort of audience by which the East Side trains its students—an audience which demands the utmost nakedness of emotion, the lowest depth beneath the lowest stratum of reserve. It has no need to be taught that "music is the expression of the soul," because music *is* its soul. And so it has no need for the uplifter, with his platitudes and his gospel of the obvious. But it has need for the music schools that follow in his wake, for in its world of turbulent struggle music has to be fought for as hardly and as fiercely as the other necessities of life.

These music schools, as a rule, furnish excellent instruction at nominal fees. They have their classes and lectures and student orchestras and pupils' recitals, like the big conservatories, providing most of the advantages of the latter without so many of their academic strictures. A warmer, more personal note creeps in, and if, with it, the mushy doctrines of some sentimental director, at least they are doctrines that are free from the humiliating texts of charity. For no matter how little the students may pay, that little allows them to retain their independence, and at the same time cultivate whatever flair for music they may have. Only genius dare beg for the spiritual necessities of life, and all the children of the East Side are no more Elmans or Glucks than all the sons of milkmen are Carusos. Many, however, have enough talent, if trained, to bring them in a livelihood, but have not enough money to study with even the moderate-priced teachers of the neighborhood. To such as these the music-school settlement is an unmixed blessing, as it enables them to lay the foundations for a future source of income. Few in this part of the city can afford to take up music solely as an accomplishment. Here, if any art is to be approached with time and money, it must also be approached as a profession. There is no room for vague esthetics or glittering show. The values they seek are those that wear the longest; and as they grow in knowledge, they will themselves begin to teach, and then to save, and later you will find them with the best, though seldom with the flashiest teachers.

Yet for all that, their lives are patched with more color than those

avored by wealth. Their environment may have all the swift, hard, monotoned surfaces of the metropolis of the New World, but underneath, lie the rich, mellow hues of old Europe and Europe's shameless joy of living. In its pedagogy, its amusements, and even in its shops, it offers an unreserved abandon to life and art that thoroughly Americanized neighborhoods never achieve. The latter, for instance, buys its music in the big, imposing music stores of the busy shopping centers, where bored or harassed clerks wait on one indifferently or hurriedly, with only a cold and casual interest in one's purchases. But the East Side shops are more human, and make you their friends as well as their customers. There used to be, and probably still is, a small music store on East Broadway that was owned and run by a dark-eyed, pleasant-faced young Russian. Part of the week he devoted to his duties as cantor in a synagogue, and the other part to publishing and selling music. When possible, he waited on his customers himself; and he not only had a piano in his store for their convenience, but would, if desired, most obligingly and beautifully try over any songs they wanted to hear. He talked keenly on musical matters in general, gave valuable advice when needed, and kept them posted always in the latest publications. His interest in their progress was genuine, flattering, and stimulating.

§ 3

Again, the East Side, unlike the West, is not so prone to confide its operatic training to the formal generalities of a class. It much prefers the individual, if stormy, attention of

some routined conductor or singer from one of its own theaters, such as the Leottis were years ago. Leotti was a good-looking, curly-haired Sicilian who at night directed Italian opera in the old Thalia Theater, on the Bowery, and during the day "coached" these same operas with the material aid of his wife. They lived in a tiny apartment that seemed more of a junk-shop than a residence, so filled was it with shabby, conglomerate furniture, cheap glass, and china ornaments, and the musty odor that always hovers over such collections. Its only pretense to a studio was an ancient upright piano. And while Leotti evoked the score from its tinny shallows and shouted the cues, Mme. Leotti, who had been an opera-singer in her youth, directed the *scena*, or action. Fat, swarthy, and corsetless, she no sooner gave the entrance of a Mimi, a *Tosca*, or a Santuzza, than the shapeless form assumed incredible grace, and the heavy face extraordinary mobility. At the same time eyes would flash and hands gesticulate with so much fire and expressiveness that one could easily gage the force of that jealousy which she was reputed to lavish upon her handsome husband. Ordinarily, though, she was a good-natured, slumbering volcano, with all the child-like sweetness of her race. Gracious in hospitality and naive in appreciation, she was never so pleased as when we admired some piece of rare embroidery, of which she had quantities of an age, variety, and loveliness that were a constant source of wonder and delight. I can still remember a huge, magnificent bedspread of hand-woven linen which, she claimed, had been in her family for two hundred years, and was supposed to contain every stitch

known to needlework. Thus did Italy, in a tenement flat, reveal to us her art.

Sometimes Leotti would invite us to spend an evening at his "opera-house," a treat we never refused; for the Bowery has many fascinations, but none to equal that of its theaters, whose art often more than matches that of Broadway. We usually went early to the Thalia, for here society met in throngs that packed the doorways, and on a plane of equality unknown to Metropolitan audiences. To reach one's seat was an act of physical triumph, requiring no little strength and skill of shoulder and elbow to get through the masses of struggling, determined parents with their offspring, past the solid phalanges of nonchalant young men, and around the spreading clusters of animated girls that blocked the aisles and entrances. Informality reigned everywhere and vigorously; clothes ranged from flannel and corduroy to starch and striped trousers, from blouses and skirts to low-cut, sleeveless gowns; conversation was loud and friendly; amorous couples cooed visibly, and others chewed gum; while mothers, displaying their jewels as proudly as any Cornelia, clasped them firmly to their bosoms, where they nourished themselves with gusto for the greater part of the evening.

The same rough-and-ready spirit prevailed back of the curtain. There prompting was not the solemn task of some specially appointed official, with a score and a little box of his own, but fell to the lot of whatever scene-shifter happened to be on duty. While he steadied the properties for an act, he would repeat its words and music from memory, a feat which doubtless

any one behind the footlights could have accomplished. It was not uncommon, when a scheduled singer failed at the last minute to appear, for some one in the audience to volunteer the rôle. There was one performance of "*Pagliacci*" when, shortly before the curtain was to rise, the manager came out and asked if any one could sing *Silvio*. A man in the audience called out that he was willing, although he had not done the part for seven years. "All right," replied the manager; "come along." And *Silvio*, who in more prosaic moments was a barber, became for the nonce a most impassioned and convincing lover.

§ 4

One heard at the Thalia many promising young Americans trying, under assumed names, to get that practical experience which our dearth of small opera companies makes difficult to obtain. And one heard, too, many splendid, routined artists who had been stranded on their way to or from Mexico and South America, and who often proved worthy of Metropolitan appearances. I do not doubt that some of them did find their way to the Broadway house, and that the latter kept its eye upon the Thalia, for there was the great bond of nationalism between the two. Whatever was whispered in the one found its echo in the other, and the famous press-rooms of the Metropolitan, where artists love to linger and talk, held no gossip that could not find its way to Little Italy. For in the glorification of their art and artists, East and West sides meet, and the Italians in New York become one clan. I have seen the musical fascisti of Florence indulge hereditary hatreds by breaking up the

concert of a visiting Roman orchestra, and so make history repeat itself once more in the blood-stained Palazzo Vecchio. But in New York these same civic feuds, which are constantly disrupting Italy's musical life abroad, are buried in the common impulse to preserve a national heritage.

This clannishness, however, is not peculiar to the Italians alone, but to most of New York's foreign population. Speech and custom divide them in the New World as surely as they did in the old, and the theaters only define these divisions more sharply. Music, however, is dependent upon neither, and binds them together as does no other art. Especially in the orchestras, in which you will find Russians, Poles, and Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, and Germans, scraping away and blowing together amicably in a veritable league of musical nations. A few years ago there were scattered about the city seventeen such small orchestras, composed of students, amateurs, and professionals. To-day there are probably more, for the population is always increasing, and your foreigner loves ensemble. If he cannot join a big orchestra, he will get together a small one; and if he cannot play as a professional, he will do it as an amateur. We have not yet learned how to be amateurs or how to create our own musical environment. We must all be professionals, and seek our music in the concert-halls. But the foreign youth will make music wherever he is, at home or before the public; nor does he specialize in what he listens to. Your American evinces interest only in his own particular branch of study. The student of voice runs only to hear singers, of violin to hear violin, of piano to hear pianists,

and so on. Chamber music will draw the instrumentalist, but not the vocalist. The orchestra may attract both, though the former will always predominate. And opera is the only bond of enthusiasm, because opera makes a common dramatic appeal. But your foreign-born girl and boy do not limit themselves in instrument, kind, or quantity. They support the neighborhood orchestras, and crowd the halls for the big ones. They will wait in queues outside Carnegie Hall for admission to hear a Kreisler or Rachmaninoff, and in double lines a block long outside Cooper Union to hear lesser known artists sing their folk-songs. They are equally at home in the happy tumults of the Bowery and in the hushed splendor of Forty-second and Fifty-seventh streets. They need no dazzling names or studio thrills to excite them, for the passion and sensitiveness of old music-loving races runs red and thick in their veins. Art, drama, literature, life—all are poured into their souls, to come out again as music.

It is when your immigrant loses his background that he loses the tinder of his flame, and when you meet his children and his children's children in the comfortable homes and boarding-houses of New York, you find only the ashes of his fire. They still inherit his gifts and his inordinate desire to use them, but they no longer wring life dry to glimpse its beauty. The city still offers its art, and they visit the museums once. It still offers the great classic drama, and they cling to the desolations of Broadway. It still offers the best in teaching, and they let the press agent choose for them.

We are prodigal in lovely voices and rich natural talent throughout the

country, but our standards are their greatest stumbling-blocks. I have known as great piano talent to come out of Missouri as out of Indiana, as beautiful voices from India as from Italy; but they reach a point of development and then stop. Something happens between the studio and the stage. It may begin in the studio or in our educational system long before the studio is ever reached; for music has not yet taken its rightful place in our schools alongside of mathematics. We still have to choose more or less between an education and music. Yet I have never made use of the geometry and trigonometry over which I spent many troubled hours, while I could have spent those same hours both pleasantly and profitably in my piano practice. The cause, I think, goes even further back, and that is to our own inherent attitude. To our still deep-rooted conviction that music is a decoration and not a necessity in our lives, a grace to be left to women, along with religion and charity, and to be carefully ignored by all manly men.

And so we turn out few real artists in proportion to the talent we grow. The boys and girls I have known have been of high courage and great natural gifts, but not many have won the goal for which they took the road. Most of the boys, in the end, settled down to teaching or business, and most of the girls to husbands and babies. Yet if firmaments failed to be emblazoned and new Eldorados discovered, they still had not, for all that, taken the road in vain; for joy had brimmed at their lips, and beauty lain at their feet, and these, perhaps, are the true "crock of gold" that lies hid in every musical career.

The Trail of the Blood

An Account of the Penitent Brotherhood of New Mexico

BY MARY AUSTIN

DON JUAN DE OÑATE, explorer, settler, and *Adelantado* of the province of Nueva Mexico, was also a devout man.

Faithful son of the church and member of the Third Order of St. Francis, he writes himself down as keeping Lent with his men after the fashion of the whipping brotherhoods.

Thus the furthest ripple of the spiritual intensity which showed itself first in whipping brotherhoods, flowered in the art of the *Cinquecento*, and bore the colonization of the western hemisphere as its fruit, was absorbed into the Spanish-speaking settlements along the Rio Grande and its tributaries, to reappear as *Los Hermanos Penitentes*, whose annual penance ends in the realistic and sometimes fatal crucifixion of one of their number.

Every year about the time Arcturus leads the herdsman over the eastern hills, and the willows redden along the stream-borders, you can hear in the neighborhood of the mud-walled towns the fall of the lash on bared backs, and the eery tootle of the flute as the *pitero* leads forth the procession from the local chapter-house. It is a heart-and-ear piercing tune the flute plays, wailing through the quarter-notes of the native Indian scale to the breaking-point, and falling off to passages

of plaintive sweetness in pure Gregorian intervals. Behind it the ghostly light of lanterns bobs level with the tops of the young sage, and the shadowy forms of men move in unison with the chant that is led by the *pitero* almost up to the door of heaven, and dropped into the very slough of human despair. If you are fortunate in your choice of location, and not too much of a "bounder," you may be permitted to see the whole of a native American passion play beside which Oberammergau is a tourist's interval.

To understand how the practice of the Third Order has been reworked into an American community drama, one must realize the nature of the human material worked upon. Oñate not only brought with him the most exigent stuff of Spanish stock, Aguilar, Ortigas, de Herreras, Guitierrez; he brought also a considerable company of old Mexican natives, chiefly Thalascans, in whom, as well as in the native New Mexican stock absorbed by them to make the present Spanish-speaking population, there was a long-seasoned disposition to express man's own sense of his relation to the Saving Powers by dramatic mimesis. Later there came Chauves, Armejós, Vegils, Lunas, Oteros, continuing the rich strain that produced

in old Spain the magnificently theatric era of Lope de Vega. If anything of the mother country's abundant creative energy spilled over to the colonies, it was bound to be dramatic in quality, as whatever they absorbed from the Pueblos was mimetic in form—deer dance and corn dance and races of the swift-coming rain. With every contributory strain of Indian blood came memories of whipping rites, of fastings and of gashings and expiation by the maddening prick of the cactus thorn.

Items of this sort emerge obscurely between the record of Oñate and September of 1794, at which date, by a report made by Father Bernal to Governor Chacon, the order of *Los Hermanos Penitentes* is shown to have been in existence for some time. Then no more mention until 1886, when the French Bishop of Santa Fé is discovered issuing an order forbidding the performance of mass in the *penitente* chapels.

From this we understand that in the interim the drama that the dark-whites of the Southwest had made for themselves had become more sacredly familiar than the formal observances of the church. It was perhaps not wholly because they had made it for themselves that still, in the Rio Grande villages and in the flat lands about Las Vegas, north across the Colorado boundary and south into Old Mexico, a narrow space, you find the tall, gaunt crosses of the *Calvarios*, and every season when the wild plums whiten the creek-borders, out of the squat, shuttered chapter-houses hear the rise and fall of the blood-soaked *disciplinas*.

The *morada*, or chapter-house, identified among the other flat-topped buildings by its cupola and the cross

over the door, exists wherever there is a brotherhood. Always there are two rooms, one of which is a chapel, the other housing the implements of the order. Occasionally there is a third, serving as office and club-room for the members. There is never more than a single entrance to the *morada*.

Straight away from it leads the *Rasto de la Sangre* to the stark-lifted arms of the cross on the nearest hill, the *Calvario*. In the more accessible, tourist-tormented settlements, both chapter-house and *Calvario* will be secret, removed from observation; but in the older communities you will find them placed in the same relation to the community life as the *kiva* to the pueblo. At Trampas the brotherhood occupies a room in the loft of the church, its walls spattered with the blood of generations of scourgings. At Abiquiu the children play under the *Calvario*, and the women gossip as they linger there over the drawing of water. That the true evaluation of *Los Hermanos Penitentes* in the life of the people should have been persistently missed by most writers about it, from the time that Charles F. Lummis first broadcast his young Harvard horror of what he saw in Taos in 1891, is perhaps due to our inherently American disposition to look upon every sort of social differentiation as a "sight," to be gaped at and judged for its quality of diversion rather than to be understood. It is always so much easier to dispose of phenomena like the *penitente* crucifixions in the current Freudian phrases than to penetrate far enough below the surface of history and our common nature to discover that the *morada* is an instinctive reversion to the council lodge and the *kiva*, the self-established

pivot of community relations. Something of the cult and something of the clan shows in its organization, which is without central government, the good of the order being maintained by occasional conferences of the local *hermanos mayores*, the elder brothers, presiding over the local chapters.

§ 2

Of the historic progressions by which the Third Order has become a fraternal benefit society, incorporated under the laws of New Mexico as provided for all such organizations, little is recorded, but much may be inferred from the social background of the people among whom it is still cherished.

Not originally a secret society, it became so first under the moral necessity of protecting its penitents from spiritual pride by concealing their identity under the black bag which is still worn by *flagellantes* in all public processions. Finally it was driven to conceal itself from the deeply rooted ill breeding of the American public, which, not to emulate, constrains me to set down here far less than I know of what goes on in the *moradas* and in the hearts of the *penitentes*. Besides the *hermano mayor*, there are three officers whose function is so public that to name them violates none of the secrecy under which the society still maintains itself, the *infermo*, who looks after the sick, the *resador*, who accompanies the penances of the members with the necessary prayers, and the *pitero*, whose flute leads forth the processions on the Trail of the Blood.

Of the times and occasions by which the flagellations of the Third Order passed into veritable crucifixions with

nails nothing is preserved. The modern substitution of cords, and the reduction of the time from the traditional three hours to forty-five minutes has taken place within the last quarter of a century. The change means less than might be supposed. It is necessary to recall here that death was not ordinarily supposed to ensue of the actual wounds of crucifixion, but, after two or three days, of loss of blood and starvation. Three years ago I saw a young man in khaki with wound stripes on his sleeve following the *Rastro de la Sangre*, and I would have given much to know what he thought about it. Whether, for instance, he found the emotional phases which make war bearable very different from the ecstasy that sustains the *Cristos* through his agony, whether, indeed, the charm of war for men does not partly lie in its office of expiation.

Like every communal art, the New Mexican passion play is more or less shaped by its environment. The intensely dramatic landscape and the introverting effect of isolation have their part in it. For three centuries after Oñate the distances of New Mexico were stupendous. Even in this day of high-powered motors the roads about Abiquiu, Terra Amerilla, and Picuris are difficult to negotiate. Always there were too few priests for the people. In Taos County, which is exactly the size of the State of Maryland, there are still only three parishes.

In the dark interval after the crass, new-made Republic of Mexico abolished the Franciscans, the only centers of organized faith for scores of settlements among the wild gorges of the Rio Grande and the plains of Las Vegas were the little chapels of the chapter-houses of *Los Hermanos Peni-*

tentes. Spanish-speaking New Mexico was never a reading community.

§ 3

Hardly yet does the power of print run to the well-swept *placitas*, and in the middle years of the nineteenth century that primer of Americanism, the mail-order catalogue, had not yet been invented. One source they had of art and drama and mystery, of spiritual energization and culture, the story, every detail of which had been worked into the fiber of their lives by the brown-skirted *frailes*, of the passion and death of Jesus. Not the social philosophy of Jesus as we modernly conceive it, not the esoteric teaching, but the drama of a dying and resurgent Saviour. Finding themselves in the dark of a social submergence lasting more than two generations, *Los Hermanos Penitentes* hugged their possession to their breasts and erected around it the shrine of their annual performance.

Special saints' days, the first and second days of May, and funerals of the brothers are observed ceremonially, but the avowed purpose of the *penitentes* is to keep alive the memory of the suffering and death of the Saviour. It begins with the first Friday in Lent, with the gathering of the *hermanos de luz*, the whole body of officers, at the *morada*. To them, singly and by twos and threes, the brothers assemble from the *placitas*, from low huts on the *loma*, from sheep camps and woodcutter's fires. There is a pungent smell of sage-brush in the air, the smell of the rain-freshened earth, and the evening star like a torch in the green streak of sky beyond the mountains.

The high windows of the *morada*,

too high to afford any glimpse of what is going on within, are shut and barred.

From time to time the sound of singing can be heard, like bees droning within a hollow log. Late, usually about midnight, the first procession issues, making its way with the help of fitful lanterns and the feel of the ground underfoot, toward the *Calvario*, which is set on a low hill about half a mile from the *morada*. By the rise and fall of the lanterns and the intermittent droning, you make out that they are telling the stations of the cross. The squeal of the flute is high and keen, like the glimmer of the skyline along the mountain-tops made audible.

These early demonstrations are all singing processions. As Lent advances, however, strange ripping sounds, intermittently in fives and threes, can be heard issuing from the *moradas*, and to the midnight processions will be added figures of men clad only in white-cotton drawers, naked to the waist, bare arms rising and falling as the *disciplinas* are laid on, first over one shoulder and then over the other. Later they may be seen drawing huge, unhewn crosses, staggering and falling, whipped to their feet again by the zealous *sangrador*. Often the crosses are so heavy that the bearer must be accompanied by a brother to ease the long beam to the ground when the *penitente* faints under it, lest it slip and crush him.

As the season progresses, the penitential passion rising with it, one is likely to meet anywhere in the deep lanes between the fields, or in the foot-trails of the wild, sharp gorges, the solitary penitent, dragging his bloody cross, or two or three making their way from *morada* to *morada* on their knees, accompanied by the *resador*

reciting the prayers that make the office effective. On one such occasion, just at the edge of dusk, I met one of these private processions headed by a youth carrying aloft, in an almost unseeing mood of exaltation, a huge and pathetic effigy of the crucified, followed by the *resador*.

After him two men staggered under crosses, and a third, half naked like the others, clasped between his breast and arms, manacled at the wrists against any temptation to let it fall, a heap of *cholla*, that wickedest of barbed cactus. Around the heads of all of them were bound tight fillets of wild rose-brier, beaded with drops of blood. This was early in my acquaintance with the strange brotherhood, and I had been many times warned by my American friends against letting myself be seen in the neighborhood of their rites. But the procession had come upon me so suddenly that there was no retreat, and by a swift reach of spirit, making myself one with them, I dropped on my knees on the moist earth between the budding thickets of the wild plums, offering with uplifted palms my sincere respect to the symbols of their faith. With only an instant's check and a side-glance, the procession swept by me, and the wailing lost itself in the immensity of the mountain shadow.

But with that brief moment on my knees all the sense of wild strangeness in the Lenten rites went from me. The shiver the sound of wailing flutes and the rattle of the thunder-twirler excited in me, breaking the midnight, is the shiver of recognition of what my blood remembers. Whatever was brought to the surface of consciousness by that act must have been of perceptible quality, for never after-

ward, when I went among the *penitentes* alone, did I have anything but deeply recognizing glances that ended in my being admitted at last into several of the chapels, and in coming into possession of one of the ancient manuscript books of hymns, much thumbed and blood-spattered. But lest I give a false impression of revealing mysteries, it must be said that the *penitente* hymns can be heard at any funeral watch night, and the prayers as they are read in procession, by any bystander who has the wit to understand the quaint, sixteenth-century Spanish in which they are sung. It meant, my coming into touch with them in this fashion, that I was admitted to the community mind on this matter, and to the gossip of the wives and sisters of the Brotherhood, who participate in many of the purely religious functions of the order.

The formal Easter drama begins on the evening of Holy Tuesday when the brothers, on entering the chapter-house, receive the "seal of obligation," the three gashes down and across, made by a flake of obsidian or broken glass, set just deep enough in its wooden handle to miss severing the muscles of the back. After the seal, the penitent asks for and receives the three strokes in remembrance of the three meditations of the passion of Our Lord, and according to his fortitude or the depth of his repentance, strokes for the five wounds, the seven last words, and, if he holds out, for the forty days.

Ash Wednesday is spent in prayers and confessions and private penances. Day and night the sound of the steady blows of the *disciplinas* can be heard from the *morada*, drowned from time to time by the wailing anguish of the hymns.

Originally the *disciplina* seem to have been of ancient iron ring-work, such as may still be found occasionally in the *moradas*, but all that the modern spectator sees are the white whips braided of leaves of the yucca whose white bells swinging above the leaf cluster a little later in the season make incense of the air. By use the leaf matter is stripped from the fibers, leaving the stinging flail to which in excess of fervor bits of metal are sometimes attached.

From hour to hour on Holy Thursday processions go out, to the *Calvario*, to the *campo santo*, or to neighboring *moradas*. Bareheaded and singing, they pass between the pale thickets of rabbit-brush and sage. Welcoming delegations come out to meet them, and after brief sessions of prayer inside the chapel, set them on their way. The singing is led by the *cantador*, proud of his office, and referring constantly to the well-thumbed notebook in which the *alavados* have been written by hand and spelled by ear from generation to generation.

Always the flute-player accompanies the official processions, and his wailing tune is punctured by the skirl of the *métraca*, the wooden rattle, the "bull roarer," the "thunder twirler," of which the bell that signals the elevation of the host is the last, most Christian reminder.

In this country the towns hug the skirts of the mountains. Rounding the *prados* they spread from point to point of rising land, having always a friendly eye one upon the other, so that the flow of processions between the *moradas* takes on an effect of community pageant. Gradually as Holy Week advances, the whole community is swept into the fervor of atonement.

Children leave their play to follow the master of novices, Raphael-eyed cherubs lifting their sweet trebles and altos, learning the stations of the cross as they plod back and forth between the *morada* and the *Calvario*. In some such fashion all affairs are left for *penitente* week. It is more than likely that the saints flock there at that season for the savor of willing sacrifice, as we go into the desert to see the Palo verde bloom.

The height of spiritual frenzy is reached by midnight of Holy Thursday, when the procession, led by the chosen *Cristos* of the year, with head veiled for humbleness, staggers forth from the *morada*, the hymns shrill with pain, the wet whips falling steadily, followed by that most desolating sound—the slither of the crosses in the dust. The direction of this midnight trail is never known to outsiders. Guards are stationed to prevent its being followed to its lonely destination in the hills. Forth in the midnight he goes, whipped by the *sangrador*, and back he comes in the dawning, dragging his heavy cross, often in a fainting condition and leaning upon the *compañeros*. Years when Easter comes while the ground is still frozen the way of the cross can be tracked by blood from the torn feet of the *penitentes*.

For an hour or two the *morada* swallows up the weary group of flagellantes. Then, as the great red sun comes over the mountain and the friends and families of the *penitentes* begin to collect about the door to join in the morning procession to the *campo santo*, the keen flute and the skirling rattle call forth the still-fasting and only half-conscious brotherhood.

The blood is stiff upon the *disciplinas* that fall on flinching backs with the

steady sound of rain; the heavy crosses rake the stony ground, the voices rise wavering and charged with homely, human passion.

"Por el rastro de la sangre
Que Jesu Cristo deriama,"

they sing.

"By the trail of that dear blood
Which by Jesus Christ was shed,"

and again, as they near the great cross standing sentinel among the village dead,

"There is no one now
Who is not worth something,
Since now Christ is dead."

Drawing over my head the black shawl which is the universal outdoor wear of matrons in that country, to join the "women following afar off," my thoughts followed those who, down all history, have taken the Trail of the Blood to our ultimate gain in peace and spiritual insight. There were women in that procession whose own sons had walked in another bloody trail that same year in France, and as we knelt among the little crosses painted heaven blue, as with eternal hope, I was thankful to be able to cry quietly with them behind my shawl, while the voices of the men rose piercingly:

The rose has dried,
And the garden has withered!
The common flower of the field,
And my white lily,
On the cross have found their fate.
Dios, tien piedad de mi!

.

My son is no more;
The dear of my soul
Has gone and forsaken me!
Dios, tien piedad de mi!"

It is not until after this sunrise observance that the weary brothers break their fast with coarse food, and rest in preparation for the passion play, which formerly took place at the prescribed third hour, with faithful realistic detail. But in the early eighties the church instituted so active a protest against the traditional practice that it has been many years now since a veritable crucifixion with nails has taken place. In the remoter villages the *Cristos* is bound upon the cross with ropes so tightly drawn that the strongest man can not safely endure it for more than about forty minutes. The body of the *Cristos* is covered with a sheet, and his head encased in the customary black bag to prevent recognition, and, as a protection from tourist curiosity, the elevation of the cross seldom takes place until after dusk.

At Talpa three years ago we saw the last stage that human experience travels on its way from being a propitiatory rite to legitimate dramatic art. Here an effigy was substituted for the living *Cristos*, and the involved emotional complex was released in dialogue and mimetic acts, restrained by the compass of attention of the audience. Talpa lies at the upper edge of the *loma*, where the *rillito* comes out between round, detrital hills, having Ranchos de Taos hidden in the cañon below it, and Fernandez de Taos in the fertile *bolson* toward the west. It looks across as the crow flies to Taos Pueblo, at the foot of Pueblo Mountain. In between, the fields were starting green, and the pink of peach orchards melted into the warm tones of adobe walls. Three *moradas* had turned out for the occasion, with their assembled women folk, and

about the traditional hour began the stations of the cross.

In that clean, bright air, between the most majestic mountains, the black shawls of the elder women gave almost as insistent a note as the clear cerise and orange and green scarfs of the young girls. For an hour the shifting procession moved down the hollow of the valley and up the little hill of the *Calvario*, rising and falling in slow rhythm to the stations as they passed. *Cantador* and *resador* walked in grave responsibility at the head, close behind them the young scions of the blood of the conquistadores, with dark, handsome faces, simply serious and devout. Behind them young girls, black crape over their white communion dresses, carried on a platform the chief treasure of Talpa, Our Lady, also swathed in black, from whose outstretched waxen hand drooped one of the webby, wheel-lace handkerchiefs which are not made anywhere now in this country outside of the mud huts of New Mexico. Last of all the brothers dragged the *carreta de muerte*, with its grinning image of the Angel of Death, arrow laid to bow in its skeleton hands. Formerly this carriage of death was the ancient New Mexican ox-cart, with solid rounds of cottonwood-tree for wheels, loaded with stones and drawn with chains or horsehair ropes, which the *penitentes* took across their naked breasts, or, in excess of contrition, their bare throats, and the Death was life size. It is related in the annals of the brotherhood that on one occasion the arrow was loosened by a jolt, from the grinning angel, and found its mark between the shoulders of a *penitente*. But every decade of *penitente* history shows a shrinkage in the size and importance of the figure

of Death. On one occasion I was offered one, about half life-size, most horribly realistic, for a price, to add to my collection of curiosities.

Meanwhile, as nearly the whole population of the village surged down the valley toward the *Calvario*, the older brothers had set up the three crosses a few paces from the chapel door, and laid the implements of the passion in order.

The effigy was brought forth in its blue-painted casket, a most deplorable life-size figure, and with the utmost reverence, as though it had been a beloved body, affixed to the central cross.

As the procession returned from the *Calvario*, the hymns changed from the wail of penance to the poignant note of human sorrow, and the drama of the passion began. They were all there, the historic characters; the Roman centurion with his spear, the Jewish constabulary, the three Marys with their lanterns, the soldiers that diced for the seamless robe. This being a war year, and the passion of patriotism being scarcely less in New Mexico than the passion of penance, Caiaphas-Pontius Pilate, the two parts rolled in one, in his white robe, had mounted on the very tip on his high priest's hat, an American flag, which fluttered and flapped brightly amid the solemn scene.

All that could be heard—and understood, for the Spanish of Talpa is not the Spanish of the books—of the dialogue seemed superior in literary value to the Oberammergau drama. It had the true folk quality, and something of the rhythmic elegance of phrasing which characterizes as much as I have been privileged to hear of the ritual of the order. Until he comes

unexpectedly upon something of this kind, the casual observer is likely to forget that the age that fed the cultural life of the Spanish colonies was the resplendent age of Spanish literature. But it will not be by me that the interest and charm of the American passion play will be handed over to an American public, still in that undeveloped stage in which appreciation too often takes the form of tearing a lovely thing to tatters. When I think of what American people do to much of the beauty and strangeness of which they find themselves possessed, I hope there is some truth in the gossip of mysterious disappearances and burials alive visited on the violators of the enjoined secrecy of the order. But my acquaintance with the friendly, simple folk among whom it flourishes gives little color to the hope.

The formal drama of crucifixion and laying in the tomb closes about the hour that the sudden glory of high altitudes pours about the mountains from the level sun.

Through its rose and lilac veils the *penitentes* return singly and in twos and threes to their homes, the goatherd beds the flock, lights come out in the huts along the *loma*, and the great day is over.

A few of the brothers will return to the *morada* after dark for the *tiniablas* commemorating the dreadful three hours of Jerusalem. There seems to be even among the celebrants some confusion of mind about this act of the drama, confounding it with the night of Holy Thursday, in which the disciples desert the Saviour one by one, and the bitter hour of betrayal closes the scene. Probably both the betrayal and the hours of darkness were once kept, but now the two

scenes, by a device familiar to the drama, are telescoped and kept by choice usually on the night preceding the crucifixion. During this celebration the little chapel is dark, and there is great rattling of chains, roar of the thunder-twirler, shrieks of devils in hell and gibbering ghosts. I have had men tell me with rueful laughter, that they can remember as boys being half scared out of their wits by the too realistic performance of the *tiniablas*.

§ 4

For the ordinary sight-seer the business of *Los Hermanos Penitentes* ends here, and gives rise to the erroneous impression that its sole function is of emotional release. In the spirit of our own worship of dead levelness, which we are pleased to call consistency, we are even led to speak contemptuously of a religious experience that runs to a yearly climax with the recurrent rhythms of the earth. But the work of the order in the lives of its members is no more over with the annual flagellations than the work of nature is over with the resurgent glory of the spring.

The chapel of the *morada* is open on Lady days, on days of the local saints, and on all Christian festivals. In communities where there is no resident priest, it becomes the repository of the village *Santos*. From it they are carried to houses of sickness and mourning, and the body of Christ is borne about the fields on Corpus Christi day. The ritual of the order gives the touch of divine consolation to funerals in lonely neighborhoods, which may not be visited by the priestly office oftener than once in the year, and the *infermo* is the recognized source of neighborhood relief in sickness and affliction.

In the dark period after the removal of the Franciscans, prolonged into the first thirty or forty years of the rule of the invading *Americanos*, when civil processes were all in the hands of interests alien, or even hostile, to the natives, many matters which might otherwise have been brought to the courts were settled by the local *hermano mayor*. Gossiping in the twilight with the wives and mothers of the brotherhood, one hears how Tomacito was made to pay for the damages his cow committed against the corn of Pablito, of how Ascencio was required to withdraw his membership from his own *morada* to one six miles distant because of a too conspicuous interest in the wife of Bartolomé, and how at Questa, after the visit of the national representative of the Anti-Tuberculosis campaign, a penalty of two strokes with the *disciplina* was prescribed for spitting on the floor. One Assumption day at Fernando de Taos I was a party to the visit of Our Lady from the *morada* there to one at Prado, newly established and not yet furnished.

Forth she went in the morning with garments reverently kissed by the escorting brothers, and back she came in the twilight in a new silk gown bestowed by the women of Prado.

A happy custom this, of visiting with the blessed dead, for my part more improving than the inanities of the ouija-board.

There was a time, beginning in that dark period to which I have referred, and after lines of political cleavage between the native New Mexicans and the invasive Americans sharply

showed, when the order became the instrument of political intrigue, but that is passing with the growth of mutual understanding and the advance of the English press. Everywhere among the more foreseeing of the present population there is an increasing appreciation of the social value of an organization which shows itself possessed of the seeds of self-help and the vital spark of community spirit. A year or two ago on the day of the Assumption of the Virgin, when I had gone into the little chapel at Fernando de Taos to pray, with full courtesy of the brotherhood, a party of curiosity-mongers undertook rudely to force their way in after me, with the result that there were pistol-shots exchanged and a narrow escape from a tragedy. Promptly, however, on the part of the Protestant community, and on the part of the Taos Indians, on whose land the *morada* stood, there was a general rally in defense of the right and dignity of the order. For this is more than a question of the right of free worship. It is a question of our general attitude toward those native spiritual impulses out of which great national art must spring. It is because I am not able to think of *Los Hermanos Penitentes* in any more important connection than this, as often as Lent comes round and my mind goes visiting the high valleys of the Sangre de Cristo and the *placitas* of Abiquiu and Rinconada, I think also of the young soldiers walking in the Trail of the Blood with the stripe of their own wounds on their sleeves, and the little flag that flapped so gaily from Pontius Pilate's hat.

The Paper in the Gate-Legged Table

BY AMY LOWELL

Richardson, Erik Follows, Reed, and I
Were all comparing notes on our vacations
One evening after dinner. Richardson
Had been to Labrador on a coasting steamer
And run across a half a dozen whales
In the mating season. He has an eye for color
And picturesque detail; his flashing ocean,
And his superb, preoccupied great whales
Love-hunted into fighting, was a thing
I might not have forgotten, but, you 'll see,
We 'd something bigger even than his whales
To occupy us later on. Tom Reed
Had climbed Mount Everest and broken his leg,
And crawled and starved for near a week before
A searching party found him. I had been
Playing the miner for socialistic reasons,
And I thought I had a pretty tale to tell
Until I heard the others. I began,
A bit puffed up to start with, then came Reed,
Then Richardson, the last was Erik Follows.
I rather think he 'd needed his vacation
More than the rest of us; he worked so hard.
A doctor can work himself down to bare nerves
If he 's in love with his profession, and Follows
Cared more for his than any man I know.
An alienist has many leads to follow,
But Erik's leads all seemed to follow him;
They ran him down a dozen times a day
And even tracked him into his vacations.
That 's why we 'd left his tale until the last,
For he was sure to have encountered something.
He had; he showed it to us. A gate-legged table
Of old mahogany, as soft as skin,
The color of maple-syrup, with slender legs,
And just a touch of brass to liven it—
The round-ringed handle of its one small drawer.

And out of this drawer it came, the amazing thing.
A little, pigskin-bound, octavo booklet,
Ruled for accounts, but kept for notes, it seemed.
Half of the pages were blank, the rest were scrawled
With a large, oafish sort of pencil-writing,
So blurred and rubbed, it hardly could be read.
But Follows had read it; you see, it was a lead.
"Well?" we all said, for we could see at once
That Follows had a clue which stretched away
From just this note-book. "Well," he said at last,
"I took a little trip into the Berkshires
Last autumn in my car. One afternoon
I chanced to pass a farm-house where an auction
Was being held, and went in just for fun.
It was a pretty place. A little brook
Nuzzled its way along a boggy meadow
Behind a barn with a ship weather-vane,
Which should have struck me, but somehow it did n't,
And, just beyond, one of those odd-shaped hills
You see in Hiroshige's prints ran up,
A slope of hemlocks, right into the sky.
The house was low and wide, with both its porches
So thickly covered with Virginia creeper
The lattice laths might have been creeper-stems.
The crimson of the leaves in the autumn sunlight,
Against the old white paint, was strangely cheerful.
I liked the place at once; it seemed a shame
To scatter all the queer, comfortable old things
Had been there for so long. I stopped to look
A moment at the crowd, trampling the garden
And shuffling through the house, then I went in
And bought that table in a sort of pity
That all these things spread round were up for sale.
The old stock ended,—it was the usual story,—
Gone West or dead, no one to keep the farm.
I bought the table, ordered it expressed,
Pondered the natural queries which an auction
Always arouses for a day or so,
And finished out my trip without adventure.
Without adventure, yes; that was to come.
It must have been at least two weeks before
I found a moment to unbox my table.
I set it up, dusted it, opened the leaves,
And in the drawer I found this diary;
For that is what it is, a diary.
There is no date, but I can tell you now

The notes were made in eighteen eighty-nine.
But I don't know who wrote them. There 's no name;
And that, I think, I never shall discover.
The diary begins—I 'll read it to you,
Just a few pages, and then tell the rest."
He picked the book up from the table and read
Slowly and quietly; yet it rang my nerves,
It was so still and horrible.

"My God!

Why have they sent me up here to the grass?
Sent me to live among the hateful grass!
The terrible, creeping, creeping, pitiless grass!
What is this thing, this gorging, endless thing,
Moving so slowly that it baffles sight,
But never stopping either night or day?
We mow it down, and in a week again
It covers all the place we have laid bare.
Man builds his roads through grass. With breaking toil,
With sweat and muscle-ache he forces his way
Across the earth. He shears the grasses down
And keeps them there with infinite stress of wheels,
But if he pauses in his traveling,
If for a space he rests, worn with fatigue,
The ravening grass has run across his paths
And choked them utterly away. Oh, God!
The chatter, chatter, chatter, of the grass!
I hear it in the night crying for men
To feed its vitals with their own. I see
It crawling toward this thin, unstable house,
Thrusting its clutching fingers through the boards,
Swallowing the poor weak flowers in their beds.
What is this house? A flimsy, man-made thing
Besieged on all sides by the gluttonous grass.
They speak of spears of grass, but I see bellies—
Bellies which feed on man-blood; feet which suck
Entrails of human beings. I am mad,
Tortured to see this island of a house
Waiting to be engulfed. And they have sent
Me here for rest! Oh, fools! fools! I, alone—
The myriads of grass are more than I.
I cannot eat, for I will feed no grass.
I cannot sleep for listening to it drink
And fortify its waiting strength with dew.
They tell me to go sit upon the hill,
Under the hemlocks, where no grass can grow.

But do not trees themselves flourish on graves?
They laugh, the farmer and his sons; they do not think
Of the fat, waving grass that I have seen
In the churchyard. I often go to watch
How green, how wicked green, it grows just there.

Last night I heard a little quiet noise,
A woodpecker noise, but very, very soft,
And it was in the middle of the night.
I listened for hours, till the gray light came,
And then it stopped, and then at last I slept."

The doctor paused, but not one of us spoke.
He turned some pages over and went on:
"I hear it now on almost every night,
And all day long my head aches. Lack of sleep,
I know. And that is very bad, for when
I do not sleep, my hearing is so sharp
I very nearly catch the words they say,
The grasses. Only not quite, not quite; and this
Hearing and not is piercing my head through,
Burning it up with irons, hot and cold,
So that I break out in a chilly sweat.
The farmer's wife tells me I'm looking badly,
Should go out more. But that I will not do.
I never go out now. The grass is there.
I have no money; the town doctors saw
To that. 'No care at all,' they said, 'just grow
As the grass grows.' I laughed, oh, I did laugh!
And still they sent me here to rest. My ears!
My ears! They hurt with all the noise. The tapping
Is louder every night. It seems as though
It tried to drown the whimper of the grass,
But nothing can do that. And I can't go
Away; I have no money, not a cent.
I cannot walk, for I must walk through grass.
I've whittled bits of wood to stop my ears,
But with them in I think I hear the leaves
Of some dead tree stuttering out my name
In a ghoulish whisper. So I take them out.
The tapping is better, even the stealthy, licking
Murmur which comes from all that tide of grass.

I've found it out at last. I made them tell me.
I threatened them one evening with a knife,

And said I 'd go to bed like a good boy
When once they 'd told. It seems that, years ago,
Fifty years or a hundred, I don't remember,
An old sea-captain came up here to live.
He 'd left the sea, and as his daughter was married
To the man who owned this place, they took him home
To die, whenever that might happen. But he
Was marvelously afraid of just this dying,
Because he felt like me about the grass.
He used to swear that it should never get him,
And begged his daughter to cast him in the sea.
But she, a decent, quiet woman, was shocked,
And he could never make her give her promise.
At length he hit upon a compromise
And made the two of them agree to it.
His coffin was to be slung from a high beam
Beneath the roof-peak of the barn, and left
To rot and crumble. When they 'd given their words,
He had that vane I 've often wondered at
Set up there on the barn; he liked to watch
The wind-flaws veer it round and round, he said,
And they were satisfied and never thought
Beyond his reason. But I know more than they.
I know he set it for a sign, a symbol,
A monument. He died at last quite happy,
Believing he had overcome the grass.
'Way up under the roof-peak swung the coffin,
And mostly folk forgot that it was there.
It gathered dust and cobwebs and grew dim;
You could n't rightly see it when you looked,
For all the chaff and hayseed floating round
Made a kind of blur to any one below.
But, one day, many years after that time,
The farmer's son, going to feed the horses,
Heard a loud, intermittent sort of banging
Under the roof, and when he took the ladder
And climbed up there to see, he found a strap
Had given way, and the coffin hung head down,
Suspended by the other, and there it teetered
To and fro with every gust of wind
When the barn-door was open. So he said
He 'd fix it in the morning. But that night
He woke to hear a rap-tap-tapping, so like
A hammer—but that was a foolish thought;
He knew directly what the thing must be,
Some stanchion broken loose in the high wind.

It was a stormy night, so he decided
He 'd leave the shutter, or whatever it was,
Until next day, and fell asleep again.
But in the morning, when he went to see
About the coffin, it was all nailed up
As firm as could be with a harness-strap.
They thought that very odd; they little knew
What men can do who have the fear of grass,
What fear can make men do, although they 're dead.
But I have found a hero I can worship.
Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, what are these?
They never ruled the grass, it sucked them up
And drank their brains and overscored their towns.
O rare and mighty Captain, here 's my hand!
Mightier than all men have been before!
Dominant Master, even over grass!
Not by the accident of death at sea,
But by compelling force in your own soul
To be forever above these miles of grass,
As no one ever in the world has been.
I feel a leaping fervor to join my hand
With yours, to grasp your bony, brittle fingers,
Unstained by grass-roots. To-morrow I will go
And offer sacrifices to your manes.
How soaring my thoughts are released at last
From all the demon grasses that have gnawed
At them these months past! Now I go to bed,
And I shall sleep to-night.

Oh, merciless God! The coffin is not there!
They tell me it crumbled many years ago,
And where the bones are no one knows. A jellyfish,
With oozing, pulpy brain, a worthless polyp
Tossed in the air by a devil-god for fun,
That 's what I am, and have been, ever to think
One could cheat grass! The squirming, oily grass!
It waited, lapping round and round the walls
Of the old barn to catch him as he fell.
The terrible, blind grass, feeling its way
With little patting hands. Feeling its way
Slowly, horribly, over all mankind.
There is no safety anywhere at all
For any people. The clapboards of this house
Will peel off one by one, the floor will crack,
And through the cracks will come the grinning grass.
My legs will find it stifling them in nets,

My open hands be shut with thongs of grass,
My mouth will hold its roots, my nose its heads,
And in my ears the clatter of its laughter
Will burst my brain and cleave my senseless skull.
I cannot wait and watch; the strain is fire
Stretching and shriveling me till my bones twist
And drive their needle ends out through my flesh,
And all I see is blood struck through with green,
The bloated green of over-nourished grass.
You dastard God, who set this hideous thing
Upon us! Curse you! Curse you! And all this
Foul, beastly, eating Earth. You shall not have me;
I 'll die before I 'm eaten. I 'll squeeze my hands
About my neck until my eyes spit out,
And after them the blood which is my life.
I cannot do it; my fingers are too thin.
But I will find a way to strengthen them;
I 'll think of nothing but how to find a way;
I 'll kill myself with thinking—”

Follows stopped,
And closed the book. “That entry is the last,”
He said quite simply, “but there 's more to tell.
For I went back to Oakfield—that was the nearest
Village to the farm—and found a man
Who 'd known the Crawfords in the eighteen eighties.
And when I asked him if they 'd had a boarder,
He said, ‘Oh, yes, a poor demented fellow,
Sent up there for the quiet of the country.’
He 'd been there just about three months, he told me,
And then, one day when no one was about,
He 'd hanged himself by an old harness-strap
To one of the barn beams. He said no more.
Perhaps he did not know about the coffin,
And clearly he knew nothing of the man.
I think I 've learned a salutary lesson.
I might myself have been one of those doctors
Prescribing easily ‘rest in the country.’
But, all the same, I wish I 'd had a chance
To try my hand. And even as I say it,
I realize what harpies science makes us.
I pity him profoundly; yet a case
Like his to perish on a harness-strap!
Good Lord, what brutes we are! And now let 's talk
Of something cheerful. Richardson, your whales—”

Alice in Literal-Land

An Allegory of the War in the Churches

BY JOHN F. SCOTT

THE sermon was very dull—to Alice. She had tried hard to listen, but the words were awfully long, and she did n't have the slightest idea of what it was all about. Now and again when the preacher raised his voice, she would look up and marvel at his excitement.

"How much like a big bird he looks when he waves his arms that way!" thought Alice. "I wonder if he could fly." The idea fascinated her, and the more she wondered about it, the more possible it seemed. It was well for her that she had given the matter some thought; otherwise she might have been very much surprised and startled to see him jump out of the pulpit and sail right down to her pew. As it was, it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

"Would you like to come with me on a flight of the imagination?" said he.

"I 'd love to," Alice replied.

"Hop on my back and hang on tight," said the minister.

Alice did as he bade her, and off they flew together, right out of the window. On and on they went, up and up, over cities and forests and lakes and prairies and mountains and river systems.

"How strange everything looks from up here!" said Alice, talking to herself. I should think God would get

very dizzy looking down from his throne, because his altitude is so much higher. But I suppose he has got used to it. Anyway, people must seem very funny to him, they are all so little, even smaller than the pygmies in 'Gulliver's Travels.'" So Alice talked on, sometimes not knowing what she was saying. After a while, however, she ran out of words, and as it seemed to her that they must be nearly at their journey's end, she thought it would be nice to know just where in the world they were. So, very carefully, she crawled up a little farther on the preacher-bird's back, and shouted as loud as she could right in his ear:

"Where are we now?"

"Up in the air," he called back to her.

Alice thought it a very uncivil answer, but she could n't help wondering if that was n't the reason she had talked so much. Before she had time to come to any decision in the matter, they ran into a huge, black thunder-cloud. Alice was so frightened that she shut her eyes tight, and tried to hide her head under one of the great flapping wings.

Suddenly, things grew strangely quiet; the rushing wind stopped; there came a series of violent jounces, *thumpety, thump, thump, thump*, and Alice, taken unawares, fell to the ground.

"Well, here we are at last," said the preacher-bird, turning around to look at her.

"Where are we?" snapped Alice, still a bit upset by her fall. He kindly disregarded the tone of her voice.

"We are now at the beginning of a theological adventure."

Alice was about to ask the same question again, but was afraid she might appear stupid, so, putting on her best company manners, she said:

"Oh, indeed! How interesting." But, really, she was very much excited.

After a short walk they arrived before two large iron doors set in the side of a hill. Two or three newsboys ran up to them, shouting:

"Wuxtra! wuxtra! all about the war of the churches! Everything split wide open!" But the preacher paid no attention to them, and walked straight up to the iron doors, where he knocked three times, and repeated some words that sounded like "Open Sesame." Of course that was n't what he said, but it worked just the same. The great doors slowly opened, and the preacher turned to Alice and said:

"We are now going into the Cave of Controversy. Keep your head, and you will be all right."

Alice hesitated for a moment, but after assuring herself that her head was still with her, she followed her guide.

§ 2

Hardly had the doors closed behind them when Alice was seized violently by two wild-eyed men, one on each side, pulling her in opposite directions. She was so startled that she could n't say a word, and, besides, she did n't have a chance.

"This way to salvation!" shouted

the one on her left. "Nice, quiet, and comfortable; all your thinking done for you by experts; no effort required."

"Come with me!" cried the other, pulling at her right arm. "I'll show you how to blaze a trail of your own. Don't listen to that other chap: he's all wrong. I can prove it."

"You see," said the first one again, "he has nothing to offer you. You would get lost with him. The way I know is perfectly plain; it has been the same for years. It's all—"

"It's all overgrown with grass and weeds," interrupted the other. "You can't believe him; he has a creedal complex."

"You're a cuckoo!" shouted the first one, growing apoplectic.

"You're a coward!" the other retorted.

"You're a traitor!"

"You're a liar!"

"My, it's getting quite warm!" thought Alice as names flew thick and fast. "I wish I knew what it was all about."

In their interest in their own arguments the men seemed to have forgotten her entirely, so she slipped out from between them and left them struggling together. But it was much the same everywhere in the cave, people wrangling and shouting and calling names as if their life depended on it. Alice was much confused. "It's just like the Tower of Babel," she said to herself, and looked up, half-expecting to see the ruins before her. She did see something, but not what she had expected. There, away up high in the darkness, appeared the head of the Cheshire Cat.

"Hello!" said Alice, with a friendly wave of the hand. "What are you doing here?"

The cat only grinned and responded:

"Remember what I told you in the wood on the way to the March Hare's? It's the same here."

"Oh, yes," said Alice, after a moment's thought, "I remember. 'We're all mad here.'" The cat nodded his head and grinned more broadly, as if well pleased with himself. "Thank you so much for telling me," Alice went on; "that explains a great deal." She was about to ask what it was that everybody was mad over, but the cat had vanished.

The noise and confusion were so great that she could scarcely distinguish her own thoughts. She could make no sense out of all the different sounds that filled her ears. It was very irritating to have every one shouting and not to know what they were saying. Finally, Alice lost her patience.

"I can make a noise, too," she said, and started to recite the "Jabberwocky" in as loud a voice as she could. It seemed to fit the occasion nicely, as she did n't have the slightest idea what it meant.

She felt a great deal better after this, and found herself laughing at the two men who were still fighting where she had left them. They were so absurdly serious! And now that she had slipped away from them, it really did not matter which of them won. Just then some one tapped her on the shoulder, and she turned to find the preacher at her side.

"Have you decided which way you want to go?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" said Alice. "Is there some way out of this?"

"Why, yes, indeed," explained the preacher; "there are two ways out. One is up there, through the forest and

over the mountains. It's quite dangerous in places, and sometimes people get lost. But the air on the mountains is clear and bracing, and there are some wonderful views. And most people find it worth all the risks. The other way is much easier and more comfortable; as long as you obey the rules you are safe."

"M-m-m-m," said Alice, thinking for a moment, "I guess I'll choose the second one. I'm pretty tired, and it will seem nice to be safe at least. What is it called?"

"It is Literal-Land," replied the preacher. "Right over this way," and he led Alice over to one side of the cave, where there were several openings in the wall. They were all of the general shape of the human body, some for fat people and some for thin people, some for the tall and some for the short. But in each case the space for the head was tilted almost at right angles with the neck.

"That's queer," said Alice. "What is that for?"

"That," the preacher explained, "is the peculiar bent people have to have for this sort of thing."

"But my head does n't grow like that," protested Alice.

"Oh, that's very easily arranged," the preacher assured her. "All you have to do is to take one of these Doctrinal Pellets for Prospective Pilgrims." He handed her a little purple-and-gold pill dispensed by a very regal-looking elderly lady sitting on a throne before the openings in the wall.

"I don't believe it," said Alice.

"Really, it's very simple," the preacher continued. "All you have to do is swallow the pill, shut your eyes, take a deep breath, and say, 'I believe' three times. Let's try it together."

Alice did so. Very timidly she opened her eyes, and was rather surprised to find everything just as it was before.

"I don't feel any different," said Alice, "and it did n't hurt a bit."

"No," said the preacher; "that's the nice thing about it: it's quite painless, and you don't notice any change in yourself. But I think we can go in now."

§ 3

The first thing that caught Alice's eye on the other side of the wall was a golden church-like building that stood near to where she had come in. It was very beautiful, and out from it there issued the sweetest song she had ever heard. It made her want to sing, too. On each of the four sides of the building were words engraven in large letters. They were strange words to her; she could n't even pronounce them, and contented herself with spelling them out. On one side, C-O-N-C-I-L-I-A; on another, B-I-B-L-I-A; on the third, T-R-A-D-I-T-I-O; and on the front, E-C-C-L-E-S-I-A. While she was admiring the building, the song suddenly stopped, and out from the top there flew a pure white dove, which disappeared through one of the openings in the wall.

"Did you see that?" Alice exclaimed. "It got away!"

"Sh-sh," warned the preacher. "When the building was erected, they forgot to put on the roof; but nobody knows that in here."

"Oh, I see," said Alice, "and they think it's in there all the time."

"Yes," answered the preacher, "and it gives them a great deal of comfort."

Turning around, Alice discovered that they were in a great hall shaped

something like a huge circus tent, only much larger, and with a high, vaulted roof.

"My! it is quiet in here after all that racket outside, is n't it?" she said, thinking out loud. "Everything is so neat and orderly! One does feel safe here, too," she added, as she watched a squad of soldiers drilling close by. "And here come some others. They don't keep together at all, and they have different banners. It's a funny army, is n't it?"

"Yes," answered the preacher. "You see, they can't agree on their officers, and so they all drill separately."

"How silly!" thought Alice, "and dangerous, too, if an enemy should suddenly—" She forgot to finish the sentence, for just then one of the squads disappeared through a doorway off from the main hall. Alice noticed then, for the first time, that there were similar doorways at intervals down both sides of the larger room, and up over each entrance was a sign such as shopkeepers have over their stores. "Where did they go, and what are all those doorways?" asked Alice.

"Those," answered the preacher, looking where Alice was pointing—"those are the Denominational Chambers. Would you like to look in some of them?"

"Do you think I could?" Alice inquired, hesitatingly.

"Well, I don't think any one would object if we just *looked* in from the doorway. At least we can try it," said the preacher. And they started over toward the one where the soldiers had disappeared.

They had gone only a short distance when they were met by a very grave-looking man who, in solemn tones, invited them to tea. Alice, though she

had n't realized it till that moment, was quite hungry, but she was n't sure what was best to do. She looked inquiringly at the preacher, and as he nodded his head, she said in her politest manner, "Thank you so much. You are very kind." As their host was leading the way to the other end of the hall, the preacher whispered to her behind his hand, "Every new-comer has to take tea here the first afternoon. You may not like it; it's theological tea, you know. But try not to offend any one."

§ 4

Presently they were led into a stuffy little room, very poorly lighted with candles. The walls were lined with large and heavy books, all showing signs of great age. Around a table in the center of the room were five or six men in long black gowns, pondering over several large volumes. Now and again they would get into an argument over something they had read, and would take down other books to settle the question; and then when finally they came to an agreement, one of them would write down the answer on a large slip of paper. They kept this up for some time. Alice did n't know exactly how long, for the clock on the wall was n't going,—in fact, it looked as if it had run down centuries ago,—but Alice was getting worried about the tea, and, besides, it was very close and uncomfortable.

"Don't you think we might have a window open?" she said by way of beginning conversation. Every one apparently was very much shocked, and most of all the grave men with the books. The one who had been writing stood up and addressed her in a very deep voice.

"Young lady, no one speaks his own mind here. There is nothing in the 'Fathers' about opening a window. It has never been done. Fresh air would spoil our theological atmosphere."

Alice did n't agree with him on the last point, but she kept her peace. Seeing that she was quiet, the man turned to his companions and announced, "Let the tea be prepared." Then, holding up his paper, he began: "Five tablespoons of the councils." Five men went to a large cupboard at one end of the room and returned each with a spoonful of dry leaves, which they dropped into a large kettle of water boiling in the fireplace. "One teaspoon of Ignatius" he continued, "one of Irenæus, two of Origen, two of Athanasius, three of Augustine."

"That's the strangest tea I ever heard of," thought Alice, and she turned inquisitively to the preacher. He only made a wry face at her and said nothing.

"Bring up your cups," the chief steward announced. "Children allowed two lumps of sugar, scholars a grain of salt, those with special dispensation may dilute it with a little milk." Alice had begun to feel ill already, but she took her cup with the sugar, and held it up to be filled.

Fortunately for her, just at that moment, a herald opened the door and called out:

"Learned Doctors, the trial is about to begin; the judge requires your presence."

Immediately the doctors dropped everything, and forming in double file, goose-stepped solemnly out of the door after the herald.

"What trial is it?" asked Alice of the preacher, and before he had time to answer, she added, "Can we go to it?"

"Yes," said he; "I think it is a heresy trial."

"That ought to be interesting," Alice responded. "I've never been to a hear-say trial. What do they do?"

"We shall see," the preacher answered.

§ 5

The trial had already begun when they arrived. The prisoner, with a handkerchief tied over his mouth, was standing before the judge. The prosecuting attorney, whom Alice recognized as one of the men who had shouted at her as she entered the Cave of Controversy, was reading the charge.

"ITEM I," he began. "The prisoner is charged with asserting that there is no such place as hell."

"He'll soon find out that he is mistaken," said the judge, with a very undignified wink at the sheriff.

"ITEM II," continued the prosecutor. "The prisoner is charged with not meaning what he said."

"I object," interrupted the prisoner's attorney. "That is n't correct. The defendant did mean what he said, but in so doing, he did n't say quite what he meant."

"Objection overruled," shouted the judge. "In either case, he is guilty of dishonesty."

"ITEM III. The prisoner is accused of stating that a semicolon is missing from the Bible."

"This is very serious, indeed," observed the judge. "The jurors will please consider this carefully; our whole religion is at stake. If one can put in a semicolon at will, we may just as well place a question-mark at the end of the Bible. Furthermore, it is exceedingly presumptuous of this

young man, or anybody else, to attempt to improve upon the punctuation which the Almighty Himself inserted. Next."

"ITEM IV. The prisoner is accused of claiming and practising the right to think for himself."

"Enough! enough!" cried the judge, jumping up and tearing at his hair. "We need no more. Gentlemen of the jury," turning to the learned doctors, "consider your verdict."

"But I protest, your Honor," cried the defendant's lawyer. "The prisoner should be allowed to speak for himself, to answer the charges."

"They need no answer from him," said the judge. "That handkerchief must not be removed; there's no telling what he might say in our presence. Let it be thoroughly understood that a man *in his position* may feel for himself and hear for himself, he may eat and even die for himself, but it is forbidden him to think and speak for himself. I will therefore pronounce sentence."

"But, your Honor," objected the attorney, "the jury has not given the verdict."

"We'll have the sentence first, and the verdict afterward," ruled the judge. "He is guilty, anyway." And pulling a parchment scroll out of his pocket, he proceeded to read: "I sentence the prisoner to a public scourging at the whipping-post in the outer court until he shall consciously repeat the creed; I sentence the prisoner to ten months in the School of Discipline, where he shall give special study to theograpy, ancient mystery, and the higher ecclesiastics; I sentence the prisoner to drink two cups of clear tea (unsweetened) every afternoon. The court is dismissed."

There was great applause as the

judge finished, and the people all hurried out to the whipping-post to watch the beginning of the punishment. Alice did n't understand any of the sentence except that about the tea, and she thought that alone was sufficient for almost any crime. However, she followed the others to the outer court.

The prisoner was already tied to the post, and two white-hooded gentlemen were swinging sticks with long tongues of leather on the ends. The orchestra started to play a solemn dirge, and the ceremonies began. It was all done to music, the "executioners" and the prisoner singing alternate verses of a disciplinary hymn, and the crowd joining in on the chorus, while the time was marked by the whip-cords on the victim's back. This was the hymn:

EXECUTIONERS:

"The Bible is infallible, which you must not deny.

Adam named the animals, and Enoch did not die.

Take care you do not change it, for that would surely breed

Distrust of our authority! Now, won't you say the creed?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

will you say the creed?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

won't you say the creed?"

PRISONER:

"I cannot see your argument; it has no sense at all.

To sin by eating apples is not a serious fall.

There is no hell hereafter for which I feel the need,

But if there were, I tell you now, I would not say the creed!

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not say the creed.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not say the creed."

EXECUTIONERS:

"Arius was a heretic; Apollinaris, too.

They sought to think things for themselves, much the same as you.

The Apostles at Nicæa—please give this careful heed—

Drew up our sacred document.

Oh, won't you say the creed?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

will you say the creed?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

won't you say the creed?"

Every one was quite out of breath by this time, and the "executioners" decided that they would postpone further action till the next day.

Alice looked for the preacher, but could n't find him anywhere. She was terribly disappointed, because she did want to visit the Denominational Chambers. "Anyway," she said to herself, "I should think it would be all right to go to my own church. I believe I 'll try it." She saw the sign near by, "Protestant Episcopal Church." Some one, apparently, had tried to rub out the word "Protestant," but it was still faintly visible, if you looked hard enough.

§ 6

It seemed quite natural to Alice inside. The people were separated into different groups, engaged in different occupations: some were singing gospel

hymns, some were taking care of a sick man, some were polishing the candlesticks. Alice was trying to decide which group she would join when a kindly gentleman came up to her, and led her off to another part of the chamber, where school was being held. She did not like this at all, and when no one was looking she slipped away, and hid behind a curtain hanging on the back wall.

Imagine her surprise when she found herself in a long dark passageway. She was a bit frightened at first, and started to go back, but the thought of school and lessons gave her courage. She waited a moment till her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and then began to feel her way along the passage. Soon it brought her into a much larger and brighter corridor. There were other people here, all walking toward a great light off in the distance. They were coming from passages similar to that through which Alice had just come.

"How do you do?" said Alice, overtaking two who were walking arm in arm.

"Very well, thank you, little girl," one of them answered with a sweet smile. "Is n't it glorious here? And I was so afraid!"

"What were you afraid of?" asked Alice.

"Death," was the reply. "But it is n't bad, after all."

Alice was considerably shocked, but her curiosity was aroused, and she asked:

"How did you get here?"

"Through the Methodist way, back there," her new friend answered, pointing to one of the passages. "And my dear neighbor here came the Roman Catholic way."

"Do you mean that each chamber has a passage leading to this place? My, would n't they be surprised if they knew it!" said Alice.

"And here we are at the gates of paradise," her companion announced.

There was a crowd gathered here, and some of them carried torches and told breathless tales of adventure in the mountains and forests of the way they had come. But nobody argued, and there was no controversy. Alice finally got close enough to the gates to look through. And what a sight she saw! There was, in truth, the Holy City all bright and glistening, lying four-square, and the walls all set with precious stones. It was beautiful. Alice clapped her hands in delight. And suddenly a great and mighty sound of many voices filled the air: "Hallelujah, give praise to our God, all ye his servants, ye that fear him, the small and the great." Alice did as they said, and, opening her mouth, began to sing as loud as she could, "Hallelujah." But one of the angels that watched at the gates turned, and put his hand over her mouth, so that the sound was smothered.

"Child, you must n't do that; it's only for the choir," said a voice in her ear. And Alice looked up into her mother's face.

"O Mother," she said, "I've had such a wonderful dream! I saw the Holy City and everything."

"Yes, yes, my dear; you can tell me all about it when we get home," said her mother. So Alice sat there in the church, thinking of all the strange and beautiful things she had seen and heard. Only one thing bothered her: she did not know the moral.

Finding a School for a Boy

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

A LETTER from an old friend now living in China sent me forth to find a preparatory school for his son Gerald, a precocious rascal of thirteen or fourteen, good-natured, honest, self-assertive, and somewhat refractory; with a disposition like a garden of good stock, but in the first stage of reversion, owing to his years of isolation amid people of another civilization. Thus his father described him, and added that there were many cultural gaps which must be filled in.

These were the only criteria I had. The mental picture I had of the boy made my quest peculiarly hazardous. What kind of school would be most likely to fit such a boy for college, for life, for a future in which all his powers would have balanced exercise? Thinking of schools as I knew them opened an abyss so dark and unfathomable that I shrank from the journey for several days.

I tried to plumb the depths by asking, "What is education?" I suppose every educated man believes he can give a satisfactory answer offhand. Well, let him try! One's first thought is that of an enrichment of the mind by appropriating some of the wealth of universal wisdom. It is easy to see how incomplete is this definition. How much of this wisdom must one acquire before one can be called educated? Then the entire aspect of dis-

cipline is overlooked. Is any one educated in whom the powers of conscious reasoning are untrained or undeveloped, however great may be the store of accumulated knowledge? Nor is that the only serious omission. I believe it is admitted now that the brain is not simply the responsive objective of our afferent impulses, and that the will—using will as the equivalent of personality—can positively create new functions in the unoccupied convolutions, especially during the early years. Helen Keller's astonishing retrieval is the best illustration I know. If it were not that the speech, sight, and auditory centers, already active in a normally constituted brain, appear sufficient for all ordinary purposes, a part of every well devised plan of education would be the adding of new functions—a literal extension of the mind. But though such an ambitious item be never placed in a curriculum, it follows inevitably from the premises that education cannot neglect the strengthening and the directing of the will.

Few of us pause for definition even in our most serious discussions, and when we do we are amazed not that there is so much bitter misunderstanding and acrimony in life, but that there is so little. One has to define religion to discover whether one is religious or not; but I once tried to define a gentle-

man, and after a score of futile essays, surrendered at discretion. It is easy to enumerate any number of qualities and characteristics to be found in a gentleman or in a man of education,—and we recognize either of them within sixty seconds of our introduction,—but to attempt an equation in terms is only to prove that our instinct is surer than our reasoning.

§ 2

So I went forth in this inchoate state of mind to visit a few well known schools, to measure them without a fixed rule, to test them by standards too nebulous for formulation. Had it been a college I sought, any one of a half-dozen prominent universities might have been pitched upon at random; by the time a student matriculates at college the larger part of his nature is fixed, and progress is made in the main along well ascertained lines.

The first school proved a disappointment for reasons almost impossible of statement. The buildings, together with the equipment, are as perfect as one can desire, adequate, substantial, harmonious in form, and bearing the sentiment of scholastic architecture; but they suffer from the irretrievable fault of having no outlook, to many people a fault of no consequence, perhaps even an advantage. The school is set low, in a deep, sharp-cloven valley, well wooded, and with frequent outcropping of rock, a promising place for a morning's ramble or for the study of geology; as a physical setting for a mind in the formative stage, when outlook means vision, it is hopeless. Pine and fir and spruce grow thick about the dormitories, obscuring the light by dense evergreen foliage, and presenting

all the year an unvarying mass of depressing green-brown color, such as cannot but react heavily upon the brighter moods.

It is not such a place as the monks or friars of old would have chosen; they were truer psychologists, saner, if you like, despite their narrow interpretation of life. I have always admired, with a sense of keen wonder, the free and commanding sites they selected. Whether it was an involuntary protest against the unnaturalness of their asceticism, or a slight compensation for their deferred-dividend investment of virtue, or a deliberately arranged accessory to their spiritual purpose, I do not know,—I suppose it does not matter,—but they at least saved both mind and soul from not the least damaging of repressions.

The regimen of the school is reciprocal to the environment: or, was the location chosen to emphasize the discipline? It would be hard to tell. A minimum of liberty is allowed, initiative seems to be regarded as an incipient anarchy, anything like self-government or honor is of course superfluous, ample government for all purposes being supplied by the authorities. The code of a despot for a nation of slaves could scarcely be more elaborate and minute. The principal handed me a copy of the rules and explained that each master added by-laws for his own class. Such a policy appeared to me as a kind of moral *éprouvette*, bound to end in disaster when applied to a highly charged boy as unfamiliar with restraint as Gerald had been for years. It was reiterated during the brief visit that the scholars invariably do well in college; I do not doubt it: minds thus driven in upon themselves by the denial of natural

freedom and exhilaration can express their ardor only in the artificial exercises of the examination-hall.

Not far away was an academy, also famous for scholarship, noted for "laying the foundations of success." Such a recommendation was not assuring; in fact, it quickly called out an alarming number of prejudices so flagrantly unreasonable, many of them, that I felt in honor bound to stifle them to the last one and give the place a fair inquiry. The buildings aroused no emotions whatever—modern, but not in bad taste, although of slightly strained dignity. Clustered chimneys and a few gargoyles, with gravel approaches instead of asphalt, might have lifted them to a higher order, or at least have saved them from suspicion. I merely glanced at them and went straight to the office of the principal.

I can remember no more irritating and futile interview. It was impossible for us to find an inch of common ground, and before we parted, I think both of us were looking for a neutral zone. In less than half an hour the negotiations collapsed. He looked at the boy from the point of view of the school; I considered the school from the point of view of the boy. With a persistence backed by tradition he conceived himself the agent of a plant able to take a given amount of human raw material and turn out a finished article of any pattern—if you furnished him the pattern and allowed him sufficient time for the job. Here is our conversation, as I recall it, not to my credit, I know, as my answers were needlessly aggravating in some cases and too impatient throughout.

PRINCIPAL: "What does the boy want to train for?"

VISITOR: "I believe he has a settled

objection at present to any kind of training."

PRINCIPAL: "But has n't he a predilection for any profession or any aptitude for a business career?"

VISITOR: "We have never looked for any; he is only thirteen."

PRINCIPAL: "What does his father wish him equipped for?"

VISITOR: "For manhood."

PRINCIPAL: "Do I understand you to mean that he prefers simply the old-fashioned general education?"

VISITOR: "Yes, until Gerald discovers that he has the ability and the right to choose for himself; that is, we—or at least I—look upon early education as the creation of that ability, and the ability carries with it the right."

PRINCIPAL: "I infer that you prefer he should drift until he cares to act as his own pilot."

VISITOR: "By no means; we hope to find an experienced hand to hold the rudder and guide him for a few years: some one who knows the currents, shoals, and rocks" [and I added with a cheap vindictiveness which I now regret], "some one who can understand the draft of the ship and the value of the cargo."

You will see how impossible the discussion had become. The academy, despite its honorable fame in the past and its creditable standing in general repute, is only a short cut to the professional or technical schools, a walled or trellised road leading directly to "success," training boys to specialization by a scrupulous avoidance of the wide, unfenced fields of culture. Such a course does not easily reconcile itself to my view of education, however impossible it may be to express my view. Under whatever name such a system may pass, it appears to me as

nothing but a highly satisfactory substitute for the ancient apprenticeship system. In this I do not deny or underestimate its place in modern industrial economy, but I insist that it is industrialism and not education. A boy may go through the process, from the lowest class in the preparatory school to graduate honors in the professional or technical college, without his nature being modified or enriched; he will come out a better tool, with keener edge and of longer or more varied service, but still only a tool for the making of wealth. Such an attitude as I assume need not savor of snobbery. I esteem a man no whit less because he is engaged in trade or manufacture, but more than anything the gods can give us, we need a culture which will save us from the vulgarization inevitable to commerce when pursued as an end, something that will keep business in its place as a means of livelihood instead of allowing it to become the measure of life.

By this time whatever languor had possessed me early in the quest gave way to a determination to find what I sought—a school in which the education of a boy from the point of view of the boy formed the chief concern. My thoughts were hovering about Matthew Arnold's dictum: "It is the purpose of education to teach every man to know himself and the world." I played with the words until they resolved themselves into another form: It is the purpose of education to teach every man *to be himself* and *to know* the world.

With this as a torch, I visited several institutions, but they deserve little attention in view of what I finally discovered. Whether what I found gave me the more pleasure on behalf of my

friend and his son, or as a satisfactory exposition of what I felt, but could not formulate, I cannot say.

§ 3

I arrived on Saturday, and the head master graciously received me as a guest, gave me of his time, brought me into sympathetic contact with the other masters, deftly and without apparent difficulty opened avenues into the junior communal life, usually so shy and suspiciously inhospitable to senior intruders; in a score of different ways he led me immediately and naturally into the spirit of the place. In the evening, before the study fire, we talked of the object of my visit. His questions were searchingly relevant: of Gerald's parents, his grandparents, of Gerald himself and the manner of life he had lived; he inquired very closely about the home environment and whether I had any experience of the influence of foreign life upon other boys as seen in their subsequent development. Then we talked about schools, especially those of England, of the great masters of Eton, Rugby, Uppingham, Oundle. He spoke of boys in the tones of a caress: their problems and failures were his by sympathetic identification, their achievements were his also. His spirit struck me as highly vicarious. Almost every word contained some hint of pedagogic or of boy-world philosophy, and stray sentences cling to me and grow more pregnant as I think upon them now.

"The will is not a mismade thing, to be broken by discipline and then rebuilt; the will is the man, all the rest is the machine he runs." "We cannot be too careful of the matutinal ideals. A boy does not make his ideals, he does not adopt them; they are ab-

sorbed." "It was not a Nemesis which ordained that mathematical Cambridge should turn out poets, but simply an illustration that the full discipline of one power awakens another." "If you should be put to the choice between making a scholar or a gentleman, it is imperative to elect for the latter, because it involves the cultivation of moral qualities." "The gain in following the line of least resistance is slight, and all the rest is loss." "To make ethics as normal as athletics is the first law of school perspective." "Boys are men so nearly made that to treat them as unorganized material is to throw away all the gains of heredity and most of the early benefits of natural selection." "The most fruitful influence in a school is its body of tradition; it may be called the moral capital of the school, the habits of each generation of boys being stock dividends."

That such discourse revealed the soul of the place was proved in a practical manner throughout its halls and rooms. There was nothing disciplinary, in the repressive sense, nothing of that severe and penal-like bareness mentally associated with the schools of my own boyhood. It was as if the authorities sought the subtlest, yet mightiest, of all formative forces—education by environment; as if they planned to stimulate intellectual activity by permeating the scholars with intellectual association. In the main school-room, or assembly-hall, there is such an array of busts that I felt compelled to count them—thirty-six. Greek and Latin poets and orators and warriors and statesmen; modern men perhaps not unworthy of such portentous camaraderie: Scott, Jefferson, Hamilton, Webster, Humboldt, Emer-

son, and Goethe; and between them, though mediating the far sundered Olympiads, Michelangelo, Raphael, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton. Hanging on the walls above these, and forming a noble frieze, are engraved portraits of writers, nation-makers, scientists, explorers, artists—some of them subscribed with genuine autograph. They are of various nationalities, orders, and ages, but each great after his kind. I began half unconsciously, to quote, "Seeing we are compassed about"—when the head interjected: "Every one says that. It has been used so often that the fellows call this hall 'The Cloud' and going to morning prayers is 'going into the Cloud.' We are not displeased with the slang; it brings the Bible up to date."

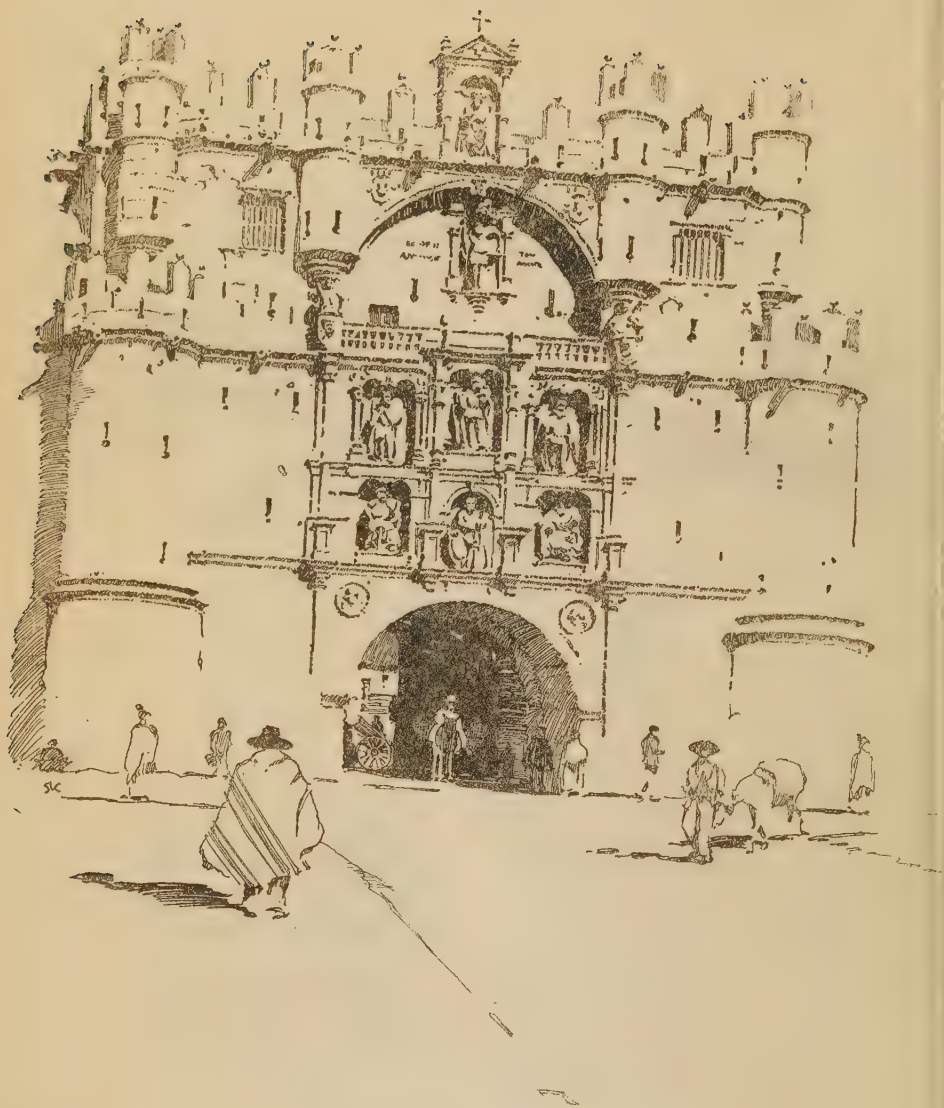
The conceit, or perhaps I ought to call it the philosophy, pleased me also; such an interpretation of inspiration must have far greater formative influence than a theory reducing inspiration to fitful gusts which blew themselves out in ancient times. The reading-room is also rich in portraiture and exhibits some valuable autograph letters; the English room beams with murals of stimulation; not even the long corridors are bare. Why an exceptional fine copy of Millais's "Gladstone" placed in the gymnasium I do not understand and did not inquire at the time. I remember wondering whether the boys knew the veteran statesman's advice to the scholars of Hawarden School, "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing through which we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." I stood for a while before the picture of Dr. Arnold, long enough for the hesi-



THE MARKET
CUEVAS DE VERA

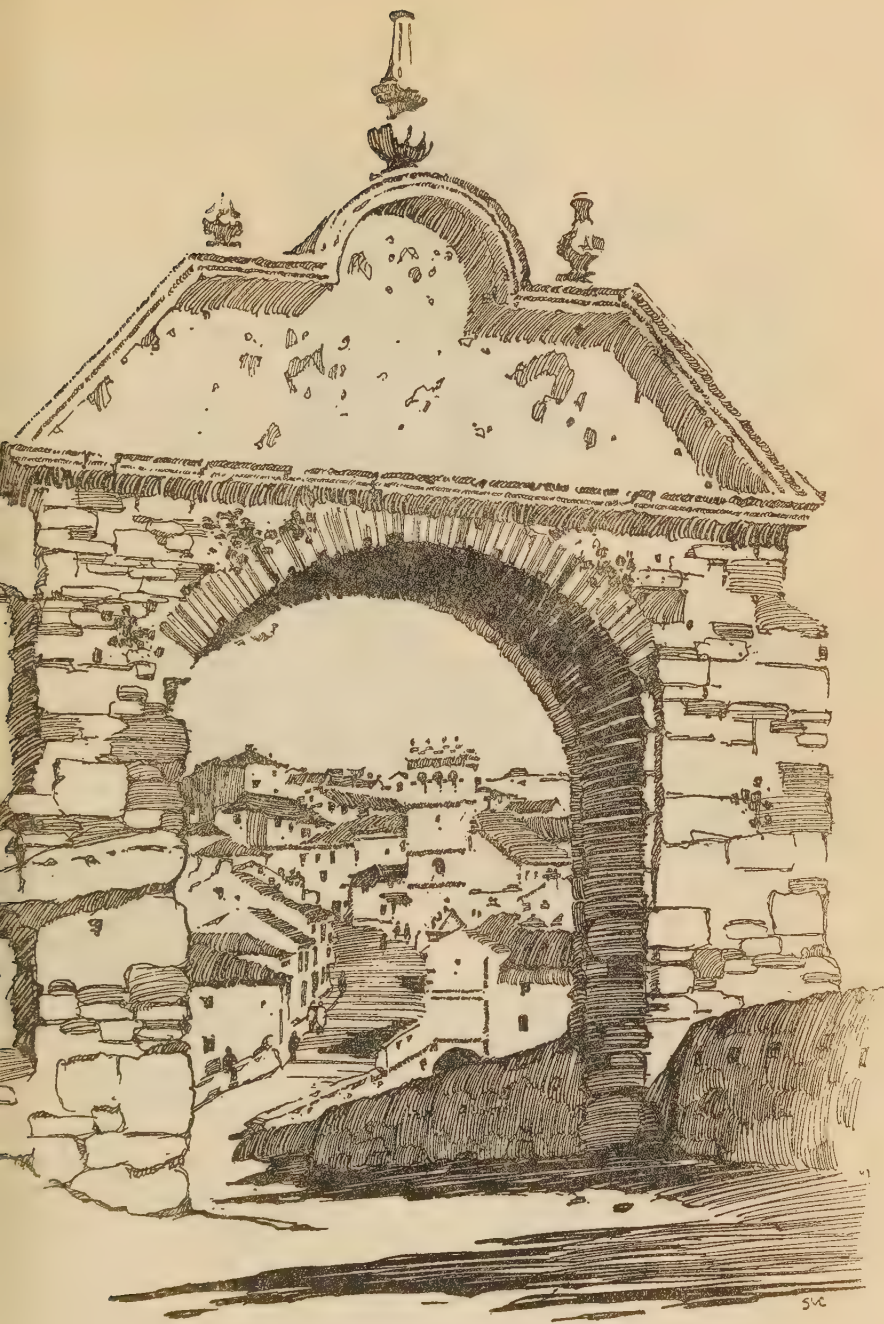
Spanish Sunshine

*Pen and inks by
Samuel Chamberlain*



GATE OF SANTA MARIA, BURGOS

Four centuries of sun and rain have weathered the sharp edges of this massive old gateway, but otherwise have left it substantially as when it was raised to the honor of Charles V, whose statue still stands, together with those of the Madonna and the Cid, among the figures occupying niches in the façade



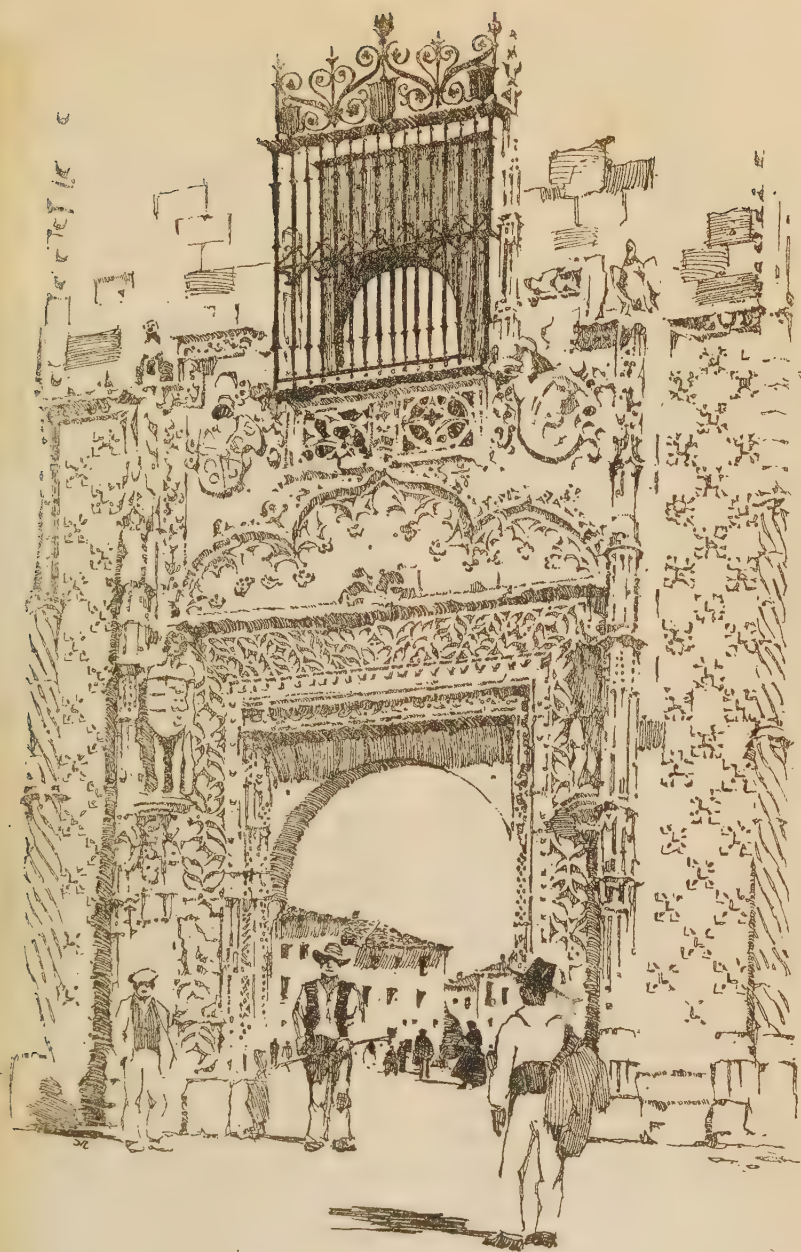
THE ARCH OF SILLÓN DEL MORO, RONDA

through this arch, whose name calls up memories of long-vanished invaders, a wide vista of Ronda, sun-drenched and tawny. Perched high at the top of precipitous slopes, this is one of the most picturesque hill towns in Spain, its old section sharply divided from the new by the deep gash of a ravine



SANTA MARIA, RONDA

There is peace in the sunny plaza before the church of Santa Maria. "Old-V peace," the modern traveler sighs sentimentally. Quite the contrary. Modernism brought peace to this remote hill town. In the Middle Ages Spaniard and Sarac struggled bloodily for what is now merely a romantic stopping-place for a few and discriminating travelers



SEVILLE

Seville is the most Spanish of all the cities of Spain. On her white walls sunshine lies thickly; there is the fragrance of orange blossoms in the air; narrow streets echo to the sound of castanets and the strumming of guitars. Castile and León are Gothic, Cordova is Moorish, but Seville is all that Spain means to the average traveler

At the Bottom of the Oil Story

BY CHARLES MERZ

AT 3:47, on the morning of the third of last August, Calvin Coolidge was sworn in as President of the United States. His father administered the oath. It was a unique ceremony. Doubtless the Romans, who believed what the augurs told them, would have made a note of the fact that the Coolidge lamp burned oil.

Teapot Dome, remote as it seemed from that clapboard farm-house in the still hours of a summer morning, and persistent as have been the efforts to muddy the issue it presents, from first to last stands out in comparison with the rest of the scene as the high point of public interest in these nine months since Mr. Coolidge followed Mr. Harding into office. It is impossible to foresee how the situation will shape itself by the time these words have reached a printed page. It is possible that the Government will be well on the way toward recovery of its oil reserves, and have instituted proceedings in those quarters in which it suspects fraud. It is also possible that from a question of fact and a matter of oil the controversy will have strayed into the domain of purely partizan politics, and the original issue lost to the eye in a blaze of pyrotechnics. The enterprise of confusing the issue is well under way. It will gather speed as campaign-time approaches. There are

professional Democrats ready to inject the partizan note into each successive disclosure; there are professional Republicans who bank so heavily upon the traditional inability of a public to remember facts and keep interested that they are already venturing to assert that this whole oil affair is merely a Democratic bombshell prepared for the election. No tactics of this sort deserve to obscure the real importance of Teapot Dome and its brother lease in California for the citizen who really cares how he is governed.

It has been by no means easy to keep track of facts. These weeks in Washington have told an amazing story, and a story altogether lacking in the element of unity. You do not look for unity in a Congressional investigation. Facts come out with utter disregard of sequence. Chapter Twenty may come first; Chapter Seven, next; then a few torn pages somewhere about Eleven. All manner of advertisements appear along the way to add their quota of confusion. This morning Mr. McAdoo is on the stand to testify what earned him fifty thousand dollars; then Mr. Vanderlip is called to explain a speech at Briarcliff; then Mr. Otto Kahn denies acquaintance with a million-dollar slush-fund. After that, perhaps, the inquiry goes back to oil, only to plunge shortly into more dissertations on the side, lead-

so far afield, perhaps, that a day comes when the morning's news is Mr. Creel's description of "the bluest eyes he ever saw"—notably, the eyes of Mr. Edward L. Doheny.

There is no criticism to be found with a method of investigation that brings conclusions forward in this style. It is the only way such inquiries can proceed, and for the efforts of the Senatorial committee (and the "Senatorial committee" means Thomas J. Walsh alone and single-handed for many weeks not only with little assistance from his team-mates, but actually in the face of indifference from most of them) there is a public that has the best of reasons to be thankful. Nevertheless, so kaleidoscopic has been the course of the committee's revelations, and so much at cross-purposes a good deal of the incidental badinage it introduced, that it is quite possible two things have happened:

First, that the main outlines of the story have been obscured, and the bulk of what is actually proved been overrun by what is merely charged and counter-charged. If that has not happened, it is by no means the fault of the politicians; the party hacks are working overtime.

Second, and more likely, for the salient facts would seem cut incisively enough to stay despite the most persistent efforts to distort them, it is possible that in the swift rush from one sensation to another certain facts have failed to earn that emphasis to which they are entitled when a more mature perspective opens up. Where was Mr. Harding when this whole affair took place? He was the responsible head of the administration. Where was the cabinet? What do these oil reserves

show about the actual process of government in Washington?

It is to these points that I address the notes which follow.

§ 2

The basic outlines of the story are sharp enough; a few paragraphs suffice to state what stands out in the record as incontrovertibly clear.

In 1912, acting in line with policies laid down by Mr. Roosevelt, and impressed by the fact that battle-ships were turning more and more to oil, President Taft set aside two oil reserves in California, known as Number 1 and Number 2, to stand behind the navy as a source of fuel. Three years later President Wilson set aside a third reserve. This one in Wyoming (Number 3) and known as Teapot Dome. Congress, approving the handiwork of both Republican and Democratic administrations, put the control of these reserves in the hands of the secretary of the navy.

There it stayed until the advent on the scene of Secretary Fall. Within three months after its appearance in office, the Harding administration transferred the oil reserves from the Department of the Navy to the Department of the Interior on the ground that all public lands should be administered by one department of the Government, and that the Department of the Interior was best qualified to do the work. There were naval officers who protested vigorously at the time. Admiral Griffin, for instance, who held the important post of chief of the Bureau of Engineering, and had held it for eight years, testified that he registered his protest with Secretary Denby. "I hoped he would not transfer them." These were not public

lands in the ordinary sense, he contended, but navy lands. "I told him [Secretary Denby] that if he turned the administration over to the Interior Department, we might just as well say good-by to our oil."

Those words, spoken two years ago, are worth marking. The admiral had a prophetic eye. A good deal of trouble would have been averted if Secretary Denby had listened to him then, and to those other naval officers whose special province was to deal with oil. He chose not to listen. Admiral Griffin testified that he could see a change was coming. And it came.

That was the first chapter of the story. Upon administrative order, issued by the President, the navy's oil-lands went to Secretary Fall. That was in May, 1921, and Secretary Fall proceeded promptly to dispose of them. On what grounds? Because, he asserted afterward, private wells outside of the navy's reserves were threatening to drain away the navy's oil, and he thought it best to drive some bargain with private capital to drill new wells, on the understanding that the navy would receive a share. Teapot Dome came first. Whether the threat of drainage was real is manifestly a matter of opinion. Two experts were sent to investigate. One said yes, the other no. But it is a matter of importance against the judgment of Mr. Fall that the head of the Geological Survey and the chief of his gas-and-oil section, the most competent and by all odds the most natural authorities to turn to in such a situation, testified later that it is doubtful whether there was any danger of a drainage, and that simple tests would have shown the truth without throwing open the entire field to exploitation.

That fact is important, but a detail; for the profound and still unraveled mystery is why, if the navy's oil was actually in danger, either Secretary Fall or Secretary Denby did not go to Congress, state the situation, and ask for funds to take the oil out and put it into storage.

From first to last, in the Senate's investigation, that question has been asked a hundred times. There is no answer to it save vague statements about a probable "delay." What Secretary Fall did, instead, was to turn Number 1 reserve (Elk Hills, in California) and Number 3 reserve (Teapot Dome, Wyoming) into the hands of private companies for exploitation, with the understanding that the navy was to get a certain percentage of royalty oil. How large a percentage? In the case of Teapot Dome, the almost incredible fact is that when the "if's" and "whereas's" are taken into consideration, that percentage is approximately *one barrel in sixteen*. In the case of Elk Hills, it is impossible at this stage to figure results so closely, but Mr. Doheny himself is authority for the statement that he expects to clear \$100,000,000 from his leases there.

That is, a private company takes out of Number 1 reserve oil that the navy might have had if it had done its own drilling—oil enough to be worth the colossal sum of \$100,000,000.

That is the essential factor in the story. It is the crux of the whole situation, and to attempts to confuse the issue, such as by maintaining that Congress itself had made it possible by law to lease oil-lands, and that Secretary Daniels had favored the policy of drilling "off-set" wells, it constitutes an entire answer. Between any theoretical policy of Congress and these leases—

between Mr. Daniels's "off-set" wells to prevent drainage and these leases—there is and can be no connection. The essential factor to remember is that such leases were arrived at as to take from the navy fifteen barrels of Teapot oil in every sixteen, and enough barrels of Elk Hills oil to net Mr. Doheny \$100,000,000.

This, then, was what happened to these reserves, which three successive Presidents insisted should be set aside for the public wealth and the fueling of the fleet; and while it is obvious that the courts constitute the right place to determine whether fraud was at work at the side of incompetency, it is equally obvious that the whole story is not told, or the chief point of public interest recorded, until it is added that the high official whose story the Senate has revealed, received in one case a loan of \$100,000 and in the other a loan of \$25,000 from the men to whose decided interest he consigned these vast domains—loans curious, to say the least, inasmuch as Mr. Doheny tore the signature from one note, and Mr. Sinclair never so much as laid his eyes on the other; loans, furthermore, not a dollar of which had been repaid by the time the Senate started its investigations.

Add, finally, the action of Congress when these facts became known, and the outlines of the story are complete.

Both branches of Congress have gone on record as declaring that Secretary Fall's two leases "were made in defiance of the settled policy of the Government, adhered to through three administrations"; that they are "against the public interest"; and that the naval reserves should be recovered "and held for the purpose to which they were dedicated."

Congress has further declared, by joint resolution and without mincing words, that the leases "were executed under conditions indicating fraud and corruption."

§ 3

Such, in brief, is the story of oil so far as it has been brought out by the Senate's investigation; and there are certain points, perhaps obscure in the swift rush of competing testimony, perhaps acquiring significance only when coupled with facts that tumbled into the torrent weeks apart, which have special value for the man who wants a realistic understanding of the situation. It is important, for one thing, to note that the very name by which the controversy is popularly known is unfortunate. Teapot Dome is not where the great wealth of the navy lies. That tract has perhaps from twenty-five to thirty million barrels of oil stored away. Reserve Number 1, which went to Mr. Doheny and bears the name Elk Hills, is estimated to hold at least eight times as much.

It is important, again, to note what it was that focused public attention on the whole affair. These leases are not new. They were consummated in the month of April, 1922. In that same month Senator La Follette delivered an address on the floor of the Senate in which he attacked the leases on precisely the same ground on which Congress was later to declare them "against the public interest." That was two full years ago. The public yawned. Not until eighteen months later did the Senate's investigation start. Interest lagged; hearings were ill attended; the evidence which Senator Walsh built up did not catch the public eye. Suddenly Secretary Fall

was caught in a falsehood regarding the source of a loan: the whole scene shifted overnight; head-lines leapt into the press; you and I sat up with marked attention. What had been there for two years for us to look at we saw only when a scandal made us use our eyes.

Points like these have their importance. But, above all, I take it, what matters is the background of the scene—the measure of responsibility that attaches not to any single offender against good judgment or good faith, but to the administration and the mechanism of government in control when the whole affair came to a head.

Nothing is simpler in cases of this sort than to choose one man, and on his shoulders heap whatever censure is forthcoming. Secretary Fall has been elected to that rôle. But I do not see what is gained by slurring the fact, as it has usually been slurred, that at every stage in his official proceedings Mr. Fall had behind him the full support of the chief of his administration—and the President of the country.

No one has questioned Mr. Harding's good faith. There remains his responsibility. Had his part been negative, the matter might have no significance for those who are interested in the way the Government did its work on this occasion. It was not negative. The facts are as follows:

One.—It was on March 4, 1921, that Mr. Harding came into office.

Two.—On May 31 he issued the executive order that transferred the navy's oil to Secretary Fall.

Three.—By the first of June there were rumors in Washington that the transfer was made with a view to leasing the reserves for private exploitation. A senator from Oklahoma, Mr.

J. W. Harreld, wrote to the President protesting against the transfer. On June 10 Mr. Harding replied to Mr. Harreld, asserting that he was forwarding a communication from Secretary Fall. "I hope the Secretary makes it as clear to you as he does to me that we have acted quite within the authority of the law in making the transfer, the legality of which you have questioned."

Four.—On April 7 Mr. Harreld's guess proved not far wrong. Teapot Dome was leased. Senator La Follette addressed an inquiry to Secretary Fall. Secretary Fall defended his action. He defended the same terms which Congress later held to be "against the public interest." He sent a statement of his defense to Mr. Harding. On April 26 Mr. Harding replied as follows:

"My dear Secretary Fall: I am making a belated acknowledgment of yours of April 13th, with which you enclosed to me a copy of yours of the previous day, addressed to the senior Senator from Wisconsin. I quite approve of the manner in which you responded to his inquiry."

Five.—Finally, on June 7, 1922, Mr. Harding addressed a letter to the president of the Senate. Oddly enough, that president was Mr. Coolidge. Teapot Dome was gone by this time. The first Doheny contract had been signed. The navy had already lost a vast part of its oil. And President Harding declared on this occasion, with the returns in and the fact accomplished:

"I think it is only fair to say in this connection that the policy which has been adopted by the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior in dealing with these matters was submitted to me prior to the adoption

thereof, and the policy decided upon and the subsequent acts have at all times had my entire approval."

§ 4

To what degree Mr. Harding's entire approval was a matter of first-hand cognizance of the matter at issue, and to what degree it was the perfunctory O. K. of an executive accustomed to delegate his authority to the men around him, is a matter of individual speculation. But the responsibility was there, and whether or not he foresaw the results of his policy, Mr. Harding chose to take it. It is quite another matter in the case of members of his cabinet.

In the whole story of the oil reserves there is nothing more spectacular than the part played by these officials. In the first place, there is the fact that since the story reached the public theirs has been for the most part a distant, frigid, and unhelpful silence, an affair, you might think, whose solution ought to prove of interest to the Martians. More than that, when any comment has been forthcoming, such as the statement of Secretary Hughes, it reveals a state of affairs that would be incredible were it not for the fact that such good authority stands behind it. "The questions of the legality or propriety of the oil leases now under discussion in Congress," Mr. Hughes declares, "were never brought before the Cabinet for its decision." Note that Mr. Hughes says not only the question of law, but actually of policy. Nor is that all. Mr. Hughes cannot remember whether the oil leases were even so much as *referred to* in cabinet. "If the oil leases were ever referred to in the Cabinet meetings, and I do not recall that they

were. . . ." If you will take a firm hold on that statement for five seconds, and try, with your wavering faith in the reality of political institutions, to appreciate for another five that what was at stake here was literally hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of public property, you will arrive at a conclusion as to the corporate irresponsibility of Mr. Harding's cabinet that simply passes all belief.

It is possible that long after Teapot Dome has been forgotten, students of politics will point to the situation which Mr. Hughes's statement reveals as the classic example of what happens to democratic government when it day-dreams.

§ 5

To particularize, go into that Department of the Navy which was theoretically the custodian of the navy's oil, and it is difficult to describe the situation which apparently existed at the time the issue was decided.

They asked Secretary Denby on the stand if he could remember any one in his department who approved the transfer of the reserves to Secretary Fall at the time he agreed to it. He answered:

"No."

They asked him if he knew what happened afterward; if he knew what part of the great Number 1 reserve in California had been leased for private exploitation. And he replied:

"I do not know. I could not tell you about that offhand."

They asked him if he knew *to whom* it had been leased. He answered:

"No."

They asked him if he so much as knew whether or not it had *all* been leased. And his reply was:

"I would n't be able to answer definitely questions propounded as to whether that is true or not. But I would immediately consult the records and find out."

That is the price of watchfulness at which the navy lost its oil.

Nothing in Mr. Denby's testimony, however, can match the performance of his first lieutenant. Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt had no equal on the stand.

He did not know whether Teapot Dome was Number 1 or Number 3. He did not know that the navy had tied itself up in California so that it could not drill, and did n't know what he would have thought about it if he *had* known. "I would have to go over the whole thing, Senator." He did n't know what was in the leases,—this was eighteen months after they had been made,—and when they asked him if it would be true to say that he never had known, he replied, "Oh, absolutely." With two hundred million barrels of public oil the issue, he would testify as follows:

"My position, as I tried to state it last time, was that I was not concerned with the intimate administration of this problem; that all I had in mind, not being charged with the intimate administration of this problem, was the broad basic principle of trying to study the intent of the original withholding of these lands for a naval reserve, which was to provide oil to run the navy in time of emergency; and all of the approvals that I gave to various actions were just painted with the broadest brush."

When they let him leave the stand it was with a sense of futility not unmingled with mercy.

So utterly at sea were executive

officials in positions of responsibility, so haphazardly were capable scientific agencies ignored, so wholly without a sense of corporate responsibility did the cabinet show itself to be, that one wonders whether something more challenging even than the oil leases themselves does not emerge from the background; namely, the ability of democratic American administration to manage its own affairs without some overhauling.

There seems to have been a conspiracy of shoulder-shrugging in the process of government in Washington; it took a scandal of nation-wide proportions to put a stop to it. Somewhere the driving force of an idea set the pace. Its first act was to reveal that posts like Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Denby's can be filled with executive officials ignorant of the most important transaction in their own offices in a period of four years. Its second act was to show that the experienced judgment of naval officers can be brushed aside with no recourse save what is dragged to the light of day in a Congressional investigation months afterward. Its third act was to demonstrate that scientific agencies like the Geological Survey can be created only to be ignored. Its fourth act was to show that a cabinet can regard the most far-reaching face-about in policy, involving untold public wealth, as a purely intra-departmental matter.

In the long run, with all that written into the record, it may be just as well that we have had our scandal and our scare. Oil may succeed in doing what exhortation has not done so far. It may startle a politically indifferent people into examining the Government by which they let themselves be ruled. What happened to the navy's oil ap-

proaches a catastrophe, but with it comes a chance to make amends. The story will not end when the navy stands again in possession of its oil, and retribution has been made where it is due. The greatest risk we run to-day is that we shall fail to take advantage of this chance to overhaul that govern-

mental machinery which has permitted chance and *laissez-faire* to bring catastrophe so near.

There is something more at stake in these reserves than the mere matter of oil alone. The issue goes straight to the heart of a democracy's pretensions to self-rule.

Broken

BY VIRGINIA STAIT

The sanctuary made for me
Is broken, wall and roof and stone;
And where we stood, with oath to oath,
I stand alone.

For now that love's dear things have ceased,—
The past outlived is more than dead,—
The stained glass splinters into points,
And pierces red.

It is like solemn candles—out,
A crucifix that is all cross;
A bell whose silence rings and rings
To just a loss.

The rosary of faith to faith
Has broken slowly all its beads;
It is as if the soul of me
Disowned its creeds.

And nave and transept, arch and aisle,
Are ruins; yet my feet must go:
But where stood corner-stone and spire
I do not know.

The prayers and altars answer not
No more my name, no more my things;
Instead of bread and wine, there are
Rememberings.

The Stoic

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

IT was during the never-to-be-forgotten September when my father promised me long trousers for Christmas that Wallace Hutchins came to our community, bringing with him his beautiful wife and their little girl, five years of age. They were the only total strangers who established a home there during my lifetime. Any others who came had kinsfolk in the community. It was not a town, but a cross-roads, marked by a general store, a cotton-gin, several churches, and a side-track for freight. People in the county referred to this place as "The Corners." Pine-forest and sandy, cut-over lands surrounded it. Here and there the forest or the stumps had been cleared away, and either corn, cotton, or sweet potatoes were planted. The farmers lived in unpainted, pine-board shacks, which looked as drab and discouraged as their corn crops during dry weather.

This part of eastern Texas was the first to be settled. Among the family names in that county were Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Davis, and Henderson. They were represented on the battlefield of San Jacinto when independence was won from Mexico. Some of the oldest county records are beyond question the work of scholarly men, but poor soil and generations of isolation took their inevitable toll, until finally

not a school in the county boasted more than a five-months' term, and most of them offered only three months out of the twelve. Our neighbors were almost illiterate.

Wallace Hutchins and his partner, Paul Davidson, came to drill for oil. A deep well had been sunk for artesian water and had struck natural gas. Paul Davidson, who was the business man of the partnership, had heard of this, and leased several thousand acres from a lumber company. Wallace Hutchins came to superintend the drilling of four test wells. With him came a crew of workmen, and I trailed along with my dog, wondering where they were going to find shelter and food. The community was afraid of them, and, after consultation, not only decided against taking them in, but thought it might be necessary to guard against thievery.

My eyes opened wide with astonishment as these men set up large, comfortable tents, oil-cooking-stoves, neat beds, mirrors, and little stands on which their toilet articles were displayed. They came one morning, and early in the afternoon they were not only established, but provisioned from the general store. Moreover, they paid cash. I had never seen any one do that before. Cash was available only once a year, when the cotton was sold.

On the table for their first meal were three vegetables, meat, sweet pickles, great platters of bread, dishes of preserves, and jellies, cake, and bananas. We should have considered that a wedding-feast. After eating, they turned their attention to the largest tent and soon had a floor built. Then they hauled up Mrs. Hutchins's three trunks, her brass-bound cedar boxes and furniture, placing the articles as she directed. By night her tent was beautiful. She went for a stroll with the little girl at sunset, wearing what I described at the supper table that night as a party dress.

Wallace Hutchins stood before his tent silhouetted against the vivid evening sky, and I felt such a thrill as I had never known before. He looked a general grown accustomed to victory, a very emperor. The incredible speed, efficiency, and cheerfulness of this camp were mere routine accomplishments to him. His profile was classic, his posture erect, confident, and his blue-gray eyes calm, imperious, a trifle scornful without being unkindly.

"Sonny, can you get a quart of fresh milk for the little girl?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, confident that I could hold out that much when I milked three cows. At any rate, I was determined to take a chance, for he was a demigod, and the little girl in her pretty, clean clothes an angel. He stepped into the tent and reappeared with a glass milk bottle, the first I had ever seen.

"Thank you, sonny," he said, and handed me twenty-five cents. At the local market price he was entitled to two and a half gallons of milk. That was how we became acquainted.

Never was milk delivered with greater enthusiasm. The glass bottle

was my ticket of admission to a new world twice a day.

Our sandy roads were so rutted that the front axle of a truck would strike the middle of the road. Mr. Hutchins bought a steel scraper to smooth the roads he intended to use. He did this without complaining about the Government or his taxes. Mrs. Hutchins used the tea leaves or coffee grounds only once, then threw them away. She wore a house dress while cooking, but changed to her party dress before serving the food. The little girl laughed a great deal and seldom cried. One day she asked her father to buy her a Shetland pony, and the very next morning he telegraphed for it. When she climbed on his knee, he did n't tell her to go away because he was tired. He changed clothes when he came home in the evening and wore a coat at the table. His khaki working-clothes were washed regularly and always looked clean. He did n't seem to have any old clothes to work in. When he came home from the derricks in the evening he took a bath and even washed his head. Every morning he shaved. Instead of wasting hours at these tasks, he consumed only a few minutes.

Observing all this made me think of my aged grandfather, who lived with us. He always put on an old smoking-jacket with a velvet collar when he came to supper. I had supposed this was the childish foible of an old man, but now I began to wonder; so I asked him why he did it. He was a very tall man and still as straight as an arrow. His eyes were bright, and although he was very old, his teeth were beautiful. He drew himself up proudly, pleased with my question.

"We are poor," he said, "but not

white trash. When I was a young man in New Orleans, my boy, I dressed for dinner. I continued to dress for dinner while your father and I were clearing this land. The reason I do not dress for dinner now is that I have only one suit. The smoking-jacket is all I have, boy; so I wear that."

I walked away, choked with emotion, my eyes blinded with tears, and there was born in me a determination, which never thereafter cooled, to fight my way back to that mysterious, but desirable, station in life from which we had fallen.

But to return to the Hutchins household, another innovation I encountered was the kiss. Mrs. Hutchins would often kiss her husband without any excuse, and neither seemed embarrassed by my presence.

One day a truck thundered into camp carrying the Shetland pony. With it came a collie dog. I begged permission to feed the pony, and Mr. Hutchins not only granted the request, but insisted on paying me one dollar a week. It was like accepting wages to attend the circus. The dog adopted the little girl at first sight, and thereafter paraded wherever she romped, looking at her with such pride and affection that it seemed to me the very animals knew instinctively these were superior people.

§ 2

One evening while I was leading the pony up and down in front of the tent, and the little girl, holding tight to the saddle, squealed with delight, Preacher Jackson called. I don't know why we used the title "Preacher," but we did. The word now sounds disrespectful, but we meant quite the opposite. He was an awe-inspiring person who

struck terror in me whenever I saw him—a spiritual descendant of the old Hebrew prophets. His black, deep-set eyes burned with such intensity that one expected him to speak passionately. Instead, his voice was deep and calm. He was tall, gaunt, and determined. Saving sinners was only the least part of the task he had set for himself. He purposed also to prevent sin.

"Are you a member of any church?" he asked Mr. Hutchins.

"No," was the prompt reply. Mr. Hutchins was watching the little girl.

"I am the Reverend Mr. Jackson. We shall be pleased to receive you—"

"Yes, sir. Thank you." Mr. Hutchins replied too promptly.

Preacher Jackson glanced at the pony, and, beyond it, saw a group of the workmen sitting around a table playing cards. They were in front of a tent and had large lanterns hanging over the table.

"Are those men playing cards?" he demanded.

"They are."

"That will have to stop." Preacher Jackson started toward the table. Mr. Hutchins placed his hands to his mouth and called:

"Look out, boys! He may upset the table. If he bothers you, throw him into the creek."

Preacher Jackson returned and faced Mr. Hutchins.

"You tolerate that in the sight of your innocent child?" he asked, pointing at the card game.

Mr. Hutchins became very angry now.

"Move on, old malaria; you are blocking traffic," he said. His lips smiled, but his eyes blazed.

"We shall pray for you Wednesday

evening," Preacher Jackson announced.

At that sentence things swam before my eyes, and my knees felt weak. In our church we prayed for people who were so wicked it was time to put the community on notice. If they yielded to Preacher Jackson's entreaties, their sins might not find them out; but if they refused, we were called upon to pray for them, and he left us in no doubt as to the reason. But Mr. Hutchins did n't know what a terrible thing it was to be prayed for in The Corners.

"All right," he said; "enjoy yourself."

I was so weak I had to go home. Why Mr. Hutchins would thus bring down the wrath of Providence was more than I could understand. It seemed to me that any one venturing upon such uncertain labor as drilling holes in the ground to find oil had need of all the influence he could array on his side. Such behavior was calculated to send his drills right into a protruding crevasse of hell and open a volcano.

Children were not required to attend Wednesday prayer meeting, but I heard about it Thursday morning. On my way to the camp to deliver the milk I met Mrs. Hobbs. She was talking to herself, as was her custom, and when I appeared she merely raised her voice.

"And you delivering them milk," she said. "Next we'll be praying for you."

I trembled and hurried on, feeling very guilty. Mrs. Hobbs talked a great deal about God; what He would like and would n't like; what He would punish people for, and sometimes she said He would reward some one, but not often. One of her eyes was dim

from a cataract that had grown over it, so that it looked like the eye of a dead fish. Her complexion was sallow, as, indeed, nearly all complexions were thereabout, because of the prevalent malaria. My grandfather called Mrs. Hobbs the town-crier because she spread so much news, but at that time I did n't know what a town-crier was. I supposed he referred to her habit of attending all funerals for miles around and weeping noisily. Also, she had a peculiar voice, and when she talked about God it seemed to me there was a sort of sob barely controlled.

When I delivered the milk Mr. Hutchins was in high good humor as usual. Mr. Davidson, his partner, was with him, and had evidently just heard of the encounter with Preacher Jackson.

"Well, sonny, did they pray for me?" he asked. I had to smile, because he was so jolly and handsome and unafraid.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm awful sorry."

"Sorry?" He was astonished. I explained what it meant.

"So you think my social standing here is just about ruined?"

"I like you," I managed to say.

"Were none of your family ever prayed for?"

The question was asked as a joke, but it exposed the family skeleton.

"Grandfather was," I answered.

"He made some wine."

They laughed. This was many years before national prohibition. Then Mr. Davidson told Mr. Hutchins not to "stir up a hornet's nest." He talked very calmly and affectionately. It was interesting to watch their eyes when they looked at each other. Any one would see they were wonderful

friends. I did not know then how soon I was to see that friendship tried and proved in tragic circumstances.

When I reached home I asked grandfather if he thought it was all right for me to deliver milk to Mr. Hutchins.

"What do you think?" he demanded sternly.

"I don't see any harm in it," I said, trying to catch a glimpse of my father and mother at the same time.

"Then deliver it," he shouted. "The sorriest human on earth is a coward. You've got good blood in your veins, boy, if this sand has n't clogged it. I'm not afraid of death, so you ought not to be afraid to deliver milk."

"Don't talk like that!" my mother pleaded.

I escaped before anything more could be said about the milk.

My Friday evening visit to the camp was rewarded with a view of the constable and his enormous leather pistol-holster, which he wore over his stomach instead of on his hip. The figure he presented was absurd, but if you will go through the motions of drawing your pistol, first from the hip and then from the belt-buckle, you will at once see that the constable's holster occupied a decidedly strategic position. Preacher Jackson had sent the constable to stop card-playing. Perhaps this requires the explanation that it was not necessary to prove the men were gambling. Playing cards in a public place was, and still is, a misdemeanor under Texas law, even though the game were solitaire.

Fortunately, however, the men were not playing this evening. They were laying pipe from the old gas-well to the tents, so they would have unlimited

fuel for approaching cool weather. The constable seemed glad not to have caught them. He advised that future games be played in the tents, which had the status of private houses and could not be invaded unless the men were gambling.

§ 3

During the succeeding three weeks before tragedy closed the Hutchins tent, I became much better acquainted with the head of this charming family and his partner. Mr. Davidson was not so busy now, and spent more time in the camp. I learned that they had been to Alaska and Mexico together. Mr. Hutchins had been to South America, and Mr. Davidson knew India. Both could speak Spanish and some French. This was very impressive to a boy who had never heard a word of any foreign language.

When Mr. Hutchins told me of the failure of their gold hunt in Alaska, and the long, dangerous return to the coast, I asked him if he had not felt very discouraged.

"No; it was great sport," he said. "Most of the things men try to do fail of success. We had a very interesting experience. Always take your failures standing up, boy. Then they don't amount to much."

On another occasion I remarked upon the beauty of his wife and their evident deep affection.

"She is the only woman you have ever loved, is n't she?" I asked. To my astonishment, he laughed.

"Not at all, sonny," he said. "But she's the best woman I ever loved. She's a human being."

"Are n't all women human beings?" I inquired.

"Decidedly not," he snapped.

That puzzled me for a long time. I wanted to ask his opinion of Mrs. Hobbs, but hesitated. Not long after, however, I got it.

Mr. Davidson was older than Mr. Hutchins and more demonstrative in the expression of his affections. He called Mrs. Hutchins "Wally's doll baby," and the little girl "papa's pet."

Hopeful of a tale of adventure, I asked him one day if he had ever saved Mr. Hutchins's life or what they had done for each other to establish so warm a friendship.

"Nothing," he replied. "That 's why we can love each other. There are n't any obligations in the way."

Years passed before that remark ceased to be a conundrum.

Mr. Davidson was not very tall, but the strongest man I had ever seen. He wore a great mop of curly red hair and had the peculiar shade of brown eyes appropriate to it. There was long red hair on his arms and some on the backs of his hands. The muscles of his forearms swelled and receded even when he used a knife and fork. Sometimes he would put the little girl in her chair, then lift both with one hand across the room to the table, without apparent effort. The gentleness of such a giant impressed me deeply.

One night, late in November, during our first cold weather, when I went to feed the pony, Mr. Hutchins had not returned. Something had gone wrong with the machinery at one of the dericks, and he was delayed. Mrs. Hutchins was in bed, reading, and the little girl was playing about the room, dressed in her sleeping-suit and looking like a baby bear from a toy store. The new gas-stove was blazing, and the tent was quite warm.

When I delivered the milk next

morning Mr. Davidson came to the back door and said:

"We won't need any more, sonny. The two little girls are dead." I dropped the bottle. "It was that gas-stove," he explained very calmly. "It went out. When Wally came home about eleven o'clock, they were dead."

I could n't believe it. Without realizing what I was doing, I pushed past him and looked at them lying side by side in bed. Then I went into the little front room—there were three rooms in the tent—and saw Mr. Hutchins sitting in a rocking-chair, smoking a pipe and staring blankly. He was not aware of my presence, but he looked up when Mr. Davidson entered, and resumed their interrupted conversation.

"There is a finality about death, Paul, which is beyond grief," he said in a firm voice. "I know their lives have been as near untouched by trouble as is humanly possible. Who knows that it could always have been so? That child's five and a half years are as perfect as the whitest diamond. Would that they might have gone on so forever, but such is not in human destiny. I take this like the rest of life, Paul, standing up. The little one is dead, and that 's an end without worry. My wife and I could, I think, have grown old together gracefully; but if that is not to be, then I have nothing to regret in our relations. We painted a masterpiece, and now it is ours forever, beyond the danger of future marring. We could not have done better in a century than we have done in seven years."

"You are a good Stoic, Wally," Mr. Davidson said.

I slipped out of the room and ran home to tell my mother what had

happened. On the way I met Mrs. Hobbs and very foolishly told her also. In fact, I may have told several persons. Mrs. Hobbs said:

"That 's what comes of behaving like he did."

I hated myself for telling her. My mother sent me back to ask Mr. Hutchins if there was anything she could do. I picked up a bone for the collie dog and returned.

Four of the workmen were making a coffin near the tent. Inside, the two men were sitting silently side by side. I summoned Mr. Davidson to the door and delivered my message.

"That is very kind, my boy," he said. "If there is anything, I will let you know."

I stood and looked at Mr. Hutchins while tears came into my eyes.

"Can't you say anything to help him?" I asked.

"Nothing, my boy," Mr. Davidson replied. "There is nothing to say. I am just standing by. Maybe you don't know the term standing by?" I did n't. "Once when I was off the China coast there was a great storm, and the ship's rudder jammed," he explained. "The captain sent a wireless call and shot up rockets. Presently out of the rain and spray there loomed the great steel hull of a ship, and we could see her sailing lights looking very brave in such a sky. Then we heard a man on that ship shout through a megaphone, '*Green Castle* of Glasgow standing by.' Our ship did n't go down. They fixed the rudder. But it was very comforting to know the *Green Castle* of Glasgow was standing by. So to-day the old tug, Paul Davidson, is standing by."

Before I could say anything, he walked away to meet Preacher Jack-

son, who was coming toward the tent. I did not hear their first words, but Mr. Davidson was evidently trying to detain him and not succeeding. As they came nearer I heard Preacher Jackson say:

"It is in the hour of their affliction that men turn to—"

"I 'll go in and tell him you are here," Mr. Davidson interrupted.

Inside the tent he said:

"Better let him come in, Wally. He wants to console you. Better have it over with. Let 's don't have any trouble at a time like this."

"He does n't want to console me," Mr. Hutchins replied. "He wants to tell me I brought this on myself. Into the creek with him, Paul!"

Mr. Davidson came out, shaking his head gravely.

"Broken down completely, parson," he said; "unconscious."

But I fear Preacher Jackson had heard their voices, because his eyes narrowed.

"Has an inquest been held?" he asked.

Mr. Davidson said it had not, and Preacher Jackson went away.

"Did you tell him I had broken down?" Mr. Hutchins asked.

"Yes, Wally."

"But, Paul, I want them to know there are men who don't break down. I want them to know there is a religion with no whine in it."

"Wally, they would n't understand. In their formula the bereaved breaks down and they console him. It 's harmless enough if you let them go through with it, but you 'll stir up a hornet's nest if you don't."

I was sitting at the door of the tent petting the collie and listening when skirts brushed my cheek, and Mrs.

Hobbs was inside. Her voice, strident and hysterical, filled the tent a moment later.

"You poor, dear man!" she moaned. "But put your trust in the Lord, and He will comfort you. Find your strength in prayer and lean on the blessed—"

"Are you enjoying that?" Mr. Hutchins asked, rising from his chair. Mrs. Hobbs rushed over and took hold of his arm. "Take your hands off me and make less noise," he ordered.

She recoiled at the angry tone and stood staring with her one clear eye.

"We are commanded to comfort the afflicted," she resumed, "and Heaven knows I was good enough to come past all that iniquity,"—indicating the al-fresco card-table,—"but if this is the way you receive a humble messenger of mercy—"

"He's very nervous," Mr. Davidson explained.

"I am not nervous," Mr. Hutchins interrupted. "I want that ugly old she out of here."

Mrs. Hobbs was out as though propelled from a gun.

"Now you 've done it, Wally," Mr. Davidson muttered. "We 're in for something, and I don't know what."

He saw me at the door, and asked if Mrs. Hobbs was not an old witch. I, poor innocent, never having seen her ride a broomstick, replied that she was not, but that she talked a lot. Both men smiled; then Mr. Davidson went out to see the coffins. They were nearly ready. I heard him order a large truck brought to the tent, along with Mr. Hutchins's automobile. Then he went into the kitchen and began preparing lunch.

I walked to the general store and heard talk. It alarmed me. They were waiting for the constable and a justice of the peace, who would conduct an inquest. They waited for three hours, but neither official had yet arrived; then Preacher Jackson suggested that they go back to the tent. Some ten or twelve persons were about to start, so I ran ahead to give notice.

"What do you think they 'll do?" Mr. Davidson asked me.

"I think they want to console him, but if he won't let them, they may arrest him."

"For murder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just what I thought."

He reëntered the tent and put his hand on Mr. Hutchins's shoulder.

"Wally," he said, "they are coming back. I know these people, old-timer, and you don't. They have n't very much entertainment and they don't propose to be beaten out of this. If you don't break down and let them console you, you 'll go to jail. Now, be a good fellow and fall across the lounge over there. I 'll get them out pretty soon. It won't last twenty minutes. They mean well. Humor them. They want to see what 's in this tent. Remember you are a widower now, and maybe some of the girls want to look you over. Widowers always remarry right away in places like this. And don't forget that you are already in bad standing. Try to be diplomatic."

Mr. Hutchins laughed. Any one would have understood he meant no. Mr. Davidson shook his head disconsolately and went to the medicine closet, where he took out a little bottle. He wet a corner of his handkerchief with its contents, then folded the

handkerchief very tight and placed it in his pocket. After that he came to the door and told me to run along. I started to obey, but had not moved ten feet when I heard sounds of a violent scuffle and returned.

Mr. Davidson had pinned Mr. Hutchins's arms behind him and was struggling to throw him face down on the lounge, but Mr. Hutchins was as agile as a cat. Both men were breathing hard and both were smiling. In fact, it looked as though they could barely keep from laughing aloud. I stood speechless and unable to move until I saw the crowd coming. Just as Mr. Davidson pinned Mr. Hutchins down and sat on his legs, I ran around the tent and came up behind the crowd, entering with them.

The first sound we heard was a groan that began in deep bass and trailed off to a whine.

"The poor dear man!" Mrs. Hobbs said, and tears streamed into her eyes. Preacher Jackson kneeled beside the bed where the bodies were and began praying. Then Mr. Hutchins groaned again, and I went over to investigate. Mr. Davidson had him pinned down in such a way that the hand he was holding so tenderly was a lever for his arm, which was twisted back until the slightest movement caused excruciating pain. After each of these sobs or groans Mr. Hutchins tried to talk, but his mouth was pressed down on the pillow. Mr. Davidson did this very cleverly by resting his elbow on the back of Mr. Hutchins's head when he leaned over him to place a handkerchief to his nose. Once, however, I understood the muffled sounds clearly enough. He said, "Let me up, damn you, Paul!" Mr. Davidson was so

strong he could handle Mr. Hutchins and appear to be sitting on the edge of the lounge. His own eyes were red, as though he had been crying. Without advance information their positions looked natural enough, but I saw clearly. Mr. Hutchins groaned five times, then he relaxed. As I knelt down beside him, Mr. Davidson placed his finger to my lips, warning me to say nothing. I could smell chloroform.

The people prayed, and sang "Rock of Ages," and looked at the pretty cedar chests, and carried in the coffins and placed the bodies in them very tenderly. Mrs. Hobbs wailed most dismally. Mr. Davidson picked up Mr. Hutchins as though he were a sleeping child and carried him to the automobile. He opened his eyes then and said:

"Where are we, Paul?"

Mr. Davidson made an ear-shattering noise starting the car, and I heard no more. Two workmen rode on the truck which carried the coffins and they set off toward the main line of the railroad.

Mr. Hutchins never came back, but Mr. Davidson did, and when he finally left The Corners, I went away with him, eager to see Mr. Hutchins again and to win back a place in that world from which my grandfather had so unfortunately banished himself.

The great love Mr. Hutchins bore his wife became a tradition in The Corners. If Mrs. Hobbs is alive, she is still telling about it. This tradition rests entirely upon those five groans. None like them had ever been heard before nor are they likely to be again, for Mr. Davidson nearly overdid the job. Mr. Hutchins could n't use his left arm for a month.

Democracy in American Factories

What Happens when Workmen Help You Manage?

BY JAMES MYERS

Much has been written on the *theory* of industrial democracy. Here is a paper that subjects to scientific analysis the *practice* of industrial democracy as shown in the actual minutes and records of the works councils which have been set up in American factories. Mr. Myers writes out of first-hand experience, supplemented by extensive study in the preparation of his forthcoming book on "Representative Government in Industry."

ABOUT a thousand American factories have adopted one form or another of employee representation. The actual minutes and records of the works councils which have been set up give us an opportunity to lift industrial democracy out of the field of "general talk" and superficial journalistic comment into the field of reportable fact, scientific observation, and realistic analysis. What problems are dealt with by boards upon which employees sit? How much power is given to the employees? Do they use their power wisely or unwisely? Does employee representation make for radicalism or conservatism? Does it increase or decrease the efficiency of a factory? Clearly the place to look for light on these questions is in the records and actual experiences of the factories where employees participate in one way or another in the counsels of management.

At the editor's request I am, therefore, presenting in this paper some observations based upon a study of actual minutes which will, I think,

reveal more vividly than any theoretical discussion could do how closely linked to the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of the working people, and how vitally related to the efficient production of the factory, are the matters which are being handled by various forms of representative government in industry. Although the names of companies and persons are not to be quoted, all of the material used is taken from actual transactions under industrial democracy. The minutes quoted are drawn from a number of different companies and represent the various kinds of employee representation that are in operation. The degree of democracy in the plans and the vital or superficial nature of subjects handled by the various committees will be apparent from the minutes themselves and from such occasional comment as I may add. I quote first from the minutes of a factory where the attitude of the management evidently regards employees as entitled to "advisory" power only:

"The Joint Committee met at 9:30 A. M. on call of Mr. — [management] as stated in the preliminary minutes of the meeting.

"Mr. — [manager] went over the business conditions and stated that it had been necessary to reduce prices to the point where the selling of our accumulation of goods would cause a very large loss and that it would be suicidal to attempt operation any further unless rates and hours per week were put nearer our competitors. Southern wages and hours were the main factor. For instance, one large finishing plant which prides itself on its high wages pays 20¢ per hour and works 60 hours. Southern States work from 55 to 60 hours and wages are frequently about half the wages in —; this is particularly true of weaving. The only New England State working less than 54 hours is Massachusetts and most of the Massachusetts Mills are on very short time and losing money. Employers and employees must look the situation squarely in the face. The 48 hour week and high wages either or both helps the Southern competitor to put us out of business. The question is do we want to work at Cotton Manufacturing in—?

"Mr. — said that there had been complaint of the sudden shut down without talking to the Committee. Mr. — [management] said that the necessity developed very suddenly, sales falling off at a faster and faster rate from week to week and that the selling force had not expected it would be necessary to take such a radical step until a couple of days previous to the notice. No real warning could be given and it was impossible to avoid or postpone the shut-down without in-

creasing the loss to a most unreasonable extent. Naturally, whether or not to shut down when accumulating stocks at losing prices could not be discussed. Mr. — stated, however, that he had talked so much at previous meetings of conditions that it could not be said that there was any concealment of the possibilities. Mr. — also brought up the question as to the Company not following the Fall River Mills at this point. Mr. — said that the Fall River Mills had formerly led in wage adjustments to meet business conditions. This year they were not doing so but were shutting down. If we did the same, we should lose our business in our — goods and our employees would be working half time and the Company losing money. Under such circumstances, it seemed the height of childishness for all concerned to wait for any one.

"There was general opposition to the 54 hour week as a step backward. Mr. — [manager] said that he sympathized with the feeling but that we were face to face with a condition as he said before and that no amount of wishing would remove the trouble. It would probably be some time before a full 54 hour week could be run but when the time came the Company would need the advantage of it to hold its ground in competition. Mr. — [manager] said he thought the employees as a whole would see the fairness of this. The Company had maintained the high rates and short hours at a great loss while waiting in hope of the situation clearing up. Now they thought it was the employees turn to join in and help.

"Miss — [worker] said she had been asked if the Company would make

the weekly earnings on the 48 hour week equivalent to the 54 hour week. Mr. — [management] said that inasmuch as the Company had been losing money under wage conditions just as they are at present, *that the question could not be thought of for a moment.*

"Mr. — said that the business was so poor at the mill, especially for doubled and rolled goods, that it was discouraging to people in his room. He asked if something could not be done in the way of a fixed weekly wage. Mr. — [management] said that business was very discouraging and that it was absolutely impossible to make a dollar under present conditions. Any increase in wages at the present time, whether on a piece rate basis or fixed weekly wage, would be absolutely impossible."

It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that this plan is evidently not functioning in a vital manner. Although joint committees have been set up for the purpose* of giving the workers a voice in decisions which concern their interests, and on paper the plan even calls for arbitration, if necessary, yet as a matter of practice the workers are only accorded an opportunity through the committees to make suggestions to the management. The workers' suggestions, when they do not meet with the management's approval, are apparently given small consideration, the workers' representatives being flatly informed that certain critical questions of wages and hours "could not be discussed" or even "could not be thought of for a moment." Inasmuch as the ostensible object of employee representation is for the very purpose of joint discussion and thought upon these very subjects, it

is apparent that the management of this concern has not grasped the meaning of the plan or for some reason has not desired to take it seriously. This conclusion is further supported by the fact that the management put into effect certain of its own decisions upon matters with which employee representation is designed to deal without even calling together the committee. One is hardly surprised to read in later minutes of this plan that these events were followed shortly after by a walk-out "by a large part of the employees of the mill," which the management considered "very irregular and unwarranted." The Company then drew the attention of the employees to the arbitration clause in the plan, but by that time the workers in the mill had naturally lost all confidence in the machinery of "industrial democracy" and refused to listen, evidently feeling that nothing but a strike would result in making their voices really heard. The entire episode is a tragic, but highly instructive, lesson as to the conditions which may inhibit the functioning of a work's council.

Upon a certain occasion in another factory the workers' representatives were asked to accept and approve of a sudden and momentous decision on the part of the management. They demurred, and stated that they did not agree with the management in the matter, and that the whole body of operatives would wholly disapprove of the action also. "All you have to do," said the management, "is to go out and explain it to them nicely and show them that the Company sincerely believes it to be for the good of every one." The management to decide, the workers' representatives to "explain it nicely" to their fellow em-

ployees! Such shop committees should be listed under "Employee Explanation Plans." They belong in no true sense to "employee representation."

I shall not take space to quote minutes of shop committees, which are almost wholly taken up with activities of lesser industrial significance, such as running entertainments, managing club-rooms, sick benefits, religious meetings, motion-pictures, and welfare work. I wish to point out, however, that representative government has often proved to be a healthy principle in the conduct of these matters. Especially where profit-sharing has been a feature of the plan, it has quite taken the curse out of welfare work. This desirable result is the effect of the consciousness of the employees that as profit-sharers in the Company they really share in the expense of the welfare department. If money were not spent upon welfare work, the workers know that they would receive their share of it in profits. Often they "prefer to have it in cash." A close watch is therefore kept by profit-sharing operatives upon the welfare expenditures of the Company, and pressure is brought to bear upon their representatives to keep such expenditures within bounds.

§ 2

As more authority is delegated to workers' committees, the records become increasingly interesting. A good illustration of the sound sense and business judgment exercised by a straight workers' committee in charge of the management of company houses is supplied by the following minutes of a housing committee, one of the subcommittees of a workmen's board.

"A meeting of the Housing Com-

mittee was held at the Gate Office, October 3rd, 1922, at 5 P. M. . . .

"Mr. Joseph W—— appeared before the Committee and complained about his rent being raised for improvements while he himself had paid for electric light fixtures although the company had paid for the toilet installation. The Secretary stated that according to record, Mr. W—— had paid \$15.34 in December, 1914, for the electric fixtures in question. The Secretary stated that the Electrical Department had been asked to appraise present value of these fixtures. Mr. W—— said he preferred to continue to own the fixtures but wanted cheaper rent than others whose fixtures were put in by the Company. It was pointed out to him, however, that after eight years his fixtures would not now be worth as much as \$15.00, and that even if they were worth that amount, no greater reduction in rent could be made than 6% on that amount which would amount to ninety cents a year or less than two cents a week. Tenant then decided to sell his fixtures to the Company and it was voted to pay Mr. W—— for fixtures at appraised value if satisfactory to him when advised of the amount. . . .

"Request was received for paper and paint for tenant at #73 S—— Street—kitchen and bedroom—Company to supply paper and paint only—tenant to do own work. It was explained that request from this family for wall paper had previously been refused by the Committee because they were back in their rent, but that one of the family now has a job in the mill and has agreed to have rent deducted from his pay each week and is nearly caught up with back rent. Voted to grant this request.

"Voted to approve additional rent of #93 F—— Avenue at \$6.16 to Philip S—— on condition of his being responsible also for the rent of #18 F—— Avenue from his brother-in-law with whom he now lives, said brother-in-law having proved poor pay in the past to the Company. . . .

"Voted to offer B——, #62 S—— Street, muresco for two rooms if he will put it on himself.

"Voted to paper dining room at #97 F—— Avenue, tenant to supply paper; doors need fixing (do not shut properly); new panel needed in back door; ordered done.

"Bids were ordered secured for window lights needed in cellar windows throughout the village before winter sets in. . . .

"Voted to refuse any further requests for decorations until Spring."

These workers exhibit no disposition to throw away company money. Profit-sharing is a part of the plan in this mill and forms a strong incentive to economy. Careful, but just, they have, in fact, managed the property intrusted to them conservatively, restricting decorations, making tenants meet the company half-way, standardizing rents, removing favoritism. Often, when housing conditions are at their worst, foremen and favored second hands "can get anything they ask for," while ordinary workmen put up with leaky roofs, falling plaster, and no water except rain-barrels or a distant pump. Employee representation eliminates, it is true, such injustices; but this is very beneficial to the morale of the mill. There is more bitterness caused in a mill village by poor company housing and unjust administration than perhaps by any other cause. It hits the women-folks,

and hits them hard. A discontented wife in a company house makes a discontented, inefficient, and resentful worker in the mill. Real employee representation in the management of a mill village has proved to be a healthy innovation. The people who live in the houses know the conditions better than any one else can know them. Absentee owners cannot usually even imagine the actual living conditions of the workers. Occasional visits to the mill, with hasty tours of inspection of the houses under the guidance of the local manager, who, perhaps, shows off the good spots and avoids the bad ones, are wholly inadequate as a means of understanding housing conditions. The first housing survey made and submitted by the housing committee of workers above referred to revealed to the owners depreciated conditions in their own property and lack of living conveniences for the workers which shocked them, and which they had never truly sensed as they passed along the pleasant streets on their monthly visit to town. The president of this company, after three years' experience in the matter, made the following public statement in regard to workmen's management of company housing:

"Through a subcommittee it takes complete charge of all affairs connected with housing, receiving from the board of directors complete data regarding the valuation of each workman's cottage, taxes, insurance, and related matters. It fixes all rentals, makes all repairs, and, speaking generally, manages the mill village.

"These functions are performed more efficiently by the board of operatives than they were previously performed by the management, according to our

experience, owing to the fact that much more time and thought is given to each individual question than the management could possibly give to it. There is more satisfaction in the village, and the property is managed economically."

Employee representation in company housing and other community institutions is also highly educational to the workers. It gives them a new idea of property, its value, its maintenance, its risks, and the problems of its management. The general sentiment in a mill village even where rents and prices are extremely low is that "the company is making money out of them all right, or they would n't run these things." The attitude of a worker to whom the books are open and who is placed in a position of responsibility to "try to make both ends meet" changes altogether. The management of these matters leads him into all kinds of inquiry in the endeavor to get on the right side of the ledger.

The workers also saw in a new light the relation of landlord and tenant. They had always been on the other side of the fence. Now they got a taste of the management's job. "It's as much as your life is worth," they will tell you, "to act as chairman of the housing committee," which takes the back-wash from disgruntled householders.

A Southern cotton-mill has placed its "mill village" under the management of a workmen's board. Their responsibilities include not only the housing, but the streets, sidewalks, and policing of the village. This is suggestive of what might be done in redeeming the "company town." Workers' representative management

of company houses, company stores, company libraries, company schools, hospitals, churches, streets, lighting, and police would go far toward removing the stigma of autocracy and un-Americanism from these industrial communities.

§ 3

The following minutes give a fine example of technical method in dealing with matters directly affecting wages and terms of employment in a mill village:

"A special meeting of the Board was held Monday night, July —"

"The president stated that the first business of the meeting would be to hear the complaint of the frame hands. He cautioned those present that the Board had only advisory power in such matters but added that it was one of the most important functions of the Board to hear complaints and to make recommendations to the Board of Management [Joint Committee], as to what seemed fair to both sides. It was this that gave the operatives real freedom in expressing their opinions and opened the way to mutual understanding.

"In the statements of the men present the following points were brought out:

"Mr. H—— [the manager] had reduced the number of workmen at the frames from seven to five. At the delivery end there were three men where there used to be five. He had agreed to 'meet the men half way' when he proposed the change. They figured that the wages of two men would be a saving of 82 cents an hour and that an increase of 9 cents per hour for each of the three men at the delivery end would take only a third

of the saving. They had proposed this to Mr. H—— but he would not consent to giving more than four cents an hour raise for the extra work. All of those present admitted that it might be possible for the three men to handle the work most of the time but it would mean a great deal of additional work and responsibility for spots, uneven cloth and damages. While watching one machine, they could not watch the other. A great deal of the time machines that were listed to run about 45 yards were speeded up to run much faster, occasionally as fast as 100 or 120 yards. Frequently they were called on to run samples which necessitated washing and re-setting the machines.

"The secretary reported that Mr. H—— [manager] had told him that all of our competitors had frame hands tending at least two machines and frequently more and that the cost was less than ours would be if his offer was accepted. Our wages were already slightly higher than competitors' wages and the plant was losing money so there must be an adjustment that would make our efficiency at least equal to that of competitors. He felt that his offer to the frame hands had been more than fair but he was perfectly willing to have them prove it to their own satisfaction. He submitted a letter signed by the manager at —— [another mill], stating that the average was two and a half frames per man in that plant. Those present objected to the comparison with ——, for they claimed that the plain white work was easier to run. They finally agreed that if it could be proved to them that work of equal difficulty was being run by competitors with fewer hands at the same rates offered

by Mr. H—— they would accept his offer and do their best. They would prefer to have more help rather than the increased wages but they would accept $47\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hour if Mr. H—— would agree to split the difference with them.

"It was the sense of the meeting that the frame hands should be willing to live up to the Plan and accept the current wage but there was not enough evidence as to what the current wage was. It was finally voted to have the secretary see Mr. H—— and inquire if he was willing to replace the two men taken off of this work and if not whether he would agree to raise the pay of the three men on the frames to $47\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hour. If he still felt that this would be unfair to the business, the secretary was to ask him to make arrangements to send one of the frame hands, to be chosen by the men affected, to see how the same work is being run in other plants. It was the opinion of the Board that the men were willing to be fair, if it could be proved to them they were not being imposed on."

At the following meeting the matter was settled as follows:

"For the Working Conditions Committee the secretary read a letter from Mr. H—— stating that he had heard from the —— Print Works refusing to allow a representative of the frame hands to investigate wages and conditions there but indicating that they ran their frames with one man less than we have at ——. Mr. H—— then stated that he earnestly hoped the men would be satisfied with the written word from other companies and the experience of Mr. H—— and their foremen, both of whom had worked in other print works and knew

conditions. This communication was placed on file and the matter was laid on the table with the opinion that it was settled unless positive proof could be furnished that the local frame hands were not getting at least the current wage and prevailing conditions."

What a breath of fresh air such dealing lets into "industrial democracy!" The plan is evidently taken seriously, properly administered, and decisions are based upon facts in a spirit of fair play by both management and men.

§ 4

A variety of business passes through the board. The workers' representatives get an insight into the management of the business, and bring their point of view to bear upon any of its problems that they wish to be heard upon. This joint board elected the present manager of the mill with very happy results, choosing largely because of the workers' representatives' information on his qualifications, a man who would probably otherwise have escaped the owners' favorable attention. One of the by-products of employee representation in the mill has been the discovery of ability in otherwise obscure men and in their promotion to higher positions. An operative "with ideas" can be elected by his fellows to the workers' committee, where he receives very considerable information, education, and training, which helps to develop his general ability. He can then be elected by the workers' committee to the joint board, where he sits down with the principal stockholders and highest officials of the company in joint council over the affairs of the mill. He has a democratic chance to be "discovered" that does

not hold in factories without employee representation, where the old line, or staff, organization obtains. This new channel for discovering men of ability has proved greatly to the advantage of the particular mill referred to as well as to the advantage of the workers in it.

A word of warning, however, should be included at this point. While undoubted benefits are possible through the discovery and promotion of men of ability in the organization, there is also a real danger of gradual demoralization and ultimate inefficiency and financial ruin if this policy is allowed to be run into the ground. A careful check must be maintained by the owners and management upon the natural tendency of local representatives unduly to favor the promotion of home boys to all higher positions as they open up. Efficiency and ability must be the first qualifications for promotion, and the company must not hesitate to import outsiders to fill positions when necessary. Workers' representatives can be brought to see the necessity of such a course, but the matter sometimes requires clear and forcible emphasis by the owners and management in order to reveal to the workers the business necessity of such a policy. The election of foremen by the workers is probably not yet possible, although Seebohm Rowntree ascertains before appointment whether appointees will be acceptable to workers in departments affected.

Wage disputes which have been thrashed out under employee representation have often proved of considerable educational value. The management of a certain factory stated on one occasion to a whole department that costs of production were exceeding selling prices, and it

seemed necessary to cut wages in order to reduce expenses and be able to operate at a profit. The arguments advanced by the workers and their representatives showed a surprising range both of knowledge and of curiosity. The question of overhead charges was brought forward, and suggestions made for reducing expenses in other ways than by cutting wages. Some of these suggestions were good, others not so good. But business problems which had not previously worried the workers became food for thought and investigation.

The management paid the expenses and furnished introductions for a committee from the department affected to visit other mills to ascertain wages and working conditions among competitors. It was "educational" to this committee when the first mill visited coldly refused admission to the factory or any information whatever. The management of another mill courteously interviewed the committee and answered all questions, but did not allow inspection on account of certain secret attachments to their machines. Reflections as to the competitive nature of business and the problems and difficulties of management naturally resulted. The committee and the workers in the department investigated by letter and interview not only comparative piece-rates, daily and weekly pay, and production per operative, but also variations in method and management in other mills, the proportion of revenue obtained by sale of by-products generally in the industry, reasons for variation in demand and slack seasons, effect of favorable location and transportation facilities for a factory, and other matters of technical and general business interest.

One might venture to prophesy that a generation of workers intelligently interested and informed upon such a catalogue of subjects and animated by a spirit of coöperation might prove a constructive force in industry, with beneficial results in improving methods, cutting down waste, and increasing production in the mills of any industrial nation which might so take its workers into its confidence, and grant them the rights of industrial citizens with knowledge of the facts and a voice in industrial management.

From the foregoing illustrations from actual proceedings and activities of works councils of various types and degrees of authority the reader will have gained some conception of the operation of employee representation in its legislative and administrative activities. It is necessary to note now, as a part of our study of employee representation at work, how publicity in the mill and among the stockholders may link together the representatives and their constituents, and may, to a considerable degree, extend to the whole body of operatives and stockholders the educational benefits of the works councils.

§ 5

Employee representation at work calls for full publicity—open diplomacy, open covenants openly arrived at. There are, to be sure, occasional situations when workers' committees and joint councils will wish to hold "executive sessions" in order not to precipitate matters in possibly delicate business crises, or for other reasons in an emergency. Workers' representatives readily agree to temporary suppression of publicity in such emergencies. In a certain mill, for instance,

the workers' representatives unanimously agreed to discontinue publication in the plant paper of the fact that the mill was making profits during a time of general depression when prices were low and many other mills were losing money. They feared the tendency of still further lowering prices if customers felt that they were making profits, although the workers themselves felt this to be due to their greater efficiency under profit-sharing. But ordinarily everything should be done by the councils in the open. Workmen's committee meetings should be open for any operative to attend, just as the meetings of town boards are open to all citizens and for the same reasons. The electorate should have a check upon its representatives. The people should know what their representatives are doing and how they vote. Otherwise there might be danger of a "closed corporation," an oligarchy of a few who might rule the roost without due consideration of the opinion of their constituents.

One of the principal necessary features in such employee-representation publicity is the posting of the minutes of meetings upon bulletin-boards in all departments. Minutes should also be translated into the language of any nationality of foreign born who constitute a considerable per cent. of the total number of employees, and posted in departments where they are employed. It is better to post "abstracts" of some minutes, omitting such personal and other detail as may stir up unnecessary trouble. For instance, to post the fact that Mrs. Jones had been granted new wall-paper for her parlor may start a perfect epidemic of requests for parlor decorations along an entire company street, requests

which would not have been received in such volume in the normal course of events. This practice of posting abstracts is not a compromise provided that copies of full minutes are placed in the hands of all representatives and filed in the executive's office, it being clearly understood that any operative may see them upon request. The delicate matter of mentioning in the minutes the names of workers' representatives who propose and vote for or against all resolutions may be settled, particularly in the first years of the plan, by omitting such names from the minutes of straight workers' committees where representatives are a little gun-shy of the management's disapproval. This practice should be discontinued as soon as confidence can be established, and all names should be inserted from the first in minutes of joint committees where the management is already informed of the attitude of the workers' representatives in order that the workers may know what their representatives are doing and how they vote. Otherwise the plan may not obtain responsible representation of the wishes of the people themselves. As in political elections, the workers must know that their redress for lack of real representation is at the polls and must be encouraged to govern themselves accordingly. Initiative, referendum, and recall are healthy principles also, although where the term of office is only one year, they would not seem essential. Full publicity, however, is indispensable.

The posting of minutes should be a part of every plan and not omitted "because there seems to be no demand for it from the workers." Lack of initiative in "demanding" anything is characteristic of unorganized labor be-

cause of its mental background. They will not "demand" the minutes, but they *will* indulge in a lot of talk, false rumors, gossip, and scandal about the plan, its operation, and their own representatives. Such talk is often very harmful. Full information is better than fool talk. I would say that there is an exception to this statement in the undesirability of general publicity in regard to salaries. It is best for the board of directors to go into executive session when it passes upon the salaries of officials, management, executives, foremen, and salaried force. No end of trouble would result from general publicity in regard to this subject. Personal jealousies and bad feelings throughout the whole organization would be sure to follow. Assuming that the board of directors acts in good faith in the matter, refraining from padding the pay-roll, but paying to the higher officials only a fair "market wage" for their particular jobs, there is no need for general publicity in regard to this matter, and great harm would result from the dissemination of this information. The plan itself and its administration are to blame if the workers are kept in the dark, and irresponsible rumor thus encouraged. The management need not fool itself into thinking that certain matters are too sacred for publicity. Factory gossip knows no sacred ground. The workers talk about all these matters anyway, but they often get them frightfully twisted and do a lot of harm. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is the only cure for false report, and the only basis for successful industrial democracy. It is true that a false report sometimes starts from an operative "only half looking at what the minutes say," but

in that case the representatives in that department can lead the misinformed one direct to the bulletin-board and "tell him to use his eyes." Such incidents are good education and help to build a solid basis for future industrial democracy.

The posting of minutes brings the real feelings of the people to light and makes a plan function vitally. Such continued "hollers" went up from a certain department each time the minutes of the finance committee showed expenditures for "base-ball shoes" that the working conditions committee finally succeeded in securing the long-desired wooden "clogs" for the men of that department who worked all day in wet and slippery places. It must be admitted that this was a triumph for employee representation, obtaining for the people who were doing the daily work the shoes which they needed rather than spending money principally upon a few base-ball players. The posting of the minutes did it.

A number of other helpful methods of publicity deserve mention. Mass meetings for the entire force or departmental "town meetings" where general matters and particular local problems may be discussed and questions asked, or at which a series of speakers may make addresses upon matters of general business information such as production, efficiency, the market, orders, et cetera, will add to the general and technical information of the new citizens in industry and promote skilled, intelligent, coöperative effort in the mill. Large mass meetings in my experience have proved useful only for information and inspiration. It is hard to see how plans which rely only upon large mass meetings for democratic expression can

truly function. Workers do not speak up in large meetings or say exactly what they think. The management which thinks it has secured the workers' thoughts in a general mass meeting ought to hear what they say on their way home. Small, intimate units of workers' representatives, and small departmental "town meetings" are, as a rule, "where things come out."

The financial statements of the company, with full explanation, should form a part of such publicity, copies being sent regularly every month to all representatives, and provision made for any operative to see them. Salient features of the financial statement can be included in the posted minutes. Production charts and joint management bulletins should keep all the industrial citizens informed as to the state of the business: orders received, goods on hand, daily production and amount of "returns," waste, or poor work. The information contained in such charts will not only stir a pride in joint achievement, but, where profit-sharing or economy-sharing is also a feature of the plan, will prove very vital in stimulating the public opinion which may become a powerful force toward better work and increased production in a body of industrial citizens.

The plant paper, issued weekly or monthly, may also prove a useful means of constructive publicity in employee representation. It has great possibilities as a mold of public opinion in the mill. Here again specific conditions must be met to insure success. A plant paper for operatives, under industrial democracy, must be democratically managed and edited. A joint editorial board consisting of representatives of the management

and representatives of the workers should plan each issue and agree upon the material to be used. The worker-editors should be elected by the workers themselves or appointed by their elected representatives on the shop council. The executive or secretary of industrial relations should act on the editorial board, preferably as managing editor.

In this way democratically agreed upon material goes into the paper. This is of particular importance in view of the unfortunate character of many factory publications. There is perhaps no other field in which the employer appears to such poor advantage to his workers. There are, perhaps, no circumstances in which capital looks more like a hypocrite to labor than in the publication of the so-called "employees' magazines." Most of these publications display a statement that "this paper is published *by and for the employees*," while everybody knows perfectly well that they are published by the management and for the interests of the company. This fact is patent enough upon the pages of those periodicals which are filled with preachments about "loyalty to the company," "sound" economics, the dangers of Bolshevism, the silliness of socialism, the un-American character of "agitators" and anti-union propaganda. They extol the virtues of thrift, coöperation, obedience, and contentment for the working class. Employee magazines often present us with the strange phenomenon of *perfect silence* upon the subjects which lie nearest to the hearts of the employees. The plant paper of a certain concern having a shop committee plan was filled for months with predictions of the defeat of the textile strike in New

England in 1922. The workers' representatives objected to the one-sided slant of these items, but the management stated that the paper was merely publishing facts and "news." It probably did not strengthen the workers' confidence in the management's unbiased judgment of what is news when the New England strike was finally won by the unions. In some of these cases it must be very difficult for the working-man not to believe that his employer is a hypocrite, especially when religion is introduced and made to do service in plant papers, with scripture texts, prayers and extracts from sermons of eminent and holy men, all seeming to sanctify and uphold the established order *in toto*. Take the following gem, for instance, which was featured with a fancy border on the cover page: *"I believe that God makes us to work; that He meant that we should earn our living by the sweat of our brows. But I believe He made us to love our work so much that we might find real and profound pleasure in it, and so labor on until, tired out, we might sleep like little children at the end of each day."* Is it to be supposed that this quotation was printed at the suggestion of any of the half-naked men who sweat in the extreme heat and noise and grime of that industry which employs men for a long working day, at low wages, in hazardous, arduous, fatiguing toil? Real employee representation on the editorial board would save the plant paper from this sort of thing. It can also make of the factory publication a positive means of linking together the distant stock-holder, the management, and the worker in a new understanding of one another's points of view. If employee representation grows in extent and sincerity, we may

look for a new industrial literature which will reflect the changed relations in industry. Here and there the new note is already being heard.

In addition to publishing sincere and democratically agreed upon inspirational material, the plant paper should make room in its pages for the usual photographs of the infant sons of popular employees, pictures of pretty girls employed in the various departments, snap-shots at picnics, and illustrated news of various phases of welfare work. "Personals" and plant jokes are dear to the hearts of the people. The factory magazine should be composed of a judicious mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, probably in the proportion of about fifty-fifty. Even the technical industrial matter should be presented in attractive, popular, local form, not clipped from other periodicals or bought by the yard from commercial companies. Among the subjects which should be included are technical efficiency in the mill, production records, safety and health, labor legislation and social progress, employee-representation news, the decisions or minutes of the committees, suggestions, criticisms, a "question-box," and write-ups of various departments, giving each operative an idea of the processes and problems of other departments than his own and how the work of all is related to the finished product. Important articles and their own "personals" should be published also in the language of any nationality of foreign born who may constitute a considerable per cent. of the pay-roll.

In addition to the posting of minutes, the holding of "town meetings," and the publication of a plant paper, further educational publicity in con-

nection with employee representation may be carried on in the mill by means of posters of all sorts, special pay envelops or printed inserts for the pay envelops, notices on bulletin-boards, etc. The judgment of the workers' representatives will be sound and can usually be accepted as final upon the value of any commercial articles which may be offered to the company in the line of "educational" literature intended to improve the general morale of the employees. The manager of a certain mill wisely asked the workmen's committee for advice upon the distribution of a certain "line" of this talk which he himself thought was excellent. It told "How Jack Made Good," but the workmen's committee unanimously pronounced it "bunk" and smiled broadly at what "they" would say about it if it was passed out in the mill. The manager did not invest. Other managers would be wise to seek the sound sense of the workers' representatives in such matters. Finally, we would emphasize the fact that printed word and public meeting are not wholly effective publicity unless they are constantly supplemented by the personal work of the employee representatives themselves and their executive, who must constantly circu-

late among their constituents, answering questions, giving explanations, supplying information, dispelling misunderstandings, cleaning the machinery, and greasing the wheels of industrial democracy.

In concluding this paper on employee representation at work, it would be possible to quote the statements of manufacturer after manufacturer as to the beneficent effects of shop committees upon the morale and output of industry after industry.

Elaborate reports have been prepared by certain large concerns, showing graphically the imposing number of matters which have been brought up in committee, together with the disposition of these matters which has appeared largely to favor the employees. While I concur in general in lauding the possibilities of employee representation and believe that it is, in fact, to be credited with many substantial benefits both to employer and employee, I am aware how superficial and misleading the generalizations and statistics on the subject may be. Only a qualitative analysis can present us with a true evaluation of the movement. Successful operation is contingent upon specific conditions in the plan and its operation.

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

IX—Traditions and Standards

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

THE Southern school of romantic local color, with its strong reliance upon dialect as a characteristically distinguishing feature, had come into our national literature with the work of George W. Cable in the third year of the life of this magazine, and for the seven years that bring about, as physiologists tell us, a total renewal of the human body the mode spread everywhere through the land and gave a new impetus to its fiction. Near the close of the seven years the editors of *THE CENTURY* had accepted Thomas Nelson Page's "Marse Chan," but not without an aftermath of doubt, for the tale was told in an almost continuous negro dialect, and dialect, too, of a most pronounced form, and in their growing fear that the reading public was already tiring of the manner, they hesitated four years before publishing it.

In its reception by the readers of the day they could have seen no evidence of any remarkable intuition on their part for gaging popular tastes, for its success was instant and great. It was published in April, 1884, or seven months before the War Series began, and it had gained no factitious advantage, therefore, from that trumpet-call which had drawn all eyes to every feature and peculiar phase of civilization

in the South. Reading the story today with open mind, one is not so much surprised at the doubts of the editors as at the subsequent enthusiasm of readers. For, indeed, it was the conventional, sentimental tale of the old South, with the typical family feud as the one serpent in that Garden of Eden, and it had closed in profound gloom. The one fresh note was the difficult dialect. Twenty-six months later the magazine published Mr. Page's "Meh Lady," also a monologue in negro dialect by an old family servant, and hailed with the same enthusiasm that had greeted its predecessor. Mr. Johnson had suggested the theme, the happily ending love-story of a Virginian girl and a Northern soldier; but Mr. Page had been too loyal a Virginian himself to select for his heroine an out-and-out Yankee, and made his finally successful lover a distant relative of the girl, a fellow-Virginian who had for filial reasons "gone out with the old flag." Northern readers, however, had shown no partizan feeling, and had accepted the compromise in their eagerness to believe that the breach between the two erstwhile hostile regions was closed.

Aside from the light the incident throws upon the uncertainty of all editorial judgments, it directs the mind

of the curious reader into a new channel. Mr. Page was never a prolific writer, and one wonders whether he would have clung to his pen if the editors had rejected "Marse Chan" or if it had come to the public in a less propitious hour; for upon the slender foundation of it and "Meh Lady," his two most praised stories, arose the superstructure of his no inconsiderable fame.

But Page was personally so unassuming, so ready in his interest in others, that no one could begrudge him his seemingly easy renown. Once in a short conversation he surprised me by disclosing that his knowledge of my family name was far greater than my own, though the fact did not predicate extraordinary research, my own genealogical lore having never been wide. He had said, in that pleasantly genial way of one who habitually makes it a point to give even chance intercourse something of a courteously personal touch, that my family had early come to America, the Tookers to New England, and the Tuckers to Virginia, the latter after tarrying for a while in Bermuda, and he added that the name had originally been the same, as he supposed that I doubtless knew.

Of the change in the name I told him I knew nothing. I believed that the first of our branch of the family had come from Devon to Salem, Massachusetts, in the ship *Enterprise*, in 1636, and I jokingly added that in view of the fact that the Tuckers of Virginia had shed much luster on their name, while the Tookers of New England had been chiefly remarkable for the persistence with which they had confined their activities to salt water, it might be assumed that the latter had been indifferent to orthography, and in consequence their name had suffered a

sea-change. It was then that he surprised me. "But there were Tookers in Devon before their coming," he told me. "One was a chaplain to Queen Elizabeth."

It was true, as I subsequently learned. William Tooker, born at Exeter in 1557, educated at Oxford, had been a canon at Exeter, a fellow of New College, rector at Clovelly, and had skipped from one preferment to another in Devon, being meanwhile appointed chaplain to the queen, whom he greatly delighted by publishing in 1597 his "*Charisma sive Donum Sanationis*," which was nothing more or less than a historical vindication of the power possessed by English sovereigns to cure the king's evil. Elizabeth was pleased to look upon the learned effort as giving validity to her own succession. Tooker's biographers declare that he was a fine scholar, the purity of his Latin procuring him preferment, though it was also hinted that his flexibility in using his accomplishment as well as his skill as a courtier may also have been aids to his advancement. His subsequent appointment to a chaplaincy to King James I shortly after that royal personage came to the throne, and following another Latin treatise by the learned scholar in defense of the new sovereign against certain schismatics, appears to be added proof of the writer's adroitness as a courtier. But he died in 1621, leaving to no one of the subsequent bearers of his name that I ever knew any of his accredited skill in winning the favor of those in high places. That skill, that excellent Latin, seem to betoken him the last of his line.

But the doubt of the editors concerning the dialect of "Marse Chan" had not extended to that employed by

Uncle Remus, who in the early eighties was already approaching the status of a classic, and has now become a household term in our language. In September, 1883, when "Marse Chan" had already lain three years in the editorial safe, an instalment of "Nights with Uncle Remus" was published in *THE CENTURY*. Side by side with it appeared Henry C. Bunner's "Love in Old Cloathes." The fear of anything approaching dialect as objectionable to readers still remained in the minds of the editors, and they asked Bunner to modernize the spelling of his story. He had protested, and they had yielded the point, but the resentment he had felt at the request was strengthened rather than allayed when, on the publication of the story, it attracted wide and favorable attention. In Bunner's mind at least, its ultimate success appeared chiefly due to his refusal to entertain an inept suggestion that would have destroyed its one novel feature—the incongruity between the obsolete spelling and the modern setting. The rejection of his poem "The Way to Arcady" at about the same time on the ground that it was too long for a popular magazine—it was afterward published in another—was a further cause of resentment. Unhappily for the editors, "The Way to Arcady" speedily became known as the author's best poem, and while in the general recognition of this fact Bunner might feel that he had scored heavily over the editors who had refused it for a purely material reason, and could feel a keen pleasure in their discomfiture, it was the sort of pleasure that usually carries with it a cicatrice of hurt pride. Through the first three years of my association with *THE CENTURY* I dwelt at Nutley, New Jer-

sey, where Bunner also had his home, and we saw much of each other; and I remember that I gradually learned to expect on our meeting to be greeted with some caustic or amusing inquiry concerning the welfare of my associates in the office and my own progress in literary judgment under their tutelage. Curiously enough, the rejection of "The Way to Arcady" appeared to affect him less than the mere suggestion to modify the spelling in "Love in Old Cloathes," which the magazine had accepted and published unchanged. There, perhaps, was revealed the artistic temperament, which moves in a mysterious way.

The rule of the magazine against the inclusion of long poems I never really understood, never having found any of sufficient merit to lead me to seek for an explanation; for with a high reputation for the excellence of its verse and with a galaxy of poets as its directors, one naturally would have expected to find no discrimination against worth because of a trifling matter of length that would not have barred out the average sketch or short story. But that was the tradition of the office, and was rarely broken. Indeed, the office rather prided itself on its traditions, though they sometimes led it astray, as they did in the case of "The Way to Arcady," or, being once led astray, it reformed and came back at the inopportune moment, as it did in the case of Richard Harding Davis's "Gallegher." For one of its traditions was directed against slang and undignified English, but in a momentary lapse it had let down the bars and admitted a story that at once brought forth protests from dignified readers who had been led to expect better things. On top of the protest Davis's

"Gallegher" came in, and up went the bars again, and "Gallegher" was declined. Mr. Gilder never ceased to regret that he had rejected "Gallegher" and "The Way to Arcady," and publicly voiced his responsibility, but the mischief was done. It is perhaps unfortunate that "Gallegher" was possibly Davis's best short story, as "The Way to Arcady" was Bunner's best poem, but that is no more than can be expected of life: one follows a set routine of living in comfortable serenity until some great event brings discomfort or disaster.

§ 2

The editors had been wrong in thinking that readers were tiring of dialect, as the amazing popularity of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" was to disclose; the success of the War Series brought it new life. With the attention of all readers drawn to the South, no phase of its peculiar civilization was uninteresting, and dialect stories of a strong local color blossomed everywhere in that richly endowed region with the luxuriant growth of its own Cherokee rose. Cable turned to his fresh field in Acadian Louisiana, and "Carancro," "Grande Pointe," and "Au Large" found a welcome in THE CENTURY; Joel Chandler Harris and Richard Malcolm Johnston continued to write; and Harry Stillwell Edwards and Ruth McEnery Stuart and John Fox and a host of other children of the soil mapped out their own chosen regions with a meticulous care to detail that had the effect of presenting the South as a vast topographical chart of strongly differentiated human characteristics in physical environments wholly unique.

Yet of a remarkably large number of

these it may nevertheless be said that their strongest appeal to their readers came through that fine sense of humor which they had, not humor as a common regional possession, as it notably is of the Irish race, but a humor that was singularly individual in the characteristic attitude of each toward life. There was no overlapping, no reduplication, no note common to them all. Harris and Johnston and Edwards and Mrs. Stuart exhibited it, yet all approached the traditions and habitudes of the rural or semi-rural South from wholly different angles. The pictures of all were true, but depicted in different lights. Of the four, the fame of Harris and Edwards rests on a firmer foundation. Harris's *Uncle Remus* is the world-old teller of tales, and has no special epoch or habitat. Edwards's "Two Runaways" expresses the yearning of all men to be for a while "loose and free" from their world; his *Eneas Africanus* is the eternal negro.

This gift for humor can scarcely be conceded to Cable, for though his situations are often delightfully humorous, his treatment of them is not. Instead, he had a certain eager naïveté that possesses much of the power of humor to delight. Love, hate, jealousy, trust, renunciation—only the universal emotions—make the theme of his tales. There is no special form or orderliness,—“The Grandissimes” itself is a veritable wilderness, with by-paths everywhere intersecting,—yet the *mise en scène* has all the color and glamour of a tropical garden, the extraordinary beauty that we behold in dreams without surprise and only dimly remember. His heroines are always charming and beautiful,—one knows they are good,—and they meet the disquieting moments in life with

joyous fibs and denials, knowing no straight lines in their search for truth or love, and refusing—for a time—all that they most desire. They are as remote from our feminist age as the dodo. In "The Grandissimes," *Aurora*, restless with sorrowing love, confesses to her awakened daughter *Clotilde* only half of her penitent avowal, though feeling no repentance at all.

"Their lips met fervently.

"My sweet sweet," whispered *Clotilde*, 'you look so beautiful sitting up with the moonlight all about you!'

"Clotilde, my beautiful daughter," said *Aurora*, pushing her bedmate from her and pretending to suppress a smile, 'I tell you now, because you do not know, and it is my duty as your mother to tell you—the meanest wickedness a woman can do in all this bad, bad world is to look ugly in bed.'"

I was young and romantic and unsophisticated when I first read "The Grandissimes," and probably I blushed, wondering at the hardihood of the staid CENTURY (then the old "Scribner's") in permitting this scene. It was almost Gallic. Yet there appeared some mitigation in the fact that the words were in correct English, which gave the reader to understand that *Aurora* and *Clotilde* were really speaking in French, not in the charming, if difficult, dialect they used when they essayed the soberer English tongue. That of course altered the case. Anything might be expected of the French.

But the seed of the new flowering in American letters could not be confined to its native soil, and the winds of success speedily carried it on to other regions—to the West and the North, where ambitious young writers began

to study their physical surroundings with minute care and to mold their heroes and heroines in shapes that took on the characteristics of the regions from which they had sprung. It was inevitable that the literary children of the "wide, open spaces" of the West would be free, untrammelled by futile conventions; that those of the granite hills of New England would be stern, unyielding, or suppressed. Even those writers who had long been transplanted Victorians momentarily turned aside from their preoccupation with the beaten trail made by the novelists of England to note the new forms. Fiction in America seemed destined to become an exhaustive manual of the evolution of human types as presaged by environment.

I glance through the old magazines of that confident period that followed the new Southern awakening, and its silent heroes and heroines file by: Cable's *Aurora* and *Clotilde*, and the shy maidens who dwelt along the "coasts" of Acadian Louisiana,—they always lowered their eyes when you drew near, but they saw you first;—Page's "Meh Lady," born to the manor of tide-water Virginia; John Fox's *Mountain Europa* of the primitive world of the Kentucky mountains; Garland's *Ol' Pap's Flaxen* and *Mountain Lover*; and, *mirabile dictu*, even *Squire Gaylord* of Howells's "A Modern Instance"—bound, all bound, in the fetters of the regions that nurtured them. I see them with extraordinary clearness as types of strongly marked regions, but the parts they enacted in the tragedies and comedies in which they severally appeared have faded with time. They are like wild creatures come suddenly upon in a dim wood: their startled poses are all that one sees. It was the

weakness of that now discarded literary movement that it was genre-painting of a sort, all the acts and the consequences of the acts of the story being but lightly sketched accessories of its central figures, or types.

§ 3

On November 28 and 29, 1887, a reading by authors for the benefit of the American Copyright League was given in Chickering Hall, New York City, before crowded and enthusiastic audiences. At that time we thought, and indeed must still think, that no more remarkable gathering of literary men had ever appeared in America. The readers were: J. R. Lowell, S. L. Clemens, Dr. E. Eggleston, R. H. Stoddard, H. C. Bunner, G. W. Cable, J. W. Riley, R. M. Johnston, and G. W. Curtis. Many others crowded the stage, even overflowed into the audience itself, and I remember how intently I searched the incoming assembly from my quiet corner seat at the back of the stage for faces long known from portraits, but never seen in the flesh, thinking at the time that each fresh recognition brought me much the same dimly apprehended pleasure that comes with the sighting of some peculiar and well known feature of a coast that one approaches for the first time.

At the time of that reading American literature was still a matter of fixed standards. Those of us who can remember the long, narrow strips of collected photographs of our great writers—Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Hawthorne—that we lovingly paneled in gilt or colored cardboard frames and hung on our wall as a sort of votive offering to both literature and decorative

art must also recall the almost national unity with which the preëminence of these authors was accepted. Whitman no longer wrote, his adherents were few, and the morality that colored all our literary judgments was too strong to assure him a place in the group. Of the group itself, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell were still living, and Lowell himself was the first of the readers. His fellow-readers, both old and young, were conservative followers of our literary traditions. A few had emphasized the notes of dialect and local color in a fresh, though not wholly new, manner, since even Lowell had used both in an academic way, and it was noticeable that two of these, Cable, then at the height of his fame, and Riley especially, then almost unknown, were the stars of the occasion. The future of America's literature appeared to be in safe hands, its standards assured.

Yet I cannot think of that hour to-day without the conviction that it marked the close of a great constructive period. I am far from making invidious comparisons or ranking the old age above the new. Few of that gathering were great authors, and fewer still were the preëminent ones we then thought them, though some were excellent craftsmen and students of form. I simply mean that since that time our written work has gradually lost the power to express the common mind of the race. We read as widely as ever, indeed more widely of a sort, but we read in separated groups that have no common language, and without that unity of aim or purpose that alone can make possible the general acceptance of any common literary standard. Thus since that day of which I speak no new portrait has been added to that

panel of portraits that we once thought enduring, but, indeed, is now well nigh forgotten.

§ 4

All this may be due to our democracy, which is notoriously fickle, alternating between momentary impulses of mob feeling and the most intense individualism; but emotion is the foundation of the first, and egotism of the second, and both are inimical to a stabilized standard of opinion. France, too, is a democracy, and can be emotional enough on occasion even in its revolt from the standards of art, but back of all its democratic tendencies in the matter of temporal government and momentary artistic revolts, France has been profoundly influenced by the culture of the Roman Catholic Church, the most unchanging, most logical institution on the face of the whole globe. The modern Frenchman may be agnostic or bitterly anti-clerical, but in the matter of taste the inherent training of centuries of church teaching holds him firm to his belief in authority.

No small part of our own disregard of tradition is without doubt due to our top-heavy education. The most elaborately instructed people among Western nations, we are the least firmly grounded in the essentials. The happy thought of an elective system that was to make the road to education a blooming path where every child was only to pluck the flower most pleasing to him to arrive in the end at a state of harmonious development has signally failed. It has ignored the foundation of thoroughness.

Surely, it might be supposed that those bright young people—no one can deny them the possession of cleverness

—who make up the army of would-be contributors to magazines would exhibit in their work an appreciable amount of craftsmanship and skill in the use of the tools of the writing trade. Many of them have ideas, and a few have a certain facile gift of expression, but fewer still are those who show the slightest concern for the fundamental requirements of written English. Within two days there recently passed through my hands the manuscripts of two authors who have a country-wide reputation of a sort. The punctuation and capitalization of one exhibited freaks of eccentricity that once would have been thought fantastic in a normally instructed child of twelve, while not one of the twenty-four pages of the other contained fewer than ten misspelled words.

The two manuscripts were remarkable only for the fact that they presented in excess errors that are common to most present-day contributions to magazines. Structural faults also are frequent, and few of the writers appear to care for the accuracy of the facts or names or dates that they glibly jot down, complacently leaving to the editor the grueling task of setting them right in these unconsidered trifles; and every month he sets them right in literally thousands of cases, meanwhile living in the racking certainty that something will escape him, after all.

Undoubtedly many of the commoner blunders, like those of incorrect spelling, arise from the fact that manuscripts are now almost invariably typewritten, and authors, in their haste, or in the relaxed state of indifference or repugnance that frequently comes at the conclusion of a long mental task, fail to notice the variations from copy

that have crept into their work through the mechanical process of the type-writer. That is a reason for many errors perhaps, but scarcely an excuse. I have always been impressed by a story I once read in which a high-class Chinaman, commenting on some subtle defect in an acquaintance that appeared to mark the latter off as not quite a gentleman, said, "He lacks just the tenth stroke of the lacquer-brush."

Well, this final last search for error is the tenth stroke of the lacquer-brush that every literary performance should invariably receive, and to take a seemingly light attitude toward one's own remissness in such matters is to me the last straw. The work of a young person associated with us had regularly come to me so untrustworthy in all its minor details that at last I felt obliged to protest. Merely pointing out the faults had been fruitless. Protest also was useless. Wholly unmoved, he leaned back in his chair, and with a smirk of complacency that would have been excessive if I had been showering him with praise, said:

"Well, you know, Mr. Tooker, I always dictate."

With a good deal of heat I retorted that I did not care whether he dictated or hiccuped, but I no longer purposed to correct the errors of either method. Happily, he shortly after departed for fresh fields of dictation, and left me in serene peace. I did not mind a few errors,—I was human enough to feel a common fellowship in blundering,—but the complacency was maddening. That I could not understand. Once or twice in my early days at the office a proof had come back to me on its way to the printer, and opposite some blunder that I had failed to note a penciled "Oh, L. F. T.!" in Mr. Johnson's hand-

writing stood out like the reproachfully pointing finger of the last day. I never made the same blunder twice, and I went metaphorically clothed in sackcloth for days. Long afterward, when I jokingly reminded Mr. Johnson of that early time, he said:

"Did I really do that? I had forgotten." I could readily believe him. He had pointed out my blunder in what for me was the most effective way, and that for him was the end of the matter. He had none of my irascible inclination to run amuck on occasion.

Yet a few of our younger writers are craftsmen of the older sort. I take up their manuscripts with a confident pleasure, settling myself to the task of reading them with that comfortable assurance which one always feels in the presence of fine workmanship. The feeling predisposes one to look with favor upon the finished product. I have learned, too, that the manuscripts of English writers rarely exhibit the minor faults I have here noted. The spelling is English, of course, but that is easily remedied; otherwise it is almost always impeccable. There are few structural faults. One does not look for perfection in any one. Clearly, in the matter of teaching their own language, the English schools to-day are better than ours, which have steadily deteriorated, if nearly forty years spent in editing the results of one side of their training gives one a right to judge. A certain democratic tendency to scorn tradition and cultivate novelty may affect the form and substance of the literary work of the young American, but surely its rudimentary crudities must be due to bad elementary training. To-day, I fancy, many children are taught to read by

the "word-method"; it is easier and pleasanter. One does not need to know the alphabet. So many things one does not need to know! The word is merely a symbol that the child visualizes. Later he visualizes phrases and sentences, kindergarten blocks that it is pleasant to move about. The structural dissection of the language that we of the older generation toiled over, where we were obliged to "diagram" a book of "Paradise Lost," for instance, sentence by sentence, was long since frowned upon. The racking mental toil of pulling apart

"High on a throne of royal state, which
far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of
Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East, with
richest hand,

Showers on her kings barbaric pearls
and gold,

Satan exalted sat,"

deadened the enthusiasm of the child to the beauty of the poem, we were told, and made him forever after incapable of seeing the matchless grandeur of its English. The method long since went out of fashion, and many other things went with it, but that it left behind any growing appreciation of the excellence of our elder poets I see no startling evidence; and I doubt if three of the younger generation can automatically repeat the quotation, as, I am sure, many a one of my own time can repeat it, with a pleasurable glow at the thought of the remote past.

That many people of the older generation have held the above passage, with many another similar passage, in memory for a lifetime does not in itself predicate any facility for making verse

or even any love for it; but learned as it was, at an impressionable age, and in the manner it was, it does indicate a certain structural knowledge of the body of written English that is obtained from no modern method. It has given them a tradition of excellence not easily disturbed by ephemeral movements and shifting standards.

Our extension courses have classes which teach the art of short story-writing, dramatic construction, and other forms of literary endeavor, and students crowd them, though futilely, I believe. They think to learn all the secrets of the art of literary superstructure while they should be digging at the foundation, which is the craftsmanship of flexible English; for the superstructure is the substance of their own imagination or insight, and no one can draft it for them, and their own craftsmanship must give it form. Every writer knows how often he has thoughts too intangible for such crude, inflexible phrases as he can command. What he there lacks no text-book or instructor can reveal to him. Indeed, no chapter on simplicity in any rhetoric or half a hundred lectures will give him the knowledge that he may acquire by moiling over that lightning flash of simple beauty,

"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!"

Let him try to present the perfect picture in a score, a hundred, or a thousand words. In his failure he will begin to understand the meaning of literary art. It will not make him a poet or a novelist or even a master of flexible and correct English, but it may lead him through paths of humility, a profitable road for the ambitious.

Love in Africa

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

LONG, lonely years spent in the jungles of Africa leave one with some odd impressions—impressions crude and often terrible, but at the same time illuminating. It is as though, while living upon this huge pear-shaped continent, inhabited by human beings as black as Satan, one were being constantly permitted actual glimpses of the unadorned mechanism that underlies existence, which in more civilized surroundings is covered over.

One comes to know what men look like when they are dying of thirst, when, because they can find no water, the tongue in the skull becomes as swollen and stiff as leather. One comes to know what hunger means, and the pleasure that a man may take in tearing off a limb from a wild animal and feasting upon its bleeding wound. Under a sun like the African sun hate and love walk abroad naked. Love! was I ever really aware of the presence of that divine abstraction by the salt, lapping shores of Lake Elmenteita? The degenerate whites, certainly, I suppose, feel some kind of emotion for their selected casual loves; the painted negroes some kind of concern if they cannot muster enough bearded goats to buy wives; but surely I am not mistaken in my conclusion that neither the white man nor the black man in Africa has any

real conception of what we understand by this simple word.

And yet on one single occasion during my stay in Africa I did see something uncommonly like love. It happened in this way. It was my lot when I first went out to be the manager of a large farm. The position required one to be perpetually watching and checking up the work of the natives, and it soon seemed to me that a mule would be better for my use in this purpose than the high-spirited ponies of the farm, which always became impatient if they were made to stand for any length of time. Shortly after I had come to this decision, a caravan of Somali traders happened to pass my *shamba*. They had a dozen or more mules with them on this occasion, and I sent my boy to ask if they would be willing to sell one of the animals. Two mules were led back for inspection. One of them was as gaunt as a wooden rocking-horse, and the other, though plump and young enough, wore a peculiarly sly expression upon its hybrid countenance. I bought the plump, sly mule, but after I had had the animal for a few days I came to appreciate the full implications that its long-shaped face suggested.

I swear that there was never a more ill-natured mount born upon the earth. It was quite impossible to do anything

with her. The mere glimpse of a saddle, and she would begin squealing and plunging as though she saw the devil himself approaching. To saddle and bridle her was a performance that required time, perseverance, and no little courage. It was necessary for one Kikuyu to hold up one front leg; while another, in order to distract her attention, would affix a twitch to the end of her ambiguous nose. Once up, all would be well. She was plucky and sure-footed and quite impossible to tire. Sometimes, however, as I sat on her back watching the negroes pulling flax, I would inadvertently lay my hand behind the saddle on her hind quarters, and, Lord! what a yell she would let off—a yell that would cause the squatting natives to leap to their feet and set every collabi monkey in the neighboring forest chattering!

She certainly was a neurotic, that mule. She was just like some of those unfortunate middle-aged women one comes upon whose natures through suppression have grown carping and critical and ready to "go up in the air" at the slightest provocation. As a matter of fact, as time went on I became curiously attached to this eccentric animal, and would often speculate as to the real cause of her vicious demonstrations. Did her squeals register some deep animal protest against all mankind, against these strong-willed, upright hairless baboons, who had quite arbitrarily created her species for the single purpose of bearing them astride under the hot sun? I sometimes suspected as much. When I was not working her, I would let her run with the horses of the farm on a wide stretch of veldt that lay behind my house. It was the business of an old Swahili

named Asthmani to round them all up every evening before the sun went down and drive them into the stockade. This was done to keep them out of harm's way, for lions in that part of Africa are as common as rabbits.

Well, one day late in the afternoon, as I sat smoking in my hut, Asthmani came rushing in with the most astounding news on his lips. The mule, he declared, had brought forth a young mule. I thought such a thing incredible, but, as he continued to protest the truth of his statement, I got up and went out to see what had actually happened. There, sure enough, not a hundred yards away was the mule, with her tiny offspring scampering uncertainly upon its four spindle legs over the dry veldt grass by the side of its mother. For one brief moment I actually believed that I had before me undisputed evidence that Nature herself, on certain rare occasions, is capable of the most startling inconsistencies, is, in fact, willing to forswear her own laws. As I drew nearer, however, and was able to inspect the small creature more narrowly, a solution for the puzzling phenomenon suddenly dawned upon me. One of the mares must have foaled sooner than I expected, and the mule, in order to satisfy some dim craving of her own, had driven the mother away from her young one and simply appropriated it to herself. I was furious.

Just the kind of thing that a wretched mule would take into its perverse head to do! I had them all, geldings, mares, and mule driven into a yard, and with considerable difficulty managed to get the mother and its foal into a shed together. It was quite evident that the mule resented my interference most

bitterly. An hour later, when I went round the sheds, I found that she was still hanging about the door of the stall in which her adopted young one had been imprisoned. As I approached, she would move away and pretend to nibble at a few spare tufts of grass; but it was quite clear from her restless, preoccupied movements that she was all the while under the influence of some strange and exciting obsession. The last glimpse I got of her that night, as I turned to go back to my hut, was of an outstretched gray head snuffing eagerly at a certain aperture in the shed door behind which the tender-eyed, bewildered foal was spending the first night of its life. Days passed, and still that particular shed seemed to retain a curious fascination for the absurd, sentimental animal. The thing began to get on my nerves.

It seemed to me that the mule's perpetual proximity might disturb the mare, and I told the natives to throw stones at her whenever they saw her approach the place. For the next few weeks, therefore, the appearance of the mule in the neighborhood of the yards became a signal for a veritable hailstorm of sticks and stones. Under such treatment the creature became wilder and more self-absorbed than ever. She would transfix any one who approached with a concentrated look full of agitated suspicion, and then with a toss of her head scamper out of the way as quickly as possible.

Well, days passed, and then there came a fresh surprise. One evening, as I stood watching the horses approach the yards, I suddenly became aware that the mule again was no longer alone. It had at its heels this time a quaint little white and black object, such an object as a favorite

midget might ride in a circus ring. What in the name of God has it got hold of now? I wondered as I watched it turning this way and that in the utmost concern lest the small creature which followed might suddenly disappear from its sight. A moment later, and I realized that this newly adopted orphan was nothing else than a young zebra. There were hundreds of these beautiful and bizarre animals about on the veldt, and the mule, frustrated in its attachment for the foal, must have suddenly galloped into a herd of zebra and separated this other newly born one from its mother. The animals were now waiting for the yard gate to be opened, and with a mind curiously detached I surveyed the astonishing scene.

The sun itself, rotund and bloody, was resting on the horizon of the fantastic landscape, and there in its last slanting rays stood the mule, entirely absorbed in licking the mottled flanks of the tiny tropical creature it had stolen, and which it was now during every minute that passed helping to starve to death. A Masai herdsman was at my side, and there we stood together, white and black man, contemplating this pathetic, nay, tragic, spectacle. In vain the baby zebra pulled desperately at the dry nipples of the mule's black and skinny udder; in vain that neurotic hybrid of man's invention, with the docile self-surrender of maternal love, gave herself up to the rough treatment of the impatient, striped head thrusting continuously for milk which could never, never flow.

"Numbu n'punda," "The mule loves," muttered my companion, and it was not for me to gainsay his observation.

Parable of the Rich Householder

World Politics and a Village Fire Department

BY CHARLES H. LEVERMORE

HERE we are living in a small village. This village is peculiar. It is a sort of enchanted village. We cannot get out of it. Usually, if we don't like the village wherein we live, we can leave it and settle down in another. But when we are once born into this village, there we must stay, whether we like it or not. Old men tell us there was a time when on this globe of ours there were several villages, but under the applications of steam and electricity the world has contracted in size and dwindled, until now there is no room on it for more than this one village, and the only way in which we can leave this village is by the gate of death.

Recently there has been in this village a tremendous conflagration which has burned down about a third of it, destroyed an immense amount of property, and killed a great many of the villagers. Even before the fire was more than partly under control the villagers got together and said, "This must never happen again." They said: "We are to blame. We never had an equipment for fighting fires. We never had, in fact, any fire department that was good for much, and consequently the fire almost mastered us. Now we will have the best fire department that we can get. We will

equip it with every kind of up-to-date appliances if we can get them, and we shall be ready to do better work when such a danger occurs again.

"Moreover, we want to leave this village in better shape to our children than we have ever had it. We will band ourselves together into an organization for building a better village. We will call ourselves the Village Improvement Association, and we will have that in addition to our new fire company."

Well, virtually everybody joined that association and the new fire company. All the big householders went into it but three.

There was one who was a great merchant in the village who was not asked to join. His name was Fritz, and he was not asked to join because most of the villagers thought that he had started the fire.

There was another big householder in the village who also was not invited to join. His name was Ivan, and he had the biggest farm in the village, but it was not very well cared for. The buildings were rather tumble-down. Just at the time of the fire Ivan went on a terrific spree, and when he was full of red hooch he stood out in the main highway of that burning village, and shouted hoarsely to the other

villagers: "You think that is something of a fire, do you? You wait and see the fire I am going to kindle in a little while." That talk scared the villagers so much that they would not ask Ivan to join the new fire company. They thought that they would better wait until he sobered off.

But there was another big householder whom the villagers expected to be with them. They counted on him. His name was Sam. He lived at the west end of the village, just across a valley through which flows a brook. His farm was bigger than any one's except Ivan's, and it was pretty well cared for. There were very good buildings on it, and he was regarded as perhaps the most prosperous villager. In fact, one of Sam's boys attended the initial meetings of the new fire company and the Village Improvement Association, but when that boy got home Sam scolded him and spanked him and sent him to bed. The disappointment and the shock of the rebuff were so great that the poor fellow never recovered.

Sam said to the astonished villagers: "No, I am not going to join you. I don't quite like your company or your plan. I don't care to have this one and that one in your crowd able to outvote me at the meetings and tell me where I can get on and off.

"There is Louis, the caterer. He owes me a lot of money, and he is not trying to pay it, so far as I can see. He has money enough to fill his house full of guns and revolvers and ammunition, yet he is not trying to pay me a cent. Also, every time he sees Fritz, Louis has a brainstorm and tries to hit him.

"Then, there is Mr. Bull, who runs that big department store. I don't

want to get tied up with Mr. Bull. He has six sons. That Bull family can outvote me at any time. It seems to me that there is too much Bull about this scheme."

The villagers said to Sam: "You are very much mistaken; at least we think you are. Those Bull boys are not going to vote as the old man says. If you think they are, you can ask his oldest boy, Patrick."

"Besides," they said, "you know those tenant farmers of yours on the south side of your farm. They have all come into the fire company and the Village Improvement Association, and they don't dare to wink unless you tell them they can.

"Moreover," they said, "you have mistaken the character of our association. It is not run on military lines at all. We cannot order you to get out of bed at midnight and run down to a fire if you don't want to. This is a purely voluntary fire company. But you know perfectly well the fire is not out yet. Every time a wind of hate blows through our village, the embers glow and the sparks fly. They might just as easily fly over your buildings again as they did before, and your property might be the first to get burned the next time." Sam said, "I will have a fire company of my own." And the villagers said: "How can you have a fire company of one? Do you expect Fritz and Ivan to join with you?"

Sam mulled over that for two years, and then gave it up.

Meanwhile the villagers went to work. They organized their new fire company. They got the best machines that they could afford to buy and the best appliances available. They employed mechanics to install and man a

water system that they thought would throw a stream of water over the most imperial sky-scraper in the village. They went to work also with their Village Improvement Association. They laid new sidewalks. They started a new hospital. They began to drive the drug peddlers off the streets, and they cleaned up the red-light district.

Then they laid it all before Sam, and Sam said: "No, no. You are too quarrelsome a lot for me to do anything with." "But," they said, "quarrelsome? Look at what we have done. We have had our fire company and our association only this short time, relatively speaking for only four months, and in that time we have answered fifteen alarms, and put out at least five actual fires. The last one was a very nasty fire, very nasty indeed. It started out just like the big one.

"It started in that dark alley between the premises of Tony, the macaroni manufacturer, and of Constantine, the fruit peddler. The fire company responded, and all the villagers ran in; the pinochle club and even Tammany Hall sent in contingents to help. The result was that the whole of that fire was stamped out, relatively speaking, in twenty minutes. Was n't that pretty good work?" And Sam said, "I congratulate you on having something so helpful for you, but for me it is a closed incident."

Once more the villagers said: "Quar-

relsome? See what we have done for Otto, the delicatessen dealer, who was Fritz's particular friend. He was virtually burned out in the fire. There was nothing left of his store and house but a shell. His stock was all destroyed. He and his family were on the verge of starvation, and they thought they were facing beggary on the cold street. We chipped in. Some of us who had been for a long time Otto's enemies were the first to help. We rebuilt his store and gave him a new stock. He is now doing business again at the old place, and he and his family are happy." Sam said: "That is well done. I am willing to help on that." And he did. Then Sam unbent a little more and said: "I will tell you what I will do. I will let some of my boys come to some of your meetings, and they can sit there and take notes. They can give you advice if you wish them to, but it must be understood that they are merely unofficial observers. They cannot sign anything or commit me to anything. I am not going to be responsible for any of the expenses incurred."

Well, the villagers were glad to have help from Sam on any basis or in any manner, whatever they may have said about it among themselves. There are rumors that even some members of Sam's household wonder whether that kind of coöperation, if it is coöperation, is exactly what the richest and most prosperous and happiest householder in the village should give.

Anne

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THOUGH I have seen Anne almost every day of her brief life, and though she is never long absent from my thoughts, I know her best by the memory of certain exquisite moments which lie at the heart of my knowledge of her. One of these moments came and went when she was seven, when she danced for me on the clipped grass under a bent apple-tree in a late spring. The day was as warm as July, but the blossoms had not yet all fallen, and the sun lay upon them that afternoon with the unseasonable, languid grace of summer. Anne had made her own costume for the dance, a single garment fashioned with awkward fingers from a square of corn-colored muslin, with a jagged hole in the center through which she thrust her golden head, and with the edges cut in deep scallops to match, as she imagined, the rays of sunshine. Perhaps it was only because I had just come a long and dusty way from the city; perhaps it was because the air of the hills was wine and the apple-blossoms were spice; perhaps it was because my eyes had not rested upon her for hours running into days. Whatever it was, she became for me in that moment the visible symbol of joy, the image of youth and beauty, tiptoe for an instant on the solid earth between flight and flight.

I cannot say that in her motions she

was genuinely graceful. The steps of her dance were far from intricate and were even then occasionally confused. Often her young feet stumbled or hesitated, obedient to no unbroken rhythm. But when, forgetful of her pattern, she broke into a mad scamper across her turfed floor, arms wide and gay garment flying; or when, at the end of a measure, she fell into one of the momentary poses which she seemed unable to make anything but graceful—then I asked myself where but in Tanagra had any coroplast ever poised a body upon such slim feet, built so pure and strong a back, set a head so proudly upon such proud shoulders? Though her blue eyes and her pink cheeks, her white skin and her sunny hair, might be of another age, she was, as I saw her, classic and perennial, a picture fixed forever in my deeper consciousness.

There is another moment no less memorable. At six she was taking a long railway journey with me, half across the continent. All afternoon we had sat reading the story of the Odyssey, looking up from time to time to survey the wintry landscape, the gashed hillsides of Pennsylvania. She had but the least interest in the factories I pointed out to her, and stared coldly at the grim cities through which we passed. To these she infinitely preferred the adventures of that much-

enduring man, above all in the cave of the Cyclops and, for some strange reason, upon the beach with Nausicaa. The childhood of mankind surrounded us as she took in with unmoved eyes the episodes of Cyclopean brutality and of Odyssean revenge, as she heard with glowing eyes how Nausicaa had gone with her maids to wash their brilliant raiment on the seashore and there had encountered the wandering king of Ithaca toward whom she entertained such candid plans. What all this meant to Anne of course she could not tell me, and I could not guess, but it held her with hardly an interval of restlessness. Then came the dinner hour. It is this I particularly remember. She who had been the wandering companion of Odysseus and of Nausicaa now suddenly returned. As we sat at our unsteady table she assumed the airs of a grown woman, solicitous about the conduct of the meal, plainly quite unaware of the delighted glances turned upon her by the other passengers. Without an effort she had slipped from the Mediterranean of Homer to her own century and country, into this pretty make-believe of common life. Half an hour later she was neither adventurer nor hostess; she was a child again, sleepy and yet fighting against the thought and fact of bed.

§ 2

Anne is a perpetual proof that children do have characters, and have them from the cradle. When the merest baby she kept the world always at a wary distance unless she wanted it to come closer. As soon as she could sit at all, she sat erect, leaning upon no bosom whatsoever. Not until she was a year and a half old, and burning with

the fever of a childish illness on another journey, did she relax utterly and go to sleep in my arms; even then she started up the moment she was awake again. Kinsmen and kinswomen who admired her beauty and tried to smother her with their caresses found her cool even when she was compliant. Strangers anxious to make up to her were always a little baffled by her sober carriage and her scrutinizing eyes. Once when I took her, at five, to a gathering of my clan, she was so detached and silent that I did what I could to urge her to more friendliness. "They all say what a big girl I am," she told me. "They talk about me when I am there." At home she had not been treated as an infant and had not been accustomed to hear comments upon her passed over her head. Yet it was less the custom of her household than her native dignity that made her thus dislike to be the topic while she was within hearing. That dignity has never faltered during her eight years. She may respond to justice or melt to tenderness, but she is always a distinct and separate person, no toy to be played with, no instrument to be played upon.

This is not to say that she is habitually calm. Self-possessed for the most part, she has moods of the fieriest rebellion. With a pride like hers goes a will so stubborn that she often suffers from it and gives pain to all around her. She cannot be readily diverted from her desires. When these are, or seem, improper and are forbidden her, she flies into rages which are not pleasant to look upon. She has an edged tongue which can be singularly cruel for its age. Too proud and too shrewd to resort to violence, she resorts to a hurt or angry silence which may

last beyond all expectations and from which she can be distracted only by some novel form of entertainment or by a just and reasonable appeal. To anger she has always been adamant. The few who have ventured upon it with her have found themselves baffled utterly. The few times when she has been coerced have never been victories for the victors, who have had to realize that her will was absolutely untouched. It is impossible to watch her as I have watched her without dreading to think about the difficulties into which her willful temper will carry her.

Yet to whatever civilized reasons are brought to her in her rages she answers with a pathetic promptness. With other children she accepts without question, and apparently with slight effort, the code which says that all should take turns at pleasure. Her will is rarely obstinate except when it is joined with a reasoned sense of what is due her. If she whines or sulks, as for an unlovely period she did, she does it without abandon or entire conviction. Nothing about her has been more moving than the fight she has made for the last two years to conquer her stormy moods. The petulant whine has almost disappeared from her armory of protest. When overcome by her fury, she now invariably takes flight and hides herself till the worst tumult is over, unwilling to be seen at what she knows is this disadvantage. After a recent quarrel with her nurse, in which Anne was plainly in the wrong, she tried to explain her actions to me.

"I don't want to be angry. Something makes me be. Every time I am I think I won't ever be again, and then it happens just the same. It feels as

if it were here somewhere," and she pressed her soft fist against her breast. "You are angry lots of time. Don't you know how it feels?"

§ 3

Of Anne's intellectual traits I have noticed most her memory and her balanced curiosity. The first exhibited itself while she was still unstable in her gait, she was so young. Having taken a fancy to a small handbook of birds which lay about the house, she began to ask what each bird was and learned the names with eager rapidity. On her second birthday I went with her through the handbook and found that she knew instantly at least a hundred, though she was hard put to it to pronounce the words for some of them, such as the painted junco, the scarlet tanager, the dickcissel. Even among the multitudinous warblers she was either accurate or said she did not know, and she distinguished at a glance those close cousins the night hawk and the whip-poor-will. By the next summer, it is true, she had forgotten all of them, but then she took up the flowers in the neighborhood and shortly learned as many names as I knew, not from pictures merely, but from the flowers themselves.

Reading, however, interrupted these scientific studies. When she was four she made the discovery that there was an art by which she could herself get at the universe surrounding her in books which at times she could find no one to read aloud. Doubtless she was not so explicit in her desire as I make out, but at least she did not stop till within a few months she had taught herself, or had teased others to teach her, to read a great deal more than she could understand. By her sixth year

she had read a small library of the most varied kinds of literature, some of them oddly inappropriate to her age. At present she keeps me, as her adviser, busy with selection. Not willing to advise her too precisely, I have tried to give her a range limited only by her comprehension, but as to this I am constantly at loss. For more than a year her favorite book has been "The Three Musketeers," which she has read over and over till she knows many passages almost by heart. She has developed an amazing speed, reading a page as even most adults read a paragraph, a chapter as most read a page. Prowling recently about my study, she asked me for something by Stevenson and I gave her "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which she had never read. Half an hour later she disturbed me by asking for something else. When I quizzed her, incredulous, she knew the story in greater detail than I.

Nor is she entirely absorbed in fiction. She reads widely in a children's encyclopedia, and is forever bringing remote subjects into her conversation with me. Chiefly, I think, she is interested in the habits of animals, but she is curious about plants and maps, about chemistry and handicrafts, notably about ships and stars. Walking with me in the woods, along the docks, through streets and markets, she asks endless questions about all she sees. And she does not stop with things seen. She poses childish questions in ethics, having outgrown an earlier impression that every deed is simply good or bad. Bred in no theology, she is inquisitive about God and the possibility of a future life. She lately told me that she would like to die to find out the truth concerning heaven; but on second

thought she said she believed she would not, because no one seemed to know much about it anyway, and possibly it would not be very pleasant; so it would be better to stay where she was in a world of which she could feel more certain. On the whole, I think her instinct for speculation is equal to her knack at learning. She inquires about meanings and processes no less than about facts. Perhaps from never being denied any information for which she asks, she never shows a willingness to put up with superficial answers, but presses on till she is thoroughly satisfied. Often, of course, she strains my ingenuity by demanding that I explain problems such as how we measure and weigh the moon or why evil men are not always punished—problems which can hardly be translated into terms which she understands, even if they can be explained at all. In this I have yet to catch her in a failure in logic. At the same time, she now and then has flashes of perception which make me jump.

§ 4

Do I give the impression that Anne is a pedant or a prig? I do not mean to. She can play with her dolls as intently as any girl of her age and spends a great deal of time sewing for them and dressing them. A muscular child, she is unusually expert on the trapeze, and can climb a rope, turn a hand-spring, drive a nail, or shoot an arrow competently. Without much gift for drawing or modeling, she is dexterous with her hands at most practical tasks, such as cooking or carpentry. Of sports I think she likes swimming best, though she was timorous about the water till last year and still does not venture far beyond her depth. Danc-

ing, too, she likes, especially if she is free to invent her own pattern. And in all games, apparently, her pleasure is in proportion to the chance they afford her to create new schemes or to modify old ones.

Nothing, however, outside her school holds her interest so steadily as planning and acting plays, one of which she presents each evening before bedtime. Here all her aptitudes unite and have free rein. Her reading helps her to find plots and characters, whether in the Bible or in the comic strips. Her will and her astuteness enable her to persuade her younger sisters to work under her direction. She plans the dances and assigns the songs, always a part of the performance. Above all, she is adroit in designing costumes out of even the least professional materials. By any exigent standard the plays are not good plays. They drag along with the tempo of amateurs who have eternity before them. They creak, they falter, they stop while the actors wrangle over lines and action. Something, however, emerges from each one, some evidence of a fancy realizing itself, of an idea given flesh and blood, of a reflection turned into action. No mere dreamer, despite her books, Anne does not stop with thinking. She gives shape and color to all her conceptions, using for that purpose the most varied and tangible art she knows.

Doubtless I say of her no more than that she lives, within the boundary of her capacities, a full life, which speculation expands and imagination transmutes. Doubtless, also, I see her sadly from without and mistake the drama of which, like every human being, she feels herself to be the center. Yet certain strings in me so vibrate to

certain of her moods and deeds that I have to trust the emotions and judgments which they waken. Recognizing that kinship, however, I dare not presume upon it. It helps me to understand her fierce will, her hot rebellions, her tireless quest for knowledge, her restive desire always to be acting through some form of art; but it can go no further. There is still the mystery of her golden beauty, the marvel of her flame-like youth setting out upon the paths of a world which will eventually dim it. Is she cool now? Fevers will run through her. Is she fiery now? Winter will touch her sooner or later. In those days I can be of no avail, great though my longing may be. Something new has been fashioned out of the stuff which makes the race, yet it can at best only slightly vary an ancient process. Powerless even now in all that essentially concerns Anne, I watch the process working with her. This delicate clay, caught up by what hands for what purposes, advances in what must seem a tentative direction toward what must be an unguessed fate. As I hang dumbly over the spectacle, the Pities and the Ironies come from the wings of the theater and stand beside her where she, unaware of them, plays her ingenuous part. The Ironies, with hard eyes, smile at the long plans they see her laying and tell each other that such plans are brief and brittle. The Pities, with kind eyes, weep to see her plans so long, for they too know how soon they will be broken. And this, no doubt, is as much as may be expected of life for any man's daughter: that now and then the Pities and the Ironies, their glances meeting above her head, may agree concerning her.

A Sensible Immigration Policy

BY GLENN FRANK

AN H. G. Wells might write an "Outline of American History" in terms of the waves of "nativism" or anti-foreign feeling that have periodically swept over the American mind. We are to-day at the crest of one of these waves. We are in the midst of a crusade against the foreigner. This crusade is expressing itself in various fields and in varied ways, in Ku-Kluxism, in the new passion of the Nordics, who, by self-appointment, have become "the chosen people," with a divine commission to play the rôle of racial Mussolini to the planet, in the almost immodest Americanism of the professional patriot, in a social reaction that needs a bogey with which to scare the electorate into its camp, in a political strategy that needs an emotional issue to distract attention from the oily naughtiness of certain Nordic politicians, and in our legitimately serious discussion of our immigration policy.

The most superficial excursion into the history of anti-foreign feeling in the United States shows that all the arguments and all the catchwords that are doing service to-day in our anti-foreigner crusade were in vivid use by Americans at least a hundred and seventy-five years ago.

As Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman pointed out in an address before a

recent meeting of the Academy of Political Science, Benjamin Franklin, in his "Observations on the Increase of Mankind," wrote in 1751: "Why should the Palatine boors be suffered to swarm into our settlements and by herding together establish their language and manners to the exclusion of ours? Why should Pennsylvania, founded by England, become a colony of aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us instead of our Anglifying them?"

In 1782, Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," says of immigrants: "They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty." And years later Jefferson asks "whether it is desirable for us to receive the dissolute and demoralized handicraftsmen of the old cities of Europe."

To-day we are likely to assume that immigration became a thorny problem only when migrations from the South and East of Europe set in. But, as Professor Seligman indicates in the address from which I am quoting, almost a hundred years ago Americans were crying for protection from Eng-

lish and Irish immigrants. In 1837 an anonymous American, signing himself "A Native," states in a letter to the Mayor of the City of New York that "Even the English if they are more tasteful than the Irish can never deviate from the precise customs of their country." From 1830 to 1840, a period that saw riots against foreigners in the streets of New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, the anti-foreign feeling in America was directed against the English, the Irish, and the Germans. And virtually all of the arguments and catchwords now being used by the Nordic apologists against immigrants from the South and East of Europe were then used against those Nordic stocks to which much of the current discussion looks back longingly as the ideal source of immigrants.

But meanwhile we face an immediate situation that must be met during the next few weeks. Our present immigration restriction law will expire on June 30. It was designed to put a check on the alarmingly great number of immigrants who wanted to come to the United States immediately after the war. It was frankly framed as an emergency measure, and during the last four years it has been assumed that we would, as soon as possible, arrive at a permanent definition of our immigration policy. More than forty immigration bills have been introduced in Congress. The one that is most to the fore is the bill introduced by Congressman Albert Johnson of the State of Washington. The emergency statute now in force limits the number of immigrants from any country during any one year to three per cent. of the number of natives of that country who were resident in the United States according to the 1910

census. Mr. Johnson's bill reduces the percentage of immigrants that may be admitted from three per cent. to two per cent., shifts the basis of calculation from the 1910 census to the 1890 census, and attempts to provide the administrative machinery necessary for dealing with the innumerable human and international complexities and perplexities which interlock in the immigration problem. The intention of this bill is obvious. First, it purposes to reduce the total number of immigrants by reducing the percentage from three per cent. to two per cent. And, second, it purposes to favor immigration from the North and West of Europe as against immigration from the South and East of Europe by making the basis of calculation the census for 1890, a time when our immigrants came less from the South and East and more from the North and West of Europe.

I do not desire to enter into a detailed discussion of this particular bill. I want rather to sketch a background for the discussion of the problem this bill is designed to meet. It is desirable to have clearly in mind the various immigration policies that have been proposed during our history. These may, I think, be accurately classified under five types of policy, which we may conveniently call the open door, the closed door, the swinging door, the door ajar, and the guarded door. By far the ablest single discussion of these five alternative policies that I have seen is in an address by Professor Julius Drachsler, printed in the proceedings for January, 1924, of the Academy of Political Science in the City of New York. I have no desire to duplicate Professor Drachsler's richly detailed discussion, which I commend

despite my dissent from certain points in it. I want simply to sketch briefly these proposed policies in turn.

The open door, by which is meant a policy permitting any and all who desire to come to the United States from any quarter of the globe to come without let or hindrance. Few, if any, Americans would seriously suggest such a policy as possible at the present time.

The closed door, by which is meant a policy of complete exclusion. The impossibility of a policy of permitting no immigration whatever is so obvious that it need not be discussed.

The swinging door, by which is meant a policy under which we should allow very free, if not wholly unrestricted, immigration for a period of years and then exclude all immigrants until we had thoroughly assimilated the blood and culture of those we had let in, as one eats breakfast at eight and allows his digestive system five hours in which to do its work before going to lunch at one. The narrow basis of analysis upon which such a policy rests and the obvious difficulties that would be encountered in its operation permit us to pass it with a few sentences.

The door ajar, by which is meant the sort of policy that has inspired the Johnson bill, a policy that adopts an arbitrary basis of calculation, such as the census of 1890, and an arbitrary percentage, such as two per cent., as outlined earlier in this paper. There are several aspects of such a policy that lie open to serious criticism, but I desire to emphasize only the fact that it is inadequate as a permanent policy because it is arbitrary and mechanical. If we had arrived at a final notion of what Americanism is and what we want it to become, and if we could

invent an infallibly accurate meter that would tell us exactly when an immigrant is assimilated and record accurately the point at which our machinery and processes of assimilation break down, such a mathematical determination of the question might be possible. I submit, however, that we have yet to round out and enrich our conception of Americanism, and that we cannot yet, save by guesswork, say that we can assimilate two per cent., but cannot assimilate three per cent., of any given number.

The guarded door, by which is meant a truly scientific regulation of immigration. Every sort of guard is to-day bidding for control of Ellis Island. Sentimental humanitarianism long held the post. Racial dogmatism is asking that the keys be placed in its hands. A perverted nationalism wants to write the rules of entry. There is only one applicant for the job who has unassailable references, and that applicant is scientific statesmanship.

Under a scientific regulation of immigration we shall, of course, select the sort of immigrants that will, in our judgment, help rather than hinder the building of a superior social order on this continent. Speaking broadly, we have all the people we need in the United States. The open spaces are filling up. If we are to build for the benefit of our children and of the rest of the world a superior social order, we should not be in a hurry to make population press hard against food supply. The task ahead of us calls, as some one has phrased it, for the "skim" of the earth rather than for the "scum" of earth. Therefore we must select our immigrants.

In selecting them we must scrutinize carefully the motives of migration.

The quality of immigrants varies with the motives that inspire their migration. The religious motive is likely to give a good immigrant, equipped with a stern sense of conscience and duty that is not a bad ingredient in a social order. The political motive has, in the past, given us good immigrants, but we must recognize that most of the world has caught up with the democracy we were pioneers in preaching and that much of the justification for the asylum-for-the-oppressed theory of America has disappeared. The economic motive is, perhaps, the poorest credential for an immigrant. In earlier days, when men came to carve a permanent home out of this unsubdued land, the economic motive gave us adventurous immigrants, men of valor and vision. But to-day the economic motive gives us largely unskilled labor in search of quick returns in high wages. The ease of migration to-day means a lower type of immigrant.

And we must, I think, select our immigrants upon the basis of their individual fitness for participation in our national life rather than upon any arbitrary racial classification. I do not dispute the fact that races have differing endowments of blood and culture. I do not dispute the fact that the promiscuous interbreeding of races makes a coherent and creative national life next to impossible. But for us the die has been cast. Whether we regard it as a subtle poison or the elixir of life, foreign blood is in the veins of our national life. We are already a medley of peoples. We face a problem of social procedure as well as a problem of biology and anthropology. We cannot tear apart the racial strands of our national life, make outcasts of all but our own Nordic folk, and

proceed to breed back to a one-race America. That way lies an ugly century of race hatred, social bigotry, and organized intolerance, with the spirit of the Nordics poisoned in the process. It seems to me, therefore, that we must decide what qualities this national experiment of ours calls for in its citizens, and then set about perfecting ways and means of judging whether or not prospective immigrants have those qualities. As the mental tests are perfected, we shall find them among the instruments of our selection. We shall evolve a method for getting the family background of prospective immigrants. We are only beginning to explore the possibilities of the science of human measurement. A truly selective immigration policy can come into effective operation only as fast as this science develops. If we Nordics are as certain of our superior qualities as our more ardent press agents assert, we need have no fear that we shall not fare well in a scientific selective process administered by ourselves.

Scientific statesmanship will not leave the number of immigrants to be determined as a by-product of the competing strategies of employers and labor leaders, but will determine that issue in the light of a far-sighted program for the economic development of the United States. It has been well said that a "shortage of labor" does not always mean a "shortage of laborers." As long as the problem of unemployment has not been solved, or as nearly solved as may be humanly possible, we have no right to meet what may be technically called "a shortage of labor" by calling in immigrant laborers. In the intensive development of the American social and eco-

nomic order for the next half-century we shall need leaders more than we shall need laborers. We must select out of the mass of men and women who would like to come to the United States those strains of blood and culture that are most likely to produce leadership. As yet we are mere babes in the matter of knowing how to go about the job of selection, but the fact that it is a difficult and challenging process does not justify our falling back permanently upon the lazy method of rigid racial classification and mathematical percentages.

Then, too, scientific statesmanship will see to it that those who come to us are wisely fitted into our national life. Immigration challenges us to a vast national adventure in vocational guidance. There is nothing but trouble ahead for us if we go on importing low-class laborers to do "the dirty work" of the country on the theory that "good Americans" will not do it. Half a century of that sort of policy gives the lie to all our talk about the dignity of labor. A scientific social order will not recognize any work as "dirty" work. The national organization of information and guidance will enable us to prevent the congestion of immigrants in cities and will in time give back to all work its inherent dignity.

And, finally, scientific statesmanship will give us a realistic and creative notion of Americanization. It will invest this attempt of ours to build a superior social order with a richness of meaning that will force us to see that Americanization is something more than saluting the Goddess of Liberty, learning the English language, memorizing the Constitution, and forgetting one's racial and cultural heritage. Under

scientific statesmanship Americanization will not be something we "do to the immigrant," but the whole going process of American life. Americanization will be a national adventure in which we shall invite the immigrant to coöperate, not a specific course of treatment to which we ask the immigrant to submit in classrooms. Most of the things that now go by the name of Americanization will be taken for granted as obvious means to an end; they will not receive the major emphasis they do to-day. Under scientific statesmanship we shall not act as the frightened guardians of "institutions" which must be forever "protected" against assault; we shall act as the directors of a living human experiment in nation-building, an experiment in which the abundant vitality and authentic vision of the people will readjust old institutions and create new ones better to serve the changing needs and better to express the growing spirit of America. Under such statesmanship the immigrant will not be made to feel that he is faced with the doctrinal test of a static political creed; he will be made to feel that he is receiving the inspiring opportunity to share in the creative task of building a new and superior social order. As any good modern teacher does in the classroom, we shall rule the immigrant by the awakening of his interest rather than by the imposition of arbitrary discipline.

The hour for very severe restriction on immigration has come, but let us so administer restriction that our policy shall make for the moral and spiritual unity of America, not for an America split asunder by the warring hatreds of mutually suspicious and intolerant racial groups.

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

WORLD'S END

TO the Galápagos islands, lying on the equator five hundred miles west of Ecuador and six hundred and fifty miles southwest of Central America, William Beebe in the spring of 1923 led a corps of scientific investigators, spent something less than a hundred hours on the islands themselves, and returned to write one of the memorable books of the year in "Galápagos: World's End" (Putnam). The visitors, already in possession of all the recorded data concerning the life of this volcanic archipelago, went to round out their knowledge and to confirm or to correct their hypotheses; the result will presumably be a series of monographs upon every phase of existence there. For the present, however, these scientists have turned over to the accomplished hands of Mr. Beebe, with some help from Ruth Rose, the task of offering the first fruits of the expedition to the general public. That beguiling writer has never had a more beguiling theme. If the Galápagos may be called "World's End," so might they almost be called "Time's Beginning," for they are still in the age of reptiles, controlled from shore-line to mountain-top by marine lizards, of the only species known, and by their cousins the land iguanas, to say nothing of other reptilian breeds

which fill the islands with the sound of hissing. Virtually uninhabited, and visited only at long intervals, by man, the islands have gone the way of evolution undisturbed by human elements. As all the explorers, including Darwin in 1835, have noted, the animals are almost without fear of human beings. Members of the Beebe party could play with young sea-lions on the beach and could take the most extraordinary photographs. It is true that they found on Albemarle the shells of hundreds of giant tortoises killed by Ecuadorian hunters for their oil, and in the entire archipelago found but one living specimen, but for the most part they were Adams and Eves studying their companions in an isolated paradise.

Mr. Beebe's conclusions, tentatively advanced as becomes a naturalist of his rank, are not the most important items of his record. He believes that the presence of animal life on the Galápagos can be explained only by the hypothesis that they were formerly connected with the South American mainland. He notes that insularity has resulted in adaptations of coloring and habit as well as in the development of tameness. But readers only moderately concerned with these aspects of his observations will be none the less concerned with his observations themselves. From the

hour he left New York he seems to have been alive, in every sense, to all that came within his range. Whether he is commenting upon the female phalaropes of the Atlantic coast, which do their own courting even to the extent of fighting over a popular male bird, or upon his search for the rare yapock (water opossum) in Panama, or upon the fact that the Galápagos crabs furnish a constant supply of food for the herons by growing new legs in place of those which the birds have eaten, or upon the capture of butterflies by martins—at all times Mr. Beebe moves through his material with a luminous knowledge and an unflagging zest. He has an abundance of humor, a knack for noticing whatever is dramatic in the kingdom of animals, an agreeable and contagious style. The total effect of "Galápagos" is curiously to enlarge the feeling for the Pacific which has been bred by the numerous recent books devoted to the human problems of its islands. From the present moment the mind moves back into the dark reaches of time; from the mere concerns of man the mind looks out till it can embrace the concerns of all the creatures which have struggled with their destinies among the wide leagues of that enormous ocean. C. V. D.

NOTES ON BIOGRAPHIES

Some biographies are worse than others, and some are almost as bad as they could be, but none was ever entirely empty. Character crops up in the most stodgy chronicle of any actual man; drama emerges from the dulllest biographical pages here or there; a touch of comedy or loveliness lightens every human history at least

once. On the whole, the naïve biographies are as interesting as the sophisticated ones; yet there is always opportunity to focus new attention upon a personage by reinterpreting him in a biography, no matter how well he may be known. The chief sin which a biographer can commit is to mouth over his material without really reconsidering it, as has been done by Lord Charnwood in his "Theodore Roosevelt" (Atlantic Monthly Press). An authority on Lincoln, Lord Charnwood ventured in his earlier book to draw a picture which, though at some points novel, was at nearly all points sound; relatively ignorant of Roosevelt, he has ridden safely on the swelling tide of the Roosevelt legend, without doing anything to give a new direction to that amazing movement. At the opposite extreme, among the season's biographies, is "Ignatius Loyola" (Macmillan), by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, who in his attempt at an impartial biography has written the only noteworthy book in English on the founder of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Sedgwick has used all the important sources of information, now much more extensive than they ever were before the twentieth century, and he has studied the character of Loyola and his order with admirable detachment. Moreover, without a genuine flair for narrative, he has told his story, of a mystic with an iron will who conquered half the world through the practice of a kind of militant humility, with precision and force. Somewhere between these two extremes lies Newman Flower's "George Frideric Handel" (Houghton Mifflin), which makes certain contributions to the previous knowledge of Handel's life and art, but

which aims primarily, and succeeds remarkably, at the representation of a striking personality in his difficult career through as troubled a scene as many men or artists have ever known. Though enriched with numerous illustrations, the text hardly needs them, being in itself picturesque, vivid, and witty, as well as accurate to a degree.

Legend, of course, is a principal concern of the biographer, who in most cases is committed to either furthering it or checking it. "The Diary of Otto Braun" (Knopf) edited by Julie Vogelstein, furnishes the documents upon that gifted boy, killed in the late war at the age of twenty, who is often said to have been one of the great geniuses lost to the world in the cataclysm. The evidence does not at all points bear out the legend. At his death Otto Braun had not yet found any adequate expression for any aspect of his genius, if he had one. He was still laying the large foundation of critical knowledge upon which his achievement would have been built; he was still assimilating his world preparatory to giving it the new shapes which it might have assumed in his version of it. What now survives him is the pathetic spectacle of his radiant promise. "He is," as Havellock Ellis says in his introduction, "nothing in the world but the penetrating fragrance in our air of a pollen that can never die because it has never attained to what we call life." Albert Leon Guérard in his "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend" (Scribner) had a legend to examine rather than to authenticate. Having come to the conclusion that the Napoleon of the popular conception is "a myth, a lie, and a fact," Mr. Guérard undertook to separate the elements. Dealing with

his material much as if it were the poetic history of Charlemagne or Arthur, he has inquired whether the emperor were really first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and has in each case reduced the legendary eminence of Napoleon to human or only slightly superhuman proportions. Then he has traced the legend to its origins in Napoleon's own mendacities and explanations on St. Helena, its development by various spokesmen of romanticism, its incarnation in Louis-Napoleon, its decadence during the period of disillusionment after Sedan, and its revival in the France which now suffers from the ancient madness. All this Mr. Guérard does with historical competence and with literary brilliance. The place of his treatise in any library of Napoleoniana is assured; so ought it to be assured in the library of any student of life at large who has an appreciation of the singular pranks of fate, the drift of public opinion, the irony of history, the pity inherent in the tendency of mankind to create idols in the image of its own desires.

If one cannot have such interpretations as Mr. Guérard's, as indeed one rarely can, the original documents of biography are most engaging. Theodore Dreiser's "The Color of a Great City" (Boni and Liveright), is essentially biographical, though it is apparently devoted to studies of the life of Manhattan as Mr. Dreiser knew it during his early sojourn there. Does he reproduce the sights and sounds and colors of the city which first touched him? Yes, but so does he exhibit again, as in his novels, that brooding, troubled wonder at the turmoil of existence which is his dis-

tinctive trait. Compared to him, Algernon Blackwood, in "Episodes Before Thirty" (Dutton), is crisp and comic. Leaving aside his "occult" experiences, which have been the basis of his work in fiction, he herein sets down his surface adventures on the fringes of respectability in New York during his twenties. Nor is it a paradox to say that this mirror of his personal exploits reveals as much about the city as does Mr. Dreiser's mirror of the city itself. For sheer narrative interest neither book can stand beside H. W. Nevins's "Changes and Chances" (Harcourt, Brace), in which a journalistic paladin recounts his successive steps from a late Victorian boyhood to a later Victorian manhood spent among the most exciting scenes of war which his nation's imperial career permitted him to report. Written in the swift idiom of journalism, "Changes and Chances" is not a permanent masterpiece; but it is gallant and charming, full of meat for all who value courageous activity in varied scenes, and packed with shrewd analyses of the innumerable important contemporaries whom Mr. Nevins has met.

The most enchanting of all biographical documents appears in the new issue, in three volumes on thin paper, of H. B. Wheatley's final, if not wholly unexpurgated, edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace). It is difficult to overpraise this full-length portrait of a man, and impossible to praise or blame it in fresh terms, now that so many critic hands have touched it. Another mention should be made, however, of the fact that its value to the historian of the naval, literary, or domestic affairs of the Restoration is but the

beginning of its significance. The diary surpasses all others in its reflection of the form and pressure of common life, because Pepys more than any other diarist had no scruples and no decencies in his record, and because he seems never once to have noticed anything which did not interest him and which he did not look upon as worthy of a place in his private journal. At the same time, he was a better artist than has been ordinarily assumed. His technic, so easy to imitate, is full of happy strokes of art. He may not look far below the surfaces, but he made his notes with a candid eagerness which has a surprising edge and thrust. Sooner or later, he managed to make every person in his pages stand out with clear outlines. Though not ostensibly dramatic himself, he brings to light, by his revelations, the drama which springs from events themselves. And again and again he has a piquant grace of style which has endeared him to his later confidants more than most of them probably realize. Notice, for example, the rhythm and diction of this passage: "Thence home, and with my father took a melancholy walk to Portholme, seeing the country-maids milking their cows there; they being there now at grass, and to see with what mirth they come all home together in pomp with their milk, and sometimes they have musique go before them."

C. V. D.

LIVING ART

Last spring E. Weyhe exhibited in the gallery which adjoins his printshop a collection of original drawings and water-colors, together with a number of reproductions of work by the

same artists. He challenged any one, artist or critic, printer or color lithographer, professional or amateur, to distinguish between the original work and the reproductions. The prize he offered was never claimed. Surprised and amused, the most astute confessed themselves beaten, and marveled at the products of this new color-production process developed recently in Germany. The publishers of "The Dial" have taken advantage of the process to send to Germany, for reproduction, twenty sketches, water-colors, and paintings, which, with ten fine photographs of sculpture, have recently been published in a portfolio under the title "Living Art." Each picture is well mounted, suitable for framing, and inclosed with them is a folio giving a brief account of each artist represented and his work. The avowed purpose of the folio collection is "to bring together examples of the best and most characteristic work of the leading artists of our time; thus to facilitate comparison of their individual virtues and appraisal of the virtue of the contemporary movement as a whole." This purpose has been achieved with amazing felicity. Only the student who follows current exhibitions, current periodicals, current

criticisms, has been able to keep within hailing distance of a knowledge of contemporary art. And for those living outside of New York even adequate exhibitions have generally been lacking. But here within one cover lies the backbone of the art of our time, a mere skeleton it is true, but one upon which one can build with imaginative appreciation or intelligent curiosity.

Every critic will, of course, quarrel with certain selections in the collection. I, for instance, find the Derain totally unrepresentative; I have seen more beautiful Demuths than the one included here; the Duncan Grant seems to me unimportant; and the Wyndham Lewis negligible. But these are mere details beside the color and rhythm of the Matisse; the majesty and solemn beauty of the Boardman Robinson; and the dainty, slightly decadent charm of the Marie Laurencin. Besides the work of the artists already mentioned, there are paintings by Signac, Bonnard, Vlaminck, Picasso, Marin, Chagall, and drawings or engravings by Segonzac, Munch, Lachaise, Pascin. The sculptors whose work is reproduced by photographs are Maillol, Lehmbruck, de Fiori, Brancusi, Archipenko, Dobson, Faggi, Lachaise.

E. B. K.



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A VIEW OF ROTHENBURG, GERMANY—By W. Foerster

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How Radio is Remaking Our World

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

HE is a New-Yorker; and, like many other denizens of that city, he prides himself on being rather aloof and critical—"hard boiled," as he calls it. Not for him the facile enthusiasms of the mob; and in particular, he long refused to get excited about radio. Why should you clutter up your home, said he, with a lot of machinery in order to have your last little remnant of privacy invaded by squeaks, howls, bad music, and stupid speeches from which "in real life" you would flee as from seven plagues?

To-day that New-Yorker has fallen from his former grace as a radio-abstainer. Five incidents contributed to produce his change of heart. The first was when he went back to his native town, a tiny place in Iowa, and happening to mention a big public dinner in honor of Lord Robert Cecil which he had attended in New York, discovered that four people in this little community had listened to the speeches, remembered them better, had a much clearer idea of the arguments advanced by Lord Robert and the others on the program than he had himself.

Second, spending a few days in Washington, District of Columbia, he saw the nation's capital go utterly and absurdly mad over the arrival for a two-days' visit of a man—Mr. S. L. Rothapfel of New York—whom the whole city called affectionately by his radio nickname, "Roxie." Not one of these people had ever seen him before, not a line about him, virtually speaking, had ever been printed in any newspaper or magazine which they read; yet thousands who had only heard his voice announcing musical numbers broadcast from the Capitol Theater, New York, felt so strongly about him that when he appeared at Washington's Convention Hall, more than five thousand persons were turned away. That had n't happened in Washington for two generations. It was, in fact, as though so much listening without seeing had upset one of nature's subtle biological balances, and had created what might be called "a hunger of the eyes," demanding with great intensity to be satisfied.

Next, this New-Yorker read in the papers, as perhaps you did, of the case of Frederick Parsons of Maybrook, New York. Mr. Parsons was touring

somewhere in the West, no one knew just where, and his mother was taken dangerously ill. In the effort to find the son, several radio-announcers asked their invisible audiences one night to look for Mr. Parsons. Unerringly the message reached him, among the millions, and within twenty-four hours he was on his way home from California.

Again, a music-loving gentleman told my friend that he had turned in his seat for the Philharmonic Orchestra concert and intended to listen to it on the radio. "I can only afford a top gallery ticket," this man explained, "but the radio microphone always gets a good seat down-stairs. I enjoy the music just as well here by my fireside and I save a lot of climbing."

Finally, he discovered that oil- and mining-stock swindlers have been virtually forced to suspend operations in Ohio and adjacent territory. The bankers and the "better business" people in that region, as soon as they discover that any company is marketing fraudulent securities, put its name on a list which is broadcast from time to time, thereby reaching, of course, just the class which is most likely to yield to the crooked promoter. As a result, the "sucker market" in that region has dwindled away almost to nothing.

These incidents are not, perhaps, particularly noteworthy in themselves, but they convinced the New-Yorker that what the press agents have been promising for radio is coming true—that it is developing into a social force of importance. Despite his place of residence, he wishes to know what is going on in America; so he bought a receiving-set, and now spends his evenings beside the dial-board, making

night hideous with caterwaulings as he seeks to get "DX" (radio jargon for "distance"), stations a thousand miles or more away.

§ 2

No one with eyes or ears needs to be told how rapidly radio is interpenetrating every part of our daily life. More than 2,500,000, perhaps as many as 3,000,000, radio sets have been manufactured and sold in the last three years in this country. Five hundred and sixty commercial broadcasting stations are in operation in the United States, and 16,000 amateur transmitters send and receive either by radio telegraph or telephone.

According to engineers of the Radio Corporation, 3000 manufacturers are turning out sets or parts of sets, thirty radio magazines have been started, 250 books have been written on the subject, 20,000,000 listeners constitute the present (spring of 1924) radio audience, and these spent \$175,000,000 on their hobby last year, giving employment in one way or another to perhaps half a million persons. There are twelve transoceanic stations, which communicate not only with Europe and Latin America, but with 2700 radio-equipped ships. Other parts of the world are following in our footsteps, though not with American rapidity. Only China, it is said, sets her face firmly against this newest development from the Occident, to possess a radio set there being rigidly forbidden by law.

It is natural that such a phenomenon should be studied by thoughtful people in an effort to determine its probable effects upon our civilization. Is radio to become a chief arm of education? Will the classroom be abolished, and the child of the future be stuffed with

facts as he sits at home or even as he walks about the streets with his portable receiving-set in his pocket? Will political campaigns hereafter be conducted strictly in front-porch style, the entire population of the country listening to a candidate at a single moment while he promises those impossibilities which it is the business of candidates to promise? Will newspapers be supplanted by reports dictated from the scene of great events, as prize fights and important ball games already are? What will be radio's effect upon the theater?

Most of the answers made to these questions nowadays obviously need to be subject to heavy discount for both enthusiasm and ignorance of psychological laws. It is rashly assumed that the reactions of a person listening in solitude to a mechanical device are the same as those of one seated with other people in classroom or lecture-hall, which they are not. Radio will not change human nature, at least not in any hurry. At present it is a fad, and if you care to note the folly of rash predictions in such a case, go back and read what was promised in the early days of the bicycle or the phonograph.

Having made this point, let me rush into the pit I have digged with six observations of my own about the future of radio, based on a study of what it is already accomplishing.

First, radio is not likely, on the basis of any inventions now perfected or in sight, to become an important factor in the education of the young.

Second, radio will probably have a serious influence on our national political life, and, on the whole, this will be for the better.

Third, radio will not take the place of newspapers and magazines. Its

immediate effect will be to hurt the periodicals somewhat, but ultimately it will prove beneficial to serious and intelligent papers which deal with the important questions of the day.

Fourth, the use of the radio for advertising is wholly undesirable and should be prohibited by legislation if necessary, but incidental advertising or publicity which has been the motive behind a great deal of radio broadcasting, if unwanted by the listening public, will probably die of itself in a short time.

Fifth, any monopolistic control of broadcasting is so strongly opposed to national policy that even in the absence of prohibitive legislation it is likely to be held in check by public protest. At least, radio broadcasting should be declared a public utility under strict regulation by the Federal authorities; and it may be necessary to have the Government condemn and buy the whole industry, operating it either nationally or locally on the analogy of the post-office and the public-school system.

Sixth, radio will do much to create a sense of national solidarity in all parts of the country, and particularly in remote settlements and on the farm. It may even be the final factor needed to make rural life attractive to young people, and stop that herding into the cities which is now going on at the rate of 1,200,000 a year, and is causing students of American social conditions much alarm.

Such cold sober prognostications as these would break the heart of any radio engineer, as I have discovered after talking to several of them. They are as delirious as gold-miners about the possibilities of their mushrooming industry. Despite their supposedly conservative engineering turn of mind,

they talk to you in terms which leave H. G. Wells's earlier manner simply nowhere. They speak, for instance, of things like these:

World-wide broadcasting from a single station, the greatest artists and lecturers of the five continents being assembled there, or their voices picked up at any other point by special low-power transmitters, and re-broadcast from the central spot.

Great universities, or perhaps only one such institution, giving radio courses in every conceivable subject, and granting degrees on the basis of subsequent written examinations.

One universal language (English or Esperanto) made inevitable by world-wide broadcasting.

World peace facilitated, and perhaps insured, by the close international relationships created through the new art.

Transmitter-receivers which can be carried in the waistcoat pocket like one's watch, so that every human being may have instantaneous communication with every other, no matter where they are. The engineers seem to *like* this prospect, which fills me with nothing but horror.

Wireless transmission of power, from great central stations operated at the taxpayers' expense, the power being free to any one who cares to use it.

Radio transmission not only of pictures, but of motion-pictures, so that the listener in his home will be able both to see and hear the participants in the distant base-ball game or the speaker on his platform.

Do these proposals seem too fantastic for credence? Remember that the realities of every generation nowadays outstrip the wildest fantasies of its predecessor.

At present, of course, the primary

function of radio telephony is entertainment. More than half of all the material which the antennæ of your set can pick up out of the ether is music, a majority being light and popular, with "jazz" predominating. On the day on which I write the fifty-four leading stations in the United States offered 218 items to the public the character of which could be more or less accurately deduced from announcements. Of these thirty-seven per cent. were dance music or popular selections in the same general category. Lectures on subjects of general information came next, with eighteen per cent. Good music came third, with seventeen per cent. plus, and weather and time reports next with nine per cent. The other nineteen per cent. were scattered, thirteen being market and crop statements, ten bed-time stories, nine church services (although the day was in the middle of the week), three lectures on health, and two on sports.

§ 3

Whatever other use may be made of radio, entertainment will certainly remain an important factor, which brings us to the chief question agitating its followers at present: Who is to pay for broadcasting?

Any one who owns a radio set may now, of course, "listen in," without money and without price, to whatever is offered within the receiving range of his apparatus. Broadcasting is maintained, first, by manufacturers of radio apparatus in their own interest, and second by newspapers, schools, department stores, etc., most of which are seeking to profit by the incidental advertising received from this source. This group, however, is rapidly becoming discouraged, and many of its mem-

bers are planning to abandon the field. Newspapers and department stores find that their activities yield no appreciable financial return, and even the manufacturers of apparatus look forward to the day, probably not far distant, when their market will have come as close to the saturation point as any market ever does.

Not only is broadcasting apparatus expensive to install, but it becomes increasingly expensive to maintain. In the beginning the importance of the new device was underrated, and artists and lecturers gave their service free of charge. That halcyon time is past. Union musicians now demand four dollars an hour, and stage artists one eighth of a week's salary for each appearance. The composers of music refuse to permit their copyrighted compositions to be broadcast without payment of royalty; dramatists are taking the same stand as to plays. It seems likely that in the near future broadcasting, at least for local auditors, will prove prohibitively expensive. What next? Voluntary contributions from listeners have been asked in Kansas City, with the result still in question. Other suggested sources are: a tax on each audion tube sold; Federal, state, or municipal appropriations; endowments by public-spirited millionaires. The question is considered sufficiently baffling to have produced a five-hundred-dollar prize contest, that sum to be given for the best suggestion.

One company is selling broadcasting time to advertisers at the rate of ten dollars a minute, and has already achieved considerable revenue from this source. A newspaper, for instance, pays a hundred dollars a week for ten minutes, during which one of its editors broadcasts a summary of the week's

news. In other cases the time purchased is devoted to indirect and more or less subtle advocacy of an advertiser's goods or policies.

§ 4

Despite its achievements, the invention is nowhere near a perfected state; no closer, I suppose, than was the automobile in 1895. An outstanding weakness is the interference of what is, probably in error, called static. Every one who has ever heard radio reception is familiar with this weird aërial visitor, which ranges between the hiss of frying bacon and the wail of a cat in purgatory.

Let us take for granted, however, that these mechanical difficulties will be overcome. The question remains, What of radio's social usefulness? Will it alter our civilization seriously; and, if so, in what direction?

Every one of course thinks of education when this question is asked. It is true that much information of value is already being broadcast, together with an appalling mass of solemn bunk and some really vicious propaganda. Columbia University has conducted a course in Browning's poetry in this way, a syllabus being sent by mail to every one willing to pay a small fee. A large number of letters were received showing a good grasp of the lectures' content, and of adverse criticism there was virtually none. The university, in fact, regards the experiment as an unqualified success, and is planning to repeat it on a wider scale with other subjects. More than fifty schools and colleges now have broadcasting apparatus of their own, and many others use the near-by commercial stations from time to time. At a recent meeting of directors of extension depart-

ments from a number of colleges at Madison, Wisconsin, standardization of radio courses was an important topic of discussion. The Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas, last semester gave five courses by radio, and offered certificates of graduation to those who at the end of the course successfully passed a written examination, answering questions sent to them by mail.

I have already said that I believe radio will have little importance as an aid to formal education for the young. Modern ideas of education have swung completely away from the notion that children ought to be filled with facts by sheer force. Our conception of a good mind is that it must be built, not stuffed; schools are primarily places in which to grow up, and the most useful thing about them, educators are somewhat mournfully agreed, is the extended opportunity for contact with others of your own age. Radio, of course, faces squarely against this whole tide.

There remains, then, only adult education, as to which the question is, do a sufficient number of grown-ups want this to make its administration by radio possible?

Perhaps I am a pessimist, but I believe the answer is no. I see no signs that more than a highly insignificant minority of adults want to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of anything whatever. They don't mind getting some facts, certainly, if the process is easy enough. The people who bought H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" by thousands, who flock to women's club meetings for current-events lectures, and read the so-called high-brow magazines, might easily be persuaded to listen to courses of lec-

tures over the radio on such popular subjects as psychology, social problems of the day, or international relations. Perhaps the convenience of radio listening will induce them to hear such lectures more frequently than at present; but except as to people on farms, I cannot believe that the results will be of much social importance.

The reservation as to the farm, and as to other dwellers in remote solitude, is certainly of high importance. Much has been heard of late about the extent to which modern inventions, the automobile, the telephone, the phonograph, the popular magazine, have abolished the loneliness which was once the farmers' lot and was partly responsible for that steady drift to the cities which I have already mentioned. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that radio is likely to do more to make the farmer feel himself a member of the community than all these other devices together. For radio does not merely let him know what is going on in the cities; it makes him actually present—all but his eyes—at the most interesting happenings not only in one city, but in a hundred. If I am right, the "backwoods," and all that the word connotes, will undoubtedly dwindle if it does not entirely disappear as an element in our civilization.

This alteration must be taken into account when we discuss another great field for radio's usefulness, that of politics. As I have said, it is easy to be over-enthusiastic. Radio is now a fad, and has artificial interest because of that fact. People spend more time in listening and are more patient about bad results than they will be in the future. Certainly, persons who are not politically minded won't become so just because they buy a receiving-set.

In the long run, anybody who would n't sit through an hour's discussion of national or local issues in a lecture-hall will probably be equally impatient when tuning in on the oratory. Yet against this must be placed the fact that a President of the United States, for instance, may be heard simultaneously in every part of the country by a number of listeners already supposed to equal one fifth of the population. Persons of sufficient importance—Presidential candidates, certainly, and perhaps those running for senatorial and gubernatorial positions—will be sure of reaching, every time they speak, an audience much greater than the total they could address during a campaign in pre-radio days. Candidates' speeches have always been printed in the press, of course, but for the most part have probably gone unread. The evidence in hand suggests that those who listen to radio speeches get a fairly good idea of what is said. They are also more, rather than less, likely to read these same speeches if printed in next morning's newspapers.

A problem for the politicians is the fact that a radio audience has a psychology utterly different from that of a crowd assembled in one place. The mob spirit, with its factitious enthusiasm, is of course entirely lacking. There is no applause to let the speaker know what is his most popular "line." His ideas will therefore have a better chance of being weighed for what they are really worth. It has been suggested, perhaps too optimistically, that a new type of politician may develop in these circumstances—a man without the ordinary tricks of delivery, but possessed of a quiet, logical persuasiveness and, equally important, a

deep, resonant voice such as will carry well in the microphone.

Theoretically, radio should open up new access to the public for those insurgents who find it hard to get a hearing among the unconverted either in the press or from the lecture platform. A broadcasting station may be erected for a few thousand dollars, and, unlike the newspaper which must build up its circulation painfully, it reaches from the first moment as many persons as have receiving-sets within its radius. Plenty of people who would not for worlds be seen going to a public meeting of radical character, might twirl a furtive knob or two in the privacy of their own homes "just to hear what those fellows have to say."

But while this is true in theory, it is not likely to prove so in fact. Radio, a term which I use to cover manufacture of sending- and receiving-apparatus, the control of patents, and the private administration of broadcasting, is fast becoming an institution. And institutions are built by and run for the majority, against whom the minority must always fight for a hearing. It is not necessary to believe that the men who control manufacture of apparatus and the building of broadcasting programs spend long hours in secret conspiracy against liberal ideas in order to feel a legitimate fear that the radio will tend to favor the conservative and the accepted in ideas. Radio is not likely to escape the effects of institutionalism. It is almost inevitable that radio will develop, as press and church and school have developed, into an organ of orthodoxy.

This situation, however, is one which may be modified as radio settles down into an established institution. If it proves to have a quarter of the im-

portance its admirers allege, I believe the Federal Government will take steps to prevent even such a degree of monopolistic control as appears to exist at present. "It is inconceivable," says Secretary Hoover, "that the American people will allow this new-born system of communication to fall exclusively into the power of any individual group or combination. . . . I am not making this statement in criticism of the great agencies who have contributed and are contributing so much to the development of the art and who themselves have been well seized with the necessities of its development and proper use, but I am stating it as a general principle which must be dealt with, as an assurance of public interest for all time." The permission of such a monopoly would be "in principle the same as though the entire press of the country was so controlled." Such action, in the long run, would be as dangerous as turning over the public-school system, for instance, to one of the big firms of text-book publishers.

Though Mr. Hoover's analogy of the press is apt, it is an analogy merely. There is, I believe, no danger whatever that radio will take the place of the newspapers. If there were no other objection, the length of time required to transmit the day's news would be an obstacle. An average big city newspaper prints about 100,000 words of news a day, and most readers feel they have done their duty by it with twenty minutes' perusal. To speak the same amount of material over the radio would require from eight to ten hours. Also, one's newspaper has high "selectivity"; one may turn to the section one wants, ignoring all the rest, while the radio listener must hear it all for fear of missing what he seeks. The

newspaper has a further advantage in that its contents can be filed for future reference.

The present effect of radio upon periodical literature other than newspapers has been to injure the circulations of most of the general magazines. When several million persons suddenly take up a new occupation which keeps them busy virtually all the evening six or seven nights a week, their previous recreations, of which reading was, of course, an important one, must go by the boards. The chief large gains in circulation recently, with a few exceptions, have been among magazines which are themselves devoted to radio.

But such complete devotion to the new toy is unlikely to last forever. Incredible as it may now seem to the devotee, the day is coming when he will tune in only when there is something on the air he wants to hear. This means he will go back to reading for at least a part of the time. Radio should, in fact, aid the circulations of magazines which discuss with care and insight the affairs of the day. Lectures heard in the ether may stimulate a desire for further information.

The real danger for radio is not that it will destroy other means of communication, but that its users will fail to live up to the magnificent opportunity it creates. Here is the most wonderful medium for communicating ideas the world has ever been able to dream of, yet at present the magic toy is used in the main to convey outrageous rubbish, verbal and musical, to people who seem quite content to hear it. Radio serves to remind us of the painful fact that high standards of intelligence and discrimination are not the inevitable by-products of an age of wonderful mechanical invention.

Outside and Inside

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

THE events recounted in the following recital had two sides, the outside and the inside, which must be displayed separately.

The outside was seen by Mr. Telfer. Mr. Telfer had nothing whatever to do with the affair save as a spectator of the outside of it. Many other persons, like Mr. Telfer, saw the outside without seeing the least bit of the inside, and from among them I have chosen Mr. Telfer by sheer chance.

Mr. Telfer was a quiet, simple, regular man, and a great authority on the times and the speeds of the trains to Surbiton, which trains to and fro he would catch daily, with practised skill, by thirty seconds or so. Since he lived at Surbiton, he seldom went to the theater in London, because he did not care for being up late of a night. Nightly he played patience, occasionally cheating himself, and drank two whiskies-and-sodas during the exciting progress of the game. But one day a friend of his in the City, an official of a trust company whose tentacles wound themselves about nearly everything in London, said to him at lunch:

"Look here, Telfer my lad. It's the first night of 'Twelfth Night' at the Eden Theater to-night. I've got a stall and now I can't use it. Do you care to go?"

Mr. Telfer cared.

He took an unusual train to Surbiton,

dressed, etc., glanced at his Shakspeare, and came back to town for the performance. He had frequently read in the descriptive press gorgeous accounts of the social and artistic glories of theatrical first nights, but he had never attended a first night.

As his taxi drove up to the portals of the Eden (he was doing the thing in style, as his ticket had cost him naught), he saw the façade of the theater inflamed with the following electrical sign: "Aida Jenkinson in 'Twelfth Night.'" He had never heard of Aida Jenkinson till that day.

With others of the mighty and the exalted he passed between two rows of gapers into the theater, and he saw everywhere in the entrance-hall boards inscribed thus: "MR ASPREY CHOWN [large] presents MISS AIDA JENKINSON [enormous] in 'Twelfth Night' [moderate] by William Shakspeare [very small]," together with the portrait of a rather handsome and dashing dame. Elsewhere it was announced that Aida Jenkinson would sustain the rôle of *Viola*, the innocent girl who for adventure's sake disguised herself as a young man.

The auditorium was soon full. Everybody in the stalls seemed to know everybody in the stalls—except Mr. Telfer, who was left lonely, and so had opportunity to wonder at large who was who. The band played. The

lights went down, and the curtain went up on the magnificence of *Orsino's* palace, and after a short scene a cloth descended to represent the sea-coast, and three sailors and *Viola* herself entered, to a terrific roar of welcome from enthusiasts in the gallery. Mr. Telfer could not understand how they recognized Miss Jenkinson so quickly, for to his eyes she bore scarcely any resemblance to her portraits in the foyer. Miss Jenkinson stepped right out of her part and effulgently acknowledged the roar. At this stage she was still dressed as a woman, in an enveloping cloak and a hood over her head. Perhaps the cloak gave a false amplitude to her figure, but the cloak could not account for *Viola's* crimson cheeks and rich rubious lips, so odd in a young woman who had just escaped from a shipwreck.

"What country, friends, is this?" she began in a powerful contralto voice—the voice of a mature experience accustomed to command. Ill-mannered individuals in the stalls smiled at one another. She announced imperatively to the sailors that she would be a man and serve *Duke Orsino*, and that the sailors must help her, and the sailors agreed quickly, without argument, and she made her exit, and the cloth rose on *Olivia's* house, wherein ageless characters, *Sir Toby Belch*, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*, and *Maria*, indulged in dazzling farce to shouts of applauding laughter.

The next scene was *Orsino's* palace once more. It was empty. It remained empty. Murmurs began in the stalls, in all parts of the theater; they increased to a hum of conversation. Hours seemed to pass, but probably not more than a minute passed.

Then a hidden voice said: "Lower!

Lower!" and the curtain fell, and a gentleman, beautifully clad in evening dress, stepped in front of it and said:

"Kind friends, I deeply regret to inform you that Miss Aida Jenkinson has had a sudden indisposition and cannot possibly act to-night. She begs me to express to you her profound sorrow, together with her apologies. All moneys paid for seats will be returned at the box-office." The speaker bowed, vanished. The band played "God Save the King."

An absolutely unique sensation in London theatrical life! The audience could not believe its eyes and ears. Mr. Telfer, among others, was disappointed, and yet at the same time he was pleased and made proud by the thought that *he* had assisted at this absolutely unique sensation. He was sorry that, as his stall had been "complimentary," he could not demand twelve shillings for it at the box-office. The electrical sign was still brightly blazing on the façade when Mr. Telfer, with the rest of the amazed, staggered, and chattering audience, got into the street. It was barely half past eight.

The next morning Mr. Telfer examined his newspaper with extraordinary interest, expecting to see columns about the Eden Theater matter. But he found only a miserable two inches, saying baldly that Miss Aida Jenkinson had suffered a serious indisposition at a critical moment, and that it was understood that the show would be postponed. The show, however, was not postponed; it was totally suppressed. Mr. Telfer had a very agreeable day at the office. He was of course the only man in the office who had witnessed the absolutely unique sensation.

Such was the outside of the event.

§ 2

Now for the inside.

Mr. Asprey Chown, justly reputed to be the greatest showman in England, had his ups and downs, his years when he bought precious stones, of which he was a collector, for choice, and his years when he sold them from necessity; and he had been rather glad of the opportunity to "present" Aida Jenkinson as *Viola* in Shakspeare's Twelfth Night. Not that he in fact did present her. She very much presented herself. He had experienced two devastating failures at the Eden Theater, and he could put his hand on no spectacle to follow them with a prospect of success. Moreover, the Eden was eating its head off more than forty horses in forty stables. Mr. Asprey Chown was paying £315 a week rent for the Eden on a longish lease, and its market value for short tenancies was anything between £400 and £450 a week. Aida Jenkinson contracted to pay him £475 a week for three months certain, at the same time leaving him nominally at the head of the establishment. Further, she accepted the whole of the financial risks of the enterprise, and she gave him ample security for her prospective liabilities. She had the reputation of being close-fisted, but in the transaction with the imperial Asprey Chown she certainly showed no sign of this quality. True, the unique Chown had qualms about the effect of the affair on his artistic prestige; but, being a very clever and ingenious person, he adopted the wise course of treating it to his acquaintances and business connections as something in the nature of a great and original lark, as something which nobody but he would ever have dreamed

of doing. And, after all, Aida Jenkinson was no ordinary woman, and assuredly no ordinary actress.

When some varieties of actress get into the newspapers apropos of activities other than their professional activities, it generally appears that they are the offspring of tobaccoconists. Aida, however, was the daughter of a strictly Christian master chimneysweep in Poplar. From the first there could have been no misapprehension as to her vocation. She was very obviously born for the stage. At sixteen, already fully developed, she topped an amateur dramatic society in Shoreditch. Some people were misguided enough to jeer at her; they even attended performances of the society for the sole purpose of laughing. But at eighteen she had squeezed herself into a touring company devoted to full-throated melodrama. At nineteen she was playing leads in such pieces as "The Wronged Wife," "Human Hearts," "The Long Lane," "What Men Pay For," and "The Lone Girl." Her salary rose and rose. She saved. She made an unhappy marriage, lost both her husband and her money, and saved again, lone. She passed a year in America.

At twenty-three she had her own company, to which she paid almost nothing a week, and an extraordinary company it was. Aida did not demand talent or youth or beauty. She was ready to supply, unaided, all the talent, all the youth, all the beauty. What she wanted and demanded was the spot-light and the center of the stage. There were still misguided people who laughed at her, who asserted that she was dreadful to the point of sidesplittingness, and who regarded her posters, in which innocence was always

depicted in situations of extreme danger or dazzling triumph, as the final word in chromographic vulgarity. But, in the first place, Aida never noticed or heard of these people. And, in the second place, even if she had learned of their existence, she would not have cared. Aida might be just what you pleased, but she delighted the public.

Of course her audiences did not consist exclusively of university professors and leaders of society,—her audiences might be fairly described as “popular,”—but they had the three greatest qualities that an audience can have: they paid, they applauded deafeningly, they came again. Aida’s share of the week’s takings in “No. 1” towns frequently amounted to a thousand pounds, and since her company and her entire expenses cost her far, far less than four hundred pounds a week, it will be seen that she contrived to live and keep her head above water.

Thus she went round and round the country, year in year out, growing richer and richer, eternally gorged, but never sated, with adulation and success, and more and more deeply convinced of the unquestionable truth that there was only one Aida Jenkinson.

But we are rarely what we ought to be. Aida ought to have been content, and she was not. A worm had insinuated itself into the rose of her happiness and was gnawing at its heart. The worm was not the desire for love. No! She had had one love-affair and wanted no more. And the worm was not another phrase for the finger of time; for Aida, Aida was changeless. Nobody ever happened to mention to her that twenty years are twenty years, and as for twenty-five years being twenty-five years—well, I

should hope not! On the contrary, all her employees, all those with whom she did business, conspired to prove to her that twenty-five years were less than one day in their sight; in other words, that she was not a day older, not a day less slim, not a day more mature than in Victoria’s reign. She believed the tale. And so mighty is the power of autosuggestion, supported by hetero-suggestion, that it conquered even her mirror. The worm indeed was not a worm in the rose of her happiness. Better to say that it was an adder which she nourished in her rich bosom—the adder of ambition! The ambition to play and to triumph in the West End of London. She had never played in London. Somehow she had boggled at London. She had announced that she despised London. The statement was inexact. She felt night and day that her life could not be complete without London. Once in America, where she courageously took what she could get, she had played *Maria* in “Twelfth Night” in a one-night-stand “legitimate” troupe. And thenceforward she had longed to be *Viola*. Thenceforward she had “seen herself” as *Viola*. And now she had the wondrous, intoxicating notion of playing *Viola* in London. She met Mr. Asprey Chown in a hotel in Birmingham. Mr. Asprey Chown, to her as to all successful ladies, was very gallant, as they pronounce it in the Midlands and the North. The contract for a season at the Eden Theater ensued.

And Mr. Asprey Chown very soon began to regret the contract. That is to say, he did not regret the financial side of it, but he regretted the other side—the side which would affect, perhaps disastrously, his prestige with the

West-Enders, who think that they know what is what and who is who. Mr. Asprey Chown's own rather artistic show was quickly dying in the last performances in the evenings, and in the daytime Aida was rehearsing the Jenkinsonian version of "Twelfth Night." Mr. Asprey Chown having had tidings of the nature of the rehearsals, remained inside the manager's-room, which he had specially excepted from the tenancy to Aida.

The invisible man had a series of shocks. In the first place, there was the cast. There was, for example, the part of *Olivia*, youthful, lovely, and ardent princess, the second most important female rôle in the play, the enchanting girl who had inspired *Duke Orsino* with a passion that amounted to madness. Aida gave the part to Emily Fantour. Emily was indeed a Shakspearean actress. Her name was known to experienced playgoers and had been printed on many bills. But she was also a grandmother. Mr. Asprey Chown remembered her from his boyhood, and it might be said, of her prime, that there were giantesses in her day. Aida offered her eight pounds a week, and she eagerly closed. The ladies of *Olivia's* court all had similar physical qualities. They dwarfed Aida, which in itself was a feat. They rendered Aida by comparison girlish, another feat. The men whom Aida selected were younger and slimmer, save *Sebastian*, *Viola's* twin brother, who might well have been the monument on which patience sat.

The next shock was Aida's choice of a producer. Mr. Cyril Blenkhorn, an honorable name in the annals of the Shakspearean stage, had played with Barry Sullivan, Osmond Tearle, and Henry Irving. Aida seemed to have

raised him from the dead, and he was a funnier caricature of a tragedian than any caricature of a tragedian that Phil May ever drew.

The third shock was the way in which Aida treated Shakspeare and her producer. Aida was a business woman who knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted everything. She wanted the center of the stage and the front of the stage, and she wanted them all the time. She wanted the audience to see Aida's face and to see the face of nobody else. She wanted to get all the tears and all the laughs. She wanted all the effective lines. She cut all the other parts with mighty shears. In the duel scene with *Toby Belch* and his fellow-clowns she reduced the clowns to naught, and with difficulty prevented herself from killing *Andrew Ague-cheek* dead at the first thrust. Instead of being page to the *Duke Orsino*, she put on an air signifying that the *Duke* was page to her. It was all very wonderful. Blenkhorn even came along one day with a cutting from an old criticism by the great Victorian dramatic critic, Clement Scott, which said that "Twelfth Night" ought to be "drenched and drowned" in *Viola*. Aida gave Blenkhorn a dinner for that discovery, and subsequently quoted it at every turn. Not that she needed any moral aid. She had learned ruthlessness at rehearsals in America, and besides had a natural instinct to be tyrannic. She was capable of saying anything and saying it continuously. The company obtained new aspects of the glorious resources of the English language. Also the company soon perceived the value of silence, acquiescence, and submission.

The next shock was the manner in

which Aida delivered Shakspeare's verse, and in which Blenkhorn caused the other players to deliver it. As it issued from Aida's rubious lips no one could imagine for a moment that it was blank. She gave it forth like thunder, like lightning, like shells from a twelve-inch gun, like thick clouds of vapor, like midnight motor-buses thundering through deserted thoroughfares. Curiously, she never addressed any of it to the other characters in the play; it was all directed straight into the auditorium, where the packed audiences were to be. She did not make vicarious love to *Olivia*; she made it to the audiences. She did not swear allegiance to the *Duke*; she swore it to the audiences. But did not quarrel with *Antonio*, and did not quarrel with the audiences!

Every syllable was heard, every consonant, every vowel. It was all more than wonderful.

"Why don't you come down to one of my rehearsals, Asprey dear?" she asked Mr. Chown. (She called everybody by his or her Christian name.)

"I should love to," answered Mr. Chown. "But I'm so devilish busy. I will when I've time. I'm dying to see your methods."

The next and possibly the master-shock occurred when, the rehearsals having advanced somewhat, Aida, ever workwomanlike, appeared one morning in a costume which gave her freedom for action as the *Duke's* page.

The assistant stage-manager went up to Mr. Asprey Chown's room.

"She's in knickers!"

Mr. Asprey Chown stole across into the flies and surreptitiously gazed down.

"My God!" he murmured under his breath. "My God!"

And Aida went on, absorbed in her splendid part, absorbed in the fulfillment of her ambition, dreaming of grand triumphs, convinced that for her time did not exist, and now and then secretly reproaching herself for having chosen two mature players as a foil when really there had been no need to do so.

One day her beautiful dreams were ever so slightly disturbed by a trifling incident. She was making love, on behalf of the *Duke*, to the grandmotherly *Olivia* in her rapt, ecstatic, audible manner, and saying what she would do if she herself, the page, were in love with *Olivia*.

"'Build me a willow cabin at your gate,'" she crooned, lost in Shakspearean emotion.

"Some cabin!" came a low voice from the wings.

Or seemed to come, for surely it could not have been a real voice; surely it was a delusion of Aida's fancy! She walked majestically to the side, and two members of the company simultaneously choked. Aida saw no one but Mr. Cleebby, the chief electrician, kneeling, engaged in some little job of re-wiring. He hummed quietly to himself. Aida hesitated.

"Please don't hum," she said with majesty.

Mr. Cleebby, a stoutish, middle-aged man in creased clothes, turned, as if startled, and gazed at her blandly.

"Right you are, Miss," he replied.

§ 3

The dress-rehearsal arrived. Mr. Cyril Blenkhorn, with flowing white hair and a scarf in the Barry Sullivan manner thrown picturesquely over one shoulder, sat solitary in the stalls. Twenty or thirty people—paragraph-

writers, a critic or so, photographers, friends of the players—were scattered in the dress-circle, and they were joined from time to time by such of the players as were temporarily not occupied on the stage. Mr. Asprey Chown had expressed his deep regret to Miss Aida Jenkinson that he could not be present. Nevertheless, he was secretly present, hidden neatly behind a curtain in an upper box. He was drawn to the dress-rehearsal by a terrible and a sinister fascination. He felt that he must know the worst. He soon knew it. Aida strutting in stockings and gaiters and knee-breeches as a page specifically described by Shakespeare as something older than a boy and younger than a man, made an unprecedented, a unique spectacle, which was rendered worse by her tremendous and impassioned earnestness. The great scene between the fading provincial star as a youth and the grandmotherly Emily Fantour as a tender and young princess became pathetic, farcical, tragic.

At any rate, Aida dominated the stage, and she dominated it in the full glare of attendant beams of light, which left nothing of her features or her form to Mr. Chown's imagination. Her powerful voice threw out the lines like a string of sausages from a sausage-machine. And clearly she was very content with herself, clearly she foresaw triumph.

The worst was so much worse than anything previously conceived by Mr. Chown that he honestly wished he had never seen a theater in his life; indeed, he had a passing fancy for the grave beneath the sod. What irked him to the point of exasperation was those words on the bills, "Mr. Asprey Chown presents." They frightened

him even more than Aida's immense colored posters in the style of cinema publicity. And he was helpless; he could not erase the words, for Aida under the contract had full control of all advertising.

Aida made her entrances and her exits, and not a sound was heard from the darkness of the auditorium. But after the first clowning scene, during which Aida was "off," came a little timid applause, such as is not unknown at dress-rehearsals.

At the end of the act Mr. Chown decided to depart lest some calamity might happen to him; and on his way down he met *Sebastian*, *Viola's* double, and told him that his green coat was too full and ought to be taken in. And while passing the prompter's corner he heard Aida indicating extensive cuts in the clowning scenes.

"Don't you hear me, stupid? Cut *all* that, I tell you, and get hold of the parts and put the cuts in before any one leaves to-night."

Mr. Chown stepped on tiptoe dolorously into the street. He could stand no more. He knew nothing of the photograph-call after the rehearsal, and was not aware that the photographers were commanded to portray Aida alone in eleven poses, and the whole company, with Aida most prominently in the midst, in only one pose. He was not aware that finally Aida said to Mr. Cleeby:

"Cleeby, we're going to have another lighting rehearsal now."

And that she kept the entire staff up till five o'clock the next morning.

Nor was he aware that throughout the night Mr. Cleeby, one of the greatest exemplars of self-control in the history of the British stage, addressed no remark to Aida beyond "Yes, Miss,"

"No, Miss," "It 's your stage, Miss," "It 's all one to me, Miss," "I 'm here to do as I 'm told, Miss." Nor was he aware that at the close of the proceedings Mr. Cleebly went to a public-house off Fleet Street specially licensed to keep open for the entertainment of newspaper hands, and informed the bar that Aida was a rare fine bit o' stuff, though long in the tooth, and that she could what *he* called act, but that if she tried to come it over him one single inch the next night, he would positively do her in, let her be as athletical and as tyrannical as she might. Four hours after this solemn announcement of Mr. Cleebly's intentions, Mr. Asprey Chown, with a bursting heart, fled to Paris. He was not aware, either, that Heaven was watching over him and that he himself had quite unintentionally set in motion the strange sequence of tiny events which Heaven would use for his salvation.

On "the night," in her first scene, in which she appeared as the girl *Viola*, Miss Jenkinson was received with shouting applause, chiefly from the gallery, but extending also somewhat through the circles down to the stalls. Her exit from that scene, however, was accompanied by silence in the auditorium.

Beneath her large, loose cloak she wore all her male attire except the tight-fitting green coat. There was ample time to throw off the cloak and don the coat before the beginning of her next scene, and she filled most of the interval by a number of sternly whispered commands and recommendations to various individuals in the complicated human machine by which a play gets itself presented. She had never done giving orders. Her dresser

waited in the wings with the coat. Aida flung away the cloak and offered her tremendous shoulders for the coat, which the dresser put on. Aida pulled it together at the front, and failed to make the sides meet. The intermediate scene was ending. She could not understand what had happened to the coat, or, in the alternative, what had happened to herself. In her impatience she simply forced the garment with one tug to meet in front. A horrid tearing sound was heard. She had ripped the back seam nearly from top to bottom. The garment now met in front, but not behind.

The situation was appalling, as much in itself as in the mighty speechless fury of the star. Everybody in her neighborhood seemed to be spellbound with fear, mesmerized, petrified. Seconds were hours.

Then it was that Mr. Telfer had seen the curtain descend.

With the thick curtain between herself and the audience, Aida found her tongue. She raged up and down amid the riven fragments of her ambition to entrance the West End as *Viola*. She knew that she could not start again the next night or the next week, and that the coat could not possibly be repaired for any continuation of the performance the same night. Indeed, she tore the coat to pieces in the presence of her trembling company and staff. She had worked in vain; she had bullied in vain; she had studied in vain. In these moments she really was a mere girl in her broken and volcanic heart.

Mrs. Pumper, the wardrobe-mistress, approached her, though Aida had not sent for her. Mrs. Pumper was fascinated by horror into attendance at her own execution.

At the sight of her Aida ceased to rage, and said with fearful contralto calm:

"That coat fitted like a glove last night."

She waited.

Mrs. Pumper gazed affrighted at the impressive figure in tight blue knee-breeches, frilled white shirt, and an auburn wig. Mrs. Pumper spoke despite herself.

"I must have taken your coat instead of *Sebastian's*, Miss. I was told to take in an inch. And I must have fastened that tab as you asked me on to his coat instead of on to yours. That's what it is. They're exactly alike, and I got 'em mixed up. I'm very sorry, but there's no seeing anything up in my room. Both lamps have give out, and I asked Mr. Cleeby to see to it, and he did n't, and I've had to buy candles with my own money to get anything done at all."

"You asked Cleeby?"

"Yes, Miss, I did. And more than once, too."

"Where's Cleeby?"

"I'm here, Miss," said Cleeby, appearing from somewhere.

Aida loomed over the stocky, soiled, creased, bearded figure. Cleeby maintained all his tranquillity. Nobody moved.

"Why did n't you see to the lights in Mrs. Pumper's room?"

"Because yer gave me no chance to, Miss. Yer kep' me a-wandering around here till five o'clock this morning, and I want *some* sleep, same as other people. I ain't a mechanical toy as yer wind up."

Aida's volcano erupted suddenly in smoke and flame and covered the stage with a sizzling lava of figurative, meta-

phorical and symbolical language. Most of it was aimed at Mr. Cleeby, but the entire population of the stage had shares of it. The company and the staff had thought that they knew the full range of Aida's self-expression. But now they admitted themselves to be mistaken. The rich, picturesque, terrible ebullience continued from the splendid mouth which a few moments earlier had been sweet *Viola's*. At length it ceased. Aida took breath for a further display.

"Listen here, Miss," said Mr. Cleeby, "if yer say one word more—one word—I'll wring yer fat neck for ye."

Several people laughed, but Aida Jenkinson was appalled more completely than anybody else had been appalled in Mr. Asprey Chown's theater that night. It was a knock-out blow. She shrieked, sank down in a heap, and sobbed. Mr. Cleeby lit his pipe. The heap was a forlorn old woman.

Surreptitious telephones were soon at work. Other theaters had the news. Newspaper offices had the news, but they stuck, following the great British tradition of propriety, to the theory of an illness. Dramatic critics went to bed early, rejoicing in half a night off.

Aida married Mr. Cleeby, the only man who had ever stood up to her. She retired from the stage somewhat poorer in money, but with a master. Mr. Cleeby also retired from the stage, in order to devote all his time to the management of his wife's possessions. She may have had regrets, but, generally speaking, she was happy enough, Mr. Cleeby being a male of the class, and with the social code and manner, of her father, her brothers, and her first husband.

A Page from an Arctic Diary

The Human Spirit and the Impulse to Cannibalism

BY FITZHUGH GREEN

At the mere thought of cannibalism the ordinary civilized person sickens or feels a morbid fascination. Here, however, is a story from Lieutenant-Commander Green's diary which carries the mind beyond either of those moods by showing how starving men choose rather to perish than to survive at the price of doing violence to one of their profoundest spiritual convictions.—THE EDITOR

REACHED Cape Sabine near midnight: dogs in bad shape; Eskimos in vile humor; the almighty devil playing havoc with high wind and bitter cold. The fact that nineteen of Greely's men once died at this point adds to the gloom. Here is what I find remaining of that tragedy:

Four walls of angular, meat-red granite rocks piled together to a height of about three feet. Large chinks exist between the rocks. No moss about to fill these chinks. The interminable wind at this point would blow moss out, even if it were available. On these walls the expedition's record says two whaleboats were laid to make a roof. In the lee wall is an opening—the doorway. In the middle of the inclosure is a flat rock still blackened by the pitiful fire the men died around. I can almost see one wretch in the corner with a spoon lashed to the stump of his wrist. His hand had frozen, then dropped off from dry gangrene. I know now what

this is like. I saw T—— take off his boots last winter and shake both big toes out of his socks. They were *his* toes. He did n't know they had come off!

Just went over to look at the place where Colonel Brainard once told me the bodies had been buried. The irony of that word "buried" in an arctic country, nearly a thousand miles beyond the tree-line! I mean there is no soil. The naked land comes right up to the surface of things. And its body is like that of a famine victim, hard and ribby.

I found the spot—a naked table of rock roughly ten yards square. On the eastern side is a neat ellipse of gravel. I took that to be the first "grave." When Schley brought his relief ships north, the bodies were disinterred. Even gravel is scarce up here. So when the body was removed from its grave, its little pile of gravel that kept the foxes away, the protective material, was left in the elliptical figure I saw. A few feet away

was another ellipse; another grave. And farther on another. Here I noted a change—less gravel in the ellipse. Material gave out, was my first thought; but I stepped over to the frozen morainic debris near by. No, there was plenty of gravel. Then I remembered the condition of the party. The one Eskimo, a southern Greenlander, had drowned. Henry, strong because he stole food, had been shot. Most of the others were dying. No, there had been copious gravel, but a paucity of strength. Another ellipse, scarcely an outline; the foxes must have been at this one. (What beautiful skins they have, the glut-toms!)

It was whispered that cannibalism was practised by the Greely party. I doubt it. I have had specific experience that makes me doubt it. But I do think that portions of the bodies were used as bait to catch the small jellyfish floating in open water hereabouts. Yesterday, with Greely in mind, I tasted one of these jellyfish. It was n't bitter. Indeed, it did n't taste at all. It just felt cold on my tongue.

The thing about cannibalism is this: after a certain point hunger ceases to become the sensation we usually think of when we speak of the body's involuntary demand for nourishment. Faintness, weakness, even mild delirium, are symptoms of dangerous degrees of famine; but, curiously enough, the reasoning power is not greatly impaired. It more clearly discusses with one's consciousness the body's predicament than do the body's instincts. It says: "We must have food or die; but now that we have reached this point, we must eat very little when food comes." Eventually,

if *our* body proves more enduring than those of our companions, we find ourselves thinking strange thoughts.

I have had such thoughts. They run like this: "The body is but a vessel for the soul, a vehicle for the desires; only the soul and the desires can give it personality. Let them depart, and the body drops back to what it was in the beginning, an earthen jug, no more.

"X—— is gone; his sufferings are over. No longer will he have to bear the pain of his aching, scurvied gums or eat this filthy mess, or shiver when the merciless wind cuts into his wasted frame. He has left us his cup, his blanket, and his knife. That is good. We need another of each since A—— lost his through the tide crack."

Then abruptly comes a startling idea. Guiltily, one looks up; catches the eye of another across the tiny shelter. That eye wavers and drops. Can the same idea be behind it?

Here is the idea:

"X—— left more than his cup and blanket and knife: he left the earthen jug in which his spirit lived, his body. When the wind drops and the drift falls within the compass of our weakness, we shall drag that earthen jug from the blankets that cover it and take it into the darkness without. It will freeze as hard as any moist clay freezes at fifty-eight degrees below zero. (The thigh is frozen already. I have just felt it.) But that will not bother the foxes.

"But why should we nourish foxes with the flesh of our brother? It is an indignity to begin with. Then we ourselves are starving. Two ounces of meat a day would keep us alive for an indefinite period. Meat need not be chewed. Digestion of proteins is

taken care of in the stomach. Hence it need not be tasted. That is the way we learned to eat the rotten seal we found cached up the coast. We cut it into small bits, held our breath, and swallowed it. It nourished us. The meals upon it were no hardship. What is the sense, then, of being squeamish about using X——'s earthen jug in the same way we shall henceforth use his cup and blanket and knife?"

This is not specious reasoning. The urge to live is man's most intense instinct. Flesh is food. And if there has been no other food for a long time, any flesh attracts. The ordinary reasons for not eating some dishes are swept aside. The flesh may be offensively putrid, it may be that of a human being, but it is flesh. And as far as all the ordinary reasons go, one is not deterred.

Yet, many and terrible tales to the contrary, men have almost never in the history of exploration or of castaways on the sea eaten the flesh of their fellows. They usually chose death instead. As late as 1921 a hundred thousand Russians in one province chose death instead.

Quite distinct are conditions among those primitive tribes where customs of drinking blood from human sacrifice exist, or among acknowledged cannibals of the South Sea islands. In such cases the mental aspect of the case is totally different. The depraved act becomes merely a manifestation of an inner emotional state, either pure religious ecstasy or the closely related pressure of superstitious belief.

Let me ask Acpuddyshao what he thinks. Here he comes now, crawling into the snow igloo we have built,

with a long knife in his hand and a familiar glint in his eye. He wears only his bearskin breeches. He has left his bird-skin shirt outside in order that the vermin which have dwelt comfortably between it and his skin may become well chilled and numb. "With cold hands they can't hold on," he tells me. "Then shall I take my *tee-duk-toq* [snow-knife] and knock them off." I must add that the glint in his eye is hunger.

He goes to the thawing slab of walrus meat and hacks himself off a four-pound hunk, grinning in anticipation of the raw flesh. We have just killed and cached three large walrus, over five thousand pounds of sweet and blubbery fodder for men and dogs. Strange, too, to think of it; for this was the season the white men lay here and died by inches of starvation.

"Acpuddyshao," I inquire, "your people sometimes are snared far away from home by storm or by going adrift on the floes that break away with the east wind, are they not?"

He nods, and shoves the meat slab as far as possible down his throat. With his long knife he cuts it flush with his lips. This is the native method of taking a mouthful. I sometimes wonder how they chew. But, then, I know they don't chew. They simply orient the huge portion within the cavern of their palate and swallow with a pythonic gesture of engorgement.

"And sometimes, when all the meat is gone, they become so weak they die from hunger?" I continue.

Peristalsis in Acpuddyshao's throat, a gasp, a greasy smack of lips, and he grudges me a "Yes."

"And do those left then feed upon the body of the one that first has died?"

The slab pauses half-way to the Eskimo's gore-grimed face. His eyes widen with a sort of childish surprise.

"Never, white man," comes his prompt reply.

I persist:

"But why not? Is not the sinew along your arm all but indistinguishable from that along the flipper bone of any seal?"

The native plucks for a moment at the caribou hide before him, then seats himself beside me.

"Listen, white man, and I shall tell you what happened once near here. There were three of us. We drove in the winter's second moon to Kangerdlooksuaq for *tuk-too-sui* [caribou]. Heavy wind drove the new ice out below the glacier. We tried Ser-milk-suaq [the great ice-cap] and found the going good. Yet there was no descent on the farther side. We were forced to return.

"But the almighty devil had been to work while we traveled. He had taken out the ice at the first point also. We were, therefore, marooned high up. The wind blew strong. One team got loose. The other team contained only four dogs. That was the winter my tribe was hungry. Two of these dogs were *pibloktoq* [mad] and ran away. The other two and the skin of our garments were all that was left us as food.

"We ate the two dogs. Then we chewed the spare mittens and pair of boots. We had no fuel. The small igloo we built was very cold. We dared not travel. With the wind and darkness we should fall into one of the many crevasses thereabouts.

"After many sleeps Evik died. Outark and I were very hungry. Outark said, 'If we eat a little of the flesh of Evik, we shall not die.'

"I did not reply, but after a long while I said to Outark, 'If we eat a little of the flesh of Evik, we shall not die.'

"Outark made reply by feeling of the bare knee of the dead Evik where it showed between his breeches and his *kamik* [boot]. He placed the point of his knife upon Evik's skin. After a little he placed the point of his knife upon his own skin. He then said to me, 'Try it.' So I, too, placed the point of Outark's knife first on dead Evik's skin, then upon my own bare knee where it showed between my breeches and my *kamik*.

"At once I understood. 'Let us die,' I said to Outark. He assented by lowering his head."

The native paused.

I urged him gently on:

"But you did not die."

"No. Inutoq, with the permission of the almighty devil, found us there. And now, though Outark and I do not speak of that time upon Ser-milk-suaq, we understand why men perish of hunger rather than eat the flesh and blood of another man."

The psychology of it is obvious enough. Simply a case of two major instincts neutralizing each other: the famine victim's desire for food sufficiently intense to overcome all ordinary revulsion against partaking of human flesh; and at the same time his instinct of self-preservation, which by a simple process of transference puts him in the place of the dead man, powerful enough to prevent his carving what for the moment is his *own* body.

An interesting question lies really somewhat beyond so simple a statement of the case. It is a well accepted fact that an intelligent human being of strong will can make playthings of

his normal instincts. The hunger strike and the deliberate sacrifice of one life to save another are common examples.

Now picture such a person in circumstances that deny him all food or prospect of food, yet place before him a human carcass representing by its protein nourishment sustenance for many days. Ponder on that state of affairs for a moment.

Now add to this hypothesis a background of intensifying factors on the side of the unfortunate person's desire to live: home, family, children, over-

powering aspirations, and so on. And against all these presuppose there are no ordinary sentimental obstacles of kinship or the like to militate against the logical solution by cannibalism. What then?

There, what 's that? The gang are singing outside. Something has happened to improve their spirits.

Faugh! Just the last walrus; his belly was full of clams!

What a life! Meat, squaws, and the winning of both is all they talk about.

But is life at home so very much more?

A Self-Server

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

Such was his greed of life and dread of the voidness of the tomb
That he bade us bury a clock with him, in the grave's gloom;
A clock that would run a year and a day after his heart stopped.
Open the coffin. Look. He listens to it, with lids dropped.

Look at his brow. It is so still he will be sure to hear
As he turns to dust the strange tick of an unallotted year.
He ever wanted more than his share of everything, and so
Has taken a year of time with him, after his time to go.

Look at his face, so callous and contemptuous of worth,
So earthy that it is strange he dreaded at last the still earth.
Forgetful of all soul things, he has gone to the soul's clime,
And has taken with him only the pale posthumous tick of time.

Women in the German Scene

What Women Are Doing in the Public Life of Germany

BY ERNESTINE EVANS

AFTER seven years I came again to Berlin. I knew it would be different, but not how unreal the new scene would be. An odd impression of the way fumbling fingers shape misshapen history assailed me as I climbed the stairs to the press gallery of the Reichstag last October.

1916-23. The weather, the melancholy Prussian autumn, with searching little winds that wave farewell to the year in the Tiergarten, and the lowering Prussian sky pressing an aching bosom to the earth, was the weather of seven years before. The cold, gray building, with its inscription, "Dem Deutschen Volke," was unchanged, and above it the gilded eagles, the glamorous, but taloned, past, looked down as always on the scene below. The expectant, docile crowd by the entrance-barriers were more like dogged workmen waiting for news from the operating-room of a public hospital than the impatient seekers after news at the end of an important day in Congress or outside Parliament.

Seven years ago we had sat the night out in a Wilmersdorf café. The waiter had refused to serve me until he was certain I was not speaking English. Bulgarian, we explained, and talked English all night long. We talked about the peace speech Beth-

mann Hollweg was due to make next day, what it would be, what "outside" would say to it. I had never been in the Reichstag before. "Fig leaf on the naked German autocracy," Bebel used to call it. Strange day! Seven years ago; it might have been seventy. An almost intolerable expectancy. A titled lady from Bavaria crackling the paper round her ham sandwich—I remember the sound of the paper, the uncertain way old Bethmann fumbled with the buttons of his waistcoat. The debate. Karl Liebknecht, his voice shrill, almost falsetto; the rush of members up the aisle. Snatches of the speech. Bald heads, men's heads. No women at all. So many people with sweat on their brows. I so little knowing what anything meant. Two men in the street saying good-by, both in uniform. "Meet you soon!" "*Ja, in dem Massengrabe.*" ("Yes, in the common grave.") Breakfast in the Café Bauer the morning the English newspapers came back. "Farce in the German Reichstag," said their headlines. The ache of expectancy gave way to the ache of none.

I stumbled up the Reichstag steps seven years after, found a back corridor, climbed the stairs to the press gallery at the heels of a British correspondent. There had been no Brit-

ish correspondents seven years before.

Seven years. Seven years.

"My God! I'm not going to cable any crisis to my paper," an American voice came to me. "My paper'll fire me if I cable crisis again." Somebody gave a light to the "Kölnische Zeitung" correspondent, and he went on talking to the Havas man from Paris. I pushed into the sticky gallery. The Seattle woman with gray bobbed hair who teaches Trotzky English got the last seat. I climbed on the "Wall Street Journal's" desk and looked down.

I shut my eyes and remembered the day four years before when the newsboys in Union Square cried news of the German revolution. I come from the corn-belt. I saw only birth in the death of kings. I kept my eyes closed. They found Rosa Luxemburg's body in the canal almost a year after she and Karl Liebknecht were murdered.

I opened my eyes. So this was the Reichstag of the German democracy! There sat three women on the benches that faced the house, part of the secretariat behind the cabinet. The sight of women sitting in the halls of state excited in me a maudlin softening toward the time and place.

Three women sat in the secretariat, and thirty more at their desks on the floor. Women now everywhere from the extreme right to the extreme left. There are ten parties in the Reichstag, more like blocs really than the great lumbering twin parties we know. Seven of the ten parties have women members. In the national assembly which framed the German republican constitution at Weimar there were forty-one women, the record representation in any national political assembly. The German woman's move-

ment, as its slogans show, did not lay all its emphasis on political ends. While Alice Paul and Mrs. Catt and the Pankhursts cried, "Votes for Women," German women were assembling under the standard "Mutterschutz," "Protection of Motherhood." There was a suffrage wing, of course, to the Federation of German Women's Societies (Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine). From 1907 on, the Frauenvereine program carried a demand for the vote, but the feminist emphasis was elsewhere—on education, on dress reform, on sexual ethics. Even men had graduated franchise in the kaiser's Prussia.

Masses of men! Masses of women! Every political party after the 1918 revolution was anxious to enroll them. Woman-suffrage meant nothing in particular. And women were not a little surprised to find so many of themselves seated as delegates.

§ 2

1916-23. Two human beings, and they were both women, stand out in my memory of that second winter of the war. Rosa Luxemburg imprisoned, and yet not silenced. Those women were silenced who busied themselves with bandages. She was pent, but her spirit escaped. Under a dozen names she wrote for the German, Russian, and Polish press about the social revolution. From where they held her she cried the imperial business down as a holocaust of youth, a murder of workers by workers for ends not the people's. Rosa Luxemburg in prison, plotting to lift the burden, I remember, and Hedwig Dohm in her villa in the Grunewald, eighty years old, hair close-cropped, eyes bright as a falcon's, ardent as a

youthful Shelley. "Long after I am dead and buried," she used to say, "my ashes will glow when the portals of the Reichstag are open to women."

As for Rosa Luxemburg, man or woman or revolutionist, there is no one of her stature left in Germany. Even her enemies will tell you that. "She was *selbständig*. Something within her made her stand alone," an artist said to me last fall. "She could no more lean than Lenine."

As for Hedwig Dohm, the bones of her husband, founder of the satiric journal "Kladdera-datsch," might better have stirred at the scene last fall than hers. Actually, it was her granddaughter, Sorbonne graduate and Rosta correspondent, who stood beside me. Frau Dr. Lilli Keith telegraphs daily to the Moscow newspapers, "Pravda" and "Izvestia." At the other end of the Reichstag press gallery I caught a glimpse of the narrowed, interrogating eyes of Antonina Vallentin of the "Manchester Guardian" and the shoulder of Dr. Ilse von Hulsen, who writes for the "Chicago Evening Post." Women writing on the antics of politicians have come to stay.

The veteran's mood came back to me. I gloated over the sprinkling of females on the floor below the balcony, counted the *Frauen* like plums in a cake, smiled when someone whispered to me that all women members of parliament, married or single, are called Mrs., not Miss. "It had to be written so in the rules, the ones with husbands were so unctuous."

I came to myself again, for what the tight-packed mass in the gallery, what the crowd outside the building waited for, was the third reading of Stresemann's empowering bill. And what

was the empowering bill? Proof that German democratic government was a failure. The coalition cabinet of the four middle parties—the Volks Party, the Centrist Party, the Democratic Party, and the Social Democrats, was proposing a measure that in essence said, "All power to the cabinet, all power to the executive." The Reichstag had been petering out for a disastrous year. It could debate, but could not stay the economic ruin of the country. "It does n't make so very much difference," said a journalist beside me. "It is n't so very much power they're voting away when they say, 'Let George do it.'" I told him I lived over the mountain from a well known institution for feeble-minded, and that I could imagine the inmates in parliament assembled debating the subject of sterilization, but that I could not imagine their voting to have the doctors in to do it.

"This performance is of no consequence," a Russian whispered in my ear. "What is the Reichstag, anyway, but a curtain? It moves and trembles, but that is because behind it the Reds and the Whites are battling for dictatorial control of Central Europe."

The debate went on, the Communists contemptuous, the Nationalists and those who want monarchy back cold. The bill would pass all right as soon as the Social Democrats had finished writing in an exemption that the cabinet was not to regulate the eight-hour day. Only the people's representatives, only the Reichstag, were to have the right to annul that chief gain of the 1918 revolution. "Trust a Social Democrat to be satisfied with words." Everywhere in Germany factory wheels were stopping. The unemployed numbered in the millions.

Callous observers and French politicians alike gave interviews in which it was said that Germany had twenty million too much population. They must emigrate or starve. A distracted people watched helplessly the demoralization of the paper money. The mark fell from four hundred million to six hundred billion in the month I stayed, and indeed to more if one traded surreptitiously on sidewalks with the Black Bourse of the illegal money-changers. In such times no parliament can make laws about the eight-hour day. The starving unemployed take work on slavery terms. These things are known.

As I looked down on the Reichstag below me, I knew what Fräulein Minna, a stenographer in one of the English offices, meant on the night of my arrival in Berlin, when I told her I had come to interview the women *Abgeordneten* (Reichstag members).

"How funny to come and see the German Reichstag now! Last year at least they used to make speeches. This year they do nothing but burn electric light. Hans and I often see the windows shine at midnight when we take our bicycles through the Tiergarten."

The speeches went on. What were the women doing? I watched Toni Sender. She is the youngest woman in the Reichstag, daughter of a bourgeois family from Frankfort. Before the war she did clerical work in France. She edits the journal of the German Metal Workers' Union, and is the political partner of big, slow-moving, cautious Dissmann, their organizer. She darts up and down the aisles of the Reichstag shepherding the Frankfort members, whose parliamentary leader she is, with pretty, quick, impatient

movements. She speaks seldom, but sharply. She was an Independent Socialist, and now that Independent and Majority Socialists gum together in an unwieldy whole of Social Democrats, she stands to the left, regular enough except for occasional futile demonstrations in which she refuses to vote for the Spaa Treaty or the empowering bill. She and Baroness Katerina von Oheimb of the Volks Party, the only lady from the "elegante Welt," are the two spots of color on the floor. Frau von Oheimb once, on a hurry call from Stresemann, rushed up the aisle at an evening session, jewels shining, bare shoulders gleaming, restoring to their duties the fellow-members she was dining.

Clara Zetkin, the only woman Communist member, was conspicuous by her absence last fall. She was bedridden in Moscow. There were rumors of her dying, but when letters came, they told how she had risen, and, supported on crutches, spoken to enormous crowds of Russian soldiers and civilians in the Red Square until they poured their wages out for the breadless, milkless, German children. When she is in Berlin, her resonant, excoriating voice is heard often, for she regards her seat in the Reichstag as a wind-shielded soap-box. They tell how the old woman who travels from one end of Europe to the other, underground without passport, by aeroplane in time of need, as familiar a figure at workmen's congresses in France and Italy and Russia as in Germany, stood up early in July, 1920.

"My first words in this house," she began, "are directed far across the German frontiers." Her speech was a salute to the Workers International of

Soviet Russia, and it seemed while she spoke as if her voice really carried, and as if Europe of the armies and national frontiers might yet be Europe of the peoples.

As far to the right as Zetkin sits to the left is another old woman.

Frau Behm of the National People's Party is the *grandmère terrible* of the Reichstag. She is the daughter of a Pomeranian agrarian and has built herself a position of power and done some good work by organizing the sweated home-work trades. She is a squat, excitable woman, with a raucous, but vital, voice. Interviewed as to whether she thought the time was ripe for monarchy again, she said she thought the time had not yet come. She has a kind of political shrewdness which makes her despise Ludendorff as a politician, for she thinks things have gone stupidly in Bavaria. She expects the monarchists to come back, and though they are always fighting against what they call "the acquisitions of the revolution," she says they know too well the assistance they get from women to try to take suffrage away. She believes very little in parliament. "It does n't do the German people any good to be governed by a *Wasserkopf*," which is to say, that the Reichstag is a sort of water on the brain. She warms to her subject when she starts to talk about a monarchy.

"The Germans need a leader. The kaiser has n't been an ideal. I know his mistakes very well. But the German people need a monarchy as a remedy against the spirit of splitting into hundreds of parties, a remedy, against the foolish instinct of self-destruction characteristic through our whole history."

"Don't you think," put in her ques-

tioner, "that these non-political qualities come from bad education? The Prussian schools were never authorized by the Government to educate young people as free personalities who could accept the responsibility of governing their country. For all their knowledge and science, they were made into nothing but blind subjects." Frau Behm jumped from her chair and ran around the room, crying:

"No, you are n't right. The best qualities of the German people can come out only when they feel safe in the idea that there is some one to lead them."

Perhaps, other groups lacking it, such energy as Frau Behm's will be a unit in a power that will put Humpty Dumpty back on the throne again. But it will not be the old Humpty, but a dictator who uses as a slogan the legend that monarchy was the making of the "good old days."

§ 3

The veritable monarchy cannot come back. It is altogether dead. Countess Brockdorf, *Oberhofmeisterin* of the old German court, and Frau von Gerster, for twenty years a *Palast-dame* at Sans-Souci, sitting together in their cottage garden out in Potsdam, like figures in a faded color print, convince you that the old thing must have lasted a century beyond its time, so easily do its symbols slip back. The old court figures are nobodies now, glad enough for margarin upon their bread in these hard times. Hungry German children go to school in the ball-rooms of Sans-Souci, and no one, I think, will shut them out again.

In the Reichstag women vote. In the "People's Party," so-called, the party of Stinnes, Frau Katerina von

Oheimb blooms as colorful as a dahlia. She is by no means as reactionary as Frau Behm, but she is "to the right." Speaking at the Lessing Hochschule one night—she likes to make speeches and has some of Lady Astor's engaging mannerisms on the platform—she announced, "I stand here as the representative of property, and I am proud of it." She talks often about "people of property," "people of culture," "people who have a stake in the country." She herself is an excellent business woman and has developed with extraordinary skill the porcelain factories in the Rhineland inherited from her second husband. She has had three husbands, two divorces, and six children, and looks like a smart young society woman in the early thirties.

I learned a great deal about Frau von Oheimb the day I called at her Kurfürstendam Apartment. I arrived at noon sharp, the hour set, and was shown into a drawing-room paneled with crimson damask. A beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen sat at the piano. It was the Reichstag member's oldest daughter. After a moment we were shown into another smaller room. A friend of Frau von Oheimb's from Magdeburg, like a lesser court official, arrived to detain and entertain us. She spoke of the dollar. The price of bread and dollar exchange are the formula of greeting in Germany to-day. We talked about the success Frau von Oheimb had made of her factory; of how as soon as woman-suffrage was granted and it became clear that women could have political careers, Frau von Oheimb had organized the National Verband Deutscher Frauen, had hired some professors, invited a number of political men, and had run off a summer school

for fifty or sixty local women. After forty-five minutes I began to grow impatient for the lady with whom I had the appointment. The friend described her wit and charm, named the bright stars of the diplomatic and business world of Berlin who frequented the red-damasked drawing-rooms. "She has a salon," said her friend. "And don't you want to hear about her family life?"

"Her private life?" I asked, delighted. Frau von Oheimb herself swept in, perfectly coiffed, a string of pearls at her ivory throat, and settled her shimmering gold dress. Her maid skipped after her with some forgotten rings. I explained that I must be off to a lunch at the Reichstag.

We made another appointment. She told me the American ambassador was coming for breakfast the next morning, and an American loan to Germany would be talked about. We started, but did not finish a discussion of the aims of the "People's Party." She often disputes Stinnes and his policies within the party and publicly. She is sufficiently the great lady not to be cowed by him, and maintains an engaging independence. Her cook and her wines are famous, she herself is always diverting. Her dinner parties and receptions draw together such lions and sheep, the selected and elected, as pass for a salon in these semi-revolutionary days. I hurried off. She flung a deprecating hand at the magnificent apartment studded with *objets d'art*. "It's not my real home. Down in the country I have a home which is much finer."

I walked away into one of those days when the Reichswehr patrolled Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden and motor-lorries of armed men made Ber-

lin ominous. I knew what had happened. The day before paper money had fallen, and the price of bread gone up. Somewhere in a market-place a woman had thrown herself with a shriek on the food she could not afford to buy. Carts had been overturned, shops looted. The police had fired. "We asked for bread, and they gave us blue beans from their rifles." The square emptied. And the next day the soldiers patrolled the town. There was talk of revolution, a death here and there in the working-class quarter, and then again the stagnant melancholy days of autumn, and no one knowing what would happen next.

I went on meeting here and there the women in the Reichstag, eager to know if wisdom or prophecy was in their mouths.

To the left of the People's Party are the Centrists, the political party of Catholic Germany, in which Frau Tasch has earned a reputation as a tireless committee worker. All the women in the Reichstag, in fact, are admired much more for their earnest and laborious spade work behind the scenes than for any contribution they make to formulating policy, leading party tactics, or speaking. Most of the women members are former teachers or social workers, and they do not seem to covet the gaudier and more important legislative functions.

To the left of the Centrists, squeezed politically between the parties that would surely support Fascism if it came to Germany and the Social Democrats and Communists to the left, are the German Democrats. Count Bernstorff is one of them. The two women members of the party are classic figures. Frau Dr. Gertrud Buaemer is a sort of Minerva of the woman's move-

ment. The marble bust of that learned goddess in her study mirrors its mistress. Dr. Elizabeth Lueders is Artemis. She carries arrows, and when she draws her bow in the Reichstag, the arrows lodge where she aims, on the bald spots. The trouble is that the German constitution says that "men and women shall in principle have equal rights,"—but principle is not reality. There was the great unwon height of juries, for example. A special bill had to be introduced to capture it. For a year and a half the men, by passive resistance, staved off the victory. Finally the bill passed, only to be vetoed by the Reichsrath, the upper chamber, which has no female members, on the grounds that "Women are physically and mentally unfit to be on juries. They succumb to sentimental influence. They have less physical capacity and are more irritable than men. Besides, men have an aversion to submitting to the judgment of women." The women Reichstag members uprose. They had an aversion to submitting to the judgment of the Reichsrath. The Reichsrath changed its mind. The first German female juries began their work in the spring of 1923.

§ 4

The feminist flying column is not always so successful. Virtually all of the women in the Reichstag were united in support of the so-called morality bill. Part of the woman's movement in Germany has fought for many years for a new standard of sexual ethics and demanded the abolition of registered brothels. The Reichstag passed such a bill, but the Reichsrath was still holding out last fall. The women have proposed, discussed, and

sometimes secured the passage of many bills that aim toward the liberation of women and the setting up of humane standards.

Frau Dr. Lueders believes in the sex struggle, but she will have none of the class struggle. The whole of Marxist theory is repugnant to her. I talked to her one day in her sitting-room, charming with bits of old embroidery and Italian prints. She was weary from much traveling to her district in the Ruhr, by night trains, third-class. When she says that the solution of Germany's troubles is for every German citizen, industrialist and workman, to give what he has and more than he has, and when proudly, her nostril curving, she says that Germany must pay and will pay, she is speaking for herself, out of her own patriotic devotion to an ideal state. She is killing herself with her idealist impatience of the factory-owner who evades taxes and ships his solid credit abroad, and with her impatience of the workman who refuses to feel himself part of a state that cannot or does not punish his oppressors. Dr. Lueders seemed to me one of the many democrats who crucify themselves for their belief that democracy exists in Germany to-day.

Dr. Lueders' colleague, Frau Dr. Buaemer, reminds me just a little in her enormous learning and steadfast intellectual approach of Mrs. Sidney Webb. She is the author, with Helene Lange, of the five-volume study of the women's movement in industry that commanded prodigious respect from me when I came on it ten years ago. She knows the historical precedent for everything. "I showed her a sunset once in Rome," an admirer told me, "and she remembered the dates of all the popes." Everything she touches turns not to gold,

but to a scholarly arrangement of the facts. Because she is like that, she has always had responsibility. She was at the head of the collective organization of all the German women's societies during the war. She has been appointed to direct a children's bureau which would be much more comprehensive than our American bureau if the Government would give it the money. I do not believe there is any subject upon which she has not informed herself. We talked about the industrial organization of Saxony. She had at her tongue's tip the figures for unemployment there, the reports on export and import. We spoke of Russia. She had just digested the annual report on the Russian railways. The men call her a "statesman among women." Yet her very grasp of affairs is chilling. Her feelings do not lead her into violent partizanships, though she is always warmly present when the fight is on to protect illegitimate children or to defend women. She works in the conservative branch of the women's international peace movement. She governs rather than leads, teaches rather than inspires, the women who follow her.

Among the Social Democrats Frau Adele Schreiber Krieger makes herself felt, though she is no such sparkling figure as Toni Sender, and she has not the standing of several of the other women of her party who, born into the working class, speak more directly for it. Frau Schreiber is an Austrian Jewish intellectual, a good linguist who has made her career in Germany as a journalist. I went into the Wandelhalle of the Reichstag to meet her and, as I waited, noticed the four diminutive blue-glass cuspidors and missed the phalanges of broad brass spittoons

that attend on American legislatures. Frau Schreiber's hair had whitened in the seven years since I had seen her. She approached in her purple velvet bodice, and fixed me with an accusing eye. What had I done with the copy of "Robert Elsmere" she had lent me? It took the speech out of me to meet that accusing eye. I wanted to remember her flat, and *Abendbrot* with her and her charming doctor husband. At twilight one could look down from her balcony into the garden of a private sanatorium for officers gone insane in the war. One day I came early, and she took me to Dr. Lissauer's home for illegitimate children, where the little gnome-shaped scientist ruled over a nursery of shouting babies while their mothers went to work. He showed me a piccaninny child of a servant girl home from East Africa. "Souvenir of our place in the sun," he murmured.

Frau Schreiber, still interested in work for children, presides over the child-welfare program of the German Red Cross. She has lost some of her old radical flare, is hated now by many of the German pacifist women who cannot forgive her acceptance of a government job in Belgium during the occupation, and she is wont, in her despair over the present chaos, to exclaim, "I would give all that women have ever gained if it would save the nation." Just what she means by that I do not know. Most of the other women would not say it. They believe firmly that Germany's place in the shadow is lightened by the new activities of women.

§ 5

I found women everywhere elements of hope in the German scene. The

absurd fashion of addressing women by the profession and status of their husbands—"Good morning, Frau Apotheker, Good morning, Frau Geheimrat"—was fading before more familiar address. Women were learning to work with one another. Even a talk I had with Dr. Alice Salomon, director of the School of Philanthropy in Berlin, was not wholly discouraging. The old mechanically smooth life of the professional and small business families was at an end, she said. Elevators were not running, brasses were unpolished, and carpets worn in the Berlin middle-class flats. Fewer and fewer households had servants. For servants and mistresses life was one long standing in queues for butter, for meat, for bread. Thousands of girls were losing their office and shop jobs and had no place to go. Dr. Salomon's committee was districting Berlin into communities where households could share servants, where unemployed girls could find homes in exchange for a little housework. If it was a dissolution of the old standards of living, what of it?

The process of social decay was having its way. With the fall of the mark, the whole of the old stable Germany went—the insurance, the savings, the old-age pensions. And in that time, as in all hard times, women strained every nerve to feed children, to feed men. When I saw them at the doors of clinics, beaten, I shuddered. They seemed much more the slaves of the social forces round them than the men.

I asked where I could find Ruth Fischer, the most talked of, the most liked and disliked agitator, in the Communist movement. She was obliged to live "underground," but

might, some one said, put her head up at a workers' conference in Chemnitz. I took the midnight train for the Saxon factory town, where several hundred delegates from trade-unions, coöperative societies, women's organizations, and the Communist and Social Democratic parties met in the morning. For eleven hours I sat in the meeting. Most of the delegates never left the room at all. They brought their lunches, great slabs of black bread without sausage or even margarin. The Reich was blockading Saxony because they had a coalition cabinet, though brought in in the most constitutional way, in Dresden of Social Democrats and Communists. Bavaria would send no milk. Potatoes had stopped coming from Prussia. The factories were closing, nearly a third of the population was unemployed. The mark was falling, food prices were rising, and food at any price was scarce. Margarin, potatoes, potatoes, margarin, stood out like a dreary refrain as delegate after delegate told of lack of food and lack of work. The Communists proposed a general strike, before the troops from Berlin could command the situation, to force a new policy of compulsory opening of the factories. The Social Democrats voted it down. I discovered there was no likelihood of Ruth Fischer's appearing. Only a handful of women were in the hall. At dusk a straight-haired woman of forty climbed on the platform. "Do something!" she screamed. She was no use; she had nothing to propose; she went crying on about potatoes and

margarin. Hard to imagine that any man ever loved that gray figure. Yet her skirts sagged untidily, as if pulled by too many children. Long after everybody was tired of her she talked on with a mindless shrillness. The one other woman speaker was a girl of twenty from Berlin, with blond hair drawn back to an unattractive bun, her face red and tense with excitement. Lucidly, without a wasted word, she gave an account of her work. She had been appointed by the Communist Party to keep starving workers from unnecessary violence in the workers' quarters of Berlin, where small shops were being looted. She bargained with petty shopkeepers to let the party regulate fair food prices; the party in turn would send guards to their shops in time of riot.

That working-girl it seemed to me, was nearer a governor in Germany than any woman in the Reichstag. She was building new controls. And when from towns I never visited stories came back of workmen's wives who refused to endure, who when the mine-owners postponed wages, went to the pit-mouths of Ruhr mines and stood in the elevator-cages, mocking, and would not let their men go down; and stories of women in factory districts near Berlin who dragged their husbands from the machines and bade them strike, I made my own prophecy.

Slowly, surely, a sullen force in Germany is becoming aware of itself. Women are asking for a change, for bread, for margarin, but, more than that, for change.

The Poor Man Goes into Banking

The Human Side of Credit Unions

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

IF you had had to have your leg amputated and you earned your living by keeping a news-stand, like Jimmy Boyle of Boston, you too would be glad that credit unions, co-operative savings, and loan associations are making headway in this country. When Jimmy got out of the hospital he faced more trouble. He had no bank-account, only cash enough to keep him going for a week or so, and he owed for now unsalable periodicals thirty-five dollars in one account, fifteen in another, twenty in a third, and thirty in a fourth. How was he to get on his feet—no, his one remaining foot—again?

He tried to borrow \$125. Knowing what a dependable sort Jimmy was, men hated to refuse him, but they did. They were poor themselves. Then Jimmy remembered the credit union. Only members can get loans, but if you're the kind of fellow who lives up to his obligations, you can join by paying as little as \$2.50 on a share worth \$10.

Jimmy applied. A credit union is a local affair, with a membership committee, like a club. It's the members who count rather than the number of shares they can afford to own; therefore each man has only one vote. This is the opposite of the joint-stock-

company plan. With a company profit is primary, whereas a credit union is run by members for their own self-service; profit is secondary.

Jimmy was looked over and looked up. They found he was all right and admitted him without loss of time. The credit committee, considering his application for the loan, decided that the loss of his leg meant neither loss of character nor earning power. These two things are part of the essential security for any loan. These five men, lending their own money as well as that belonging to other members, are cautious. They required him to specify how he would use the money. Credit unions make loans only for provident or productive purposes. Applications which show that the would-be borrower is going into debt without bettering himself are refused. But Jimmy plainly had the best of reasons for borrowing. Provided he could meet certain requirements, they approved his application.

"Tell your creditors," they advised him, "that if they will all indorse your note, we will loan you what you need at six per cent. We will pay them all off, and you can repay us in instalments."

Jimmy's creditors signed, amply securing the credit union against loss, and furnished him with a new stock.

Regaining his old custom, Jimmy worked himself entirely out of debt in less than six months, out of danger of that deadly toboggan slide that begins in the hospital and often ends in dependency. To-day he is on the safe side of the ledger.

When seventy thousand Americans with next-to-no capital can in ten years and in fifteen States build, operate, and completely control over two hundred of these credit unions, or baby banks, with combined assets of more than twelve millions, most of which is safely and beneficially loaned out among themselves in amounts of from five to two thousand dollars, what's the answer?

Certainly that the United States needs low-cost, small-loans service. Such credit was formerly available only at usurious interest. Ordinary banks find this type of business both troublesome and unprofitable. These coöperative credit associations, doing much or all of their own work without pay and using the cheapest quarters, so lower overhead that they frequently show a surplus when ordinary banks performing similar service would show a loss. They answer a wide-spread, legitimate demand without interfering with ordinary banks; in fact, usually benefiting them. Credit-union funds are deposited in an institution approved by the bank commissioner. Their moneys often come from new savers or numbers of private hoards that even savings-banks do not draw in. One credit union on record did \$1,000,000 business with its depository bank in a year.

A host of humble, thrifty persons have found that by pooling their tiny savings they come into substantial capital. It is significant when, instead

of depending on some one else to keep their money safe and earning, they take full, independent responsibility concerning how their combined fortune shall be used. Directly controlling its employment, they get the first use of it. Use, not dividends, is the main aim; lest this should be lost sight of, dividends are usually limited. Yet, whatever profit there is, they themselves receive, severally or together, to the last penny. From the command of this group capital they obtain in marked degree that sense of conscious power that appears in men of substantial private capital. It often makes new men of credit-union members.

In the heart of supposedly inhuman, grubbily financial New York is the Globe Credit Union, with an office at 621 Broadway, near Bleecker Street. Its present assets are \$200,000, with 3500 members. Yet it began five years ago with \$60 and eleven members. In these five years it has performed wholesome, practical, superlatively human service in a spirit amazing to those unaware of the accomplishments of coöperation.

Most of the Globe's original members were postal employees, boys who had grown up together. Among them was a natural leader, Joseph Kunken, who enthusiastically advocated the formation of a genuinely coöperative credit association. They all faced the same hard problem of high costs and inelastic salaries. To establish a common source of credit for inevitable seasonal and emergency needs they organized, incorporating under the state law which provides for close supervision of the banking department. Their \$60 applied on \$10 shares to be paid up fully in a stated time. In all States but North Carolina

deposits may by law be received only from members. To grow they have worked ceaselessly to secure large membership.

From the first they had to meet human problems of every variety. B. L.'s insurance premium must be paid, and he had only part of the money. His little girl had pneumonia, and the expenses prevented his accumulating enough. The credit union loaned him fifty dollars more at five and a half per cent. interest. A friend indorsed his note. He repaid in two months. If he had had to go to the loan shark, he would probably be in debt still.

C. C., a clerk, had to buy coal. Instead of purchasing ton by ton all winter, he bought his entire supply at the lowest price in the spring, saved money and worry, and easily paid back the loan \$2 a week.

J. B., a small jobber of caps, applied for \$150. He had ambition, but neither capital nor a source of credit. His wife helped him in the office. The credit committee studied J. B. He convinced them that if he got this loan, he would purchase certainly salable goods and come out with a neat net profit.

Two excellent men indorsed his note. Credit unions do most of their business on personal surety; that is, on the character of their members plus the signatures of one or more men. Their borrowers usually cannot offer other collateral. Credit unions want just as good security as banks, but they recognize the personal equation as a much more substantial factor than the usual bank because of their greater knowledge of their members, the indorsers, and the limited area in which they operate.

J. B. proved careful about his payments. Due on Friday, his check reached the office Thursday. Promptness scores heavily with a credit union. The borrower chooses the convenient period of payment, but, once settled, he may not change. If delinquent, he is fined; a fine injures his credit standing. If he defaults, as happens once in a while with all the committee's care, indorsers get after him to see that he pays rather than pay themselves. The percentage of loss from cases of this type is exceedingly low.

J. B. used his credit privilege with the utmost care. Moreover, his loan was really productive. The immediate gain stimulated his initiative. He was granted, in five years, fifteen loans. His business has now reached \$30,000 a year, he employs three people, and his wife has retired from the shop to bring up a family. The credit committee rates him good for \$1500 any time, and the neighborhood bank, also, now affords him commercial credit up to \$1000. He skilfully uses that high-power tool, credit, so it is not dangerous debt, but a legitimate instrument of prosperity.

He is a fair example of the fact that thousands of inconspicuous little business men need credit before they have amassed the collateral to command it. The credit union serves a remarkably educational purpose in helping them to discriminate between good and bad purposes for which to borrow. For J. B. everybody predicts old-fashioned "self-made" success, with this new feature, that it was accomplished by mutual aid.

Have you, too, wondered where all the taxicabs come from? The case of H. J. gives a hint. H. J. had been employed in a drygoods store for

years. He was faithful, but received slow advancement. He resolved to find an occupation with more prospects.

He saved \$150; then he applied for a loan of \$250 to buy a taxicab, making a first payment of \$400. The committee always investigates personal matters. They found he had no other dependents than his wife, that he was reliable, never ill, did not drink, belonged to no lodges that required him to spend money. Most important, he knew a lot about cars. He offered ample indorsement. They loaned him the money.

His earnings enabled him to pay \$50 a week on the purchase price and to return his credit-union loan before the year was up. He spent about the same as when a clerk and bought a second car by the same method. He now has four cabs, and is in a fair way to own a whole fleet. Although the Globe does not encourage instalment buying, it has occasionally helped others to buy taxicabs. It has even helped pushcart venders with their petty, but to them still important, financing. Risky? No; reasonably safe, knowing man, indorsers, and conditions. To estimate risk and determine the amount of credit in any given case is difficult, of course. All of the business is a mass of detail requiring endless pains. But if credit service is needed, men will travel even a hard road to get it, else usury would have vanished centuries ago.

§ 2

Experience has shown that with due care the margin of error is wide enough to attain success despite mistakes or abuses. Sometimes misrepresentation is not sufficiently guarded against. In

Boston a borrower received \$200 to pay cash for necessary furniture. Instead, he bought his wife a fur coat and purchased the furniture on the instalment plan. He became delinquent, and the credit union discovered his duplicity. They threatened to call his loan. His three indorsers descended upon him. He is now paying up "through the nose." He will never get another cent from the credit union.

The small number of such cases renews one's faith in the essential decency of people. The borrower's sense of obligation usually proves fully adequate to the strain upon it. In that very credit union an Italian came in to make his weekly payment. It took his last nickel. He would have to walk home, five miles, but he insisted upon doing that. His credit rating was not adversely affected by the circumstance.

The Globe's surroundings seem adverse to the development of a healthy credit union, yet, under Kunken's able management, it has paid since organization five per cent. on savings, seven per cent. dividends, and put by reserves. Going over the human equations involved in its 5500 loans, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the million dollars this one credit union has handled again and again has brought men out of misery or hopelessness to expanded usefulness and power in their private businesses, and at least in a reflected way has bettered their attitude toward the community.

For members really participate, which means that they discover the trials and responsibilities of capital. They develop in their ranks ability equal to the demands of the business. Despite the fact that officers themselves and the credit committee cannot

borrow, that the president-manager never gets a high salary, and that directors and committees are by law entirely unpaid, men continue steadily to give time faithfully. The credit committee is often obliged to meet nights or noons, perhaps fifty times a year. Nothing less than conviction that common need of credit accommodation is acute could account for the gift of this hard, unpaid labor, which carries with it properly dreaded responsibility for other people's money.

That responsibility brings out in men surprising qualities. The president of a small Massachusetts credit union was a storekeeper. He lived above his shop. One night it caught fire. He had time to save nothing of his own, yet he went back into the blazing building and secured the credit-union funds left in his care. That the thought of those poor honest men and women whose patient self-denial had harvested these dollars should have obscured his own loss showed him to have developed the finest sense of the mature banker. He placed the public purse before his own.

Of course there is sound psychology in titles and an undoubted additional appeal in the public service of these people's banks. Begin as small as it may, a credit union, with variable capital and an unlimited number of members, is never a close corporation. Possibly this partly explains the devoted work of Nils Bjork of the Skandia Credit Union in Worcester, Massachusetts. Financially successful as a merchant, he saw that his fellow-Scandinavians in Worcester needed second mortgage credit. For ten years he has labored to help them get it. Credit unions do not usually deal in

land credit. Skandia is the striking exception to the rule. As it happens, this demonstration of what coöperative credit can do is a genuine contribution to one of our most serious social situations, housing.

Massachusetts is full of building and loan associations that make first mortgage loans. First mortgage money is generally available at fair interest. It is *second* mortgage loans, experts assert, which everywhere constitute the greatest single unsolved factor of housing. The charges for a second mortgage often come to thirty per cent. of the sum borrowed. Worcester was full of Scandinavians, home-loving people, trying to build or buy houses. Many instances pointed to almost certain collusion between contractors and money-lenders. Before a house under construction was near finished, the money, supposed to be sufficient to complete it, would give out. The owner could choose between losing his entire investment or getting a second mortgage at exorbitant cost.

Skandia started with about \$10,000 to cope with this money-lenders' situation. They found that they could afford to loan on second mortgage security at eight per cent. They required that the loan be repaid in instalments, but no bonuses or renewals were necessary. Eight per cent. is to-day amazingly low for second-mortgage risk, yet in ten years Skandia has never lost a cent, has annually paid seven per cent. on shares and five per cent. on deposits.

The human relief they afford can be measured by a worried factory foreman Bjork met on the street one day.

"What 's the matter?" demanded Bjork.

"They got me crazy, Nils," re-

sponded the other. "I've been walking the streets for three days trying to get a second mortgage at a decent rate. Trouble in my family. I've got to have some money. My house is all I have. The best I can do is twelve per cent. and a huge bonus. I'll have to take it from a man I thoroughly distrust. He'll likely call my loan if he can find a time he thinks I can't pay."

Bjork knew this man was "good as wheat," industrious, always on the job, with two big sons who would soon be earning, too.

"Good thing we met. The credit union has some money lying idle. You are eligible for membership. If the credit committee agrees with me, you'll get your money at eight per cent."

That dilemma was duly solved, like hundreds since. Skandia's assets to-day are \$800,000, with \$400,000 loaned on second mortgage. It gives "flexible" credit. If a man gets ahead, he may pay up his loan in full at any time. If he sees he may fall behind for a reason the committee deems unavoidable, they may show him clemency.

A large number of credit unions are industrial, their members employed in one business, factory, or municipal service. This basis sometimes limits growth and produces peculiar problems. The demand is usually for more provident or remedial than purely productive loans.

Take the State House Credit Union in Boston. "Mammy" Luke, the housekeeper, I take to be of Irish descent, with the best of New-England training. She keeps the state house shining clean. Her efficiency permits her to manage a credit union most valuable to clerks, stenographers, ele-

vator men, doormen, mechanics, and cleaners. To see her with the scrub-women is to know why Mammy Luke makes a success of her organization. Members borrow to educate a child, to go to night school themselves, to buy in bulk, to meet interest on the mortgage, to pay the doctor, dentist, or undertaker promptly.

One of Mammy Luke's clients was Joe, the window-washer. He rented an old dwelling in bad repair. His wife began to take in lodgers. He borrowed \$50 to fix up an uninhabitable room. From the additional income obtained, he paid back the money. With later loans he altered his house, more than doubling its earning power. He is saving now to gain real security.

Four department stores in Boston have found that after employees start a credit union certain sorts of welfare work become unnecessary. Members prefer the increased self-respect that comes from having a right to call upon their own association for a lift over the rough places in the road. They find it better not to have wage agreements affected by the philanthropy of employers. Factories, railroad offices, insurance companies, find that credit unions simplify other difficulties to which employers are subject.

§ 3

The Boston Telephone Company lends a striking illustration. Six years ago the company was obliged to keep a legal staff to handle cases of garnisheed wages and loan-shark tangles. One year after the telephone-workers started their own credit union, the company was entirely free of that legal expense. Their organized employees had already assets of \$90,000, and the man they elected president,

Charles F. Donahoe, had virtually converted all members to paying cash for clothing, furniture, coal, and other large purchases. Even when it was necessary to borrow at six per cent., employees could often effect economies. Telephone girls had formerly bought much clothing at excessive prices on the instalment plan, shoddy stuff worn out before paid for. A little education, the credit union at hand for saving a little out of the pay envelop each week, and the exploitation of members by numerous instalment houses was virtually abolished.

Credit unions among telephone operatives spread throughout Massachusetts cities. There are 6000 members now. Many saved enough in the credit union to buy company stock. Employees now hold a substantial block. Altogether these credit unions will soon have a million assets. New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island telephone workers have followed suit. In Portland they have done collective buying, which benefited a large number. Every year the Boston telephone workers' credit union finances the purchase of from ten to twenty thousand tons of coal.

All these industrial unions have sometimes to handle loan-shark cases. There is something satisfyingly dramatic about the delivery of a helpless victim from the clutches of a usurer. A certain telephone employee, faithful, but inefficient and getting more so, turned out to be in the loan sharks' drag-net. He owed them \$1000, and apparently never could reduce the debt. He borrowed originally because of illness. Frequently debt is not the fault of its victim. But family complications made matters worse. His wife had a silly idea about making

gentlemen of two sons and prevented them from getting jobs.

Investigating the persons and conditions closely, the committee found the boys wanted to work. Indorsers were not easy to find. Credit unions do not usually loan on chattel mortgage, but the committee decided that if the boys got jobs and the mother would promise to leave them alone and sign the papers with her husband, they would take a chattel mortgage and settle up with the money-lenders.

Donahoe called a meeting, secured a reduction of the amount to \$743, and paid them off. With the fear lifted, that employee became a different person, a fineworker. He was shortly raised from \$35 to \$45 a week. In due time he paid off his loan and began to save.

Not only do women belong to men's credit unions, but one in Cambridge is exclusively a women's association, run by housewives. The books in which its accounts are kept are hospitably housed in the synagogue. The banking commissioner reports that its book-keeping is excellent. Mrs. Tubman and Mrs. Zarling, officers, say modestly: "If we can run it, anybody can. We had to learn everything."

Clergymen of other faiths have been quick to encourage these tiny banks of the people. Father Valois of New Bedford, seeing the immense, direct self-respecting good they do, so loved the credit union it became like his own child. The greatest and first credit union in the United States, the *Caisse Populaire de Sainte Marie* in Manchester, New Hampshire, was founded among Catholics. It has done an impressive work, largely among mill-hands, and its assets are more than a million.

Racial credit unions, like Skandia,

are plentiful. Into, of Fitchburg, is made up of Finns. Its assets are half a million. In New York City Poles, Hungarians, even Japanese have neighborhood credit unions of their own. Together these foreign-born learn how more successfully to integrate themselves with the community. Since their membership is based on sound character and an effort to achieve ends individually and mutually desirable, credit unions of this type are often civic aids.

Both racial and rural is a fascinating mountain credit union up in Valdese, a North Carolina mountain village. Settled by Waldensians from the French slopes of the Alps, some members farm, while others work in the neat factory that turns out cross-stitch bedspreads of foreign quaintness. There was no bank whatever until seven years ago they organized the credit union, of which Mr. A. Grill is president. The mill-workers began thrifty saving. To-day assets amount to \$40,000. Mill-workers often withdraw savings to buy stock in the factory.

Farmers in this, as in other North Carolina unions, have borrowed to buy live stock, feed, seed, or fertilizer at better prices than those quoted by that Southern leech, the local time merchant. By the help of the credit union tenant farmers have obtained just the encouragement needed to turn them into small owners. A loan made by the Carmel Union to an enterprising member provided a truck with which a milk route was started that made dairying profitable thereabouts and heartened other members, oppressed on one side by the boll weevil and on the other by foreign exchange.

Valdese, like almost all credit unions, has found that through association alone they created a completely new credit. If the directors see sufficient approved demand for further capital, they can borrow as a union \$2000 from the bank where they deposit in Morganton, on a note signed by officers, and lend the money to members in small amounts. The character, assets, and management of a credit union entitles it to accommodation.

Often the credit union works for the good of the whole community in other rather surprising ways. During the summer of 1923 the funds to furnish the badly needed new school building at Valdese ran out. Work was to cease until after the first of the year because the authorities lacked \$6000 cash to finish the job.

The credit union called its stockholders together—virtually a town meeting. They voted to petition that the work be pushed to completion for the fall term and to tender the county a loan. Two months later I found many of these mountaineers finishing up their excellently constructed building of native stone, a real community enterprise.

Nearly all our credit unions are in six States on the Atlantic seaboard. One started recently in Oklahoma, where there is no law. There should be no corner of the country where they cannot be organized under proper supervision of banking authorities. Nothing is more educational than this sort of mutual credit enterprise. Their rates of interest range from six to twelve per cent. per annum as against the possible forty-two per cent. permitted under the "small-loans" acts passed in fifteen other States, with

the approval of the Russell Sage Foundation.

One would expect credit unions to be widely adopted by labor until one finds out that labor-union banks usually demand *union* control of workers' funds. Therefore their "coöperative" banks are only joint-stock companies, with co-partnership features. The community basis, avoiding industrial controversy, demanding actual participation of all sorts of workers, is the best foundation for genuine coöperative banking.

When people so blessed and cursed by individualism as Americans, each accustomed to act on his own hook for his own private profit, let themselves in for trials of involved teamwork, real need exists. Self-created and self-governed, credit unions place mutual service before individual reward. Dependent, unorganized groups are converted into independent, self-developing units. Some person—a Kunken, Bjork, Mammy Luke, Donahoe, or Grill—catches the idea, and with religious fervor promotes it. Credit unions have dissolved for want of such

a spirit, yet none has come to disgrace.

Already they form a sturdy detachment of the army of people's banks that range around the whole world, whose total assets are estimated at twelve billion dollars. They exist in India and Japan; I have personally studied groups in Europe, Canada, the United States, and British Guiana, doing work that far exceeds our own.

Everywhere, clearly their great significance is that they are not only doing a good immediate job with the loans service, promoting live-and-let-live banking, but they are building a new capitalism. Any one who believes in capitalism—not its abuses, but the great good that mobilized credit can do in the world—will grant that broadening the spread of its benefits at the base to take in great hosts of people now without security is an excellent thing. If men can lift themselves out of dire poverty into comparative plenty, civilization is safer. That men should be willing to replace aggressive, excessive profit-taking by limited-dividend banking, performed "one for all and all for one," marks real advance.

We Superstitious Moderns

Are We Any Less Superstitious than Our Ancestors?

BY IRWIN EDMAN

IT is a curious comfort to wallow sometimes in the mire of ancient superstitions and to congratulate ourselves that the race has advanced so far beyond the terrors and turbulences of mind and imagination that afflict primitive man. In reading about the varieties of magic and trembling taboos with which our uncivilized ancestors tormented their lives or hoped to preserve them, we like to contrast their unhappy state with our free, sophisticated lot. We reflect that we have substituted clear intelligence for muddled magic, sanity and sense for undisciplined desperation and terror. The history of the human mind, we pleasantly conclude, is an unmistakable progress. It is the increasingly successful attempt to disentangle fact from fancy, to face the world candidly, clearly, and directly, to meet experience in its own terms, to understand the world, and in so far to master it.

Now, it has long ago been noted that superstition is simply an immature and impatient science, a childish attempt to control the world and the fortunes of mankind. Where life is harassed and uncertain, almost any measure will be taken that promises salvation. To give the gods the fairest portion of meat or wheat, to mum-

ble an allegedly potent abracadabra, to promote the fertility of the fields through obscene rites, to slay your enemy by chanting his name or painting his picture or burning his effigy—all these are devices by means of which primitive man has tried to save himself from drought or famine or enemies, to achieve some security in a life full of disturbing realities and imaginations equally disturbing. We read about these pathetic and desperate means whereby a savage tries to save himself or his tribe. We smile with a mingled emotion of relief and superiority and pity. Thank God or civilization, we say, that we are not as they! Or are we?

The most striking feature of the Western world, next, perhaps, to the industrial revolution, is the extent to which a certain minimum of literacy and cultivation is current among men. It would seem that never before have the methods of science or the fruits of scientific method been such common coin among the generality of mankind. The jargon of science, the symbols of intelligence, have never before been so vernacular in men's mouths. And the promise of science, at least in the realm of physical comfort and convenience, has been so extraordinarily well fulfilled that we are ready to listen to any

voice that speaks in an ostensibly scientific medium, to have faith in any miracle whose apparatus is ostensibly modern, to be charmed by any spell, so only that it be chanted according to the cadences of the contemporary mumbo-jumbo.

For, so far as essential human nature is concerned, the necessity or comfort of miracles is as genuine as ever. The bliss and perfection of life that Francis Bacon and his fellow-trumpeters of science foresaw, have not, save with respect to the mechanics of life, been fulfilled. We are as much as ever this side of paradise. The physical complication of things has not simplified the problems of our society or of our souls. So far as peace among men or the integrity of the spirit of man is concerned, we are as harassed and helpless as our primitive ancestors. We are as much in need of a miracle to save us as is a savage pursued by a whirlwind. We are as ready to fly to a magic remedy; we are as easily duped by a plausible cure. Human nature remains in its impulses essentially the same, however much by its monstrously altered setting it may be disguised. The magic to which it is susceptible has changed, but it is still susceptible to magic. A troubled soul still flies from the hopeless brutality of a fact to the hope and promise of a new fancy. It is as ready as ever to seek refuge in a miracle, to spy short cuts to salvation.

There is only one antidote to belief in magic, and that is a continuously active habit of criticism and analysis. There is nothing in the conditions of contemporary life or the structure of human nature to make us hopeful that the habit of free and analytic thought is more pervasive than it has been in

the past. There continue to operate, on the other hand, precisely the ancient and ineluctable facts of human need and human impatience. Thinking is in its very essence an interruption to behavior; it is the only secure method of solving a problem, but it is halting, tentative, and indirect. It provides solutions ultimately and with a fair degree of certainty, but a promised eventual solution is not a virtue in an emergency, and probability is not a comforting answer to desperation. The urban mind to-day is as ready as the forest mind of twenty thousand years ago to turn to a formula, a certainty, a guaranteed relief and salvation.

The tendency to turn from a candid and clear-headed dealing with the facts to a mystic flight into magic and superstition has always been most rife where disappointment and disillusion have been most current. It was in the sunset break-up of the Græco-Roman world, in the disillusion of a civilization going to ruins, that there was an incredible uprush of half-buried superstitions, a flight to formulas and rituals and magic and spells. In a sense our own situation is parallel.

Like the thinkers of the late Greek world, we are, in Professor Gilbert Murray's phrase, undergoing a "failure of nerve." Intelligence has revealed to us a great deal, but most of its revelations have been in the way of irony and disillusion. Our literature and our education have taught us to face facts, but the facts of the last decade have not taught us to caress the intelligence that revealed them. Like the stricken multitudes of the ancient pagan world, we look for a way to be saved. Like tribes of savages, tormented with drought or deluge, famine

or pestilence, we turn anywhere and everywhere to be rescued. And, as always, not least to the medicine-man and magicians of our own day.

Our medicine-men and magicians are not so fantastic in their dress, their rites, or their appearance as the medicine-men of old, but they resemble them in several very important ways. One of the great powers of the magician among primitive men was his supposed science and his control of words. And the chief instrument of the magic to which we appeal to-day is to the magic of names. It is by a formula, an incantation, an idea that contemporary magic appeals. It is a single phrase, a single principle, a single method, a single hope upon which we are to rest our salvation. And these single sesames to security, happiness, progress, and peace that rise and fall so rapidly in popular interest and esteem are all bathed in the aura of science. They are supposed knowledge, supposed certainties, in precisely the same way as the taboos and mumbo-jumbo, the fastings and lacerations, of a Fiji-Islander, a Zulu, and a Bushman are supposed accurate methods of control based on an accurate knowledge of the nature of things.

The rise and fall of interest in contemporary intellectual fashions thus has a comparatively simple explanation. Most of the new ideas of the last two decades have been in some way or other scientific in character. Anything that goes under the ægis of science gains a special claim to consideration because of the fact that the methods of science and the laboratory have been the obvious instruments by which the world of externals about us has been revolutionized. It is supposed that the science which has

brought about the radio and the rapid transit will be equally useful in solving the ills of social and political life, of a crucified soul, or a hysteric spirit. The layman, even of a professedly intellectual bent and interest, seldom realizes how precarious and tentative are the results of science, and how plodding and piecemeal are its methods. If the miracle of transporting sound thousands of miles without wire may be accomplished, surely the wise men may be believed when they tell us they can order our society, abolish war, glorify our characters, and save our souls. So any hint or whisper of salvation that comes from the quarter called scientific is hailed as a way out, a release, an escape, a philosopher's stone.

Belief in magic in so far as it affects the physical world is easily checked up. An airy theory of weight will not hold up a building, no bridge could be built by an engineer who operated with airy mathematics; but magic with relation to human affairs is easier to believe and harder to check. It is harder to check because its language is vaguer and its specifications more elusive. It is easier to believe because there is more incitement to the human spirit to believe in marvel than to explode or dismiss it. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should have been since the middle of the nineteenth century an extraordinary succession of intellectual fads, of fashionable superstitions in the realm of politics and morals, of psychology and education.

§ 2

It is natural, in the first place, that thinkers about specifically human problems should have wished to parallel in methods and results an improve-

ment in human affairs such as the methods of science have effected in the realm of things. The attempts to substitute the conception and the methods of the laboratory and the test-tube for those of the propagandist and the dealer in words have indeed been the most hopeful promise in the amelioration of human affairs. But it is equally natural that the polarization of these ideas should as frequently lead to superstition as to enlightenment. What in the hands of a careful and trained inquirer is a mere suggestion, a first hypothesis, an uncertified gleam, becomes among the pseudo-scientific and the intelligent men of the forum a new gospel, a modern decalogue, a healing wind for a stricken world. A faint light thrown on the processes of the ductless glands is made the signal of a new era. Control the thyroid gland, you create a transformed race. A physician in a psychopathic clinic makes some interesting observations on the unconscious factors entering into the lives of his hysteric patients.

Lo! the libido! Hail the unconscious! Behold the grand new insight by which rottenness is to be cleansed out of the human spirit, its complexes to be made simple, the subsoil of its obscenity sublimated into poetry and Platonism and art! Given a few unquestionably real facts about suggestibility and hypnosis, and a provincial French apothecary or a metropolitan press agent, or a combination of both, invents rituals and spells by which the lame are to be made to walk, the blind to see, the dumb to speak.

The vogue of psychoanalysis is peculiarly a case in point. Psychoanalysis originated and is still continued by sincere and systematic

inquirers. These men are expert psychiatrists, trying with unspectacular precision to turn up and turn to account some of the pivotal unrecognized factors in human conduct. A new dimension has been added to the understanding of our motives and our actions. Light has been thrown on the darknesses that used to veil motives below the level of consciousness and blind us to the unacknowledged urgencies and compulsions of sex. But psychoanalysis as a fad, an enthusiasm, a cure-all, a redeeming belief, is not science at all, but magic of a peculiarly pernicious sort. For a time it appeared as if the whole literate public were to be marooned forever on the beach of this scarcely charted country. The fact of sex was the pivot of understanding. The terms of a tentative, modest, and infant science became the jargon and shibboleths of a hurried salvation. To be psychoanalyzed was to be saved. On the stream of a freed libido were to be washed away all the uncleannesses of a repressed spirit. The case of the young man aged twenty-seven whose mother was neurasthenic and whose father was polymorphously perverse has, of course, become familiar to any one at all in touch with modern thought. The young man's loss of his job, bad temper at home, and his poor appetite are explained by a bewildering combination of bisexual retrogressions, Œdipus complexes, and anxiety neuroses. Only the probe of the analyst can save him. One may take one's choice of early- or latter-day superstitions: the amateur analyst with his pretentious and complicated formulas, his bated scientific breath, and his ritualistic language, or the more picturesque unction and ceremonies of the

savage magician rehearsing his recitations over his herbs and incense and fire.

There is a similar history to be written of the vogue of glands. Sustained and quiet researches in medical laboratories, notably in the medical schools of Harvard and Columbia universities, had for years been revealing the fact that the ductless glands in the human body have a significant effect on health, growth, vitality, and, in consequence, on character. But the vogue of glands in allegedly intellectual society in this country is a curious and ironic episode in the history of human culture. A fact was made into a fetish, and a helpful path struck out in medical science was hailed as a mystic avenue to salvation. What profit it a man that he be well nourished, well exercised, well housed, well fed, well paid, well loved, if the glandular foundations of his life be all awry? The fad lasted long enough for a novel and a moving-picture to grow out of one of its more spectacular phases, the relations of gland and youth. But given another year, and the new glandular medicine would have produced tragedies whose heroes met disaster through the fatality of a gland more or less, or a gland more or less out of tune. The day of the economic interpretation was over, and almost as much a thing of the past were complexes, transferences, projections, and repressions. All previous miasmas of language made way for the more summary obscurity of glands. One daily awaited a "History of the Human Race in Terms of Variations in the Thyroid." There was many a latter-day believer who thought the light that never was on sea or land had been cast by the new glandular medicine on

every secret fastness of the human soul.

To record the history of popular intellectualism in the last two decades would be to record the history of the rise and fall of successive faiths, of plausible modern magics, of unexamined faiths in unparalleled cures. Some of them are more palpably naïve and absurd than others. But scarcely any was absurd enough not to gain the hospitable attention of scholars who should have been made more circumspect by a long acquaintance with the history of human folly.

§ 3

The central faith, perhaps, that underlies most of these magics of the new age is the belief in the efficacy of "psychology." The natural and plausible inference is that what science has accomplished in the domain of things, it may equally well accomplish in the realm of mind and morals. For every tentative step made in increasing our information about the tangled skein of human motives and human behavior, there are dozens of volumes and hundreds of periodicals engaged in "putting psychology over" as the new instrument of salvation. In this instance salvation has been put on an efficiency basis. There is a whole new industry devoted to whipping up people's will power, accelerating the fermentation of ideas in their brains, enhancing their personality, teaching them concentration for success. Corporations have been formed for vending will power; forests of white paper have been sacrificed to advertising gospels of success. Every one is familiar with the pointed forefinger directed menacingly at the reader from the back page of a Sunday magazine.

Every one knows the strong gray face warning him to buy from this or that incorporated ism or this or that glad psychologist, limited, the simple and unique bunkum that will convert him from a creature of vacillations to an electric current of will to success. The subway news-stands are littered with a bastard crew of magazines ballyhooing brain power, will power, thought power, or personality plus. For fifteen cents the copy one can have chaos turned into character, wobbliness into will, lassitude into dynamics, passiveness into "pep." Most of these enterprises are commercial, not least so when they take the form of lectures delivered in luxurious auditoriums of smart hotels. But just as soup is not only made for profit in factories, but given away in soup kitchens, so will power, personality, brains, and success are being given away by benevolence. They are given away as gratis miracles on Tuesday evenings in churches which waning faith has left empty on Sundays. The Tuesday evening magic is not more efficacious, though much less lovely than the old. But the old beliefs are traditional; they are frayed, suspect, and outworn. The new beliefs of the glad psychologists have the tang and relevance of modernity; their promise is not that of hypothetical bliss in the next world, but of success in the vale of here and now. And as among primitive tribes the most passionate prayers and deliberate rites are not for distant and dubious happiness in another world, but for wind or rain or food in this. The crowds that pay for the will-power magazines, that come to personality lectures in ball-rooms or in churches, are hungering for cashable miracles, bigger and better jobs, better places in

society. Hence the sale found for these short cuts to bliss provided by what Everett Dean Martin has well described as "scamp psychologists." A large-scale business has been made out of the ancient and agreeable superstition that beggars who wish hard enough may ride. Strong language is supposed to bring about strong will, glad words, glad tidings. Babies alone are supposed to point to the moon and cry because they cannot reach it. But a whole trade and whole fortunes have been built up in selling the idea that by buying certain particular rituals, mumbling specific iterations (cf. "Every day in every way"), the moon may really be had.

§ 4

But interest in the life to come has likewise stimulated a latter-day science of superstition. This is not the first time in the history of civilization that another world has seemed to be the only decent refuge from this one, whose most palpable essence is disaster. The war made death so sudden and brutal a fact in the lives of thousands that any voice that brought tidings of a hereafter was not to be disregarded. During the visits of Sir Oliver Lodge to this country it was notable how many among his audiences were people in mourning. The same impulses that of old made people seek for immortality are still with us. These impulses now seek a rational justification in something more substantial than faith and more cogent than eloquence. What is no longer susceptible of proof by argument or homily now seeks assurance through photography. Ectoplasm seeks to prove what can no longer be demonstrated by dialectics. Along with

scientific breakfast food and scientific will power, one can have now, for the asking, scientific immortality.

In the past the tendency toward a flight from this world has usually been accompanied by an abdication of the only instrument that promised betterment of its conditions, reason or intelligence. The cool counsels of analytic intelligence preached by Aristotle in healthy days of Athenian thought was in the decadence of the third century A.D. superseded by a preaching of mysticism by a rapturous flight from the alone to the alone. A similar counsel finds many voices in this generation, not least in the able and persuasive writings of Bergson. For a time this thinker experienced a vogue that would never have been made possible by the highly technical character of his writings themselves. But there was enough clarity in his writings and enough energy in his disciples to make clear the drift and momentum of his teachings. And they were teachings not unamiable to a generation looking for a way out or a way home. The way to salvation and truth, so said this thinker and his disciples, was not intelligence, which was a frozen analysis of death, a *rigor mortis* of ideas. Through impulses alone one touched reality, and instinct alone led one to the truth. An uprush of intense feeling was a more massive and reliable guide than cool-headed discrimination. To feel one's own pulse beat, to sense the tremor of truth that was the soul of one's passion, was to confute the death's-head of intellectualism. Most seductive of all in Bergson's attack on science was the atmosphere of science in which it moved. No one has ever more subtly attacked subtlety or with more adroit intelligence shown

the limits of intelligence itself. Where Bergson led, hundreds of lesser men have been avid to follow. The same spirit has found multiform expression in the hundreds of varieties of New Thought, of avenues to the larger life, of aids to the creative spirit that fill on Sunday afternoons private houses on New York's upper West side, or hotels and theaters and women's clubs throughout the country. To be simple in a complex cosmos, spontaneous in a mechanical world, to be naïve in the midst of sophistication—these are the simplest of all the new and simple ways of being saved. Become simple as a little child, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

§ 5

One might thus pursue indefinitely the theme of mythology under the guise of science, and attractive shams that have gone in the clothes of certainty. People have, of course, fled to miracles always in the genuine hope that they would work. They fly from them as quickly when it is discovered that they don't. In the ancient, unhappy days a magician whose wares did not work was punished with exile or torture or death. In our society he is simply punished with oblivion. People are too eager to read or hear about the latest cure to remember that the last one was a fraud or a failure or both. By the time the new cure is under way in its public career, the old one is so far forgotten that it is even forgotten that it did not work. There is more enticement in a new untried promise than in one that is a year old and is tried and broken.

One might describe the literate world to-day as experiencing a pervasive neurasthenia. A great mad-

ness has fallen upon us, an impatience of the slow processes of intelligence along with a glib use of its language. Through the instruments of science we have built up a mechanical and industrial civilization in which our souls become dazed, if not lost. So, in the long war between the forces of light and darkness, we are tempted to play the defeatist part. In the face of an unprecedentedly complex world, we seek a fee simple to happiness. It may be because our hopes of an ordered and organized world have been rendered ironic and irrelevant by the international chaos of the last decade. But because directed and controlled inquiry has not solved our difficulties, it should at least be clear, from the history of once credited magic, that no magic will.

In the face of an extraordinary uprush of superstition (nearly always in the past an expression of age of despair), perhaps the one legitimate counsel would be that of skepticism. Skepticism may easily turn into cynicism or revolt. It may paralyze action. It may, on the other hand, be the indispensable beginning of wisdom and the prerequisite to relevant action. To distrust myth is not to distrust method. It is the substitution of intellectual patience for a rash credulity.

The essence of superstition is to believe in effects without causes, in achievements without the mechanisms for attaining them. And the tragic feature of such beliefs is that faith in a miracle renders uninteresting any search or encouragement of search for

means by which the desired results sought for might be prosaically and certainly achieved. Perhaps it is because the methods of science, of criticism, of analysis, of inquiry, of hypothesis, and of testing are so slow, so halting and in essence so uncertain that the modern believer has rushed to shams that have the glamour of speed and certainty and ease. Perhaps the human spirit cannot live in a world without guaranties. Perhaps experience is so discouraging or so disordered that nothing but a miracle can save us. But ours are not likely to be more efficacious than were the shabby and exploded wisdoms of an elder and simpler day.

It is a commonplace of modern psychiatry that hysterical patients live in a world of their own imagined creation, a smooth delirium in which all their difficulties are, in imagination, solved. But the temporary flight to these comfortable phantasies makes these poor deranged creatures less than ever the masters of their tattered destinies. The pleasant delirium of their dreams makes their actual lives no less a nightmare. It ought by this time to be a commonplace that the hysterical solutions which have in the last two decades been current for saving the world have a similar effect; they corrupt the very moral fiber and intellectual temper by which, if at all, the conditions of life may be improved. But perhaps the appearance on earth of a race that could bear to face nature and life without recourse to some form or other of magic would itself be a miracle.

Sex in Cookery

Why Men Are Better Cooks than Women

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

A RATHER distinguished novelist—it would perhaps damage his reputation too much to mention his name—wrote not long ago in praise of a luncheon which consisted largely of bouillabaisse and another very filling dish, washed down by Asti Spumante. Women novelists are famous for their lack of appreciation of the fine art of eating, but hardly any woman novelist now writing would have committed such a fault as this against the precepts of the author of the only cook-book really written for men, "The Physiology of Taste" of Brillat-Savarin. As novels to-day are the chronicles of the time, the mirrors of nature, more or less, and as the life of all nations depends on the art of cookery and the materials provided for the exercise of that art, nobody can study the sociological history of our times without a close consideration of the means by which the nations are fed.

Coventry Patmore says somewhere that, although the flowers of life bloom resplendently, their roots are in the mud, like the roots of the water-lily; but mud, scrupulously analyzed, as a seminal preservative of life, becomes of itself a very fine thing. It is to establish the fineness of mud that authors like Baudelaire attempt to

make mud something else than it is and make it exceedingly nasty. It is too bad that men who self-consciously try to paint the sources of human life beautiful by distorting them should have imaginations that remind one of bad oysters.

Mud, which is very often the cradle of fine life, has an admirable place when it is let alone and not stirred up. When you stir it up or attempt to use it as a pigment in your pictures, it becomes matter out of place, and all your patience and tolerance will not help you to endure it. You look at the blue mud through the clear waters of a pond, where the roots of the white and yellow water-lilies are, and you find it an integral part of the water-scape, and such a potent part that your lilies cannot float on the surface without it. It is a necessity of beauty; and it is time that the necessities that make beauty possible should not be classed as most of us class them. Mud, which keeps the lilies from festering and smelling far worse than weeds, should be treated with a certain respect.

In all English-speaking countries the cook by avocation has been regarded as an inferior being. When the cook happened to be a man, the world assumed a different attitude toward

him. He was known as a *chef*, a word which our English speech has borrowed from the French; but even in France no woman cook was ever called a *chefesse*!

Since the war the cook has assumed an importance she never had before, a merely economic importance. As to her art, it is worse than it ever was. Her position has been meretriciously aggrandized not because she has become more artistic or because she follows her vocation as the famous men cooks of history followed theirs, but because circumstances have made her rare. She has taken advantage of this, and the hollowness of the pretensions of women to be vocational cooks—cooks, as it were, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost—are shown to be utterly hollow.

Most women in history, whose infinite variety never grows stale, are not great in the usual sense. The great woman is never interesting, because "great" is an epithet which men have made their own, and which ought to have an entirely different meaning when it is applied to women. No woman is really great in the best sense unless she is mysterious; and the ladies of history who were strong and powerful and dominant were not mysterious. Neither Ninon de L'Enclos nor Louise de La Vallière lacks mystery; but Mme. de Pompadour and the virtuous Mme. de Maintenon, who had certain elements of greatness, are not names to conjure with among men.

A new definition of greatness as applied to woman will come, one hopes, among the many social changes which have followed the war. That tremendous upheaval of tradition which forces an English country gentle-

man to work in order to keep inside his ancestral mansion, which makes it thoroughly respectable for a member of "county" society to go into retail trade or to let his daughters labor manually, which in our country gives charwomen, indifferent waiters, and waitresses and languid carpenters and plumbers thrice the salaries of teachers, means that many static things must be newly defined and forced to move.

It is meet and just that a well trained and skilful carpenter or plasterer or cabinet-maker—especially a cabinet-maker—should be as well paid as a good cook, a really good cook, and there is no reason whatever, except reliance on the old tradition that "clergy," which implied a knowledge of the art of reading and writing, should have certain benefits, why a good cook should not be paid as well as a good teacher.

Men discovered this long ago, in France particularly. Which of us would say for a moment that Vatel, the great cook of the Duke of Orleans, who committed suicide because the turbot did not arrive in time, was not more worthy of his hire than at least one fourth of our modern university professors? How few of them take the serious view of their vocation that Vatel took of his! It is true that the enlightened view of higher education, taken by the great American public, may be finally the cause of the professors and teachers slowly starving to death; but who of the most devoted of them would commit suicide because, let us say, half his students failed in their examinations?

A great deal of useless fuss is made over the fact that Cleopatra permitted an asp to end her life. She is pictur-

esque and mysterious, but what word has history to say of the efforts of that hidden Egyptian cook who was mainly responsible for the perfection of Cleopatra's complexion and the brilliance of her eyes! For if Cleopatra had not had a cook worth while, neither Cæsar nor Mark Antony would have looked at her a second time. What is a vampire without a complexion! And mere cosmetics cannot supply the place of good food.

Cleopatra's melancholy was probably largely due to that kind of indigestion which must follow the drinking of pearls pulverized in any kind of fluid. It is very probable that Cleopatra's cook threw himself into the Nile when he realized what the "goings on" of his imperial mistress were leading to. It must be stated frankly, however, that certain research-workers learned in Egyptology are said to have discovered a gloss in an old manuscript, now on its way to the Metropolitan Museum, which shows that the word "pearl" was applied to a very small and delicate onion sacred to the use of the imperial dynasty of Egypt. The word "onion" is used in this sense, in the last act of the tragedy of "Hamlet"; but this, of course, has nothing to do with the case. If Cleopatra's pearl was a small onion, taken in the form of an Egyptian cocktail by Mark Antony, the professors in their German universities, now at work again, will settle the matter for us after some years of research. Until that time arrives we ought to suspend our judgment.

For centuries the woman cook did not occupy an important place in the social protocol. Even in France we find no records of any great nobleman having married his cook. The reason

of this may be that all the cooks of the great nobles were men; but there must have been *nobles ruinés* in the provinces who would have paid their cooks this delicate attention if the woman cook was looked on as at all socially possible. Englishmen have been known to marry their cooks in the past; but as, in these recorded cases, the cooks ceased to cook immediately after their marriage, it may be presumed that these *King Cophetuas* married them in order to get rid of their brand of cookery.

When we consider how important really perfect cooking is to the world, we cannot help thinking, looking from the point of view of modern democracy, that the women cooks of the past have lacked skill because they were underpaid and socially undervalued. Since the great change has taken place, and cooks are overpaid, underworked, and generally inefficient, one sees all the more that the most admirable of the birds of paradise who irradiated the kitchens of other days were very badly treated. They deserved the wages that their wretched successors receive now, and it remains for the cook of the present to try to earn her increased economic value, if she is not to sink back into her former place in the social scale.

There are those who regret that she does not expend her nefariously earned money in taking university extension courses, in learning how to improve the French of the current menus, in the leisurely reading of Dante or Wells or Bernard Shaw. This, the advanced imagine, may help her to assume that new place in that social scale to which her money entitles her.

We are all aware that there are three social classes in our country, the multi-

millionaires, who may be ranked as barons or earls, and the millionaires, who follow as baronets, making the first class. The middle classes are the cooks, the railway men, the carpenters, and the plumbers. Sprinkled among these people are numerous skilled and unskilled laborers—bank people, for instance, who earn five thousand dollars a year. The lowest class is made up largely of teachers, university professors included, clerks in the government service, actors formerly on the legitimate stage, and people who earn about a thousand dollars a year, and who have, unlike the cooks, to pay all their expenses out of this sum or sums.

As democracy has taught us as yet no other way of dividing classes,—which exist democratically only as imaginary straight lines,—we can only arrange them in terms of finance. But still a time is coming when something more definite will be required, something, in fact, more idealistic. Now, if the cooks should spend their surplus in buying such records for their talking-machines as will enable them to follow the score of the "Mad Scene in Lucia" or the convolutions of the orchestra in the "Ride of the Valkyries," or learn the chemical foundations of beauty, so constantly referred to in the Sunday supplements, they may continue to be rich for a time, but not really respectable; for, in the new order of things which we are promised, efficiency must count. And then, again, we are told that we all must make history. He who does not make history to-day is recreant to the spirit of his forefathers. He is not Anglo-Saxon. He will be despised by posterity. According to the democratic theory, cooks can only make history by cooking.

Does it ever occur to the fashionable cooks of to-day that, while they languidly listen to the "Dance of the Hours,"—hours which pass them sweetly as the soup burns,—that the Reformation began in England only when, in the late eighteenth century, a group of semi-barbarous young Englishmen saw an elegant French refugee making a salad in a London coffee-house? They watched him with interest and reverence, as the untutored savage watches the traveler when he takes his false teeth out, in order to bathe in a pellucid stream. They drew near him, and, as he had seen better days, he was induced for a guinea or so a lesson to teach these enterprising young blades how to mix the bowl that cheers and invigorates—the salad. The making of this salad was, then, the beginning of the real Reformation in England. Before that time lettuce was looked upon as grass, and supposed to be the food on which the evil Nebuchadnezzar was condemned to browse. Endives were unknown, and the tender dandelion was used only for beer. It is really too bad that this Reformation should have been the occasion of so many sectarian salads; little did the young Marquis de Polignis de la Garde imagine that, when he imported his secret, the revelation of it would lead to a deluge of salads which have come to be known as landscape gardens—or are the mad and multi-colored results of the dreams of amateurs who have eaten their own Welsh rabbits!

When one considers the condition of cooking in England, where the vegetable marrow and the boiled turnip were looked on as miracles of gastronomic art, one can account for the bad temper of Henry VIII and the

indigestion of good Queen Bess, whose maids of honor drank beer for breakfast and did not hesitate to make little islands of cheese in the lagoons of their stomachs early in the morning.

Spanish cooking was rather bad in those days, too. Cervantes has little to say for it. It is a mere incident in the life of that fine gentleman. *Don Quixote*, *Sancho Panza*, like *Falstaff*, merely gobbled. If Catherine of Aragon had learned the secret of making a refreshing salad and had known the elements of a perfect Rhine wine-cup,—it is presumed that even at that time sliced cucumbers were available,—she might have retained the affections of a lord whose worst fault, if we may believe the eminent historian Froude, was his tendency to indigestion. Ann Boleyn had, like Cleopatra, too many accomplishments. The playing of the lute cannot in any way compare in the opinion of a sensitive man to the compounding of a ragout.

If any of the wives of Henry VIII had been able to invent a new dish, if they had kept an eye on the cuisine, as Agnes Sorel did, as *la belle Gabrielle* did, as Mme. de Montespan and Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. de Pompadour did, they might have lived a long time in possession of such happiness as people could enjoy before *potage à la Créole*, with okra *filé*, or lobster *au gratin* or truffled goose or roast turkey, with cranberry sauce, was invented. It is of record that Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart knew partridges stuffed with chestnuts and garnished with boiled cabbage, but it was *toujours perdrix*, and we know what crimes of ennui that leads to!

The attitude of Pepys, in his famous

"Diary," toward his wife is very different from that which Dante takes toward Gemma Donati. No doubt Dante was the more faithful husband; and even Mr. Mencken or Mr. Morley or Mr. Don Marquis have not yet thought of comparing the "Divine Comedy" with Mr. Pepys's "Diary," though this may come. But Gemma dei Donati, or Madonna Durante Alighieri, to give her full name, might have secured honorable mention in the writings of her husband if she had perhaps endeavored more sedulously to keep him at home by looking after the dressing of the spaghetti and the composition of those luscious syrups which St. Francis of Assisi found so attractive that he longed for them even at the last.

Mistress Pepys kept her husband's affections from wandering somewhat more than was usual in those days by the gravest attention to the cuisine. It was a heavy and cumbrous cuisine of the kind which pleased Dr. Johnson and Boswell, who was brought up on haggis; but it delighted Pepys and it gave great pleasure to the highest members of the British aristocracy until the Marquis Polignac de la Garde brought a noble discontent into their bosoms by the exhibition of a salad of lettuce, water-cress, and a bunch of young dandelions, flavored with a sigh of an onion.

But it was a long time before the women cooks of England—and there seem to have been no men cooks—began to see the value of the salad. It took almost a century to induce them, in the middle classes, to follow the example of their betters. They are even too conservative to use the ices yet, and the average English ice-cream, except at the great houses, is

equaled only by the quality of the coffee, which is detestable everywhere in John Bull's little island.

It is to be hoped that, if Ireland secures self-determination, she may show her real independence of Great Britain by learning to make decent coffee. In order to do this, she will be compelled to import some chefs from France; she cannot settle the question by recalling even the best of her Irish cooks from the United States, for, though they have achieved good tea and almost perfect ices, their coffee has suffered from the enforced contact of the inhabitants of the island of saints with the Anglo-Saxons. If there ever comes a time when Ireland wants to show her forgiveness for the English past, she might import a number of the exiled Irish cooks from the United States to teach the Saxons how to make horseradish fit for those noble-blocks of roast beef which they already possess. It brings tears to the eyes of the cultivated American to observe the little scraps of horse-radish, dry, fibrous substances, utterly unworthy of that perfect thing of its kind, the roast beef of Old England.

There is no question that cookery has improved in England since the emigrants from France fled from that Revolutionary tempest which for a time uprooted all the fine flowers of the land, but the improvement has been very slow. The English woman cook still seems to think, as she did in the reign of Henry VIII, that salted hot water is the only sauce for vegetables, although she has not learned that devastating process, so beloved by the average cook in the United States, of improving the taste of string-beans by dousing them in a liquid in which ham has been boiled.

Nor does she lard fish and flesh alike with scraps of bacon. These habits she will doubtless learn in time.

When the English cook's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of entrées, she is indeed terrible, when she pounces upon savories, she may be endured; but she has invented a famous sweet pudding, with a sauce tasting of paregoric, in which she has great pride. This permeates all the minor hotels in Great Britain, where there are women cooks. If she would only let cheese alone! What is better than Stilton into the hollow of which a little brandy has been poured? But what is worse than the *soufflés* she contrives to make?

§ 2

Modern English cooking has improved since the beginning of the present century, but not much. In Fielding's account of his voyage to Lisbon, we can see how terribly gross it was; and we can trace a distinct resemblance between the symptoms of the gouty canon in "*Gil Blas*" and Fielding's idea of what a perfect dinner should be. This idea was reflected by Dr. Johnson, and is still evident in the kidney-and-beefsteak pies offered at the Cheshire Cheese, to which good Americans must resort.

It will be remembered that the good canon, as described by *Gil Blas*, followed a spacious dinner in the middle of the day by a light supper consisting of a chicken and a rabbit. At dinner he considered it a great refinement of *gourmandise* to follow a bisque with partridges flanked by quail, and to surround them with copious entrées, which his expert *gouverante* drew from "*Le Cousinier Parfait*," the only book of all the canon's legacy which *Gil Blas* deigned

to notice; but, while English cookery has improved since the time of Fielding and Dr. Johnson, who had inherited the traditions of the twelfth century, it still lacks the appetizing glow which M. Saint-Marc Girardin noted in the literature of the reign of Louis XIV. After that time, he says, the French writers wrecked themselves on the "doubt of perfection," which resulted in a disenchanting reality, and "they seemed to forget that in all the arts there is a kind of illusion which we must respect in order to enjoy our pleasures."

To-day the cooks of England, almost entirely feminine, seem to doubt the few abilities they possess. They are too frank. Their cabbage never masquerades as anything but cabbage, often very badly boiled. One would object to having roast beef disguised. As the perfect sausage is the highest form of German art,—it may, in fact, be classed with the statues in the Thiergarten in Berlin,—so roast beef represents the real artistic aspirations of the English people. Delicately carved in any other form than its natural one, it would be like imitation stucco in a Byzantine church. Like the Venus of Melos, or, perhaps, more like the "Three Graces" of Rubens, it would be a pity to clothe it. It does not need the illusion of which the biographer of La Sage speaks so feelingly; but most of the products offered to us in England to-day, except plovers' eggs, do need this illusion. Until an attempt is made by the English Government to reward perfection in the culinary art, as an approach to perfection is rewarded in the other arts, English cookery must always represent a retrogressive people. It might be difficult to form a new

order or knighthood for women cooks, as women are not permitted to use crests, but something constructive might be done. It is certainly time that in England the rules should be abrogated that a woman, in order to be a knightess, should be obliged to marry a knight.

Of what value is the suffrage, of what use all the struggles of the suffragettes, if men in England are permitted to wear all the honors! Nobody who has studied the subject will deny that the perfecting of the art of cooking among our cousins across the sea will be a colossal task. The consensus of the good women in England is against it. An English mother may have given up the traditional cradle for her infants, she may look on the various brands of soothing syrups with horror, she may not trust that raw apples fed to small children will be taken care of by the natural juices of the body, she may accept pasteurized milk; but it will require all the force of a stronger government than England has at present to induce her to establish the *pot au feu* or to give up the quality of sogginess in her muffins.

The difficulty of this task may be brought home by a comparison. Louis XIV, almost with a wave of his hand, could create Versailles and order Racine to produce "Athalie," but there is no record in all his history that he created a cook equal to Vatel. In fact, the Grand Monarque has not left his name attached to a single excellent dish that has come down to posterity. In the art of *gourmandise* he does not count with Lucullus or even with Nesselrode, whose pudding alone remains to make him famous.

The woman cook is now in fair competition with the men of her

avocation in this country. There were always a few men with us who knew how to create a sole à la *Margéry* from the flounder, with the help of Sauterne, or even a *Grave Inferieure*; but, after an experience of over fifty years, I think I first tasted sole à la *Margéry* in the restaurant of Les Trois Frères Provencaux, in 1876, where bouillabaisse was first introduced into Philadelphia, and where the ballad of Thackeray had made it eagerly anticipated; but there is not one woman under the stars and stripes, in fact, no woman outside of France or perhaps certain districts of Italy, who has ever known how to use wine, which is the rhyme of cookery, with delicacy. To the woman cook, as a rule, brandy or hard cider is almost the same in her mince-pies; and it was only the fear of masculine censure that induced her to put sherry into her terrapin-stew.

The American woman never had a feeling for wine as a pigment in the art of cookery. For this she was despised by the chefs from other countries and by those native colored artists who limited themselves from lack of opportunity to the use of madeira and sherry. Now that all wines and liquors, domestic and foreign, are taboo, she is on equal grounds with those men cooks who increased the charms of food by what is now considered the meretricious aid of diluted alcohol. Besides, the competition is lessened by the fact that the very great chefs will not remain in a country deprived of one of the most important appliances of their art.

These departing chefs cooked for men, and that is what the woman cook seldom does. There is always in her mind an imaginary man who *ought* to like what she cooks. And I must make the frank and startling admission that he pretends to. This perhaps unconscious deceit on the part of the male American is beginning to undermine a character which, we are led to believe from the Fourth of July speeches and our uplifting writers, is a model of truthfulness and virile sincerity. This tendency to idolize his women folk—and possibly a well grounded fear of them—has made him silent for many years. He knows very well, in his heart, that when a cook in his family offers him a dish, supposed to have been made to please him, she is really endeavoring to please a creature of her fancy; or, in some cases, rather rare, to please herself. He will not admit the truth of this. He is bound by tradition to swear by the curious compounds his mother used to make. If he does not, he is ruined domestically, and he deprives himself of the use of a comparison which may help him sometime to secure almost what he wants to eat. As women were born without any real taste for food,—they, when alone, absorb anything at hand, chocolate éclairs and barbaric salads by preference,—they must learn, now that they are legally declared to be the equals of man, to discover why he has always been superior in that art which for centuries they have unrighteously proclaimed as entirely their own.

A Story Ordered

BY EDNA BRYNER

WHEN I think of you, Marina, I think of a thin-blooded descendant of some very early transplant from the British Isles. How does a young woman with the blood of prophets in her veins ever become so Anglo-Saxonized? Everything regular, clean-cut, clipped about you except your nose, a curiously broken feature, not at all unbecoming to you, indeed distinguishing. More than that, signifying to me a certain remote unwillingness somewhere within you of elements to fuse into too finished a product.

In that broken feature you maintain, it seems to me, your connection with unresolved life, as the chiseled figures of Michelangelo maintain their connection with the place from which they were hewn by an incompleteness, a something of the unwrought,—Pater's phrase,—as in that morsel of uncut stone on the head of "David."

I am giving you, you see, a fighting chance for your life, you who have never fought for anything in your life. And your life is in my hands. You put it there yourself not four months ago. You delivered yourself over to me, Dimanche Quinze, scribbler, tailoress working with the stuff of life, cutting it out in big rough hunks, trimming it as neatly as I can with my big shears that are, maybe, a bit too heavy for me, sewing it into the best

patterns that my establishment affords, pressing them with the warm iron of my belief.

You delivered yourself over to me with abandon, with a sort of shameless eagerness which startled me; for I had never thought of putting you into a story. Nothing ever happened to you.

Placid and unvarying, you draw out the thread of your life amid the tortured, troubled existence about you. Evenly your life traces its graphic line over the cross-bar paper amid other graphic lines that rise and fall, like the rise and fall in prices and wages before and after great wars. Yours has no peak, no depression. It goes on, m-o-v-i-n-g slowly, evenly, while above and below, crossing it in a thousand places, sprawl the distorted, uneven lines of life of a million, fifty million others.

You hold middle space, as far from all those sailing in spaces far above you as from those below, bending, knee-walking, crawling, lying supine.

Curious, that I should see your life as a line drawn lightly, with a not too hard lead-pencil over a strip of cross-bar paper!

Some one told me once that he had seen a picture of little apples which gave conviction to his feeling that what counts is not the subject, but what one does with the subject. He

got, he said, in the arrangement that the artist had made of the apples, in the treatment of light and shade, of color value, precisely the artist's attitude toward the members of his own family. The apples were his family! What he did was worth half a dozen family portraits.

The idea holds me. You could take walnut shells or glass bottles, and give your effect, could n't you? So I take you, Marina, as subject merely, an extremely thin, dark young woman; small-boned; long-boned into the bargain. It affects me curiously when people are too thin. I feel I must lower my voice, eat less food, wear rubber shoes. I myself am somewhat round, with a bouncing quality.

Your thinness impresses me the more as you wear clothes that are tailor-made and always close-fitting. You are inveterate to shirt-waists and skirts, college style. Your skirts are tight across the back and narrow, but long. You have far too many shirt-waists. You have a passion for them.

You are neat to the point of atrocity, entirely clipped away. I can scarcely believe your assurance that you escaped taking a bath every time you could when you were a growing girl, so well washed an appearance do you present, scrubbed, with warm water and soap, clear to the bone.

You are a good-looking girl, Marina. You have big gray eyes set rather deep under a fine forehead. You have good color. Your hair is soft and brown, with a reddish sheen, and fine, too fine, veil hair. You complain of its fineness. You wear it in a net, held close against your small head. You wear long, pointed, low-heeled shoes and neat silk stockings. You drive a car, a first-rate one, like the devil,

coolly, anywhere, over any road, up the trail on the side of a mountain. You have never yet had an accident, or a single repair to your car, for fifteen thousand miles! A record.

Your story is for me, you see, the story of you to me. I have to write it in my own way. You must grant me that privilege. You can't expect me to write the way that you, self-styled a normally happy person, would; but as I, whatever I am, must write. A little self-consciously, perhaps. I'm not accustomed to have people ask me to write about them. Usually the story wells up in me of its own accord and overflows on to the paper, running off the pen's point faster than the ink. This one does n't act that way. It is a thing worried out, rather; set forth, nevertheless, with my best endeavor.

You asked me for this, Marina. Understand that once and for all. You gave me the subject. If you are not in accord with my ideas on the subject, you are not in accord with me. That I know already. You have taken pains to show me that. You got it over to me, finally, just before you took the train that put the width of a continent between us. The continent is between us now, and much more is between us. How much, I am beginning to know as I put my pen to this task. As the pen moves across the paper, the gulf widens not with my will, but with my recognition.

§ 2

I'll take you back to the beginning. Since I am writing this expressly for you, I want to be quite thorough in the story of a person who grew up happily, married happily, and is now living along happily, in a normal way.

The phrasing is your own. I am making you speak in character. You shall wear your own clothes, not borrowed finery or rags picked up.

I'll never forget the first time I met you. In New York. I had been married a month or two to some one you knew in conventional fashion, whose family, let us say, had had close connection with yours. That's how I happened to meet you. "Marina's here with her mother to buy her trousseau," he said. "You two might like each other. You probably have a good deal in common. She's a good scout, leader of her class in college, interested in everything that's happening in the world. I'm surprised that she's going to have a real wedding. She does n't believe in such things—show, waste."

We had supper with you on a Sunday night. We came in our tramping-clothes, with knapsacks and bunches of brilliant oak leaves. We had sixteen miles of late autumn woods paced into us with the swing of our best walking legs. We felt like creatures that had just jumped out of trees, out of stones. Reluctantly, we went up to a stuffy hotel room to be served by waiters in stuffy black clothes to stuffy stove-cooked food. But you were there, and we wanted to see you.

We talked. The talk wove itself in my brain in and out among shapes of wood things, shapes of color, shapes of sound, movement of feet rhythmically putting the good dirt road behind them. You were sorry your man was n't there. You knew we would like him. You did n't believe in a big wedding, but the family wanted it. You thought it was great that we had gone off by ourselves and got married without fuss of buying

clothes and having parties and a big ceremony. You thought it was silly to make a display, wrong to waste money that could be used for better purposes, foolish to use up your energy at that time. You felt, nevertheless, you said brightly, that you had n't the right to cheat the family out of a chance to have a good time at a wedding.

I wondered what else you believed in that you did n't do; what else you did n't believe in that you did.

You were dead tired. Your eyes had great dark hollows under them. Out of the colors of wood things, the movement of branches, the coursing of water, that still found echo in me, a slow anger rose up against the thing that was pressing in around you, against you for giving in to pressure, letting yourself be so tired out before your marriage. That seemed to me to be cheating, cheating with a vengeance, cheating yourself out of the richness which the beginning of a new relationship might hold for you, cheating your man of richness, cheating life itself of moments. There was something about your attitude not quite decent in a girl as sensibly inclined as you seemed to be.

You let yourself be dragged around to buy clothes, only a few, you told me, that you would have bought anyway, whether you were to be married or not. You went to dinners, luncheons, teas.

I met you again at a stupid dinner to which I came only because of you. I could still believe that you were doing something that you did n't want to do; that our being there might help you to get through with it. You were so tired that you were excused from talking. You were more like some

one at the end of everything than one at the beginning of a new and wonderful adventure. We insisted that you be hurried off to your hotel immediately after dinner. I carried away with me the memory of a thin, drooping young woman with big, hollow eyes who, by some miracle of bridal festooning, was to be the center of gay festivities for relatives and friends.

§ 3

Four years later I met you on the other edge of the continent. I did not want to see you. Not because there was anything in you that repelled me, made me not want to see you, but because there was nothing in you that drew me toward you, made me want to see you. I had no intention of seeing you, even when persons who knew both of us gave me your address and said: "Do see Marina. She's so far away from every one she's ever known." They wrote you that I was coming.

I did n't want to bother to see you, because all my faculties were engaged in the most tremendous experience that had ever happened to me. I was taken up with the resolution of the intricacies of a problem that had started when I was born and had accumulated complexities thereafter—the problem of relationship with a group of persons associated with me from birth, sharing with me a common stock of potentialities. I had definitely a task to do, one which I alone could accomplish, remove an incubus from the back of a young person so as to permit her to live like a human being.

I need not go into this. You know something about it. How much, I don't know, perhaps only the outlines

of the story, the outward happening. At any rate, I told it to you. But later.

I saw you first two weeks after I had been there. I was afraid you would look me up if I did n't come to see you, and I preferred to do the looking up myself. I did not want you to see me in the toxic atmosphere from which I had escaped years before for healing of myself, for making myself strong against poisonous infection wherever it is found in the world. I felt still that there I could not be myself.

I had done the hardest part of my work. The great toxic agent had been removed, leaving its victims with the beastly stuff still working in them, unaware of its power, reacting against it only to pass its virulence on to others. I needed relief from those fumes.

I came to you because you were outside of the whole thing.

You were about to try to find me. You were n't going to let me get away without seeing me. I told you frankly that I had n't wanted to see you, that I was too embroiled in my own affairs, and that I was glad you had not tried to see me.

I came down to the apartment-hotel where you and your husband lived and had dinner with you. I had never met your husband. I found him curiously inarticulate, with deep, slow-moving currents at work in him, barely aware, like a man in a dream state, of what was going on inside of himself. He was gentle, kind, and terribly groping, like a child feeling out blindly for its mother's breast.

We talked about life and what there is in it for people. I talked. Better say, I launched forth. Well, I had come through. I had been on the

table and I had also been the operator in the case. And I had come through. There in your quiet room, from whose windows I could look out in clear early evening light upon high, far-off, snow-covered peaks while below the June green lay cool about the soft colors of flower clusters—there I took off all the safety-cocks and I talked.

I don't think I ever said quite so much about what I was trying to get out of life. I lost myself finally in my own thoughts of things. I was speaking at last only to myself. I was telling myself what it was all about, what it was all worth, and exactly what was the way to open oneself up to it. I went thoroughly into what it was that made me throw myself out toward things—people, pictures, music, poetry, the sun, sea, sky, earth, and let them throw themselves into me, make something happen inside of me.

That must have made a curious word portrait! Chaotic, with the waxed string of a certain intense feeling pulling the whole thing toward some sort of unity.

I went further, I say, than I had ever gone before. Probably because I saw more clearly than ever before what it was that I was after. I had just gone through a tremendous experience. I had seen bared the mass of complicating cross wires that had pressed its mesh against the lives of a number of persons. I had seen how some writhed and twisted under those wires to no purpose but to putting dark glances from their eyes, dark streams from their lips; how others twisted and pulled the wires apart brutally, so that they emerged halfway and hung there, spent; how others grew silently stronger, holding fast in one place, pressing harder and harder

with each moment of growth until the wires eased back and let them through.

I had seen that. That lay at the bottom of what I was saying. I talked without seeing you. There was a picture, I remember, that I felt myself trying to tell about, telling in what terms it came to me, in moving color that made forms and threw them off in whirling vapors, gave me the idea of the eternal principle of growth. I don't know how long I talked or how you looked; but suddenly I became aware of you again.

Your husband had a queer expression on his face, Oriental, lotus-like, with the tips of petals curving up, eyes curved, mouth curved, like a great bud lightly beginning and slowly to curve to long, heavy, painful unfolding. Looking at him, I might have lost myself and gone on; but you spoke. You urged me to go on. I stopped then. Words became wooden mallets, long slivers of wood, blocks.

In a few minutes I went home alone, on the street car. I preferred that to your taking me home in your machine. I was shaken up with what I had been telling myself. I wanted to be alone to think, to find myself again in the new appearances of life that I had brought forth out of myself. I was perturbed that I had talked so much without your saying anything.

When I saw you the next day, you told me that I had done something for you and your husband that no one had ever done before, especially for your husband. You said, humorously and lightly, that you did n't know whether you would want me around much, that I was the first woman your husband had taken any notice of and that I had stirred him up considerably.

I had the uncomfortable feeling that you were speaking Southern fashion, flattering me because I was "visiting girl"; whereas I should have been apologizing to you for having delivered a lecture on "What Is Art in Life?" I spoke in some such terms, but you held to your statement. I began to believe that you meant something by it.

Your attitude made me seem momentarily shouting, showing off my wares. I had no wares. I had only myself, and that had evidently been playing tricks on me.

I told you: "You have your ideas, as well as I, on what life holds. I did n't do anything for you. Whatever was done, you did it yourself. I spoke out of my own need, Marina. I had to get those things out of myself. It was kind of you to let me do it so thoroughly. I've been under a great strain, you see, and I'm afraid I've collected more steam than I can manage."

"You did something for us that you'll never know about. My husband said he never before had any idea what it meant to get at things in the world, of what there was in the world to get at. He says we must be very lazy." You spoke almost doggedly.

That evening had definitely established me in a certain light to you. You fixed me as a person on a different plane from you. I had done something for you that had never been done before. You told it to me several times. You wrote it to me after I went away.

§ 4

Have you ever walked down a street, Marina, an ugly street, if you

will, with ugly brick buildings holding it in—have you walked there or any other place, on a country road, with some one, man, woman, child, and as you walked there together, talking or not talking, a little tree burst up between you out through the brick pavement or through the hard dirt of the road, a golden tree, lifting up its slender trunk, spreading its branches, putting forth buds, bursting into leaf and flower, rounding out fruits, yielding color and perfume and delicious form? Have you done this? Has this happened to you?

You walk along, under the shelter of the lovely tree, which somehow walks with you. You feel the branching of its trunk, the gentle motion of its leaves, the perfume of its flowers, the exquisite flavor of its fruit. You pick its fruit and offer the colored shapes to each other; you offer the perfume of its flowers. The thing has happened and lives there between you.

This has not happened once when I have been with you.

There was the day when you took me out in your car to see a certain delectable garden spot far off toward the mountains. We were on the boat an hour before getting to the landing that was to be our starting-place for the country.

I had n't intended to say a word to you about the problem that was engaging my energies. I had n't intended to say another word to you about myself. I had talked too much already, got myself into a wrong relation to you by it.

There was something about that stretch of soul-smoothing water, however, that made me want to talk to you further, get out of that wrong relation. I had told you myself, be-

fore, laid my interior workings out in front of you with the secret of their combination. Now I would tell you about myself, the ordinary every-day facts of my existence. I would make a picture without high lights, uninformed, factual.

I think this is the way the thing took place. My mind is so cunning when I consult it that I am never quite sure of how it has been working. One thing I am certain of, and that is that I wanted to be in communication with you.

I threw off all restraints then. Deliberately, I put before you my actual world, the physical world that I had been born into, that I had turned about in, seeking the loophole of escape, finding it, emerging, and finally orienting myself in the world in which you first saw me. Homely enough it was, that physical world of mine, of small enough dimensions certainly, with that atmosphere of depression enveloping households where all time and energy must be given merely to the keeping of food in children's mouths, clothes on their backs, morality in their conduct, and where that wonder-working quality, the love for human beings, welling up without regard to time or exertion, does not function.

I took the picture, a faithful one, out of myself, and laid it before you. We went on, took the car off the boat at the landing-place, drove for miles up into hills, dipped down through a forest of spruce covered with gray, hanging moss waving above full-flowering rhododendrons to a bit of farm set on a stream. There we lingered a few moments, looking out to just showing, white-capped peaks. Then we went back.

I saw a great deal of you in the next

two weeks, of you and your husband, but mostly of you. You kept taking me out into the country away from those heaps of miserable dwellings of wood and stucco by which men show how little they believe in themselves. You took me to magnificent spaces of thousand-year-old cedars and pines and spruce, to hidden gardens of rhododendrons, from which always to one side and the other, we could see rising up the great snow-capped peaks, Olympic, indeed, and unbearably sky-piercing.

You, little marionette, in your straight-cut, trim suit, your smartly pointed shoes, drove the car firmly, easily. You talked, asked questions. Invariably you made some reference to that first evening's encounter, as though it were a sore in you that you must keep rubbing to quiet its throbbing.

Gradually you told me about yourself. Your phrases came hesitatingly, thinly, like the meager flow of water from a barren hillside.

You were born and brought up in a small town with some brothers who took life easily, ordinarily nice boys—I have heard them described over and over again—without strong tastes, aptitudes, or vices. They left off school early and went into business. You played around with them in easy fashion, never doing anything for which you were punished or anything for which you were rewarded. You had no strong desire for anything. You had pretty much what you wanted, or pretty much that you had you wanted. You had never to think of where clothes and food came from. They were there, the means for the going on of your life, in plenty, and you accepted them without question, reproach, gratitude.

As you grew up, you had pretty clothes, went to the usual dances and parties of your group, carried on the kind of small social life that the town permitted. You wanted to go to college because some of your friends were going. Your parents were glad. They could easily send you, give you what was necessary to make your college life yield what you wanted it to.

You were popular in college, organized things well, held positions in your class, did your work creditably. Equally, you moved through your work, not attracted strongly by anything, amiable with your books, your class activities, your fellow-classmen, alike. You had your friends, girls of your own sort, who had lived much as you had lived; but there was no one toward whom you were strongly moved. You told me that the only time you were aware of strong feeling in any one was in a girl whom you did not know very well, one outside your group. She came one evening to your room to talk to you about some class activity. You were aware that she was drawn to you. You made some excuse to hasten her departure.

On finishing college, you went back home. Many college girls, some of your friends among them, were getting positions in New York, and you wanted to do the same. But your mother wanted you at home. She had n't had you for four years, she said, and she thought you should stay at home. You stayed.

You were n't going to be without some sort of work to do, however, after you had been in college with girls who were now doing all sorts of things. You got hold of a job, making a summer camp for working girls. This was your first experience in living

out of doors and you enjoyed it. The girls themselves seem to have been units of a problem which it was your business to keep continually solved, by a process of clothing them properly, seeing that they were fed and bathed and otherwise cared for.

Socially, you played around still with the boys and girls with whom you had grown up. You had never in your life seen a boy or man who had attracted you enough so that you wanted to be alone with him. All the men folk you knew you lumped along with your brothers or your father. One day when a certain childhood friend of yours was at your home, you had a feeling that you might like it better if your brothers were n't about. You managed it so that you two were left alone. You and this man got into the habit of managing thus to be alone without any one's remarking it. You found out thus that you cared for each other. This is the man you married.

You told me this at great length. While you talked, long-forgotten incidents detached themselves from the storage spaces of my mind and wove themselves in and out about the thread of your narrative.

When I was fourteen I went to a school party. There among the boys and girls that I knew well was a strange boy, older than I, much older; sixteen. He was presented to me in the offhand fashion that school-boys and -girls have of introducing friends of their own age, during the excitement of getting up a new game, and then left to fend for himself while the whole group ran to the next room to start their play. I stood looking at the new boy, and he at me in silence strangely emphasized by the sounds of merriment just withdrawn. The moment

seemed happier to me than any I had ever had in all my life. A strange new feeling had taken possession of me. There was a fluttering in my breast, a lightness in my head. I had devout thankfulness, like prayer, that we were alone.

We talked, I sitting on the edge of a chair, with my hands folded on my knees, and he on the arm of another chair, very solemn, about what we liked and what we did n't like. Thin, silken scarfs of poetry floated out around us there, while in the big room game succeeded game. The evening passed. Time came to go home.

The boy asked if he could walk home with me.

No, my brother was coming for me.

Could he not, then, ask permission of my brother to go home with me?

Unthinkable! My brother had walked three miles to take me home.

The trees, the ground, the quavering whistle of my brother were infused for me that evening with strange, palpitating meaning. I walked upon air then and for weeks after. For weeks I held the fine flower of that meeting, sniffed its perfume, touched its silken petals.

Did I marry that boy? No. I went home with my brother, and I never saw the boy again.

There were moments like that with a minister's son, who turned out to be a rascal; with a boy named Cherry, who turned out magnificently. There was Blinkie Minor, who sat with me on the flagstone steps in the moonlight after every one had gone to bed, and we talked about how cute his uncle's baby was. There was a man with a name like a Christmas carol, and another with a name like the

title-page of a law book. There was a man who believed that marriage was like two rings intertwining, and another who thought it— There's no use going on. I wanted to be alone with every one of them, without a soul around, and I was. Did I marry any of them? No. Did I want to marry any of them? No.

Many persons have not approved of your marriage, Marina. Or, rather, they are disappointed. They phrase it thus:

"He is n't at all the sort I expected Marina to marry."

I have asked some of them:

"Why don't you say it the other way around?"

"So you like him!" They are surprised, search me with their eyes.

"Certainly I do." My eyes search them in turn.

"Well, do you think he can give Marina the life she needs?" They now appear a little injured for your sake.

"Do you think she can give him the life he needs?" On these equivocations the matter ends.

You tell me you know that you are quite normal in regard to marriage. You are assured of it since you married. Before, you thought, now and then, that perhaps you were n't, perhaps you might not be. But you're sure of it now.

You tell me, with a kind of subdued pride in your voice, that you two are the only ones in your apartment-hotel who really live together, occupy the same room and bed. You got that from the too plain spoken woman that tends your rooms.

I know a man and wife who have slept in the same room, the same bed, for upward of fifteen years. They

think and state that married people are n't in love unless they do that. They are both restless sleepers. In hot summers, which they are forced to spend in the city, they suffer from each other's tossing about, like fretful children. They speak of it, with pride, as though suffering for each other's sake.

You and your husband have taken up with alacrity the custom in your part of the country of going on weekend camping-trips in your car. On Saturday you drive far out into the magnificent virgin forests of cedar and spruce and fir, find a convenient inn at which to spend the night, and then play at camping somewhere in the neighborhood. You are getting together a camping-equipment to fit into your car, so that you can sleep out in comfort. You never knew what it was to go out like that into the woods, you told me, until you lived where every one did it. You take along food, thick steaks, juicy chops, potatoes to boil, salad sometimes, even strawberries with cream.

You keep a memory-book of all the trips you take with your husband. You showed it to me, with snap-shots and writings of where you had been and what you did.

You asked me finally what I thought about having children. This was a delicate subject. Neither you nor I have children. I told you that, to my mind, that was a purely individual matter and that only those concerned knew their own problem. More than once I had been startled by knowing the actual circumstances in the case of persons pitied or condemned because they had no children; those lauded because they were apparently so concerned with the bringing up of children.

You said that you had felt you just could n't live unless you had a child. We discussed that, you remember, to see exactly what it was that you did feel and why you felt it. Did your idea of immortality consist in living through your children? Did you want children to fill up your life with a kind of work, respected still, at any rate sentimentally, more than any other kind in the world? Did you feel that you would have more value among your relatives and friends for having children? Did you want a child to bind your husband more closely to you? Or did you want one simply because you are a woman, and for a woman that is the culminating biological experience.

"What 's this child to do for you," I asked you, "that you have n't done yourself? Suppose you have a child? What then? Are you any different essentially from what you are now? Is that your excuse for living? To bring forth, and those to bring forth again, and those again? What happens with this bringing forth of children?"

You had n't thought about it that way, you said; but you believed you could do a better job in the world, make yourself count that way more than in any other. You could always do good work in the wage-earning world, put in filing systems, get a rest-house established for women; but, after all, that did n't fill one's life. If you had a real job, any talent for music or painting, if, for example, you had something creative to do, as I had, that would be different, you averred.

I told you that I did n't for a moment believe that the creative thing called art was a substitute, in women

any more than in men, for the procreative thing called having children; an overflowing of energy, if in any relation.

You told me that it had done you good to talk about the thing that way. Every one had been awfully decent to you, had n't teased you about not having children, not even your brothers; but you felt them wondering.

We got through a good deal of talk in those two weeks. You were taken up with the idea of going to Europe, you and your husband, for the first time in your lives, to see other countries, get stimulus. You were coming to New York first, to spend a month, and for once really see what there was here in the way of music, paintings, plays, what-not, for the whetting of your appetite for living. You wanted me to promise to go to some galleries with you.

§ 5

Six months later you wrote me that you were coming to New York. You could n't manage Europe, as you had planned, but New York you were going to even though you could be there only two weeks. Would we give you as much time as we possibly could? Would we save a Sunday for a tramp in the country? Would I recommend a book on art that would tell what the thing was all about, simply, of course, because you knew nothing at all?

I confessed to being nonplussed. I wrote you that the best and simplest book I knew made itself of the paintings that hung on the walls of museums and galleries and rooms.

You came to New York a few days before your husband, and were with us an hour or so your first evening here. You admired a Chinese painting that

hung above our mantel, and the talk naturally went from that to painting in general, painting of to-day. We mentioned several exhibitions that we thought you might like to see. We showed you a magazine of reproductions of some work that had interested us. You leafed it over cautiously, as though you had fear of some little animal's jumping out of its pages to take a nip out of you. You remarked, after some time, that you guessed you were just one of the persons for whom painting and such things did not exist.

We had a Sunday tramp together, the four of us. It was a raw day. You had an early dinner engagement. We chose a walk that seemed accomplishable in the circumstances, our city walk, we call it, circling around the Botanical Gardens through the hemlock forest by the winding river back to Mishoula Boulevard, across on that to Van Cortlandt, up the aqueduct to the big bridge, and straight down through the woods and playground to the old mansion. We had our knapsacks as usual, with two thick sandwiches apiece, some cakes and oranges, a tea outfit.

You walked with me the whole time, and the two men went together. Talk passed back and forth about mutual acquaintances, the work we were doing, the comparative values of living East and West, conditions of business. You did n't give any appearance of looting New York. There were reasons, certainly. Your husband had a great deal of business to attend to. You had gone to the Metropolitan once. You would go again if you could find time. You liked walking through there and looking at paintings you knew had stood the test of all these years.

You were to come down to us one evening, the two of you, be with us at home, where we could be at our best leisure. Something prevented that. A great deal of futile telephoning went on between us. It seemed impossible for us to get together.

That last day, of bitter winter weather, you asked me to meet you at your friend Elizabeth's, so that we might have a few last words together while we went up-town, you to the station, I to a meeting with friends.

In the bus you told me that your visit had been unsatisfactory in many respects, but more than satisfactory in others. You saw many of your old college friends whom you had not expected to see, which interested you, because something had happened to nearly every one of them; either they were engaged or married or had a baby.

You confessed that you were relieved to find that you were n't much behind the times, even if you did live out there on the edge of the continent, apparently away from everything that was happening. You kept abreast of what was going on in the world by reading a certain representative newspaper and a magazine which presents a variety of matter turned out rather freshly from the younger minds of to-day.

We began talking about some one with whose welfare I was concerned, a person whose life was mixed up with the lives of those who simply could not take themselves as responsible men and women. All of a sudden you took your fling.

"It's too bad, Dimanche, you've had to do so much with things of that sort. Your life has been so hard."

"Hard!"

"Well, you've been near people

always who are struggling, who are in difficulties, troubles."

"But, Marina, that's the world. That's the way things are in the world. If you live, you see them, feel them."

"Yes, but you've seen too much of that side of life. You've had too much of the suffering side."

We got off the bus then, because it was in a jam and you had to get your train. We walked across Thirty-second Street in the bitter cold to get a Fourth-Avenue car. I was glad that you had taken a thick coat from your friend. You kept talking in the same vein about my having had too much sadness. It wearied me. It was like saying to a perfectly healthy person, bursting with energy, "Too bad you feel so miserable all the time!"

"If you could only have the happiness that some of us have, without struggle or suffering, like Elizabeth."

"But I don't want Elizabeth's happiness. I could n't live the way she does for anything in the world. She plays golf, and I hate it." I tried to be funny.

You were completely absorbed in your idea. "If you could have the sort of life that she has—"

"I don't want her sort of life. I want my own life. I'll venture to say that I get more out of one day of living than Elizabeth does out of a week."

"You get more out of life, I suppose, but happiness."

We boarded the car. It was crowded with holiday shoppers. Their foreheads were corrugated with efforts to remember various errands, fears of not being somewhere at the right time, with irritation at being pushed up together. A large man gave us his

seat, and we both crowded into it. We sat there going on with our conversation while people pushed against our knees, breathed down upon us from their straps, resented us that we had a seat, that we sat there talking easily. You were not in the least aware of their animosity toward us.

It struck me forcibly that you were not in the least aware of them. That gave me an idea. I said to you:

"Marina, I think you mistake my intensity toward life, perhaps, as suffering from it. I want so much to get everything out of life, not consciously, you understand, but with everything that there is in me, that I can't help taking things intensely, what you call hard. I must know what people are like, how they feel, why they act the way they do. I go to have my shoes shined. A beggar-woman comes in and asks for a dime. A little drama takes place there between me, a person living in a world where organized charity holds sway, the shoe-shiner, who sees only a woman of his people begging, and the old woman, who sees a young woman wearing an English scarf and a tweed suit with pockets that certainly hold a good deal of money. To you it is simply a beggar asking for a dime, is n't it? To me it is a complete drama. Do you see?"

You said something. "Perhaps it is your intensity. But tell me now"—you were ingratiating—"tell me now, have you ever had one day, just one day, when you were completely happy?"

It struck me as atrocious. You were so cool about it, so easy! I choked with your presumption. Had all our being together, then, amounted only to that? Had it amounted to that, our speaking about love for life,

for the beauty of people's lives, the beauty of growing things, trees, of steadfast things, rocks, changing with every change in sky and cloud, the beauty of great formation of earth, snow-capped peak, and of small formation, mound of short-stemmed, close-set, dark-centered yellow violets—all the things that our voices had named, spoken about, caressed, when we two had been together?

In that moment everything wonderful, beautiful, moving, that had ever happened to me seemed to stir in me, give off wreaths of golden mist, and flow over to smother you. Long sunny days in marvelous country with those I cared for, precious moments snatched with precious people, the swell of water, music, color of pictures, wine, people's faces, flowed over to you in a last desperate onslaught.

One day! One day! A thousand days! A thousand years!

I held myself cool then, the better to take you in, see what you wanted of me. Not myself, certainly. I had given you that freely. I had opened my house and given of my best. And you had refused me. Futility held me. I permitted irony to present its case, silently. Should I say: "No, I have never had one entirely happy day, such as you mean? Won't you give me one of yours, and one of Elizabeth's?" No. I would be sensible. I said quite flatly: "I've had many, many happy days, Marina." I, who love words, used them that way.

A great depression took hold on me. We were further apart now, it seemed to me, than before we had ever met, further apart and in different relations. Yet I seemed as I had been—

Never mind all that. What was it that you wanted? It came, then,

"But you're always interested in people who struggle, who have sadness, who suffer for something. You write about them. There are a great many people who are entirely happy, like Elizabeth, like me, who just live along in a normal sort of way."

I sat there like a stone. You didn't like those in whose lives I was interested. You resented it that they should take my attention. You were jealous of them, those poor beings whose bent backs straightened a little under the strokes of my pen, who held on to their bit of beauty against everything, and went down under the wheels with their piece of ribbon in their hand.

You were jealous of them. I knew it after I left you. I know it now. I got it vaguely then. You were jealous, you, whose life had gone on smoothly, normally, you call it, normally happy, fed, clothed, taken care of, educated, paid attention to, never desiring anything too much, never struggling.

"Why are you forever interested in them, the people that are struggling? Could n't you write about happy ones?" I eyed you. You hesitated, laughed confusedly. The same thought was in both our minds. "I don't mean, of course, that they should be the happy-ending kind." How you dreaded the association of ridicule with that phrase which you needed so badly!

I felt very quiet. "So you are n't satisfied with me as I am, Marina? You can't accept me? You want to give me days that belong to some one else? You want me to live differently? You want me to write about things other than those I do write about? You simply can't bear to have me the way I am?"

"O Dimanche, you know I think you are a very superior person!" There was a wail in your voice that made me laugh. "No, don't laugh. I mean it. That's just a statement of fact. You are superior. But I'd like you to have just one day like some I have, entirely happy, without a single thought of suffering or struggle of any kind."

In that moment it was revealed to me what I must have seemed to you all along. The thing rolled over me like a burst of tempestuous sunshine over a misty landscape. I laugh now when I think of it; for it was, in a way, a great joke on me. I see what I was to you; a normally happy person, a sort of solemn burlesque clown performing all kinds of needless tragedy.

I saw myself at every meeting with you come on a stage and present my little plays of life. Flat, to you, those figures playing would be, two-dimensional, because your world is of two dimensions. To me, to some others that I know, they would be rounded, with flesh and blood, self-renewing blood in their veins.

They would not be alive to you, because you would have to feel them into life. Yes, feel! And you do not wish to feel.

"Won't you write a story some day about people just living along happily in a normal sort of way, like me?"

Thus you delivered yourself over to me. You wanted to be in a story, you whose life flows along as quiet and undisturbed as a meadow brook, without struggle, pain, disappointment. You wanted me to put thick posts under the slender framework of that life of yours, hold it up in plain view for others to gaze on. You wished to

escape even that last struggle with yourself, making your life appear worth while.

No. Not so easy. You shall not escape. My life has crossed yours, touched yours at one little angle. Mine has been the turbulent water, gushing from a source far back in mountain recesses, gathering into its tiny thread, from remote fastnesses, other tiny threads, tumbling over the sides of rocky precipices into foaming currents, carried to broader water, to the deep current of heaving ocean. Mine has known frost, ice, burning heat, flood, wreckage. My life has touched yours, and yours shall never be the same again. You cannot escape the struggle. This paper's peaceful surface becomes combat ground.

I recognize you. Let me write it faintly, as though I were whispering it to you in some lonely place where only you could hear. *You are my deadly enemy.*

Yes. You, sterile creature, going through all the manifestations of life as though you were really not dead inside, reach out with your bloodless hand to try to pull me to your dead level. You throw back upon me, untasted, the fruits of my spirit. You throw them back on me, vaunting your own thin life, and then, paradox that you are, ask me to make your barrenness seem worth while. You ask me to make flowers appear to spring out of its arid soil. You ask me to paint its dry and withered foliage in fresh, vivid colors.

Yes. You are my enemy, my dead-

liest enemy; for you live in me, too, creature of comforts, shrinking from the travail of life. I struggle away from you, speaking out boldly, tearing you open with words. I wish you to feel, because I feel, because I can get surcease from feeling only when you feel, too.

And you? You ask me: "Make me live! Let me at least seem to live without the pain of feeling!"

Yes, you are my enemy. But I have given you your chance. I have given you a distinguishing outward feature. I have given you a paradox inside.

"Will you do that some day, write a story about some one like me?" You were making your way off the car then. Both of us laughed as we shook hands. I went to meet my friends, walking across town with the bitter wind trying to find a vulnerable spot in my solid frame. But no vulnerable spots were there. Something warm and singing coursed through me, made a warm mesh all the shape of my body. Life sang in me, carried me careening toward the skies, threw me down to earth, lifted me gently up again.

I thought of the gesture with which you turned yourself over to me. Your life began to take form before me, drawing out its thread, placid and unvarying, the life of a person who grew up happily, married happily, and is now living along happily, in a normal sort of way.

You asked me for it, Marina. Here it is.



FORGOTTEN PICTURES

for

A FAMOUS BOOK

Felix O. C. Darley, five of whose drawings for "The Scarlet Letter" are here reproduced, has a distinctive place among the earlier American illustrators. His work lay, apparently by his own choice, in the realm of pencil-sketches and pen-drawings. As "black-and-white" artists were few when he began working, he soon won much attention and many commissions. Self-taught and uninfluenced by European schools, he preferred to illustrate the work of American authors—Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne. It was the American scene he liked,—Indians, trappers, laborers. Born in 1822, he came to manhood in time to see two wars retard, and all but halt, what little progress American art had made, and his later years were blighted, artistically speaking, by a period of atrocious taste. Literally hundreds of drawings came from his pen, five hundred for Cooper's novels alone; but on three sets of line-drawings rests a fame of which Darley's country may be proud. He made to order a series of illustrations for some of Irving's books, he made for his own amusement other series, for Sylvester Judd's "Margaret" and "The Scarlet Letter." These, especially, for spirit, for humor, for fine draftsmanship, are alone enough to preserve his reputation.

THE MARKET-PLACE



"She took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning flush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her towns-people and neighbors"

THE ELF-CHILD AND THE MINISTER



"Pearl, that wild and flighty little elf, stole towards him, and taking his hand in the grasp of both her own, laid her cheek against it"

THE CHILD AT THE BROOKSIDE



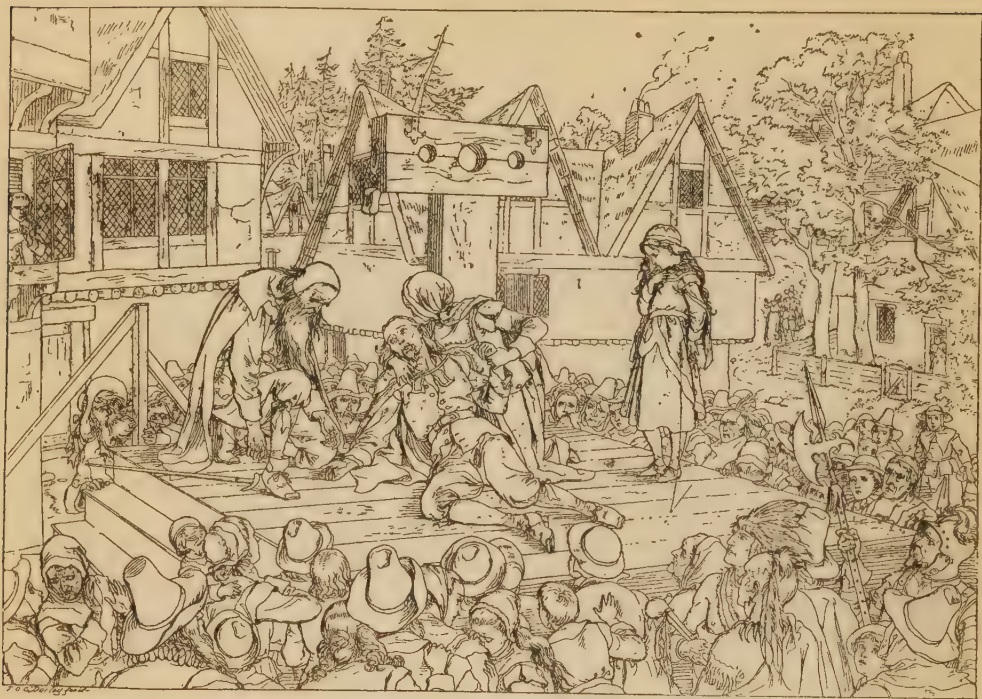
"Thou strange child, why dost thou not come to me?" exclaimed Hester"

THE PROCESSION



“‘Fie, woman, fie!’ cried the old lady, shaking her finger at Hester, ‘Dost thou think I have been to the forest so many times, and have yet no skill to judge who else has been there?’”

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER



"'May God forgive thee!' said the minister. 'Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!'"

At the Two Conventions

A Balance-Sheet of the Republican and Democratic Parties

BY CHARLES MERZ

THE Republican party has lost its unity. The Democratic party has lost its leader. Both have lost their tempers. Senator Johnson has lost North Dakota. And the public has lost track of four congressional investigations. Banners are flying on the big tents in Cleveland and New York. Once in four years the circus takes to the timber. We approach the 1924 conventions.

Cut-and-dried affairs they were to be, along about last February, when Teapot Dome was still an oil-land, not a head-line, and Mr. Sinclair was sending valentines to Secretary Fall. The professional prophets had the whole situation charted to their satisfaction. President Coolidge was to be the unchallenged nominee of a united party, with assets, not the least of which was Mr. Harding's cabinet. Taxes and not teapots were to be the issue. With the Mellon plan adopted, well and good—a basis on which to claim the reward of four more years in office. Or, with the Mellon plan rejected on a clear-cut issue, even better; the more reason for putting a cross below the eagle to bring taxes down.

Meantime, back in those days when snow lay on the ground and the Bok Peace-Prize still had a run for its money as a first-page item, the Democratic

side of it was just as easy for the oracles. It was McAdoo beyond a doubt in those days, not McAdoo possibly or McAdoo probably, but McAdoo as surely as the State of Georgia would go Democratic whether it was McAdoo or some one else. Al Smith was there, of course, manifestly Catholic and more than likely wet. Underwood was off to a silent start in Alabama. Bryan had brought forward an unknown from Florida, a college president who turned out later to believe in Darwin, which put an end to that. There were dark horses in the background, but it was McAdoo by miles. And the issue? Whatever the tall Californian chose to produce from his moving-picture cowboy hat. Taxes? Possibly. Railways? Well, if there was nothing else. Bonus? No. Tread a little softly. The League of Nations? Consult the small remains of Governor James M. Cox. No trouble with an issue. The right one would be found. Trust the California climate.

Coolidge *versus* McAdoo, taxes in the head-lines, and of course a plank or two about world peace, in the best way to get it; good roads; prosperity; the full dinner-pail: that would n't have been a bad St. Valentine's prediction for the long trek from the tenth day of June to the Tuesday following the

first Monday in November. Coolidge *versus* McAdoo it may still be, but the characteristics of the campaign, the lines along which it will be fought, and, above all else, the grouping of partizan and non-partizan strength in the two opposing camps have been substantially shifted by events in recent months. Perhaps two events especially.

First, the Mellon tax plan. As definitely as responsible party leadership could be staked to a single major issue, Republican leadership staked itself to the Mellon program when Congress reassembled last December. It was to be the Republican ticket for 1924. That was generally asserted. Republican leaders proclaimed as much on the floor of the House of Representatives. Yet with that issue definitely understood, when the test came, not only the La Follette radicals, but a full third of the Republican party bolted the reservation. And that was the end of the Mellon plan, in its original form, as the 1924 Republican ticket. There is no major campaign platform, no dominating party issue, in what sends one corporal in every three across the lines to join the enemy. Nor is that all. In the final compromise bill there is so much Democratic legislation that though the measure bears the label "G. O. P.," it is possible for the Democrats to point out that they took a hand in the enacting. And having the enemy come over and help carry the flag is no more useful to a campaign general than losing his own soldiers as deserters.

The early February program of Coolidge, Mellon, income-taxes met its first setback in the House of Representatives. It encountered its second setback, more in the nature of a dis-

traction, in the Senate; for the Senate started "Oil."

In the long story of Elk Hills and Teapot Dome, of Daugherty and all that followed on his heels, a story tedious at certain times and challenging at others, now picayune, now sinister, there is a vast quantity of political dynamite whose direction of explosion no one can successfully predict. There are Democratic leaders who assert that when the G. O. P. comes actually to its convention, oil will seem too great a risk to nominate the inheritor of Mr. Harding's cabinet; and that oil, if Mr. Coolidge should be nominated, is certain to defeat him. There are Republicans who believe that the net effect of the whole affair has been a boomerang, leaving Mr. Coolidge and his party with a stronger hold than ever.

Certainly an important test will come in the use which is made of Teapot Dome by the administration's critics—the degree, for example, to which it is confined to the single central issue of what happened to the navy's oil, what the navy started with, what's left, and where it went; and the degree, on the other hand, to which this central issue is complicated by hearsay, sensationalism, gossip, slander, "apricots," "apples," converted train-robbers, and Dempseys flooring Carpentiers.

Quite aside, however, from its effect on Mr. Coolidge's personal fortunes, and even with born bunglers like Senator Heflin handling the story, it is apparent that Teapot Dome, like the swift sinking of the Mellon plan, has put new ginger and a fundamentally different plan of attack behind that odd alliance of Southern planter and Northern industrialist known to the

world as the party of Jefferson and Jackson, of Tammany and Woodrow Wilson.

That may not last. But what is there to stay is something belonging to the G. O. P. itself. Teapot Dome has emphasized once more and widened the rift within the Republican party.

§ 2

(The Republican party has been in process of dissolution for a decade. It is dead to-day, but perhaps sufficient in its echoing prestige to gloss the fact that a vigil at the tomb has brought no resurrection.

This is not to suggest, of course, that there is no vitality left in Republican leadership, no strength in its vast party organization, no overtowering prestige in its long record of success, no excellent chance of perpetuating itself in power at the present juncture. All that is obvious. (But Republicanism as a creed, Republicanism as something unified and coherent, no longer exists as it existed most of the time from Lincoln to McKinley.) Blocs and factions cut into it from every side. To change the metaphor from one of resurrections to a problem nearer home; the Republican party at the present moment is all wings and no breast.)

It has been manifest for some years, of course, that only a nation careless in its philology could brand with the same party-label leadership so definitely at opposite poles as Mr. La Follette's and Mr. Lodge's, Mr. Hiram Johnson's, Mr. Magnus Johnson's, Mr. Root's, and Mr. Smoot's. What has happened in Washington since the first of February has simply broadened the gulf between opposing factions, and made real unity of purpose in the

forthcoming contest all the more impossible, however easy or however difficult it may be to agree upon the surface issue of a choice of candidates. Coolidge on the first ballot by a landslide would not mean that the Republican party entered the present campaign unified on anything except its nominee, its heritage of Lincoln, and its profound desire not to give up office. Let the basic question of fiscal policy be fought out, and the fate of the Mellon plan discloses what will happen. Let the question of "oil" be made a major party issue, and you find a situation at such cross-purposes that even as the entire Republican Senate votes the Fall leases "against the public interest" and "executed under conditions indicating fraud and corruption," Mr. John T. Adams, the Republican chairman, is out with a drum to proclaim that no such happy leases ever were or ever could be. There is division of counsel within the Republican party, once you get away from the immediate issue of winning the election, such as could not possibly have been equaled even in the household of King Solomon, who, if the Fundamentalists are right, numbered wives to the extent of seven hundred.

What we see to-day, of course, is another stage in a process that has been under way since the Taft régime of 1908 produced the old-time Bull Moose Progressives, and the cohorts of Theodore Roosevelt followed their hero into the wilderness of political rebellion. From Taft to Coolidge there has been within the councils of the G. O. P. a minority faction Republican in nothing else save name. Faces change. There was Victor Murdock, whose followers believed that the day

of plenty would be here if they could put a check-rein on the speaker of the House; there is Brookhart, who charges down on Wall Street seven mornings of the week. But whether it is Murdock or whether it is Brookhart, and whether the spirit is one of protest, indignation, or revenge, revolt has been camping there inside the gates for sixteen years. The "reconciliation" of 1916 did not close the breach. Party factionalism is stronger now, in 1924, than it was in 1920; stronger in 1920, for all the geniality of Mr. Harding, than it was four years before. It is no secret who has been running Congress in late years. There has never been a time since the Republicans came back into power that they could contemplate a piece of major legislation without first dickering with their own irregulars.

That dickering must dominate the campaign that is starting now. Every Republican strategist knows that this month the G. O. P. begins two campaigns instead of one. Carrying the fight to the Democrats, it must still beat down insurgency at home. There is talk of a third party. There is no doubt about its being born again this month of June. It will be built upon the remnants of the Farmer-Labor party of four years ago. The important question for the G. O. P. is whether it will be just that and nothing more; a mere faction of Northwesterners with a candidate known only as an Elk; or whether, this time, that faction will be swept into something more formidable, such as a bolt on the part of the followers of Johnson or La Follette. No such bolt would seem to have the slightest chance of winning the election, but no such bolt could fail to cut into Republican strength

appreciably, and perhaps appreciably enough to let the Democratic ticket in.

That is the central problem with which Republican strategy must tussle in these coming weeks. But it should not be permitted to obscure the larger play of forces in the background. What is happening to the Republican party is what happens to a ball of twine when it falls from a table and rolls across the floor. It is unwrapping. There may be no bolt at Cleveland. The process of unwrapping will go on. There was no bolt when the 1920 convention finally compromised on Mr. Harding. There was no bolt; instead, there was a surface unanimity all along the line, and the greatest majority ever given to a Presidential candidate in the history of the country. Yet even with that overpowering majority the Harding administration never called its soul its own. It could n't get away from its own irregulars until it drove a bargain.

This much is certain now, that any Republican regular in the White House from 1924 to 1928 will once more have an irreconcilable minority on his hands, capable of blocking a legislative program at important points precisely as regular programs have been blocked these last four years.

That fact overshadows Cleveland. Whether or not the talk of "bolts" proves true, it forecasts the ceaseless party struggle in store for the Republicans in case they win their victory in November. However modern the machinery of its separate state organizations, however formidable the prestige of its long march through public office, the Republican party no longer commands the power to whip its chieftains into line upon a long list of contentious issues, nor has it had full

possession of that power in the last four administrations.

It is in that sense, the sense of a force capable of unity in action, that McKinley Republicanism is dead. It is in that sense, looking forward to a new epoch of achievement and a new coherence, no matter upon what pattern it is modeled, that Republicanism awaits a resurrection.

This year may bring a victory. It can scarcely bring, in a few short months and from a situation so chaotic as the present one, that unity which has failed the party since the days of Armageddon.

§ 3

The Republican party awaits a resurrection. Meantime the Democratic party, having passed through any number of resurrections in times past, arises from the dust to which it was pulverized four years ago, and announces, "Never touched me."

It is characteristic of the Democratic party that it is so built as to enable it both to recover more promptly than its opponent from a crushing blow, and, when once in office, maintain a front more nearly unified for action. The answer lies not so much in experience or tradition as in the existence of a "solid South."

The situation is a familiar one. There are 531 votes in the electoral college; 266 constitute a majority. Year after year 186 electoral votes, or two thirds of that majority, come from a tier of Southern States and border States which bolt the Democratic party only under protest. Meantime, in the matter of enacting legislation, the same States compose a formidable bloc in Congress, furnishing 34 votes in the Senate toward a majority of 49,

and 152 votes in the House toward a majority of 218.

Nor is that all. While neither of our parties comes as near having that ripe old age and that same taste and color from the top of the tumbler to the bottom characteristic of the Liberals and Conservatives in England, it is probably true that even outside the "solid South" the Democrats form a more nearly cohesive unit than the Republicans. Certainly they do not go in for such extremes. There is William Randolph Hearst at one end, to be sure, and there is Alton B. Parker at the other. There is Senator Wheeler of Montana, and there is Charles Murphy of the wigwam. But, on the whole, the Democrats have fewer La Follettes quarreling with fewer Lodges, and fewer of those giant feats of the contortionist by means of which alone the G. O. P. attempts to swallow all who call themselves "Republicans."

God made the solid South. It is not the handiwork of Jefferson or Jackson; and certainly, if it tends in instances toward unity, it tends in other instances toward putting party first and useful independent thinking second. For all that, these time-honored traits of the Democratic party give it at the present moment a surprising ability to pull itself together after its disastrous smash of 1920, and a unity of action in current controversial issues quite at variance with the fraternal strife of its opponents. Throughout the debate on the Mellon tax plan the Democrats presented a united front from first to last, well disciplined and well directed. In the series of investigations which have grown out of oil leases, irregularities in the Veterans' Bureau, and the like, it has remained for Democrats to take the lead rather than progressive

Republicans ready to score at the expense of the stand-patters, or stand-patters eager to anticipate trouble by giving their own house a cleaning in those corners that needed it. From the ashes of 1920 the Democratic party rises to a position in which it can seriously challenge Republican leadership in 1924. The donkey is only half right as a party symbol. A better one would be the phoenix.

What the Democrats have most to be concerned about, so far as the present Presidential contest is concerned, is their choice of a candidate to bear the party standard. How seriously Mr. McAdoo's candidacy has been affected by disclosure of the fact that while he had nothing to do with Mr. Doheny's oil leases, he had a great deal to do with Mr. Doheny's oil, it would be idle to attempt predicting at this distance. The two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention, plus the fact that at date of writing there are twenty-six avowed, if sometimes distant, candidates in the field, points to the

possibility of an ultimate compromise.

In the end it comes to this, that no party could well have more at stake than the Democrats when they set out to choose a Presidential nominee. Not only do they choose a leader. They choose, if they are able to elect him, the whole essence of their Democracy as it is to display itself for four or eight successive years. Those very characteristics of the party which give it a certain defensive unity make it possible for a single leader to stamp his personality upon it, sharply and indelibly.

It is as if each prophet wrote his own chapter of the party's story, from its Genesis and Exodus to its First and Second Bryans, its First and Second Wilsons.

What seer will follow next, or whether this is Lamentations, we shall see without much further wait.

For this is June. Banners are flying on the big tents. Once in four years the circus takes to the timber. We approach the 1924 conventions.

To the Greatest City in the World

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

No permanent possession of the sky
 Nor everlasting lease upon the air
 Is given any town. *Prepare, prepare*
To see your towers falling! By and by
 Vertical city, delicate and high,
 Even your cliffs must crack, topple, and share
 The common doom that blunter buildings bear—
 Tumble and crumble, disappear and die.
 And some day solemn folk, who never knew,
 Except from ancient hearsay, all your wonder
 Of splendid elevating steel and stones,
 Will come with shovels rummaging for you,
 With dredges pull the river mud from under
 Your rusting, huddled, fragmentary bones.

Around the World in New York

I—The Gipsy Quarters

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

In this and in other articles to follow Mr. Bercovici will visit several of the nations of the world in the quarters in which they are represented on Manhattan Island. All of the nations are here, and, singularly enough, many of them occupy nearly the same regions they would occupy if the map of Europe had been reduced in scale to fit Manhattan. Being specially interested in the Gipsy of the world, Mr. Bercovici begins with the members of that fascinating race in New York.—THE EDITOR.

GEORGE BORROW, relating his wanderings with the Gipsies, makes them speak frequently of the "affairs of Egypt" whenever they want to refer to intimate things relating to the essentials of their life. He makes his Gipsies consider Egypt their original home, gives the impression that they still have secret ties to the land of the Pharaohs, and thereby confirms the original error which gave to the Gipsies their name, from the corruption of the word "Egyptian." Had he made the Gipsies speak of the affairs of the Balkans instead of the affairs of Egypt, he would have been nearer the truth. Of the total number of Gipsies living to-day, more than three quarters of them live in the Balkans, the greater part in Rumania and Hungary. It is why in New York the Gipsies quarter themselves chiefly among the Balkan peoples living in the city. The Rumanian Gipsies live in the Rumanian quarter, the Polish Gipsies in the Polish quarters, the Hungarian Gipsies in the Hungarian

quarters, with a continual migration from one country to the other, from one quarter to the other, which frequently is divided only by an intermediary street or the width of the sidewalk. And yet there is a great difference in the character and language of these Gipsies. Only the older ones understand the *calo* of the Balkans, which is the speech of the European Gipsy. The younger ones, especially those who have learned English, are fast forgetting their original tongue, much to the annoyance of the older ones, who denounce them constantly as traitors to the fold.

To speak of Gipsy quarters is, however, a bit dangerous, for there are Gipsy quarters only in the winter. Spring sees them off, departing as suddenly as they arrived, leaving no trace behind them other than a few disappointed old women whose cures they have undertaken, a few grieved maidens to whom they have promised love-potions, which they have never given, and a few superstitious men who

have been in the habit of going to them regularly to have their fortunes read and advice given as to how to confound their enemies. For it is the delusion of every Balkan man or woman, including the Poles and the Russians, that some enemy, a horde of enemies, in league with the evil one, is continually dogging their steps, undoing what they have done or attempt to do. And even the white plague, which frequently overtakes the Balkan younger element, transported from high mountains to dark cellars in the narrow, unsanitary quarters in which they live in this city, is attributed more to sorcery than to the lack of air and proper nourishment and work under unendurable conditions. The Gipsy promises to confound the Satana, the Dracu, the Strigoi, or whatever name the evil one carries in a Balkan tongue.

But go they must as soon as spring comes. The curtained, empty stores in which they have lived along the streets are suddenly discovered in the morning uncurtained. The big downy beds in which they rolled themselves for the night, the only furniture except trunks and bundles in a Gipsy's house, are removed as quietly as only feathered downs can be moved. When the neighborhood wakens in the morning, the Gipsies are gone—gone to haunt the roads, to weave baskets from the rear end of a wagon to which a lean nag is harnessed; gone to tell fortunes to the villagers and farmers while the men are dealing in automobiles.

In October I had gone to visit my Gipsy friends who should have come in from the West at about that time. There was no trace of them anywhere. Although they had come to the city in September, they had returned to the road, feeling that there were yet three

months of nice weather ahead of them. And when a Gipsy can be outdoors, he is never to be found indoors. When I returned again, three months later, Fourth Street between Avenue A and the East River, Third Street, Second Street, First Street, the heart of the Balkan quarters in New York, was full of them. Not an empty store that had formerly housed a butcher or a grocer but had been taken by them. The windows were curtained off to the top with Turkish patterned gauzes and calicoes, and a beautiful dusky maiden, with her black tresses hanging loose over her shoulders, and gold necklaces and bracelets dangling from her neck and arms, was standing outside awaiting her lover from another street. An old woman, loaded down by the numerous dresses she wore, one on top of the other, and a wolfskin fur coat on top of all, was walking about, followed by a number of impudent gamins, on her way to gossip with friends who had just come from some other part of the country.

Big, tall Mathei, fully six feet four high, proportionately broad, and weighing about three hundred pounds, whom I had known ever since I was a child, had frequently encamped within sight of my home on the Danube. Here he received me with open arms. He had news for me from the other side. But first of all he wanted to show me his new wife, fully thirty years younger than he, a beautiful Brazilian Gipsy whom he had married in Mexico and for whom he had paid eight thousand dollars in gold. And so proud was he of her that he had weighted her down with jewels and silks. Of course marrying a Brazilian Gipsy had ruled him out of his clan; but he was in love. He expected them to come to their

senses. His own family had already forgiven.

The long store, which had once been a butcher's place, was carpeted. Even the walls were hung with thick Oriental rugs, of all colors and hues. The rear of the store had been curtained off to serve as bedroom and dining-room. A huge, billowy down-mattress was lying on the floor. A coal-stove, red hot, stood in the middle. Two fighting cocks, which had never left the side of the lady, were peaceably cackling to each other.

Mathei stretched out on his back and asked his wife to dance to the rhythm he was beating with his palms. It was indeed a great delight to him, for no Gipsies dance so well as the Brazilians and the Spanish do, and Mathei was anxious to show her off. I had not been there long when his son came in with his wife, and his daughter with her husband, and two of his former wives made their appearance. We were a gay company that evening.

"This is a good country," Mathei told me, "except for one thing. Why is the wine so expensive?"

§ 2

Across the street from Mathei lived Lupu, a Rumanian Gipsy, the chief of the Rumanian clan in New York. His home, as befits a chief, was a larger one than that of any Gipsy in the neighborhood. It had formerly been a tailor's shop. It was more luxuriously furnished than any other home. By that I mean to say that there were more down-beds and thicker layers of carpets both on the floors and on the walls. A great number of silver trinkets, bells, and bracelets and a considerable number of weapons, from all countries and all times decorated the

walls. A young Gipsy fiddler was sitting near him, ready to play at command. Lupu had only reluctantly come over here during the late Balkan war, and was pining away, longing for the more familiar stretches of roads and rivers that he had known for years. And so he kept a young fiddler to play him home songs, to smother his homesickness.

"But look, Lupu," I said to him, "you are making more money here, I am certain. You are warm in winter. You are not molested. Why should you be so morose?"

"I am a Gipsy chief, supposedly without a home or a country," the rover answered; "but when the summer is over do I return to Galatz or Braila, next my own people, to hear the language that I have always heard and dance to the tunes I have always danced to and listen to the people talk about the great deeds of my father or forefathers, or what? No, I come to live in a street populated with people who are themselves strangers here. And my children, you will see them soon. My grandchildren are taken to schools where they kill them so as to teach them to read a few words in a book which they will forget anyhow." And after a few moments' silence he added: "But what is worse, what is much worse, is that there is no joy in our trading. It is not money only."

"Why don't you return home?" I asked him. "You have enough money. There will be no difficulty."

Lupu sighed deeply, and then he told me another secret.

"The women won't go. Every one of our women is making three and four times the amount her man is making. You thought that because people go to school there would not be any fortune-

telling, ha? If I told you that my wife is making sixty dollars a day telling fortunes, and that the older they are, the more money they make, would you believe me? And women do not care to leave a place where they make money. To them money is everything. If we were to listen to them, we should be living in the city here all the time."

As we were speaking, an automobile stopped in front of the house, and two well dressed ladies came in timidly. Had they understood Lupu's glance as he welcomed them and asked them to go beyond the curtained part of the store, they might have hesitated. I heard low murmurs, the broken sing-song of the old Gipsy woman who was telling them things in a mixture of French, English, and German. Sighs, gasps, and the clinking of money. I smelled a little incense mixed with sulphur, and heard talk of a black cat at midnight. The whole thing lasted less than five minutes, and the two ladies rushed out with flushed faces and bent shoulders. Lupu's wife came out to greet me, literally licking her chops.

"Cate?" ("How much?") Lupu asked without turning his head.

"Dece" ("Ten"), and she turned her back proudly.

The old chief pulled out his watch, his old Turkish watch, which he wound with a key, and pointed with his fingers at the hands.

"In less than five minutes, and she only tells me half of what she got."

Arranging marriage matches is the chief occupation of the coppersmiths and kettle-makers. And it is no small matter to arrange such a match, considering the love of bargaining of the Gipsies. The mother of the young man transacts the business with the father of the young girl. She gener-

ally begins by offering for the bride a mere pittance, a thousand dollars in gold, whereupon the father of the girl takes umbrage, as if it were an insult to his daughter, and he hurls threats that he will kill the whole bunch for offending him so.

The tumult grows until the people in the neighborhood, thinking the Gipsies are about to kill one another, call the police. The patrol-wagon appears. The neighborhood is abroad and curious. A hundred bronzed vociferating men and women suddenly rise like ghosts from everywhere and make their way into the store. "It is noth-eeng, just talk." They pacify the policemen.

After such an initial scandal the mother raises her offer five hundred dollars. Meanwhile the youngsters, whose fate they are settling, make the rounds, hand in hand, of the moving-pictures, visit friends in absolute certainty that within a day or two the affair will be settled satisfactorily; for the mother would be proud to pay a considerable sum for a bride for her son.

Of course nothing is ever said about the bride's dowry in silks and jewels and down-beds, equal to, if not surpassing, the amount paid in money.

They showed me a pretty girl, asking me whether I myself would not be willing to offer even more than six thousand dollars for her. This manner of mating is the cause of the Gipsies' survival. The mating is that of the careful stock-breeder.

A Gipsy wedding in a hall in the neighborhood is something never to be forgotten when once seen. Such a wedding lasts at least three days. It generally begins on Friday and lasts over Sunday, with four bands of music

succeeding one another. The women come to the wedding arrayed in the most gorgeous costumes, in silks and brocades from all the ends of the earth, and jades and rubies and diamonds studded in silver belts and in bracelets hanging and dangling on the brown, bare arms and from the red sashes that hold together on the hips the two halves of the wide, colored skirts they wear.

And the men, the older ones especially, wear their own national costumes: the white shirt hanging over the sash, and the wide trousers, embroidered at the seams, tucked into the high patent-leather boots, and tall beribboned astrakhan caps on their heads. And they dance and yell and sing and drink in a continual swaying motion, changing rhythms and tempos with sudden interruptions for solo dances and solo songs. The older men and women, always anxious to show the younger ones that they are still alive, execute the most intricate steps, to the great admiration of the circle of onlookers, who stand with backs bent deeply over them in a circle, clapping their hands and yelling their "*Ohe! Ohe! Ohe!*"

At midnight of the second wedding night the bride dances. It usually begins in a slow walk, but it ends an hour later in a terrifically furious step, in which all those present finally join in a fanatic hysteria of limbs, until the bride swoons in the arms of the groom, who, not having danced a step, is the only one capable of taking care of her. And he carries her away to his home while the others still dance on.

The wedding festival still continues. The mother and father of the bride are conducted home by part of the guests, who remain with them to continue the

festival. And the mother weeps and cries. She has lost her child and berates her husband for having sold her to an unworthy man. The mother and father of the groom have to be brought home, and part of the guests remain with them to continue the festival. And then the nearest relatives are brought home, marching through the streets with the musicians at the head of them, singing softly in order not to disturb sleepers. Such is a Gipsy wedding in New York or in Damascus or in the Carpathian Mountains.

§ 3

On First Street, below First Avenue, live the Russian Gipsies, headed by Mishka, who is chief violinist of the tribe. Mishka, met on one of the principal streets of the city, would never be taken for a Gipsy. He is most immaculately dressed, and, although swarthy, with a small ear-ring hanging in his left ear, his peculiarities would be taken as the eccentricities of an artist rather than as characteristics of a race. He speaks fluently French and German, is suave, and has the best of manners. He has played at the Hermitage in Paris and has made his fame on Piccadilly. In Moscow and in Petrograd he was one of the most favored leaders of Gipsy bands in the midnight cabarets. His gifts from his admirers are many. It has taken him a long time to make his peculiar art of playing valuable in New York. But so many of the Russian aristocracy arrived here that numerous Russian inns and cabarets sprang into existence on upper Broadway. The democratic American is paying for the privilege of being waited upon by a Russian nobleman who serves caviar at two dollars

and a half a sandwich and tea at fifty cents a glass. Mishka plays in one of these places to give atmosphere. Two or three hundred dollars a week is as nothing to him. In a good mood he buys a few thousand dollars' worth of jewels for his wife to subdue her anger when he has been too long away from her, for many are the temptations put in his way. As at home, the Russians who can afford it are anything but niggardly, and their women are so very charming.

But when his work is over, Mishka returns to his *gadzhika* and his *danchucks*, half a dozen of them, ranging from ten years down, in a basement store which had once been a coal shop down on First Street. He takes off his dinner-coat and his immaculate white shirt and collar, dons a Russian blouse, and is at home. He had once, in an attempt to become a regular citizen, moved into one of the apartment houses of the neighborhood, dressing his wife and his children American fashion and giving himself out as a Russian. He had even bought furniture on the instalment plan from a dealer on Avenue A, with stiff mission-wood chairs and rockers and regulation sideboard and brass beds. But before a month was over they had returned to the basement. It was too much like a house, while the basement is much more like a subterranean tent.

I expect Mishka to make several such attempts in the near future. His American friends, musicians, urge him to become an American. Mishka himself urges his children to go to school, and has indeed made his oldest one, a girl of ten, teach him to read and write. It is the beginning of the end of the Mishka clan. I suspect, and am afraid, that his playing will greatly

deteriorate, once he is cut off from his habits, which have been the habits of his ancestors. He already speaks of marrying his daughter to an American boy. The girl herself is trying to subdue the colors of her dress, and is ashamed of being known as a Gipsy by her schoolmates. Indeed, the whole Gipsydom on First Street, Russian musicians, has been tainted by Americanism. They are being mentioned as an example by the well meaning ladies urging the welfare of the children, and by the truant officer, to the other Gipsies in the neighborhood. And because of that there has been a good deal of friction between the Rumanian and Hungarian Gipsies and the Russian Gipsies in New York. The outside world knows nothing about that.

Not a thing that happens to be against the Balkan Gipsy, but it is immediately imputed to the intrigues of the Russian ones. As it is, the Gipsies of one nationality have none too much friendship for the Gipsies of another, despite Borrow's maintenance that they form a secret society the world over. It is indeed a rare thing when a Hungarian Gipsy woman marries a Rumanian Gipsy man, or *vice versa*; and it is still a rarer occasion when a Brazilian Gipsy or a Spanish Gipsy is permitted to enter the clan. A white man or a white woman will be much easier welcomed than a Gipsy of another nationality.

The Brazilian Gipsies are less colorful than the other ones. They sing less than either the Hungarian, Russian, or the Rumanian Gipsies do, and they are not as given to fortune-telling, or as skilful at it, as are their brothers of the skin. Their doors are not as open to strangers. You can open the door of almost any Gipsy

family and be received hospitably after wishing them good morning or good evening. They will offer to show you their costumes and their bric-à-brac, and let you finger the jewelry that hangs on their necks and from their arms. But the Brazilian Gipsy, like the Spaniard, living under curtained windows, will only open a crack of the door, peer at you, ask you what you want, shake his head, and close the door before you have answered. They are neither as wealthy nor as open-handed as the other Gipsies, and are suspected, by the Rumanians especially, of all sorts of evil things. Indeed, I have been assured that neither cat nor dog is safe in their neighborhood, and that they eat even other things. But this is another Gipsy peculiarity—accusing one another, and thus confusing everything.

§ 4

On Fifth and Sixth streets and on Ninth Street live the Hungarian Gipsies. Tall, slender, curly-headed, with long black, waxed mustaches, musicians all of them, they stroll about like the lords of creation, with utter contempt for their wives and the women-folk of the tribe. The men make their quarters apart from the women's quarters, very much in the manner of the Mohammedans, who separate their harems from the living house.

You can easily recognize a Hungarian Gipsy's home. The curtains are much lower, and they have even taken to living in apartment-houses. Should you pass the street slowly and listen, you will perceive the curious fiery sound emitted by the cymbalon, their favorite musical instrument. Furious waves of music made familiar to the cultivated ear through Listz's Hungarian

rhapsodies and Brahms's Hungarian dances, will let you know that you are in front of a Hungarian Gipsy's home. You may, if you feel like it, go in and wish them good morning. No pretext is needed. They are accustomed to visitors. You will be asked to allow them to tell your fortune, and before you have known it, you will be separated from some of your money, and, seated favorably on a low divan, you will be smoking a cigarette while the lady of the house is urging her daughter to play for you something on the cymbalon. After she has played, there may be another girl in the family who can sing, and you will be asked to listen to her singing. When she has finished singing and you have given her something, another one may suddenly begin to turn somersaults and do all sorts of gymnastics for you. You will seldom see any male member of the family. If they are at home, they will not even deign to rise and wish you welcome or look at you. And if they should happen to come in while you are there, they will pierce you through with their small black eyes, a question or two will be asked, and woe to the one suspected to have looked too tenderly at any of the women of the household!

And so through the winter these nomadic races, here in great numbers since the Great War, have dotted the lower East Side streets, the Balkans of New York, with their winter homes, thus helping the other inhabitants to feel more at home. Indeed, were it understood, those who are so anxious to Americanize southeastern European people would welcome the Gipsies living among them, if it were for nothing else but because they give that touch so necessary to the hundred thousand

people living, pining and longing for their homes. They can endure Anglo-Saxon civilization much easier with the presence of their Gipsies about them. They can forget, when it is necessary to forget, that they are not at home. The dash of color, the dash of song they bring, is like the special condiment they need for their food in order to make it palatable. There would be no festivities among the Rumanians and Hungarians and Poles or the Russians if it were not for the Gipsies. It would be impossible for them to have any festivity, christening or marriage, the first frequently before the last, while jazz is being played or rag-time songs are being danced, such music being not only meaningless to them, but cruel to their ears to an insufferable point.

They have neither church nor any other religious institutions. Each tribe has a different religion from the others. They have no literature and care for none. And when I lately read to them what celebrated gipsologists had said about Gipsies, there was great merriment among them all.

As impossible as it sounds, it seems to me that most of those who have come here will be absorbed, but in the following manner: the Rumanian Gipsies will intermarry with the Rumanian people living here, the Russians with the Russian, and so forth. By the time these nationalities will through intermarriage absorb one another, there will be little left of the original Gipsy blood. Such things have already happened.

We went down one day to buy some costumes for a theatrical production. Most of the Gipsies refused to sell. But one family with which I am fairly well acquainted was easily persuaded

to take gold in exchange for gorgeously patterned, blood-red, canary-yellow, and field-green silk dresses. The bargain concluded, we were still short a wedding-dress for the second act. After much palaver, the old lady consented to show us her wedding-dress, which she has kept these fifty years. It brought forth gasps and cries of delight from the ladies—gossamer spun and woven by fairy hands in the shadow of a golden evening. But she would not hear of selling it, the old lady. I entreated and begged. No, it was hers. She had refused even to include it in the dowry for her daughter. After many hours, and when I had explained that we should be compelled to show a Gipsy bride in an unbefitting dress, she draped it on one of the ladies. Tears came into her eyes as she looked at her. "Even as I looked in that myself." And then she suddenly exclaimed: "Take it as a gift. But I will not sell."

We made to leave, afraid she might change her mind. At the door she stopped Miss Fowler. I trembled. The old woman's face became entreating. Her lips and eyes had that curious shrewd smile I know so well.

"Cross your palm with silver, and I will tell your fortune."

And she who had so magnificently given was begging, swindling, out of habit.

It's east of Third Avenue after Twentieth Street. You will find the place easily enough in daytime. Horses are tied out on the street, while a peculiar kind of people line the sidewalk, some flourishing long-handled whips over their heads, others carrying their riding-crops under their arms, or having one sticking out of their leggings.

In good days, early in the spring, the block resembles a horse fair in a far-off country, in any far-off country of the world. For this is the peculiarity of the business. Horsemen are the same the world over. McTurk of Dublin, Ciorcani the Gipsy of the Hungarian plains, Mr. Sire of New York, and *Mahbub Ali* of India, in Kipling's "Kim," are one and the same person. And where horses are sold, the same methods are applied, the same language is used in different tongues, and the environment changes to suit the men who fill the circle.

"This heah hawse is lame. The right foh leg drags," says the would-be buyer.

"Lame nothing! He just favors that leg," answers the dealer.

"Lame" is eliminated from the language of the seller. A lame leg is a "favored" leg.

A horse is never older than thirteen years, because after that his age can no longer be read in the age-worn teeth. And when it comes to price, a horse is worth what you can get.

Inside one of the half-cement, half-brick buildings the auction is going on. The auctioneer is standing on a bench, the buyers in a wide circle. A horse, tagged and numbered, is held in place by a young hostler, who hangs on the short halter with all his weight to show off the spirit of the animal. If it is a plow-horse, he stands loosely by to impress people with its meekness, kindness, and docility; for a runner or a trotter he has different tactics. A really good boy is worth his weight in gold.

There is old Tom, a horse-dealing Gipsy. Everybody knows Tom.

But he never even lifts his head when a pedigreeed horse is offered for sale.

He never hears the introduction of the auctioneer when a "blood" is brought out. He does not care to know what the dam or sire was, and he does not want to listen to the tale of records set on the track by brothers, half-brothers, sisters, and half-sisters of the horse in question.

"Them are horses for them that know nuthin' about horse-flesh and ain't horsemen at all," is Tom-As-Is's dictum. "It's for amatchures. That knowin' for sure all about the animal is disgustin'. Listen to him!"

The auctioneer was reciting, refreshing his memory from written notes: "Dan retired from track with 2:10 record. Sire with 2:04. Brother now in training for big Futurity. Winner of—"

"Do you hear him? Come out of here. I ain't in the market for no machines. It's horseflesh I buy. And it's up to my eye, to my experience, to my horsemanship, to know all about a horse when I see it. The rest is gamble, excitement. What's a man in the business for if not for that? Why buy it if you know all it can do?"

A magnificent young colt with a long pedigree was put up for sale. Its sensitive head was kept erect on a thin, long neck. The red nostrils spurted fire, and the taut veins on the buttocks and legs were quivering with excitement.

"Tom," I said, "what do you say to this fellow?"

"It's all in the pedigree; I ain't got nothing to say."

"Could I make something out of him?"

"Well, it's in the pedigree. Figure the record of the sire and dam. If you'll keep him well and train him well, you'll get a fair average of the

two. Nothing to get excited about." And Tom left me.

The young colt was sold for a very small sum. There were no "amateurs" at the sale.

Then, toward the end, No. 64 was brought out, a young colt, part Arab, part mustang, and with a dash of thoroughbred and some other breed thrown in. There was no pedigree, and the auctioneer called out, "As is—sold with no guaranty."

Tom was outside the stable, but the sound of "As is" brought him running to the circle. Instantly he was at one of the legs, and felt it knowingly and slowly from the hips down to the hoofs. When the operation was over, Tom saw three other men, each busy feeling a leg.

He had to wait for his turn on the other legs. What a quartet of horse-dealers! How much alike they looked to one another! Finally they were given a chance to buy a horse on their own personal knowledge. Then each tried the horse for its wind, and kept his observation to himself.

"Nice young colt, two years old, as is. What am I bid for him? How much to start with?" chanted the auctioneer.

"Twenty," said Tom-As-Is.

"Twenty, twenty, twenty, who gives twenty-five? Twenty-five I 've got. Who gives thirty, thirty, thirty? Thirty I 've got. Who gives forty? Forty—"

Tom bid higher and higher. The others kept raising the price. At the end the non-pedigreed, non-guaranteed horse sold for three times the amount the pure bred colt had brought.

"It 's not knowin' what goes into the making of him that makes us expect something extra," explained Tom as he led the awkward creature to his stable. "He mebbe won't make more than a tram-car horse, and mebbe he 'll break records. Who knows? But in them pedigreed things it 's machine-like. I 'm a *horseman*, I am."

A horseman he is, Tom. Of the same tribe as El-Zorab in Arabia, *Mahbub* in India, Ciorcani on the *pusta* of the Magyar land, of Mechmet Ali in the swamps of the Dobrudga.

In from Spain

By T. F. POWYS

PROTECTED from the world by a hill on one side and a river on the other, East Purton went its own ways and pursued its own talk and habits without any interference from outside. Purton had its pastimes; it also had its trials. When the wind was in the north, it blew round the hill both ways and met in the village, so that the people shivered. And when the weather was mild and damp, Mrs. Crane blamed the river for the pain her corns gave her.

As well as the orthodox belief that God had set a flag flying upon East Purton church the Sunday after He had finished building it, the people believed in Mr. Crapper. Mr. Crapper had a way of presenting his affairs in conversation so that no one could doubt the truth of them. He had always shown so wise and cautious a manner of acting in every-day life that no one dared to doubt the certainty of his knowledge.

He would often stand at Mrs. Crane's door, where he lodged, for hours and look at the river as wise Confucius used to do, though without his tears. The river always inspired Mr. Crapper with some new thought or other.

One day he discovered that the water always ran only one way. He told Mrs. Crane so at breakfast time.

"Yes," said Mrs. Crane, "I do be-

lieve 'ee, for they running rivers be ignorant."

Mr. Crapper had a son named Albert who had gone away into foreign parts to make his fortune.

When his son had been away for some years, Mr. Crapper went to sleep in a field in which he was employed to hoe the turnips. Farmer Barfoot, who came into the field to see how the man was getting on, woke him up and remarked, harmlessly enough, "that it was n't Sunday."

Mr. Crapper slowly raised himself from the ground as if he still dreamed, and taking up his hoe he made a motion as if to go to work again. But as soon as the hoe touched the turnips Mr. Crapper threw it down.

"It is n't much that I do want," he said, "here below, but my son Bert could buy up all that be in this little village where river do flow."

Farmer Barfoot listened to Mr. Crapper with astonishment, not knowing the dreams that a field can give to a man.

"'T is most like," said the farmer, "that Bert have done well for 'isself."

"Better than well," was Mr. Crapper's reply; "for if Bert were to hoe these turnips, they would be golden."

From that day Mr. Crapper began to be proud.

East Purton pride is not so simple

an affair as the vulgar might imagine it to be. You may find it sometimes in a row of runner beans or wrapped round a feather-bed or even in the mark that a cheap new rubber heel has made in the Sunday mud. This time it settled in Mr. Crapper because his dream in the turnip-field had made him proud of his son.

Mr. Crapper's pride would not permit him to work, but sometimes he would walk on to the top of the hill whence the road to the town could be seen, a straight, white street between the water meadows. That was the road that Mr. Crapper expected his son to come by. In what sort of manner of coming he had n't yet made up his mind, but he told Mr. Barfoot at the inn that he expected his son to come "riding." Mr. Barfoot had been reading an old picture paper as well as drinking his beer, and pointed out to Mr. Crapper a young man riding upon an elephant.

Mrs. Crane's husband was a meek little man who bound straw round the tops of his boots in snowy weather. He accepted all facts alike: his ten children, Mr. Crapper who paid no money for his lodgings, twelve hours' work every day, and on Sundays in a walk to the top of the hill.

Mr. Crane believed that one day Albert Crapper would come and give him a new pair of boots and a white coat that he had once seen on the back of a coachman. Whenever he looked at Mr. Crapper eating, he was reminded of these good things.

Mr. Crane was never tired of hearing of all the wonderful wealth that Bert Crapper was soon to bring home.

"Sacks," said Mr. Crapper, "sacks and bagfuls."

"Will he come soon?" asked Mr.

Crane, who was eating dry bread for his dinner.

Mr. Crapper set off to the hill to look out for his son's arrival. He watched the motor-cars go by and wondered which was his son's.

"They look rather small," he said to himself, "though they go by quickly."

A man was walking along the road whom Mr. Crapper did not care to notice. The man walked with a light step as though he were nearing his home. He stopped by the ash-tree that marked the turning to East Purton and came up the lane.

A large motor-car passed by below. Mr. Crapper shook his head, and returned to Mrs. Crane's fireside. He sat for a while talking about Bert and about what he would do when he came home.

Mr. Crane came in, and Mr. Crapper and he walked together to the inn, Mr. Crane having first bound some straw round his legs because he thought it was going to snow.

"You won't need to do that," said Mr. Crapper, watching him, "when me son Bert do come home."

The man who had come up the lane was now standing on the top of Purton hill. He was looking at the lights in the village. There were two lights that shone brightly, and the stranger looked at them with interest. He began to whistle in order to keep down an odd feeling that came like a lump in his throat. One of the bright lights came from the inn, and the other shone in Mrs. Crane's cottage, where Mr. Crapper had lived for many years.

The stranger came down from the hill, walked through the village, and peeped into Mrs. Crane's window to see who was there. Mrs. Crane was

busy ironing. The man left her window without having been seen and found his way to the churchyard. He went to the corner where the poorest people were buried, and knelt down upon his knees in the grass and faded nettles. Presently he left the churchyard whistling.

Near to the river bridge at East Purton there used to be a tall elm-tree; the stranger went up to the tree and patted the hard bark of its trunk. He looked up at the bare boughs and began to climb; he was evidently pretending to be a boy again. When he came down he pressed his head against the tree as though he were reminding himself of something.

Mr. Crapper was in a fine fettle at the inn that night.

"His son would soon come home," he said, "riding in"— "A chariot of fire," put in Farmer Barfoot, who sometimes read the lessons in church.

There was always a happy rivalry as to who should fill Mr. Crapper's cup, but this time every one took turns, with the exception of Mr. Crane, who had no money.

In the middle of the evening Farmer Barfoot begged for the song.

Mr. Crapper's song was famous in Purton bar. As near as we can remember it went like this:

"Oh, you shall drink wine

So sweetly in the season; then you
shall be mine.

You shall have no pain; I will you
maintain.

My ship she 's a-loaded, just come
in from Spain."

The song sounded of coming riches, so it was always well clapped and cheered. During the singing of the song the stranger, who had been going

the round of the village, came to the inn. He was a man with a rough beard and was clad in poor clothes, though not in rags.

He waited quietly in the doorway until the song was over, and then made his way to warm himself by the fire. In so doing he passed Mr. Crapper and touched his arm in an affectionate manner, and even allowed his hand to rest for a moment upon the old man's.

Feeling the touch, Mr. Crapper shook him off roughly, while Farmer Barfoot rebuked him for his familiar behavior, and informed him that Mr. Crapper had a very rich son in foreign parts who was soon to return loaded with riches.

"'T is a happy life that I do lead," said Mr. Crapper, "thinking of the way he will come riding home in a golden engine."

"Yes," said Farmer Barfoot, filling up Mr. Crapper's mug, "'t is a real greatness to East Purton to have a rich man's father to give beer to."

The stranger rose quietly and went to the door, but this time he never touched Mr. Crapper.

When he was leaving the inn he heard Farmer Barfoot making a speech in honor of Mr. Crapper and advising the company all to drink the health of his son Albert, "who be richer than I be," said the farmer with reverence.

"And may he soon come home!" called out Mr. Crane as he borrowed some one's mug to drink the toast.

The stranger returned to the hill again and looked back at the village lights.

He leaned over the stone wall for a moment or two, and then walked down the lane away from East Purton, whistling.

Eleanora Duse: Actress Supreme

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

What Sarah Bernhardt was to France, Eleanora Duse was to Italy. Her art is here subtly analyzed by a critic who as a fellow-countryman and a fellow-artist is peculiarly fitted to interpret her. The essay had been put in type before her death.—THE EDITOR.

FROM the very beginning of her long career Eleanora Duse had one controlling thought—the ambition to disappear, to merge her self, as a real person, in the character she brought to life on the stage.

Only by a hasty judgment could such an attitude be mistaken for an abdication of personality on an artist's part. As understood by Duse, it is her greatest title to glory, since this attitude implies obedience to the first duty of the actor—that supreme renunciation of self, which carries as its reward the realization not of one life only, but of as many lives as the actor succeeds in creating. And we shall see, too, that this attitude implies not, as some people conclude, an almost mechanical passiveness on the part of the actor, who must think of himself simply as an instrument for communicating an author's thought, but a spiritual creative activity of the rarest kind.

I remember that some years ago, an Italian newspaper conducted a referendum on this point among authors, actors, and dramatic critics of European distinction. The question proposed was whether or not actors have the right to judge the works which are

given them for production; whether, in other words, they should or should not be regarded as more or less adequate vehicles of communication between writer and audience, which latter remains the only competent and legitimate judge. As I read the many answers to the question proposed, it seemed to me that people fail generally in appreciating the importance of one consideration which is really much more fundamental and comprehensive. It is commonly observed that, on the one hand, an author is never a good appraiser of his own work, and, on the other, that an actor is unable to recognize the artistic merits of the drama he acts; for, in a play, an actor looks only for a *good part*: if he finds it, the play is good; if he fails, it is bad.

The fact is that "feeling," as opposed to "thinking," plays a large part in the criticism which a writer makes of his own work. To be sure, a writer studies his creation as it is built up under his hand; but he cannot study it coldly, as an impartial critic would do, analyzing it point by point. Rather he views it all at once and as a whole through the total impression which he receives of it. On its author, that is, a

work of art produces an impression quite analogous to the one it arouses in reader or spectator: it is *experienced* rather than *judged*.

It is the same way with the actor, and for this reason the actor can never be considered as a mechanical or passive instrument of communication. Indeed, if an actor examined the work he is to create coolly and coldly, studying it, analyzing it after the manner of a critic, and if he then tried to move on from this detached and dispassionate analysis to the interpretation of his own rôle, he would never succeed in giving life to an impersonation; any more than a writer could ever produce a piece of living literature if he did not start from a first feeling or inspiration, a first vision of his work as a whole, but tried to construct his book part by part, detail by detail, ultimately assembling all the separate elements in a work of deliberate composition built up as a mathematical proposition or as a theorem in logic.

The actor, in a word, also *experiences*. He does not *judge*. When a writer looks at a situation in life, or at an episode in history which for other people may be meaningless or commonplace, he must feel suddenly, by a spontaneous sympathy or emotion, that here is a subject which he must treat. In the same way, by a similar sympathy and emotion, the actor must recognize the part that is suitable for him. He must, that is, have an instantaneous experience within himself of the character he is to impersonate.

However, the actor is usually a professional artist living in the theater and on the theater, in contact, therefore, with what is most conventional and fictitious about the drama. That is

why he is very likely to see in a work of art those qualities which are most specifically theatrical; just as the illustrator in looking over a book for which he is to make the pictures will be most impressed by the parts in it which best lend themselves to illustration. I mean to say that the professional actor is inclined to overlook the deeper meaning of a play and view it as so much stage material. He will tend to subordinate the higher truth of the artistic expression before him to the fictitious reality of its stage effects.

Now, in this respect Eleanora Duse is the exact opposite of the professional actor; because, if she exaggerates in any sense, it is in her peculiar determination to see these higher meanings in a play far beyond any *experience* she can possibly have of the parts she has created or is to create—an exaggeration on her part which may be of an artistic, ethical, sentimental, or “ideal” character. The influence this tendency has had on her career is an interesting one. It does not in any way diminish, as I feel, her prodigious power as an actress on the stage; but it does do her considerable harm otherwise, since it prevents her at times from surrendering herself wholly to the *experience* of this or that character, which, were she a less complex soul, she would be able to do admirably. As it is, she is moved to limit her repertory unduly, while at the same time she is impelled, by very praiseworthy consideration, doubtless, to favor works which have an intellectual and moral rather than an artistic significance.

The point is this: Eleanora Duse is not, and never could be, a mere actress. Gradually improving and

elevating her innate artistic taste, continuously developing and ripening her mind by faithful study and by a deep meditation on life which has been prompted by a variety of fortunes good and bad, Eleanora Duse has eventually become a real personality on the wider stage of our world at large. Now, a mere actress can impersonate almost any character that is proposed to her, but a personality can live only itself, and it rebels when any one attempts to impose upon it rôles not in harmony with its own clearly asserted traits. Eleanora Duse has built up a life of her own; as I like to put it, she has selected a "form of being" which naturally excludes all those other possibilities of being which once were in her—possibilities numerous indeed, because few creatures surely have ever lived to boast vital resources as rich and varied as those of Eleanora Duse. But venerable, noble, and worthy as any "form" may be, and as this particular "form" of Eleanora Duse certainly is, it nevertheless represents an unshakable will on her part to be just what she is, and nothing else; to be what she is, and to exclude every other personality that is different. This exclusiveness may be a merit, a virtue, an attainment, in the life of a woman; but it can only be a drawback in the professional career of an actress, since it limits—I might say wastes—all those possibilities of being which constitute the greatest wealth and the greatest glory of a dramatic artist. In the case of Eleanora Duse we see that, in proportion as her artistic, moral, and intellectual demands have become more exacting, rigid, jealous, her range has grown narrower and narrower. Her career on the stage has been the sequence of one exclusion after another.

Years ago she began by disdainfully throwing aside the repertory which had brought her her first successes, placing her at the forefront among Italian actresses, and giving her a world fame through her tours abroad.

§ 2

Those who had, as I had, the fortune of seeing her as *Marguerite* in "Camille," in her youthful days indeed, but in the full maturity of her art, can never forget the romantic charm, the anguished tenderness, the fervent emotion which she, and only she, was able to arouse in such great measure in that rôle. At that time she seemed born, natively predisposed, to become the most perfect interpreter of that theater which flourished in Europe, and more especially in France, in the last thirty years of the last century, and which was adorned with such names as Augier, Dumas fils, Sardou, Porto-Riche, Donnelly, and, with method and outlook somewhat changed, Henri Becque. It was a romantic, sentimental, psychological theater—a theater of manners, with some tendencies toward social satire. In its various aspects, it had echoes in Italy as well, and there also acquired distinguished names: Ferrari, Giacosa, Rovetta, Praga, Bracco, along with three unquestioned masterpieces to be credited to the name of Giovanni Verga, "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Wolf," "Mine and Thine."

To this theater Eleanora Duse brought all the richness of her temperament, which, as we looked at it in those days, seemed to have been made for the express purpose of revealing not so much the anxieties of mind as the torments and travails of the passions: an exquisitely feminine sensibility which,

at one bound, as it were, and with the most agile directness, always arrived at a wholly genuine expression of the state of the mind involved, clarifying it with a light that shone from every line and fiber of the actress's beautiful person—muscles vibrant, nerves tense, a facial expression free from every conventional device, and changing only in direct correspondence with real inner transformations of the soul; hands, divine hands, that seemed to talk, and a voice such as may never again be heard on the stage—a voice miraculous not so much for its musical quality, as for its plasticity, its spontaneous sensitiveness to every subtle shading of thought or sentiment. Duse's acting, at every moment of a production, was like the surface of a deep, still water, momentarily responsive to the subtlest tremors of light and shadow.

And what variety! From one evening to another we used to see her pass from the heroic passion of *Marguerite Gautier* to the treachery of the "Femme de Claude"; from the sharp, shrewd, rollicking gaiety of Goldoni's *Mirandolina* to the desperation of *Fedora*; from the frivolous dissoluteness of *Frou Frou* to the taciturn, rancorous sensuality of "The Wolf," or to the exasperated humility of *Santuzza*; from the spiteful, challenging obstinacy of *Francillon* to the light, sarcastic capriciousness of *Cypriana* in "Divorçons."

For, at that time, Eleanora Duse was just an actress, a marvelous actress, and, to conclude from the manner in which she could give life to the separate and distinct personages of her first repertory, we have no right to doubt that she felt these women, each and one by one, alive in her, alive with her own life, with the vibration of all her own sensations, feelings, and impulses.

How was it, then, that at a certain moment she suddenly seemed to feel them no longer and actually, in some cases to have a haughty disdain for them, almost a physical revulsion at having incorporated them in her own being, endowing them with theatrical life from the substance of her own soul and in the form of her own body? Certainly, to have created them with such power, she must have experienced them with that experience which, as I said a moment ago, is the only legitimate judgment that an actress may pass upon one of her creations.

§ 3

This had happened. The esthetic criticism which Eleanora Duse had been forming on all that theater, after her wonderful reliving of the many characters it had offered her, had so seriously disconcerted her in her professional outlook that she simply was unable to go on working with those plays. This judgment corresponded to a change, a development, that had taken place in her own personality; and Duse seemed to feel that it was somehow incompatible with her sincerity as an artist to lend this changed personality of hers to the characters of a theater which she had come for the most part to despise. Crises of passion, tricks and artifices of female wile, needs of the flesh, petty cares and humdrum trials of daily life—in a word, the things which formed the principal content of the European theater between 1870 and 1900, were no longer enough for Eleanora Duse. Her spirit was athirst for something else, for something less commonplace, something less matter-of-fact, something more heroic—a nobler expression of life, in short.

In Italy, meantime, people were beginning to talk of Henrik Ibsen, who was arousing great interest in most of the nations of Europe, and even in France, where importations from abroad are not readily welcome. Ibsen's theater met both warm support and bitter hostility in the Italian public and among Italian men of letters. Luigi Capuana, the Sicilian novelist and dramatist, who had for many years been living in Rome, made a first translation (not from the Norwegian, but from the French) of "The Doll's House." Eleanora Duse was much impressed, but her first approaches to Ibsen were timid ones. The perfect and complete understanding on her part of all the heroic spirituality contained in Ibsen's theater—qualities, which would fully have satisfied this thirst for the ideal in Eleanora Duse, at that time in the full possession of her powers—was made impossible by the distracting influence she now began to feel through contact with the spectacular and refined, but only fictitiously heroic, art of Gabriele D'Annunzio. To my way of thinking—an opinion that I have reason to believe is shared by many people in Italy—the atmosphere of D'Annunzio's theater did harm rather than good to Eleanora Duse, and great harm, indeed. Perhaps, from the esthetic demands of her inner life this experience was necessary to her; but it wrought a violent distortion on her art, which had once been so intimate and so profound, throwing her into false attitudes which only time, and too tardily, has been able to correct.

To make clear just what I mean, I need only put in contrast the most evident characteristics of D'Annunzio's theater, and the most evident

characteristics of the acting of Eleanora Duse as that acting used to be, and as it has again become in these later years, though now on a somewhat loftier plane.

D'Annunzio's art is wholly external. It relies on a sumptuous display of forms, on a marvelous opulence of vocabulary. It is a truly miraculous art, but it remains almost wholly superficial, since in it everything that is expressed has value not so much in itself as for the ingenuity with which it is expressed. It is an art woven entirely of sensations, but of sensations that flourish only when fed on imagery, and this imagery, if it would not cloy, must have an ever more ample development, must become ever more and more musical, ever more and more exciting to the senses. It is a sluggish art, with a very scant interior agitation, and even with a very scant external movement, since every individual state of mind, no matter how subtle, needs to be rendered explicit in all its minute shadings, so that, rather than true movement, we have a series of progressive attitudes, each one made definite and precise in its particular esthetic value, pictorial, musical, or sculpturesque, as the case may be.

Whereas the art of Eleanora Duse is intrinsically and peculiarly opposite to all this. In her everything is internal, simple, unadorned, almost naked. Her art is a quintessential distillation of pure truth, an art that works from within outward, which shrinks from ingenious artifice, and scorns the applause of wonderment that mere brilliancy seeks. With her to feel a thing is to express it, and not to parade it; to express it in direct and immediate terms, without circumlocutions, without sonorous or sculptured or painted

imagery. Imagery, in fact, was a challenge to Duse. She is natively lacking in that roundness of diction which is a prime requisite for the full elaboration of a word picture. And if she finds it by sheer effort, the effort in the end exhausts her. For her art is wholly and always an art of movement. It is a continuous, restless, momentary flow, which has neither time nor power to stop and fix itself in any given attitude, even for the pleasure of showing for a moment the beauty that a pose may have in the truth of its expression. Here is a shy and retiring art, which at a tragic moment in her career she suddenly put at the service of the least shy and the most assertive poet that ever lived. That is why I ventured to use the word "distortion" for the effects that D'Annunzio had upon the art of Eleanora Duse.

I doubt whether I ever suffered so much inside a theater as I suffered at the first production that Duse gave at the "Costanzi" in Rome of D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." The art of the great actress seemed hampered, oppressed; crushed even, by the gorgeous trappings of D'Annunzio's heroine; just as the action of the tragedy itself is hampered, oppressed, crushed by the tremendous panoply of rhetoric that D'Annunzio's ponderous erudition thrusts upon it. Poor *Francesca*! What a futile and vacuous waster of precious words she seemed to be! To me, and I think to everybody else, she gave a deep and almost bitter regret for the *Marguerite Gautier* whom Duse, only a short time before, had been endowing with life on our Italian stage. And I confess that I felt the same sorrow for many other commonplace and mediocre persons of the old theater which Duse had abandoned, when I

listened, later on, to her acting of two other tragedies of D'Annunzio, "La Gioconda," and "La Città Morta." No one will suppose that I am saying this out of any tenderness I feel toward the old theater. I say it, rather, in view of an opinion I have always held about the value that a work of dramatic art may have in itself and of itself, and the value it may acquire or lose in the scenic translation made of it by an actor.

As a play passes from the mind of an author through the mind of an actor, it must inevitably undergo some modification. No matter how hard the actor tries to grasp the intention of the writer, he will never quite succeed in seeing a character just as the author saw it, in feeling it just as the author felt it, in recreating it just as the author willed that it should be. How many times does the unhappy playwright, present at a rehearsal of his work, feel like exclaiming to the actor, "Oh, no! No! Not that way!" writhing in torment, disappointment, grief, or even rage, at seeing a character of his translated into a material reality which must perforce be something else! But in the presence of such a protest on the author's part, the actor will be just as much disturbed. He sees and feels the character in his own way and he has a right to regard the attempted imposition of the author's will as an act of gratuitous violence cruelly inflicted on him. For the actor is not a mere phonograph, grinding out through a megaphone words that have been written on a sheet of paper. He must see the character in his own way and feel it in his own way. All that the author has expressed must become an organic part of the actor, and produce in the actor's being a new life

sufficiently forceful to make the character a real person on the stage. An actor's interpretation must, in other words, spring palpitating and alive from the actor's own conception of his part—a conception so intimately lived by him that it is soul of his soul, body of his body. Now, since the personality the actor now assumes is not an original creation of his own, but one suggested to him by the author, how can there possibly be a perfect correspondence between the character as the author sees it, and the character as the actor sees it? There may be a more or less close approximation, a more or less exact similarity, but nothing more. The actor may repeat the lines precisely as they are written, but the very same words will express sentiments which the actor, and not the author, feels; and these sentiments will find their own peculiar manifestation in the actor's tone of voice, temper of gesture, attitude of body.

It may happen, it not infrequently does happen, that the actor improves rather than not on the drama intrusted to him. But in such cases the drama is a bad one, and all the credit belongs to the actor. He has taken from the author a piece of canvas, as it were, and given it a life which the author failed to confer upon it.

§ 4

It was just this miracle that Duse performed in her work with the old theater. In her repertory there may be some plays which do have a life of their own, and which will live as literature even if no actor ever again produces them. But the grandeur of Duse, in the eyes of her early audience, was the power she had of breathing the breath of life into many characters

that had been barely outlined by their authors through various situations in which they were made to appear. And it was a true life that Duse thus created, holding the stage with its vivid, engrossing reality, laying hold upon every spectator witnessing the play. Duse gave a perfect form, that is, to the crude unmolded clay her old repertory offered her. She could do this, because in the various people she came to impersonate, however commonplace and insignificant they may have been in themselves, she found a certain potentiality of humanness which she could bring to full expression; and, having done so, she rejoiced in her own creation, leaving to others the task of passing judgment on the plays as a whole.

Why could she not perform the same miracle with the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio? The answer is already implicit in what we said about the conflicting characteristics of the respective arts of D'Annunzio and of herself.

In D'Annunzio's plays Duse met a form that was artistically complete, and had to be respected in every minute particular. And this put a fatal restriction upon her own art, which is so wholly spontaneous and genuine. D'Annunzio gave her a series of beautiful, elegant, literary masks, to which she must not supply a single detail, and to which she had to fit herself much as molten metal might be poured into a mold for a statue, to harden in the attitude of that statue—attitudes, moreover, which in this case were wholly foreign to Duse's native temperament. And, in addition, behind these masks of D'Annunzio there was none of those real fundamental human elements which Duse had met even in the worst

plays of her old repertory; no germ of life to bring to fruition, no formless clay to endow with perfection of form.

I should not risk asserting that the physical collapse of Eleanora Duse, and especially her growing weariness with stage life, should be attributed to the futile effort she made to adapt her own art to the art of D'Annunzio. But I am willing to state that the D'Annunzio episode was not without effect upon her career as an actress. There can be no doubt that Duse, at the peak of her development, was distracted by the D'Annunzio theater from the one real dramatic grandeur that her time might have offered her—the theater of Ibsen, I mean, which was surely far more harmonious with Duse's artistic temperament and with the need she has always felt of breathing a clear and rarefied atmosphere in the most lofty altitudes of the spirit.

What she was really looking for—the state of exaltation to which she had attained in her own inner life—we have been able to see from her recent return to the stage after a long retirement. She came back to us, it is true, with her old authors—Praga, D'Annunzio, Ibsen, as though to exemplify the three periods of her life. But there was a new author there—Gallarati-Scotti—significant not so much for the intrinsic merits of his "*Così Sia*," as for the ethical qualities of that play and the spiritual air it breathes. The

repertory exploited in this new appearance of Duse shows quite beyond the intention of the actress, as I believe, the truth of what I have said above. "*La Porta Chiusa*" of Praga is a mediocre work of the old theater, but it showed us to what extent Duse was able to vitalize such amount of living material as the play contained within itself. In "*La Città Morta*" we have again been able to see her struggling with all the resources of her genius, but failing in the end to adapt herself to the poses required by the static exterior art of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Her "*Lady of the Sea*" brings back to us the sense of all that we lost in not having seen Duse approach Ibsen in full possession of her youth. A gray-haired *Ellida* could only awaken in us, along with a deep regret, a profound admiration for the success with which Eleanora Duse was able to give this character the incomparable freshness of a spirit that literally basks in sunshine. And if we turn to her "*Ghosts*," we have the full sense of what Duse might have been at her best: a more and more lucid, a more and more direct and immediate art, which concentrates more and more intensely the essences of truth, and which has been attained by a long travail of the spirit.

Eleanora Duse is a supreme actress in whose life the real tragedy has been this, that her age did not succeed in supplying her with her author.

A New England City in the Pacific

An Overlooked Side of Honolulu

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

TWICE a day at Honolulu an elderly gentleman toddles along the sea-wall at Waikiki from the direction of Fort De Russy, takes a dip in the ocean, and then sits and suns himself on the tiny patch of sand that is known to old inhabitants as the Children's Beach. I shall call him Mr. Wheeler, for, though that is not his name, it is sufficiently near to it to identify him to the host of his acquaintances. Mr. Wheeler was born in New York; and, when he learned that I came from the metropolis, he asked me if the food was just as good as ever at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"How long have you been in the islands?" I inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Wheeler, "I was sailing home from China in 1887. The ship touched at Honolulu for a day, and I came ashore to get my laundry done." The rest was silence, and an enigmatic smile.

Another day he told me more particularly why he was not in any hurry for his laundry to come back.

"This is the only place in the world," he said, "where everybody is well-to-do. For what is meant by being wealthy except that you don't need any money? You are foolish to go back to New York. You will have to have money there; and to get it, you

will have to sell your life to earn your living. There is n't any sense to that."

"No," — I hesitated, "—except for a few necessities."

"And what are the necessities of life?" retorted Mr. Wheeler. "Food, clothing, shelter, fuel—and one other, more important than them all. You don't need money here for food. The cocoanuts drop at your feet. Bananas and papaia and bread-fruit hang down within your reach from many trees. There are acres and acres of pine-apples. And at any hour any day you may wade into the warm water with a net—like that *wahini* yonder—and haul ashore the most delicious fish. You don't need money here for clothing. All you want, the year around, is a bathing-suit, a shirt, a pair of trousers. You don't need any fuel except for cooking; and wood is everywhere. You need only pick it up. For shelter all you want is a roof over your head in the rainy season, and some wire netting to keep out the mosquitos. Walls are n't necessary. You don't need a house; you want only a *lanai*. It is warm enough to sleep in the open any night in the year, and never too warm to sleep. So, you see, I 'm a rich man: I don't need any money."

"But that other need you spoke of,

the one you said was more important?"

"Ah, yes—companionship. And this is the best place in the world for that. The most interesting people come here, and only the most interesting. Sooner or later, from all the quarters of the globe they come, just like you, and talk to me upon this little patch of sand. I don't have to go to see people; they come to see me. A man needs friends, but if I went to London, to Paris, to Rome, to Yokohama, to Peking, I should never make so many friends as here at Waikiki. They come and go, and others come; but after they are gone, I know that they remember always, and are always hoping to come back again. It will be that way with you."

There was a long pause after that. I looked out over the sea. Several children were splashing in the lime-green waves that broke upon the sand. A little beyond them, Dave Kahana-moku came loitering along in his outrigger-canoe to pick up some passengers at Halekulani. Out on the anchored raft, Fuji, my Japanese boy, was poised for a backward dive, and two American girls were climbing out of the water. The surf heaved away in jade-green rollers out to the coral reef, where it creamed in league-long breakers, beyond which lay the sapphire reaches of the deep Pacific. But as I gazed out to the far horizon, the whole picture, as they say in the "movies," seemed to dissolve into a remembered vision of the paler water of Walden Pond and of a cairn of stones upon the wooded shore that marks the site where stood a humble hut which, for two years at least, housed the throne of letters in New England.

Before the vision faded, I had asked

Mr. Wheeler an apparently irrelevant question:

"Do you happen to know Henry David Thoreau?"

"No," he said; "at least I don't remember him. Who is he?"

"Oh, just a chap that used to live in Concord, Massachusetts. Something that you said reminded me of him; that's all. I think he'd like it here."

"Then he'll come—sooner or later," said Mr. Wheeler.

"He *has* come," I answered. And then it was my turn to smile an enigmatic smile.

For Mr. Wheeler, who had quite unconsciously evolved on the island of Oahu the same philosophy of life that Thoreau had evolved in old New England, had suddenly given me the clue to a mystery that had haunted me ever since I had reached the Happy Isles and the friend I called Achilles had met me at the dock and garlanded my neck with *leis*.

§ 2

That experienced traveler, Mr. Somerset Maugham, has remarked that, whatever one expects of Honolulu, one is sure to be surprised. His own expression of bewilderment is worthy of quotation, and I shall copy it from his volume called "The Trembling of a Leaf":

"Nothing had prepared me for Honolulu. It is so far away from Europe, it is reached after so long a journey from San Francisco, so strange and so charming associations are attached to the name, that at first I could hardly believe my eyes. I do not know that I had formed in my mind any very exact picture of what I expected, but what I found caused me a great surprise."

In my own case, I was not surprised by the suavity of the climate, the multi-colored luxuriance of the vegetation, or the almost unimaginable loveliness of the landscape; for I had been prepared to expect these wonders by a witty lady of San Francisco, who had told me emphatically, just before I sailed, that the Hawaiian Islands were all that southern California pretended to be, and was n't. Neither was I surprised by the outlandish picturesqueness that is imparted to Honolulu by its gathering together of many different races, yellow and white and brown. I knew, of course, that it was the most Oriental of Occidental cities, the most Occidental of Oriental; that it was, by virtue of its geographical position, the one city in the world where East is West and West is East, and where the twain have met in harmony. But the one thing which did surprise me greatly was to find that Honolulu, despite its multi-racial population, is one of the most civilized cities in the modern world, and that its civilization is thoroughly, indeed definitively, American.

It is only a quarter of a century since the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States and the Stars and Stripes were first flown over the Iolani Palace, but, in the ancestral sense, Honolulu has been American for more than a hundred years; and since, in the midst of the Pacific, there is more leisure than we have upon the mainland for cultivating, undisturbed by interruption, the imaginative art of memory, Honolulu demonstrates more vividly a reminiscence of what America meant at the outset of the nineteenth century than any other community outside the confines of our thirteen original States. It is, in fact, an old

New England city in the midst of the Pacific, venerable in Americanism beyond any other of our cities seated west of the Appalachians. Honolulu was already a cultivated community when San Francisco was but a roaring mining-camp and when Los Angeles was nothing but a patch of unirrigated desert. Indeed, when the forty-niners of San Francisco, suddenly enriched with gold, desired to bring their daughters up as ladies, they sent them out in sailing-ships to Honolulu to be educated in the Kamehameha schools.

I dare say that I should have been less surprised by the settled civilization of Honolulu if I had gone there directly from New York; but I happened, instead, to proceed to the Hawaiian Islands from Los Angeles. Los Angeles is, of course, the newest city in the world. It is vehemently up to date, like the latest six-star extra-issue of an evening newspaper. Los Angeles may be described, in a single phrase, as a city without a past. It has no memories, because it has nothing to remember. Consequently it has no interest in tradition and no respect for the past. It is lively and alert and forward-looking: but it is never contemplative and never calm. There is something uncanny about a city without a past, just as, in the German legend, there was something uncanny about the man who had lost his shadow. Life, divorced from any sense of permanence, becomes unreal when it is lived only in the fleeting moment. Los Angeles lives merely in the here and now; it knows nothing of what happens elsewhere, and cares nothing for what has happened otherwise. Existence in Los Angeles is merely transient; and during my two years as a transient Angeleno I felt

utterly out of the world, cut off from all my previous contacts with the inherited culture of the ages.

Escaping from Los Angeles and plunging seaward from San Francisco, I dare say that, five days later, when the dawn disclosed the cloud-collecting mountains of the island of Oahu, I vaguely expected to find a newer world; and the surprise came when I found, instead, in Honolulu, an older world, and discovered that, by traveling actually from California to Hawaii, I had proceeded really from Los Angeles back again to old New England.

For Honolulu is a city with a past. It casts a shadow. Its memorial function is not paralyzed and atrophied, for it has something to remember. It is wisely contemplative and patiently calm. It knows about what happens elsewhere, and cares about what has happened otherwhen. It is not up to date, but dateless; not transient, but permanent. It was in 1887 that Mr. Wheeler went ashore at Waikiki to have his laundry done. And the rest can be reported only with an enigmatic smile.

§ 3

In 1820, half a dozen missionary families set sail from a port in Massachusetts on a perilous long voyage round Cape Horn for the purpose of carrying the Congregational brand of Christianity to the Polynesian natives of the Sandwich Islands. The extravagant idealism of these missionaries, judged by the practical standards of contemporary enterprise, is a thing to strike the mind with admiration. For these pilgrims staked their all upon the outcome of this great crusade, and carried with them their wives and

their children and all their furniture and household goods, to be plunged, as God might will, into the deep, or edified at last upon some heathen island half the world away.

The smiling Polynesians, in that distant time, were as friendly and as hospitable as they are to-day, and welcomed the winged ships that housed the crusaders from New England, and their wives and children and their furniture and household goods. The idealistic missionaries were intent on saving the souls of the purple-skinned Kanakas, and the kindly Polynesians were intent on ministering to the practical comfort of their white-skinned visitors. Consequently, the thrifty New-Englanders were able, without embarrassment, to exchange the veritable word of God for authenticated title-deeds to the most productive lands in the islands.

In nearly all the Massachusetts families that sailed around the Horn in 1820 to carry Christianity to the heathen of Hawaii there were six or eight children. As these children came of age, intermarriages between the missionary families became, of course, inevitable. Such intermarriages have continued to this day, so that now the scions of the original half-dozen families must number more than a thousand people, all of whom are cousins to one another in some degree or other. And for over a hundred years these inheritors of the original families have owned nearly all of the registered real estate of the eight islands in the Hawaiian group. To this day, for instance, the entire island of Lanai is owned by a single family, the Baldwins. To this day the entire island of Molokai, with the exception of the leper settlement, which stretches seaward on a sandy

peninsula backed by towering, insurmountable palisades, is owned also by a single family, the Cookes. And even on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu itself is seated, and on the big island of Hawaii, the investigating visitor is beset forever with the recurrence of half a dozen ancestral names that are synonymous with overlordship of the land.

Since the land is extremely productive, especially in pineapple and in sugar-cane, most of the descendants of the original missionary families are, of course, extremely wealthy; but they have been wealthy for so long that they have ceased to be aware of the fact, and lead very simple lives, undisturbed by any ostentation. They hold the islands as a public trust, and the machinery of society is so conducted that there is a place for everybody, white or yellow or brown, and everybody is happy in his place. There is never any unemployment in the islands, and there is no poverty at all. Those who have but little money need less; and, in Mr. Wheeler's philosophic sense, it may truthfully be said that the poorest of the Polynesians is rich indeed.

§ 4

In most of our American cities at the present day life suffers from the lack of an aristocracy. The popular phrase that every man is as good as every other is merely a way of saying that no man rises superior to the dead level of mediocrity. Mr. Langdon Mitchell, the brilliant son of a famous father and a scion of an old Philadelphia family, has pointed out in a recent essay that the hardy frontiersmen who pushed beyond the Mississippi and ultimately extended the map of the United States to the Pacific were, for

the most part, cursed with the unfortunate habit of leaving their culture behind them and became less literate the farther they adventured from the Atlantic seaboard. In most of our Western cities the leaders of society have been vaulted into eminence by some accident of sudden wealth; but the cities are so new that they have no traditions and, in consequence, no standards. A cultivated aristocracy cannot be developed in a decade; it requires several generations of consistent careful breeding.

When the missionary families of Massachusetts sailed around the Horn in 1820 to Hawaii they carried their culture with them, and they have kept it ever since. Generation after generation they have sent their sons back to New England to be educated at Harvard or at Yale, and have never, for convenience, allowed them to stop off at the half-way stations of Berkeley or Palo Alto. It is by no means my intention to disparage the brand of education that is dispensed on the Pacific coast, but I merely wish to emphasize the point that the old families of Honolulu have clung consistently, for an entire century, to the culture of New England and have remained, in reality, New-Englanders, though living on a tropic island a quarter of the world away.

Their houses have a New-England look, with columned porticos approached by shaded driveways. The lay-out of the city has a New-England look, with quiet houses grouped about an overshadowed green. The tree that dominates a little square may be a banian, but yet it will remind you somehow of elms and oaks. Inside the houses you will find the loveliest of old colonial furniture, dating from the

seventeenth century and reverently brought around the Horn in sailingships a hundred years ago; and you will find old books, hundreds and hundreds of old books, and leisure under lamplight, and quiet converse of tall spirits when the night is down.

The Kawaiahao Church is built of coral rock, but the lines of it are utterly New England. The churchyard houses the tomb of King Lunalilo, but all around this tomb the ground is tableted with ancient names that read of Massachusetts. Sometimes, in a lamplit hour of early evening, the old church breaks into choric song, and, if you happen to be lingering in the neighborhood, you will wander into it. You sit down in an old New-England pew, and while the cheerful Hawaiian preacher is making announcements in a liquid language that you do not understand, you fumble for a hymnbook. The words are printed in Hawaiian, but you recognize the old tunes that have made New England eloquent for three hundred years; and when the white-garbed dusky choir-girls stand up and sing, with a zest, as if these old, old hymns were finding voice for the first time in the world, you remember certain evenings long ago and far away, and feel yourself at home again.

§ 5

Because the eight islands of the Hawaiian group have now been owned for over a century by the descendants of half a dozen families, it is still possible to observe, in the midst of the Pacific, the practical advantages of that oligarchic system of society which, after many centuries of practice, has for the most part been discarded elsewhere in the world.

In Honolulu a multi-racial population is ruled and guided by an aristocratic minority; and this oligarchic arrangement works, to all appearance, perfectly. In order to analyze the present ethnological complexion of the Hawaiian Islands, it is necessary to resort to statistics, and the latest official figures that are available are those for 1921. In 1921 there were approximately a quarter of a million people living on the eight islands of the Hawaiian group. Of these, nearly one half, or one hundred and fifteen thousand, were Japanese; twenty-three thousand were Chinese; twenty thousand were pure Polynesians; and eighteen thousand were half Hawaiian, by a crossing of the brown race with the yellow or the white. In 1921 there were twenty-four thousand Filipinos (of recent importation) in the islands, five thousand Coreans, twenty-five thousand Portuguese (imported half a century ago from the Azores and Madeira), one thousand Spaniards, and only thirty-eight thousand "haoles," or Anglo-Saxon people like ourselves. Thus it will be seen that the "haoles," who constitute the ruling class, politically, economically, and socially, are in a very small minority, and are already outnumbered, three to one, by the Japanese alone. And since the Japanese are the most prolific of the races, rearing families of six or eight children, it is apparent that within a few years the racial complexion of the islands will be overwhelmingly yellow.

But at the present time, at least, there appears to be no race problem in Hawaii, and among the "haole" inhabitants of Honolulu I discovered none of that almost hysterical fear and hatred of the Japanese which is a commonplace in California. For in

Hawaii there is no rivalry between the races. Each race fulfils its proper function, falls easily into its appointed place, and is not envious of the activities of the other races.

For more than a century the "haole" minority has held without dispute that superior position in the general esteem which used to be accorded, in an English county, to the squire and his family. For a hundred years the "haoles" have been looked up to by all other races as an aristocracy, and their oligarchic eminence is still accepted as indisputable. The Japanese, even our native-born citizens of Japanese ancestry, are not interested in politics and do not wish to be bothered with the details of government; and none of the other races has evinced any ambition or desire to "take up the white man's burden."

The traditional respect that has been paid for several generations to an established aristocracy accounts, of course, for the fact that the atmosphere of life in Honolulu is more democratic than elsewhere in the world. The rich aristocrats are benevolent to the poor plebeians, and the poor people do not hate the rich. The smiling Polyynesians scarcely work at all. They do not have to work. Everybody loves them, and they subsist upon the general bounty. The industrious Japanese work hard and save their money. The efficient Chinese accomplish wonders silently, cash in, and never tell the world. The Portuguese and the Filipinos work happily on the plantations. And the "haoles" go to business at eight-thirty in the morning, call it a day at four P.M., and play around with one another in the mellow hours of the afternoon.

All these people live together hap-

pily, without jealousy and without contention, because their society is wisely ordered; and the wisdom of this order is the wisdom that was carried around Cape Horn from Massachusetts before the newer America had been tempted to forget what it had always understood in its ancestral days.

§ 6

Hawaii remained a monarchy until the eighteen-nineties, and in these days when kings are falling right and left it may be profitable to pause a moment to muse upon the advantages of monarchy. A century ago the scions of the great Kamehameha were saluted as right royal in all the capitals of Europe; and in Honolulu the visitor may still observe the silver service and the painted portrait that were sent out to the Hawaiian Islands by Louis Philippe of France as a personal token from one anointed monarch to another. For economic reasons a revolution was necessitated in the eighteen-nineties, when King Kalakaua died and Queen Liliuokalani showed herself to be unable to grow with the growing age; but this revolution was not pointed against, but rather pointed toward, a respect for the historical traditions of the ancient kingdom of Hawaii.

And this historical respect is still perpetuated among the "haoles," who are proud to remember that Honolulu was a royal capital before most of the American cities were staked out by the real-estate promoters. In the highest society of Honolulu there is still to be observed a tradition of courtliness which has been inherited from the eighteenth century. Every now and then a flower-show is held in the state-room of the capitol, the erstwhile throne-room of the Iolani Palace.

You attend this flower-show, and amidst a rich profusion of hibiscus blooms you bow to many gentlemen and ladies of an *ancien régime* that has almost been forgotten elsewhere in the world. Oddly enough, there seem to be no "flappers" in the best society of Honolulu. In that salubrious climate people live to a great age; and every important function is attended by ladies and gentlemen of seventy or eighty. These patriarchs hold court, and are admired for their memories; and modernity is given pause when they recall their far-off childhood and tell anecdotes of time-worn days when the royal scions of the great Kamehameha were still able, in the ancient fashion, to keep a little corner of the world safe from the incursion of democracy.

§ 7

How to be happy, though civilized, has become the most insistent problem of contemporary life. Honolulu is the happiest city that I have ever visited, because, by virtue of its geographical aloofness, it has managed to remember so many things that have been forgotten elsewhere in the hurly-burly of the modern world.

It is a heartbreaking experience to sail away from Honolulu. A day before you leave, your neck is garlanded with *leis*, and thereafter you go about caparisoned with the flowered tokens of departure. Mr. Wheeler hails you with a sad *aloha*, and smiles again his

enigmatic smile as he sits down on the sands of Waikiki to wait for his laundry to come back. Nearly all of Honolulu stops business and comes down to the dock to watch you sail away; and you hurl down from the deck multi-colored paper-streamers, which are caught by your friends ashore, your brown friends and yellow friends and white. There are wistful looks in many eyes, and Achilles, whom you sailed to see when you pushed off from San Francisco, begins to look gray and rather old and almost little, like some quaint figure in a childish fairy-tale. Then the white-uniformed Hawaiian Band, magnificent and royal, strikes up the tender strains of "Aloha Oe," that tear-compelling anthem of farewell. The steamer backs and turns. The multi-colored strips of paper snap in twain and are tumbled overboard. Soon Honolulu hides itself in vegetation, while the steamer saunters past the creaming coral-reef of Waikiki, beyond which Mr. Wheeler may be imagined seated on the Children's Beach, still smiling his enigmatic smile.

And as you cast your flowered *leis* upon the sea, to be carried backward with the tide, you recall the quaint voice of Mr. Wheeler. "They come and go," he used to say, when the mirage of Walden Pond was in his eyes, "and others come: but after they are gone, I know that they remember always, and are always hoping to come back again. It will be that way with you."

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

X—The Fiction of the Magazine

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

PERHAPS it was mainly impatience to learn the end of the story rather than judgment that led me, even at the beginning of my work with THE CENTURY, to edit the whole of a serial novel as soon as it was placed in my hands. If it happened to be one that had aroused much popular interest, I thus had in addition the youthful pleasure of evading in my best editorial manner the inquiries of my friends when they eagerly besought me to tell them how "it was all coming out." Frequently, if they were impressionable young women with beguiling eyes, they were just dying to know. And in loyalty to the magazine, which was like a Hippocratic oath, one had to let them die!

I was to learn in time that the practice had advantages of a far greater value than administering to one's self-importance, for a careful and consecutive reading kept all the details of the novel fresh in one's mind—a freshness that the novelist himself had sometimes lost. He had often elaborated certain chapters and curtailed others, forgetting in the long intervals of his writing how the changes had affected parts hitherto set down. Thus I have known a heroine to pass through half a novel as "Margaret," only to appear in the following chapter as "Cather-

ine," and thus go on to the end of the story. I have marked one entering a crowded room clothed in gray, and a dozen pages later go forth in blue; and eyes that were once blue without comment become brown. Sometimes the author, having apparently cut out some earlier passage, had left a later reference to the lost incident, to the mystification of his readers.

At that early period every properly conducted magazine was expected to present to its public two long serial novels every year, and Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and James's "The Bostonians" were appearing in THE CENTURY when I joined the editorial staff in July, 1885. The first came to an end the following month, and consequently did not fall in my way; but I early tried my hand on that part of "The Bostonians" that was still unpublished, and had finished it long before the summer was over.

Periodically, it was the habit of Mr. Johnson to settle himself to the absorbing task of arranging a tentative schedule of the magazine for six months in advance. Only the groundwork of each number would be laid out, for no one could be wholly certain of the future or know what new conditions might arise to disturb even the most

attractive table of contents; but one could be reasonably sure concerning general articles for which illustrations had been planned, and serials, of course, would continue through consecutive numbers until they were brought to a close. He was thus engaged one day in the early autumn of my first year, when suddenly he called across the quiet room:

"Carey! Oh, Carey, does 'The Bostonians' end in February?"

"Yes," replied Carey, not looking up from his own work. "James says it does, and so does Tooker, and they ought to know: they are the only ones who have ever read it."

I had read it indeed, but with mixed emotions. I was delighted with the author's craftsmanship, his search, like that of his master Flaubert, for the one perfect word, the one perfect phrase, that alone would express the thought that he had in mind; his tireless pursuit, like that of his other master George Eliot, for the motives that inspired all the actions of the persons of his drama; his fidelity in presenting the realism of the subdued background against which they played out their several parts of disclosing their motives: but was not all this, one questioned, too clamorous an orchestral accompaniment for the slender thread of song that it was supposed to accompany? It was a new kind of story, "art for art's" sake with a vengeance, where an extraordinary metaphysical talent, working to an artistic end, presented an admirable analytical study of character as developed through motives; but could one call it a novel? It was the sort of thing that, like olives, found favor only through an acquired taste, and clearly, in Carey's belief, which was

merely the reflection of the common opinion of the office, the readers of *THE CENTURY* had not yet acquired it. James's preoccupation with the analysis of character was displayed in the opening words of "The Bostonians":

"Olive will come down in about ten minutes; she told me to tell you that. About ten; that is exactly like Olive. Neither five nor fifteen, and yet not ten exactly, but either nine or eleven."

And this search for motives was continuous, and pursued by James with a self-centered intensity that never took the readers into his confidence—indeed, it was always his habit to ignore the reader—or gave an inkling of his own predilections or prejudices. This was what he saw or heard, he seemed to imply; one must not expect to find bias in the account. This new method could not appear otherwise than cold-blooded to readers who had been accustomed to a different treatment from their favorite authors, the pauses by the way, in which, in the face of approaching dangers and perplexities, Dickens had been wont to whisper his loud asides of encouragement, and Thackeray had been confidentially philosophical. And when all the metaphysical analysis was ended, and the contending motives had worked themselves out, and readers felt the right to expect some assurance of future peace, the happy release from suspense that they had learned to expect in the last chapter, the last paragraph, of long-loved novels,—the "And they lived happily ever after," or, "And on her lover's arm she leant," and that sort of thing,—James, at the end of "The Bostonians," could dismiss his lovers, and his readers, with this:

“‘Ah, now I am glad!’ said Verena, when they reached the street. But though she was glad, he presently discovered that, beneath her hood, she was in tears. It is to be feared that with the union, so far from brilliant, into which she was about to enter, these were not the last she was destined to shed.”

But it was all good literature, and no instructed reader, however much he might deplore the tendency of James as a novelist to leave so many things hanging in the air, as it were, could altogether ignore him. Least of all did our younger writers close their eyes to his art and method. He appeared at one time in the way to become the originator of a new school, and indeed there are those yet living who, having caught at his manner in a fashion, are still following it as best they can, though, it must be confessed, at a measurable distance. In addition to his alluring style, it was to his followers not the least of his attractions that he was our greatest realist, though not of the more sordid aspects of life that are commonly thought of as giving a name to the *genre*; for realism was in the air, already made popular by our own local-colorists, and belatedly making its appearance to us in Dostoyevsky, Zola, Verga, and other Old-World novelists. He had possibly taken that road through his own recognition of the fact that in his remarkable talent for acute observation lay his greatest potential asset as a novelist; once taken, it became in the end a passion with him to depict life truly, undisturbed by any temptation to heighten the interest of, or make more intense, his work by the use of abnormal situations or crises. Side by side with this aim

went his rigid theory that the novelist should hold himself aloof from his creation. Thus it showed itself as impersonal and dispassionate as the working out of the binomial theorem, a fact that lost him many readers, though not the appreciation of critics more literate. The general reader charged him with being dull, and though few could deny that his situations were often humorously conceived and many of his characters were humorous, in his almost unhuman detachment from his work and his refusal to take his readers into his confidence they found color for their belief that it was no more than a marvelous capacity for accurate reporting that gave him the power to disclose to others what he himself could not perceive.

And then to the general reader it seemed distinctly unhumorous to be so deeply concerned, so clamorously concerned indeed, with his artistic background. It appeared old-maidish, a state that is not commonly thought of as being subjectively humorous. One gets his concern in his notes, his letters, his books themselves—his international novels, with their expatriated Americans echoing his own discontent. For himself America was hopeless. He knew that; but he knew, too, that great literary art had always drawn its inspiration from its native soil. That was his dilemma—to set the stage for the puppets of his brain before the vast, empty, and uncongenial background of American traditions or before the rich, but alien, background of the Old World. In the end America lost. He went to Italy, thrilled at first with the joy of its sunshine, its art, its storied past. But its life eluded him. He could not hope

to find the material for the metaphysical motives of his kind in the chance innkeeper, the waiter who poured his wine, the maid who brought the water for his bath: the class he sought he did not meet. He found his *Roderick Hudson*, searching, like himself, for the ideal background for his esthetic soul; his *Daisy Miller*, whom, through his incommunicativeness, his countrymen misunderstood: but neither was what he sought. That was artistic atmosphere, and that Italy would not give.

He sought it then in Paris, rejoicing at first to be at the fountain-head of his art, to meet Turgenieff and Flaubert and Maupassant, for all were happily accessible. They were accessible, cock-sure, and communicative, but not intercommunicative: they would take nothing from him.

With an intense longing to be in England, among the stolid-minded English-speaking folk, with almost animosity for the self-centered French, he left Paris. With lingering detail he tells how England received him. Even after eighteen years every small circumstance of those hours of approach and arrival was as vivid to him as if the solemnity of an opening era breathed upon it. From the first moment of his landing at Liverpool the perception of the English character of all his surroundings was a surprise. It gave him a certain exalted feeling of wonder that England should be as English as, for his entertainment, she took the trouble to be. He lingered a whole day under the low-hanging sky of murky Liverpool, and did not go up to London until the next morning, journeying then by the slowest of Sunday trains, and descending from his coach at Euston Station only after

dusk had already set in. The long ride in his stuffy four-wheeler to his selected hotel, the one known spot in all the wilderness of the vast city that had any definiteness for him, was not lovely,—he confessed, indeed, was horrible,—but there was the immensity of London. Its immensity was the great fact, and that was its charm. And there were its vast throngs of settled people, its predetermined traditions stretching back into the remote past.

The wonder was still with him the next day when, in passing under Temple Bar and drawing near to St. Paul's, two lines from "*Henry Esmond*"—"that incomparable novel" he calls it—repeated themselves in his mind as he saw the statue of Queen Anne, looking very small and black. It was, he said, a thrilling thought that young *Esmond* also had viewed the same statue. All history appeared living again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through his mind. Realist as he was, one thinks, in reading the passage, he was also a romantic, and one wonders if, in putting behind him certain rich qualities of poetic value seen in his earlier work, he did not put behind him things he well might have cherished.

In at least an artistic sense he had returned to America in "*The Bostonians*," finding here again his background eluding him. He had come back to his native soil for it, to Boston itself; but the background was not the real Boston: it was only a fleeting, effervescent shadow playing for a moment over the vast and indestructible solidity of that new and open-minded Athenian city. And lacking the proper background, his art was ineffective.

If his significant characteristic as a great novelist lay in the fact that he was a psychological genius working out his problems unperturbed by any concern in humanity, and human emotions entered into them only so far as they gave him the necessary material upon which to exercise his talent for analyzing motives, one is willing enough to believe that this narrowing of his field came about through his own conviction of its rightness, though not without the feeling that for him it was a comparatively easy matter. For from all the sources that one has at command comes the evidence that he himself was singularly unemotional by nature. His rigid devotion to his theory of the art of the novelist, his impartial treatment of his characters, his aloofness from his readers, his real or apparent lack of humor, his selection of essentially impassive situations for the groundwork of his novels—all these appear as the natural corollaries of an inherently unemotional personality. There is also the evidence conveyed by the involutions of his later manner—his concern to run down to its last meaning and significance every thought he expressed. It became in the end a whimsy, not art, and akin to the eccentricities of certain atrophied, elderly unmarried people.

In his account of the conversation that took place between Conrad and himself while he was executing a portrait-sketch of the former, Walter Tittle gives evidence that bears on this point. Conrad, who knew James well and greatly admired his work, said that James had declared to him that, in the devotion to his art, a novelist should never marry. While disagreeing with him as to a general

application of the rule, Conrad felt that, owing to his temperament, James had doubtless been wise to remain a bachelor. Nevertheless, he thought that he had a taking way with children, and related to Tittle an incident that appeared to substantiate the opinion. His youngest child had entered the room where James sat talking to him in his solemn, portentous way, and, contrary to his usual merrily insinuating approach, stopped short and gazed up at James as though fascinated, apparently listening intently to every word he said. Without pausing in his talk, and much in the manner of one not really seeing the child, James reached out and drew him up to his lap; and, though usually violently opposed to being fondled by strangers, there he sat in a cramped position, intently staring up into the face of the visitor until he rose to depart, still without noting the child beyond the bare act of drawing him up to his lap. To Conrad the incident appeared to indicate a common sympathy between him and children. Probably it was nothing of the sort. To James the child's entrance had more likely been merely an interruption to one of his long and involved sentences, which he always disregarded, and he had summarily removed him in the most effective way; while the child had displayed an unusual attitude because he was confronted by a new experience. Like all bright young children, who are preternaturally wise in noting the difference between sympathetic and unsympathetic strangers, he here found himself face to face with a new species of man, a sort of *lusus naturæ*, a being wholly remote from either sympathy or distaste.

§ 2

As essentially a realist as his great contemporary James, Howells displayed no such concern with the proper atmosphere of his novels. Undoubtedly, James's was in part due to his liberty to select whatsoever background appeared to him most congenial; for an unlimited latitude of choice begets fastidiousness. But fastidiousness was not likely to be a trait of a boy whose equipment for his art had been gained by toiling long hours and years before a printing-case in a raw, little Middle-West town, and who had subsequently approached the status of a novelist by the stepping-stones of a series of fortuitous opportunities. He had begun his literary life, like many another cheerful youth, by exercising his mind in composing the saddest of sad poems, and he had served a brief apprenticeship as a reporter and news editor in the capital city of his State, Ohio, when in 1860 he wrote a life of Lincoln, a campaign effort that was sufficiently noticed in political high places to secure him the consulship at Venice in the autumn of the next year. Venice! What other port in all the round world could have been more of an inspiration to an untraveled young poet of the West at that period! What to his mind a greater good fortune than to be permitted to linger awhile in that alien retreat of enchanted beauty!

From that sojourn came in due time his "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." They are still well worth reading; they disclose the germs of the author's finished workmanship, his acute observation, his ironical humor, though hardly of the boisterous sort that later, in "The Innocents Abroad,"

was to be hailed as distinctly American. Howells had already been for a year the editor of "The Atlantic" when, in 1872, he published "Their Wedding Journey," which was not a novel at all, though it held in a disjointed mass all the essential elements of the type of novel that he was subsequently to make his own. It was as if he had here gathered about him all his possible material, but, still doubtful of himself, had hesitated to give form to his edifice.

In the period between the publication of "Their Wedding Journey" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," or a round dozen years, he had taken his assured position as the chief of our novelists. He was no longer doubtful or curious; he knew perfectly well what he purposed to do, what limitations he would prescribe for himself. He would be a realist, indeed, but realism to him meant the depicting of the more general phases of human existence, which ordinarily do not touch tragedy. He had, too, a very definite opinion of the attitude a novelist should take toward his art: it was his duty to preserve a proper decorum. Thus he declared of the novelist:

"He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to his greater honor, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and

women as George Eliot treats in *Adam Bede*, in *Daniel Deronda*, in *Romola*, in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in *The Scarlet Letter*; such as Dickens treats in *David Copperfield*; such as Thackeray treats in *Pendennis*, and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as most of the masters of English fiction have at some time treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have not only made their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America."

Yet it was not the aspect of life that he was wont to treat, and against the distorted view, the indecorous view, of which he was here protesting. His main concern as a novelist was with humanity, and in his clear recognition of his own keen insight into character, his gift for the lighter form of satire, which mainly expended itself on the general personal weaknesses or foibles of his kind, his kindly, tolerant nature, he wisely limited himself to that plane of emotion that was the terrain upon which most mortals pass their lives. He, like James, had found in Boston the background of his novel of the period when I entered THE CENTURY,—"*The Rise of Silas Lapham*,"—though with a far happier result. For there, in the Brahmin class and in the naïvely ambitious, but socially cowed, dwellers of Nankin Square, he had the material upon which to exercise the qualities of his peculiar genius. He had, indeed, more, for in the character of *Silas*

Lapham, with no assistance from unexpected crises or catastrophies or deviations from the ordinary courses of events, out of the man's weaknesses and hurt pride and self-deceptions and sophistries of his harassed conscience, he somehow created an heroic figure. The book, indeed, was his greatest work. In its rounded completeness, its sanity, its wholesome restraint, its craftsmanship, it stands alone in our national literature.

"*Silas Lapham*" had ended its course in the magazine in August, 1885, and in their exultation in its possession the editors had urged the author on to a new novel. Thus six months later we began the publication of "*The Minister's Charge*." The scene of the story was also laid in Boston, but a different Boston, with wider levels of society than Howells was accustomed to depict. This broadening of his stage to permit the grouping of his raw country boy with poetic aspiration who was destined to work out his salvation through various forms of unskilled labor, his factory girls, his charitable upper-class altruists, his dwellers in the cheaper class of family hotel, and even the stray waifs of his municipal lodging-house, gave him the varied material needed for the theme of the story—the interlocking duty of a common responsibility for one another. If the characters, on the whole, were not so attractive as those that Howells usually selected, one found his usual craftsmanship, his skill in delineating life, his humor, his extraordinary fidelity in the use of dialectical variants of common speech. I recall no editorial disappointment with the novel, and only a deep and general regret when, shortly after, Mr. Howells's engage-

ment with "Harper's Magazine" took him from the ranks of our most esteemed contributors. It was only after a generation had passed that we received him back in "The Leatherwood God." In the changed world of fiction we had a moment of rejoicing.

Perhaps women less frequently than men acquiesced in the opinion that Mr. Howells possessed an extraordinary gift for portraying the idiosyncrasies peculiar to the sexes. His revelations of the various ways in which intuition enters into the opinions of women delighted men, having dimly felt something of the kind on occasions when they had opposed their own accredited ability for logical reasoning to that mysterious possession of the other sex. Perhaps the fact that it was mysterious made intuition amenable to a certain sort of sensitiveness on the part of its possessors. I do not know. His illustrations of that quality of the feminine mind have always appeared to me as wholly good-natured, and in no sense a proof that he had a low opinion of woman's intellect. And surely he was not blind to the foibles of men or to their peculiar mental qualities. In "The Lady of the Aroostook," *Lydia*, in conversation with *Stanisford* on the deck of the vessel bearing them to Europe, discloses the fact that her father had died of consumption.

"Oh!" said *Stanisford*, softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex: "Miss Blood, you must n't take cold, sitting out here with me. This wind is chilly. Shall I go below and get you some more wraps?"

And does not *Colonel Lapham*, riding his high horse of pride, frequently put his family to shame or excite their gentle or exasperated derision? He

was talking with his wife of the *Coreys*.

"They did n't seem stuck up," urged his wife.

"They no need to—with you, I could buy him and sell him, twice over."

"The answer satisfied Mrs. Lapham rather with the fact than with her husband. 'Well, I guess I would n't brag, Silas,' she said."

And again, showing his new house to young *Corey*:

"Yes," said Lapham, "I go in for using the best rooms in your house yourself. If people come to stay with you, they can put up with the second best. Though we don't intend to have any second best. There ain't going to be an unpleasant room in the whole house, from top to bottom."

"Oh, I wish papa would n't brag so!" breathed Irene to her sister, where they stood a little apart looking away together."

"The Colonel went on. 'No, sir,' he swelled out, 'I have gone in for making a regular job of it. I've got the best architect in Boston, and I'm building a house to suit myself. And if money can do it, I guess I'm going to be suited.'"

In reality, he had fought against all the plans of his architect, and had submitted in dumb bewilderment before the mysterious assurance of the instructed art instinct.

Well, so most of us, I fear, in our uplifted moments, put our wives and daughters to shame by our momentary lapses from humility. I am not going to dislike *Colonel Lapham* because he was sometimes too assertive or given to self-deception. It is partly because of his faults that we admire him: he is

intensely human. And it is thus with Mr. Howells's women: I feel they are human. Many of them I admire, admire tremendously. And I believe in their intuitions, and admire them also, though never have I pretended to understand them.

Howells did not have that unsympathetic habit of James of betraying his readers: he rarely left his novels unfinished. If he did not go so far as to marshal all his characters on the stage, before the final curtain, and summarize their happy future to the third generation, as the softer-hearted Victorians often did, he at least was wont to give us a hint of the outcome. Once, in speaking of James's indifference to his readers on this point, he said:

"I own that I like a finished story; but, then, also I like those which Mr. James seems not to finish. This is probably the position of most of his readers, who cannot very logically account for either preference."

Indeed, we cannot. Logically, we might easily finish the stories ourselves, to our own satisfaction, since we all have a common possession in the parts unwritten; but in this matter we are all children at heart, and the insatiable curiosity of childhood follows us even into our make-believe world.

§ 3

One Friday morning, early in the life of this magazine, one of its editors called at the office of the "Hearth and Home," which Dr. Edward Eggleston was at that time editing.

"Doctor," he said, "I will stop here on Monday morning next and get a story from you for our Thanksgiving number."

"But I have never written stories for grown-up people," the doctor replied; "only for children."

Nevertheless, the editor insisted that he would call for the story on Monday morning. It was ready for him. The name of the story was "Huldah the Help," and it had an immediate popularity. The editors of THE CENTURY always took pride in the fact that to this incident Dr. Eggleston ascribed the impulse that began his career as a writer of fiction.

"Huldah the Help" had appeared in this magazine in the issue for December, 1870, the second number that was offered to the public, and the incident is illuminating not only as a side-light that it throws on the paucity of material and the haphazard quality of the fiction that the new magazine had at its command, but also on that mysterious thing, the favor of the public. For "Huldah the Help" was popular, as the stream of short stories and novels that was shortly to flow from that apparently shallow head-water was for a long time popular. Yet that initial short story, so entirely unpremeditated, so hastily written, was all that one might have expected: it was amateurish in conception and form, barren and commonplace in its incidents. Dr. Eggleston never displayed that intangible gift for creating illusion, and for a long time it was to be seen that his local color was brought into his fiction not as a fluid element of the whole, but rather as detached asides and after-thoughts. He was not so inept as not to select for his *mise en scène* the regions long familiarly known by him, and accurately known. Indeed, he was a keen observer; his main difficulty lay in the fact that he was an amateur in his art and did not

discriminate between his different kinds of material and their relative uses. In his eagerness to disclose his complete familiarity with the rude and, indeed, half-barbaric rural life he depicted, he left the framework and rafters of his dream house of life as often to view as his clapboards and shingles. A more assured artist would have permitted his public, seeing the clapboards and shingles, to take the framework and rafters for granted.

His well known novel "Roxy," opening in this magazine in November, 1877, thus began:

"You would have known it was a holiday in the country-seat village of Luzerne, had you fallen in with a party of country boys dressed in white cotton shirts and trowsers of blue jeans, who hurried along the road at sunrise, to the summit of the hill that overlooks the town. You might have guessed that it was an occasion of merry-making by the eager speech and over-reaching steps of the boys, hastening, boy-like, hours beforehand to the scene of anticipated excitement, trembling lest some happening of interest should be unseen by them. Job's war-horse was never so eager for the fray."

Yet, though the opening of the novel proceeded in this fashion for a long magazine page, neither the boys nor their activities had aught to do with the story, and, the descriptive piece of meaningless local-color being ended, they passed into oblivion.

Dr. Eggleston had gained much in the ten years that lay between the appearance of "Roxy" and "The Graysons," his next novel to be published in THE CENTURY. His craftsmanship was better, his style more assured and more literary, though his rudimentary

attempts to analyze characteristics and motives were still obviously mere foot-notes to the chronicled activities of the persons of the drama. The book was readable. Abraham Lincoln, as a young lawyer, had been brought into the story, and his conduct of the murder trial and the long series of events that led up to the triumphant acquittal brought in an element of acute curiosity and interest.

Dr. Eggleston never concerned himself with the refinements of his art—with the development of character or with the search for the hidden springs of motives. His work was based upon fundamental emotions. His actors were good or bad, energetic or lazy, open-hearted or shifty: upon these simple and obvious factors he constructed his direct and by no means subtle tales.

It is obvious that in his later work he had been deeply interested in the local-color movement of the period preceding the publication of "The Graysons," and its preciseness he had emulated in the opening paragraph of this novel:

"The place of the beginning of this story was a country neighborhood on a shore, you may call it so, that divided a forest and prairie in central Illinois. The time was nearly a lifetime ago. An orange-colored sun going down behind the thrifty orchard of young apple-trees on John Albaugh's farm, put into shadow the front of a dwelling which had stood in wind and weather long enough to have lost the raw look of newness, and to have its tints so softened that it had become a part of the circumjacent landscape. The phoebe-bird, locally known as the pewee, had just finished calling from the top of the large barn, and a belated harvest-fly, or singing locust, as

the people call him, was yet filling the warm air with the most summery of all summery notes—notes that seem to be felt as well as heard, pushing one another faster and yet faster through the quivering atmosphere, and then dying away by degrees into languishing, long-drawn, and at last barely audible vibrations."

More literary than the opening of "Roxy" and more distinctively an accurate picture, the description was as completely alien to the book it introduced as was that in the former novel. Like the "solitary horseman" popular in still earlier novels, it had served its chief purpose in being the traditional flourish with which all novels properly came into the world. The eager reader could rejoice that they were not so prolonged as those in which Scott and Cooper and other earlier writers had indulged.

Of all Dr. Eggleston's novels, I cared least for "The Faith-Doctor," the last to appear in THE CENTURY. In some manner I must have betrayed to him some inkling of this lack of appreciation, for in the copy of the book that he gave me I find this inscription: "To Mr. L. F. Tooker. This is in memory of the trouble I have given you. Edw. Eggleston. 1891." In reality, he gave no one trouble, for he was always grateful for suggestions, and disturbed himself not at all with normal corrections. Closely associated with the editors from the first days of the magazine, he was one of the most familiar figures to appear in the office, and few indeed were more pleasant to meet. He had a head that was most leonine in aspect and a deep-toned voice that so easily might have become a leonine roar, but never did. Both head and voice

were misapplied local color: he was the most genial and kindly of men.

He was not without a certain high self-appreciation of his own abilities, in the expression of which he was sometimes almost naïve; but the trait in him carried with it none of the capacity to arouse irritation in others that it sometimes has in narrower or less disingenuous men. In him it appeared merely a part of his frank and genial open-mindedness, which permitted him to disclose thoughts that most of us ordinarily hold in secret. Self-appreciation is far wider than any expression of it. It was in speaking of self-appreciation and the homage due to renown that the author relates in "The Education of Henry Adams" this story. Adams had met Monckton Milnes at Geneva, "bubbling with delight at a call he had made on Hugo: 'I was shown into a large room,' he said, 'with women and men seated in chairs against the walls, and Hugo at one end throned. No one spoke. At last Hugo raised his voice solemnly, and uttered the words: "*Quant à moi, je crois en Dieu!*" Silence followed. Then a woman responded as if in deep meditation: "*Chose sublime! Un Dieu qui croit en Dieu!*"'"

Adams had declared that such homage was not possible, though one's intentions might be good, in London. Neither is it possible in America. When I read that passage, my thoughts went back to that day long ago, already described in part in these papers, when, with my pocket charged with my poems, I had been goaded to seek Dr. Eggleston for advice. I had gone, as it chanced, on the night when he regularly received his parishioners, and entering the room late, found the company already gathered, and seated

in much the same fashion as in Adams's story, with the doctor facing it from his arm-chair in front of the fireplace.

There was far from being the same silent adoration and the same pontifical attitude, but there was a shadow of the substance. David Adeë, a well known book-collector of that period, whom I at least knew by sight as a chance visitor in my home town, was there, and naturally the talk had turned to books. And how laughingly, as a reader of books and especially of old books, Dr. Eggleston had scoffed at the cult of lovers of uncut pages and other eccentricities of book-collecting, and how we—temporarily, I had assumed the rôle of an inarticulate parishioner, a pose for which I was admirably fitted—murmured and twittered our delighted appreciation of his hits! And how benignly he beamed on us all! Mr. Adeë sat smilingly on in his isolation, apparently not a whit disturbed. Appreciation of his point of view was to come long after, when his books were sold at high prices.

Yet Dr. Eggleston had done much to justify his belief in himself. Novelist, editor, preacher, essayist, historian, he had touched with all his power all sides of the pleasant art of living. He wrote voluminously on all manners of subjects, though most admirably, I think, on colonial customs and life. His long series of papers in

this magazine on the subject I often chance upon, and, pausing for a moment to glance at them, speedily become lost in some forgotten, but interesting, detail. Once I asked him why he, too, had not been drawn into writing a historical novel of our colonial days. He said that he preferred to write of times and places and people he himself had known; and he repeated the story told of Thackeray when searching for material for "The Virginians." He was not so much concerned, he had declared, with knowing that Washington had been given to the wearing of buff waistcoats as with knowing if he bespattered them with snuff from his snuff-box. Details of that sort, Dr. Eggleston said, one did not come upon often in books, though erroneous settings were frequent enough; and he gave me an illustration of one. Novelists and even historians were always describing stately manor-houses built with brick brought from England or Holland. He said it was all a myth. There were kilns and clay in America, and the colonial ships were too few and small to bring in such heavy and bulky cargoes when all their carrying capacity was needed for freight difficult or impossible to obtain in the New World. He himself, he declared, had searched long, as many others had done, but had never found an old invoice or bill of lading to prove that a single brick had ever been brought to colonial America.

(The end of the tenth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

Melville before the Mast

BY CARL VAN DOREN

OF the two years or so between the time when Herman Melville left the Society Islands in the autumn of 1842 and the time when he got back, sea-hardened, to Boston in October, 1844, there is scarcely any record beside that which he himself gives, with his accustomed embellishments and rearrangements, in that neglected masterpiece, "White Jacket." First, to make a tangled story straight, he seems to have gone with a whaler to the coast of Japan—an episode concerning which he learned to keep silent among his friends on the man-of-war, who looked down upon whaling as mere pig-killing and upon whalemens as mere greasy bumpkins of the sea. Thence he found his way to Honolulu, where he turned landsman again in some unidentified clerical capacity, and where in the summer of 1843 he shipped as ordinary seaman on the frigate *United States*. This vessel touched at the Marquesas and at Tahiti, visited Callao and possibly other Peruvian ports, doubled the Horn, made a considerable stay in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and finally restored the rover to his home. Heretofore, Melville told Hawthorne, he had had no development at all; from the year of his return, he said further, he came to date his life. The period covered by "White Jacket" is consequently to be regarded as the end of

his youth and of his bodily adventures, the final chapter of the career which he left behind to become a romancer and a philosopher.

By the summer of 1849, however, during which he wrote the book, Melville had already worked over his experiences into the narratives of "Typee," "Omoo," and "Redburn," and had used certain of them as his point of departure into the mad regions of "Mardi"; he was no longer able, or disposed, to tell as plain and consecutive a tale as he had told earlier about his Pacific paradise. The chronicle of "White Jacket" extends only from Callao to the Virginia capes, obstinately confining itself to life on board the frigate, no matter what the temptation to venture ashore. Nor is it so much a personal chronicle as a document intended for some use in the world. "I let nothing slip, however small; and feel myself actuated by the same motive which has prompted many worthy old chroniclers to set down the merest trifles concerning things which are destined to pass away entirely from the earth, and which, if not preserved in the nick of time, must infallibly perish from the memories of man. Who knows that this humble narrative may not hereafter prove the history of an obsolete barbarism?" After half a dozen years Melville still resented the savage discipline of the

articles of war, still cursed the tyranny which the officers had practised or had been privileged to practise upon "the people" of the ship, still smarted at thought of the lash which he had come near feeling. Fresh from the kindly freedom of his cannibal valley and from his varied wanderings among the islands, he had entered the strait-jacket of civilization again under the most rigorous conditions. What wonder if he had rebelled! What wonder if he still remembered!

The thing which particularly enraged him was the custom of flogging, and it was with that, it happens, that he was most effective. "White Jacket," according to Rear-Admiral Franklin, "had more influence in abolishing corporal punishment in the navy than anything else. This book was placed on the desk of every member of Congress, and was a most eloquent appeal to the humane sentiment of the country. As evidence of the good it did, a law was passed soon after the book appeared abolishing flogging in the navy absolutely, without substituting any other mode of punishment in its stead." Other writers had assailed this form of brutality. Richard Henry Dana had been shocked by the flogging of two of his shipmates, had vowed to do something for the protection of seamen, and had later kept his vow; but Dana, known to be a man of standing in Massachusetts, had been in no danger of the lash himself. Melville, without this immunity, had all but been forced upon the gratings for an offense of which he was ignorant and guiltless, and for one wild moment had contemplated desperate murder and suicide. "My blood seemed clotting in my veins; I felt icy cold at the tips of my fingers, and a dimness was

before my eyes. But through that dimness the boatswain's mate, scourge in hand, loomed like a giant, and Captain Claret, and the blue sea seen through the opening at the gangway, showed with an awful vividness. I cannot analyze my heart, though it then stood still within me. But the thing that swayed me to my purpose was not altogether the thought that Captain Claret was about to degrade me, and that I had taken an oath with my soul that he should not. No, I felt my man's manhood so bottomless within me, that no word, no blow, no scourge of Captain Claret could cut me deep enough for that. I but swung to an instinct in me—the instinct diffused through all animated nature, the same that prompts even a worm to turn under the heel. Locking souls with him, I meant to drag Captain Claret from this earthly tribunal of his to that of Jehovah and let Him decide between us." It was with this moment of fury in his past that Melville, now safe, struck out, arguing that the lash was neither lawful nor necessary, and that it was an outrage which no man was good enough to have the right to inflict upon any other, however bad. Human dignity, he felt, has its rights over naval discipline.

§ 2

Melville's point of view throughout "White Jacket" is essentially that of the men before the mast. His hero is Jack Chase, first captain of the top; his villains and his dolts are the officers and their parasites. Not only does he keep to the modes of life on board which he had had a chance to know best; he also lets his sympathies take sides. He is with the sailors as against the marines, with the sick or hurt as

against the surgeons, with the old sea-dogs as against the whipper-snapper midshipmen. To this partizanship may be ascribed the strokes of caricature, if nothing more, in all Melville's portraits of the ship's hierarchy. In the confidence of no officer, he saw such personages from the outside, and directed the force of his comedy against them when he employed no anger. It is this force which gives power to his narrative. The book has less charm than "Typee" and less poetry than "Moby Dick"; it is heavily weighted with blocks of disquisition under which the story is often crushed. "White Jacket" stands, rather, with "Omoo," by virtue of its comic energy in the representation of character. It is crowded with individuals hit off with a rough strength behind which appear a friendly spirit and a sharp intelligence. Few passages in the literature of the sea are more haunting than that in which the two sailmakers, Ringrope and Thrummings, contend whether in preparing the body of Shenly for burial they shall take the customary last stitch through his nose to keep the canvas in place. Yet in this same book there is an even more haunting account of how the surgeon, Cadwallader Cuticle, blusteringly amputated the leg of a foretopman—an account in which the comedy and the tragedy cannot be separated because they were both dreadfully inherent in the case. And on page after page there are similar, if slighter, touches which populate the *Neversink* with clear-cut, credible beings, and which exhibit them about their affairs on a long voyage.

But though Melville has a definite point of view, he does not lose himself in controversies. He studies his frig-

ate as a microcosm. "Here the sons of adversity meet the children of calamity, and here the children of calamity meet the offspring of sin. Bankrupt brokers, boot-blacks, blacklegs, and blacksmiths here assemble together; and cast-away tinkers, watch-makers, quill-drivers, cobblers, doctors, farmers, and lawyers compare past experiences and talk of old times. Wrecked on a desert shore, a man-of-war's crew could quickly found an Alexandria by themselves, and fill it with all the things which go to make up a capital. . . . In truth, a man-of-war is a city afloat, with long avenues set out with guns instead of trees, and numerous shady lanes, courts, and by-ways. The quarter-deck is a grand square, park, or parade ground, with a great Pittsfield elm, in the shape of the main-mast, at one end, and fronted at the other by the palace of the commodore's cabin. Or, rather, a man-of-war is a lofty, walled, and garrisoned town, like Quebec, where the thoroughfares are mostly ramparts, and peaceable citizens meet armed sentries at every corner. Or it is like the lodging-houses in Paris, turned upside down; the first floor, or deck, being rented by a lord; the second, by a select club of gentlemen; the third, by crowds of artisans; and the fourth, by a whole rabble of common people And with its long rows of port-hole casements, each revealing the muzzle of a cannon, a man-of-war resembles a three-story house in a suspicious part of the town, with a basement of indefinite depth, and ugly-looking fellows gazing out at the windows." Round and through this microcosm Melville carries his inquiries at all hours of the day or night, in all weathers and all seasons, explaining

the routine tasks of men and officers, recounting the accidents that go with storms, the clashes that go with discipline, the amusements and dissipations, the oppressions and conspiracies, the pranks and imbecilities and horrors. He advances by episodes, willing at any one of them to leave the road of his story to turn aside into the field of commentary. Now he stops to discuss the differences between American and British naval officers, generally to the disadvantage of the Americans; now to tell how gloomily the news of threatened hostilities was received in the fore-castle, which knew it would get no profit and no glory out of war. Again he grows rhetorical and describes the harbor of Rio, or jovial, and reports the bloodless mutiny of the barber-haters among the crew.

§ 3

Such merriment, indeed, has a generous share in the chronicle. Melville may often have been rebellious while at sea and may subsequently have trained heavy guns upon the grievances of seamen; but his cruise had not been all a matter of reflection. A youth of great animal vigor, he had been proud of his agility when aloft and had been scornful of the dangers and hardships of his post. With a quaint and hearty zest he traces the career of the jacket which he made himself out of white duck, which he wadded with all manner of odds and ends to keep the wind away, which he found to be, since he could obtain no paint to cover it, so absorbent that he was always wet, and so conspicuous that he could never hide, which he tried in vain to sell, and which he finally had to lose by falling in it from the weather topgallant-yard-arm into the sea, where the obnoxious

garment sank by reason of its own weight. Going back over those months, Melville remembered a thousand things which could not possibly be so amusing unless he had been amused by them at the time they happened. Graver as he may have become since his return, he was writing about days which had been full of a high excitement.

"White Jacket" contains some of the wittiest and jolliest writing in all Melville. There, for instance, is his sly figure hinting why the commodore was so discreet in Rio: "But he was an old, old man; physically, a very small man; his spine was as an unloaded musket-barrel—not only attenuated, but destitute of a solitary cartridge, and his ribs were as the ribs of a weasel." There, too, is the whimsical praise of twelve o'clock as the best hour for dinner: "It is the natural center, key-stone, and very heart of the day. At that hour, the sun has arrived at the top of his hill; and as he seems to hang there poised for a while, before coming down on the other side, it is but reasonable to suppose that he is then stopping to dine; setting an eminent example to all mankind. The rest of the day is called *afternoon*; the very sound of which fine old Saxon word conveys a feeling of the lee bulwarks and a nap; a summer sea—soft breezes creeping over it; dreamy dolphins gliding in the distance. *Afternoon!* the word implies, that it is an after-piece, coming after the grand drama of the day; something to be taken leisurely and lazily. But how can this be, if you dine at five? For, after all, though *Paradise Lost* be a noble poem, and we men-of-war's men, no doubt, largely partake in the immortality of the immortals; yet, let us

candidly confess it, shipmates, that, upon the whole, our dinners are the most momentous affairs of these lives we lead beneath the moon. What were a day without a dinner? a dinnerless day! such a day had better be a night." There is that masterly burlesque oration with which Jack Chase submits himself to the hands of the barber: "My friend, I trust your scissors are consecrated. Let them not touch this beard if they have not been dipped in holy water; beards are sacred things, barber. Have you no feeling for beards, my friend? . . . Two summers have gone by since my chin has been reaped. I was in Coquimbo then, on the Spanish Main; and when the husbandman was sowing his Autumnal grain on the Vega, I started this blessed beard; and when the vine-dressers were trimming their vines in the vineyards, I first trimmed it to the sound of a flute. Ah! barber, have you no heart? This beard has been caressed by the snow-white hand of the lovely Tomasita of Tombex—the Castilian belle of all lower Peru. Think of that, barber. I have worn it as an officer on the quarter-deck of a Peruvian man-of-war. I have sported it at brilliant fandangoes in Lima. I have been aloft and aloft with it at sea. Yea, barber! it has streamed like an Admiral's pennant at the mast-head of this same gallant frigate, the *Never-sink!* Oh! barber, barber! it stabs me to the heart. Talk not of hauling down your ensigns and standards when vanquished—what is *that*, barber! to striking the flag that Nature herself has nailed to the mast!"

From such bright fooling it is but a step to such tapestry-weaving as this: "Amphitheatrical Rio! in your broad expanse might be held the Resurrec-

tion and Judgement-day of the whole world's men-of-war, represented by the flag-ships of fleets—the flag-ships of the Phoenician armed galleys of Tyre and Sidon; of King Solomon's annual squadrons that sailed to Ophir; whence in after times, perhaps, sailed the Aca-pulco fleets of the Spaniards, with golden ingots for ballasting; the flag-ships of all the Greek and Persian craft that exchanged the war-hug at Salamis; of all the Roman and Egyptian galleys that, eagle-like, with blood-dripping prows, beaked each other at Actium; of all the Danish keels of the Vikings; of all the musquito craft of Abba Thule, king of the Pelaws, when he went to vanquish Artinsall; of all the Venetian, Genoese, and Papal fleets that came to the shock of Lepanto; of both horns of the crescent of the Spanish Armada; . . . of all Nelson's seventy-fours that thunder-bolted off St. Vincent's, at the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; . . . of the war-canoes of the Polynesian kings, Tammaham-maha and Pomare—ay! one and all, with Commodore Noah for their Lord High Admiral—in this abounding Bay of Rio these flag-ships might all come to anchor, and swing round in concert to the first of the flood."

§ 4

Not always, however, does Melville give himself up so completely to the mere sound of pungent or fine words and to their rich associations; he can bring music and simplicity and passion together, as in his account of his fall from the yard-arm: "As I gushed into the sea, a thunder-boom sounded in my ear; my soul seemed flying from my mouth. The feeling of death flooded over me with the billows. The blow from the sea must have turned

me, so that I sank almost feet foremost through a soft, seething, foamy lull. Some current seemed hurrying me away; in a trance I yielded, and sank deeper down with a glide. Purple and pathless was the deep calm now around me, flecked by summer lightnings in an azure afar. The horrible nausea was gone; the bloody, blind film turned a pale green; I wondered whether I was yet dead, or still dying. But of a sudden some fathomless form brushed my side—some inert, coiled fish of the sea; the thrill of being alive again tingled in my nerves, and the strong shunning of death shocked me through.

"For an instant an agonizing revulsion came over me as I found myself utterly sinking. Next moment the force of my fall was expanded; and there I hung, vibrating in the mid-deep. What wild sounds then rang in my ear! One was a soft moaning, as of low waves on the beach; the other wild and heartlessly jubilant, as of the sea in the height of a tempest. Oh soul! thou then heardest life and death; as he who stands upon the Corinthian shore hears both the Ionian and the Aegean waves. The life-and-death poise soon passed; and then I found myself slowly ascend-

ing, and caught a dim glimmering of light.

"Quicker and quicker I mounted; till at last I bounded up like a buoy, and my whole head was bathed in the blessed air."

If "White Jacket" owed part of its original vogue to its value as a document, it owes much of its continued reputation to its qualities as a work of art. As a document it may be admitted to be inferior to "Two Years Before the Mast," which shows less of the shaping hand and holds closer to its central theme; but in the force of characters and situations, in eloquence and passion, in wit and poetry, Melville surpasses Dana. The striking thing about "White Jacket," as about Melville's work in general, is that traits so rarely seen together should here be so naturally joined without confusion; that there should be a single writer who touches Smollett in his character-drawing, Lamb in his playfulness, Ruskin in his splendor of prose, Hawthorne in his sense of allegory, the Restoration dramatists in his wit, and who yet communicates a personality which is powerful and distinctive. This *mélange*, it happens, is Melville.

Where is Protestantism Going?

BY GLENN FRANK

AMERICAN Protestantism is becoming self-conscious. I do not refer to the self-consciousness of those pre-adolescent Protestants who don their hoods and spend haunted hours worrying over some mythical menace of Catholicism. I refer rather to the self-consciousness that is being brought about by the current controversy in the Protestant churches between the literalists and the liberals, between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists.

Protestantism is cross-examining itself. It is beginning to ask itself where it is going. This cross-examination is no easy matter, because Protestantism is not a coherent religious movement. It is a medley of religious movements. It is a tangled mass of tendencies that differ as day differs from night. The Reformation did not create a unified something called Protestantism that can be isolated and studied as one may isolate and study Roman Catholicism, which is a unified and coherent thing.

As H. G. Wells has phrased it, the Reformation detached great masses from the Catholic Church, set up a vast process of fragmentation among Christian associations, and drove large fissures through the then common platform of Christendom, with the result that to-day people are divided by forgotten points of difference, by sides taken by their predecessors in the six-

teenth century, by mere sectarian names, and by the walls of separate meeting-places.

Protestantism is a protest that has not hung together. In speaking of Protestantism, one hardly knows whether to say "it" or "them." I am by temperament and by training a Protestant, but I am convinced that Protestantism must achieve an increasing unity or be content with a decreasing influence.

The extensive denominational division of American Protestantism is a travesty upon the religion of Jesus. The denominational divisions, by the very fact of their existence, are stumbling-blocks in the way of the spiritual effectiveness of Protestantism. It has long been said that denominations are necessary in order to satisfy different types and temperaments of human nature. But can any honest observer seriously contend that to-day our various denominations are each ministering to a distinct type or temperament of folk? Of course they are not. There are deep-going differences of human temperament that mean different approaches to religion, differences of temperament that may well require different kinds of churches. But these differences may, I think, be reduced to two in number. Humanity is rather clearly divided into two camps, those who like to have things done for them

and those who like to do things for themselves. The difference between these two sorts of folk is so basic that to the end of time there will be folk who cannot find spiritual satisfaction save in a church of authority, and there will be other folk who cannot find spiritual satisfaction save in a church of liberty. The thousand and one other variations of temperament may, I think, be justifiably grouped under these two, the authoritarian temperament and the libertarian temperament. Obviously the existing Protestant denominations do not exist to serve any such basic differences.

Our Protestant denominations are very much like our political parties. They came into existence as champions of ideas and policies that had, or may have had, reality at the time, but most of the specific issues that called them into existence have been met or mankind has come to see that they were not as real as they seemed. So that our Protestant denominations, like our two major political parties, are the artificially animated ghosts of dead issues. Their separate existences are not justified by realities. There is as great variety of temperament and as great diversity of opinion within our political parties as between our political parties, within our denominations as between our denominations. They have outlived the reasons that called them into existence. They are held together by inertia, by pride of organization, and by the power, often the unconscious power, of vested interests. The various denominations of Protestantism are no more making unique or distinctive contributions to the advancement of religion than the Democratic or Republican parties are making unique or distinctive contributions to

the advancement of good government. Religious denominationalism is to the spiritual future of the race what political nationalism is to the social future of the race, an obsolete conception standing in the way of that "moral and intellectual reunion of mankind" that is the old valid goal of history.

But when I speak of the imperative need for an increasing unity in Protestantism I do not mean what is commonly called "church unity." I mean a deeper unity of spirit and purpose. I have thrown in these observations on denominationalism as a sort of aside. So many discussions of "church unity" are couched solely in the political terms of ecclesiastical compromise and in the economic terms of the elimination of the waste of competing church plants! Frankly, I do not see that any great spiritual gain is likely to come as the result of a "church unity" that is brought about by the same sort of arguments that effect mergers of steel plants and cotton mills. Protestantism needs a unity that will come as the result of a new vision of itself and its purpose, as the result of a new spiritual and intellectual awakening. And nothing gives greater promise of a new and deeper unity of spirit and purpose than the self-conscious and self-questioning mood in which Protestantism now finds itself.

I want, if I can, to give something of a picture of this self-conscious mood of Protestantism. I do not know where Protestantism is going. Nobody knows. And I shall not, as a mere layman, presume to suggest where Protestantism should go. I shall content myself with the simpler task of trying to set down some of the questions that I think serious-minded Protestants are asking themselves. I shall not hesi-

tate to express, for what it may be worth, a personal opinion on some of these questions, but my primary purpose is to try to take a sort of moving-picture of the mind, the unsettled mind, of Protestantism.

I suggest that, before Protestantism can achieve a greater unity of spirit and purpose, we Protestants must ask and answer such questions as these:

Shall Protestantism return to Rome, to Athens, or to Jerusalem?

Shall Protestantism be the religion of a church, the religion of a book, or the religion of a spirit?

Shall Protestantism be a religion of authority or a religion of adventure?

Shall Protestantism be a religion of magic for primitive minds or a religion of mysticism for modern minds?

Shall Protestantism be a religion of deliverance for the sick-minded or a religion of development for the healthy-minded?

Shall Protestantism be a religion of declarations or a religion of demonstrations?

Shall Protestantism be a personal religion or a social religion?

Shall Protestantism take its cue from the scientist or shall it take its cue from the mystic?

Now, these are not eight distinct questions. They could probably be boiled down to two or, at most, three questions. Careless of duplication, I have set them down in order to catch the various shadings and aspects of Protestantism's questioning mood. Let me try to suggest how, as it seems to me, these questions strike the average layman who is not a student of church history, of theology, or of the newer activities in the field of religious psychology.

For instance, the average Protestant

layman has not made a profound or detailed study of the Roman, the Greek, and the Hebrew elements in contemporary Christianity. When he asks whether Protestantism should return to Rome, to Athens, or to Jerusalem, he doubtless over-simplifies the problem. To him I think Rome represents simply the tendency toward a vast and authoritative organization that standardizes belief and, save in the case of the exceptional mystic or saint, leaves little freedom for personal adventure and experimentation in religion. To him I think Athens represents simply the Greek tendency toward metaphysical theology, toward great concern with doctrinal definitions, toward speculation. And to him I think Jerusalem represents whatever the original religion of Jesus seems to him to have been before either the organizing genius of Rome or the speculating genius of Greece got hold of it. And unless he is an ardent Fundamentalist, I think he would like to see Protestantism return to Jerusalem, not to stay there, not to attempt a slavishly literal reconstruction of every aspect of primitive Christianity, but to return to Jerusalem as one, lost in the woods, would like to get back to the starting-point of the journey in order to get one's bearings and direction afresh.

The intelligent layman knows, I think, that many aspects of primitive Christianity were rooted in and colored by the time and place of its origin. All such aspects plainly have no more than historical interest for modern men. I do not believe that the intelligent Protestant layman looks upon the religion of Jesus as a religion incapable of growth. Much, for instance, of what goes by the name of the "social

gospel" has probably been read into the New Testament record by overzealous apostles of a "new social order." To me, at any rate, the New Testament record seems to portray Jesus as less the social engineer than many modern interpreters make him. But this fact seems to me in no way to invalidate the claims of the social gospel. The social gospel is a valid *development* of primitive Christianity. The germ of it was there. And every page of the record seems to me to suggest that were Jesus preaching in the synagogues, cathedrals, and chapels of modern America, or on the street corners to which he would probably be driven, he would be found in the ranks of those preaching the social gospel rather than in the ranks of those who restrict Christianity to metaphysical and other-worldly considerations. More and more laymen are, I think, feeling that there is a distinction between the religion of Jesus and theological Christianity. And they would, unless I misread their desires, like to see Protestantism return to Jerusalem, divest itself of the many accretions it has taken on as it has passed through Roman and Greek civilization, and thrust its dynamic into the life of modern America, there to create realistic and valid forms of thought and action that honestly express the modern American rather than the ancient Roman or the ancient Greek.

I think the average intelligent Protestant layman would like to see Protestantism become frankly and fully a religion of the spirit rather than the religion of either a church or a book. The Reformation denied the Catholic contention that pope and church must be looked to for the infallible interpretation of the Bible and doctrine, but

retained the conception of the Bible as an infallible book to be interpreted by the private judgment of the individual worshiper. But of what use is an infallible book in the hands of fallible interpreters? The notion of an infallible book *and* an infallible interpreter cannot be split in two parts. It is either true or false as a whole. Every year I meet more laymen who feel that there is no half-way house between Roman Catholicism and whole-hearted Protestant Modernism. Those readers who have followed my earlier essays on the religious situation know that I do not feel that Modernism has yet found itself. It has far to go before it can satisfy "the soul of the saint" as well as "the intellect of the scholar." But with all my reservations, if I were not at heart a Protestant Modernist, I should be a Roman Catholic. The Protestantism of the old Reformation is, it seems to me, simply Roman Catholicism rendered illogical, Roman Catholicism with the keystone of its arch removed.

As William Pierson Merrill said in a recent issue of "The World's Work": "Protestantism is to-day in a critical position. It may have had its day, and henceforth exist as a declining, weakening cause. It may burst into new vigor, and go on into the splendor of a new day and a new life. Whether this or that shall be its destiny depends on Protestants themselves, . . . on whether they let their churches remain partly Catholic, or make them wholly Protestant. The danger does not lie in any 'Roman peril,' in any 'Catholic encroachments,' which Protestantism must stoutly resist, or be driven from the field. The remedy does not lie in the use of propaganda, or any other outward means of defense or offense,

whether the coarse indefensible methods of the Ku Klux Klan, or more subtle anti-Catholic agitation. The simple remedy is in making Protestantism true to itself. . . . Protestantism will be doomed to dwindle and die, if it keeps on trying to compete with Catholicism on its own lines. The Reformation went but part of the way."

We are not called upon to be swaggingly dogmatic and irritatingly cock-sure, but we are called upon to be consistent.

I think the average layman is pretty clear about the apparent competition between the notion of Christianity as a personal religion and the notion of Christianity as a social religion. He does not want Protestantism to be either exclusively; he wants it to be both. He dislikes to hear the terms "spiritual gospel" and "social gospel" used separately, as if Christianity were departmentalized, as if a man could say at one moment, "I will now be a spiritual being and exercise my soul," and the next moment say, "I will now be a socially minded citizen and work for the common good." Such a conception belies the essential unity of life; it is a travesty upon the coherent purpose of the religion of Jesus. I think the average intelligent layman feels that Protestantism owes it to civilization to effect a reconciliation of the party of "personal religion" and the party of "social religion." Unless we can socialize our religious program and spiritualize our social program, the influence of the church will decline in our national life, and our social development will degenerate into a selfish and purely materialistic struggle for class interests. As I have said before in these columns, the world does not

need a church that is either a retreat for mystics alone or a reform club for radicals alone, but is waiting for a religious leadership that can talk economics so that men will feel in the presence of God.

And, again, Protestantism dare not become either a religion of deliverance for the sick-minded or a religion of development for the healthy-minded. It must be both, for there are both kinds of folk at the church doors. It is difficult to avoid letting the emphasis lie too much in one or the other direction.

I am not trying to answer questions in this paper; I am trying rather to raise questions that I think Protestantism must answer. I have kept this a layman's discussion because he is the innocent bystander in much of the current controversy between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. In these battles of doctrine the man in the pew feels that he is often strangely neglected. I think I know how most of the men in the pews feel about this controversy. I am one of them, and so I venture to speak for them.

We laymen are not greatly interested in the technicalities of theological discussion. We are interested in the mystery and the mastery of life. That is what religion means to us. We are neither pure scientists nor pure mystics. There is something of both in us. When we go to church we want light on the mystery of life and leadership in the mastery of life. And, frankly, we are getting little light and less leadership from the present theological warfare that is turning so many of our churches into debating clubs.

Some of us are Fundamentalists; some of us are Modernists. We may differ in our beliefs, but we agree in our

desire. We want from the church spiritual leadership in the problems of life more than we want intellectual leadership in the problems of doctrine. We know that these two ministries are not wholly separate, but we want them mixed in the right proportions.

We laymen have seen theology become a mere intellectual chess game in the hands of Modernists as well as in the hands of Fundamentalists, and *vice versa*. And when this happens, we feel that there is little to choose between the two.

We want our religious leaders to study theology, but we want them to

use the results of their study to give them a point of view from which to talk to us about the problems of life. We do not want a carpenter to give us his tools; we want him to use his tools to build us a house in which we can live, in which we can find protection, comfort, and refreshment that will fit us for our tasks. We shall starve if we are fed upon either metaphysics or negations. We are not interested in the roots of theology, but in the fruits of theology.

We are asking for the bread of life, but in the heat of this controversy we often get only the stone of logic.

Nocturne

BY JAMES RORTY

The cold hills of California by night,
 Watched by the myriad drifting stars that cannot light
 The heathen darkness where they stand and meditate
 That arctic doom which is their ultimate estate;

The cold hills of California by night—
 Oh, they shall rise and chill my heart with fright
 When I am far from here and would forget
 The lone coyote pleading for a soul,
 His lean nose lifted where the planets roll
 And coldly glitter in the ether-net!

When I am far from here and would forget,
 My throat will tighten. I'll remember yet
 The dead pines pointing stiffly to the sky
 Their gaunt, accusing limbs, the sly
 Cold wind that came and dropped upon the ground
 The withered cones in stealthy notes of sound;
 And how I plucked the acacia's scented gold
 For bride to melt that sullen cold
 Against the coming of the young moon to the sky,
 Lovely and vagrant, virginal and shy.

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

NOT ANGELS, BUT ANCESTORS

DOCUMENTS and monographs conspire to reëxamine the American past in terms which fit the critical spirit rising on every hand in the twentieth century. James Truslow Adams in "Revolutionary New England" (Atlantic Monthly Press) continues his acrid, unanswerable study of the Puritan provinces into the period between 1691 and 1776, during which, he finds, there grew up the internal differences of public opinion and economic interest without which the Revolution would have been impossible. "Social revolutions are not made in a decade," he contends, and since the break with England was founded upon a social revolution at home, he traces the roots of discontent further back than they have customarily been traced, back into the growth of radicalism among the democratic elements of the New England population and the consequent efforts of the aristocratic elements to safeguard themselves against the "Mobbish turn" which affairs, in their opinion, were taking. The years of the Great Awakening under Jonathan Edwards and of the capture of Louisburg by New England militiamen mark, according to this argument, the decisive moment in the change, after which the colonies felt themselves, however little

they foresaw the future, substantially detached from their old theological preoccupations and embarked upon a secular career. Thenceforth the clergy could not exert such power as they had previously exerted, nor could the gentry, with their imperial affiliations, keep matters so closely in their hands. The tide of revolution steadily gathered force until it culminated in the incidental fact of political rebellion against the mother country. Mr. Adams goes beyond any mere outline of this development. His treatise is rich in illustrations gathered from every source and marshaled with admirable weight and precision. It must at once take its place with the classics of colonial history.

Moving more lightly among documents, Allan Nevins, in "American Social History as Recorded by British Travellers" (Holt), has compiled a bulky and fascinating volume out of the observations made by British visitors to the republic from its first days to the present. He might, of course, have done his work in almost any mood of deprecation or of chauvinism, but actually he has shown excellent judgment in his choice and in his commentary, and has unrolled almost as broad a panorama of American life as could have been presented by any other special method. Compared with Mr. Nevins, Meade Minnigerode in

"The Fabulous Forties" (Putnam) is a jovial antiquarian, poking among the monuments of the decade of the Mexican War for evidences that the decade was a fantastic time, so absurd that a later generation must laugh to see how seriously it took itself in the forties. The device is an easy one. Old fashions invariably look grotesque when new ones have succeeded them, and a little research in any age can turn up a world of oddities. Mr. Minnigerode is not particularly systematic or invariably discriminating in his selection of themes for laughter. He has, however, ransacked the forties with spirit as well as industry. After all, to the comic disposition there is nothing in heaven or earth, past, present, or future, which is not fair game; "The Fabulous Forties," like Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," now being revived from the same period with such success, opens up a new territory for the native humorist. American Victorianism, long looked upon as hateful, is coming to be looked upon as laughable. A harder mirth will be aroused by Clara Endicott Sears's "Days of Delusion" (Houghton Mifflin), which recounts the apocalyptic imbecilities of the Millerite millennialists of the forties. What manner of civilization was it in which not only William Miller, cracked with exegesis, could prophesy the end of the world at the vernal equinox of 1844, but a whole body of believers could be found to accept his prophecies and make ready accordingly? Miss Sears has not the wit of Mr. Minnigerode, and portrays the excesses of the Millerites with a sympathy which they do not deserve. Yet her tenderness toward these dupes, and the occasional lumpishness of her narrative, are insufficient to keep her book from being a good deal of a

delight to any one with an ironic mind.
C. V. D.

THE COMEDY OF SHELLEY

For the most part, Shelley has fallen into the hands of biographers as solemn as himself. Even the more worldly and witty Trelawney, Hogg, Peacock, and Mark Twain have felt obliged to answer the solemn justifications or condemnations to which so much space has been given in Shelley literature. There consequently still remained the task, after a hundred years, of writing a life which should tell the story without moralizing and without rhapsody. That task has been cleverly performed by André Maurois in "Ariel: The Life of Shelley" (Appleton), which with a cheerful, yet sympathetic, irony exhibits Shelley as he looks from across the Channel. The result is essentially a comedy—the comedy of an incurably good, incurably imprudent man knocking his head against all the walls which the early nineteenth century had built to protect itself from devastating ideas or thoroughgoing virtues. So devoted a saint as Shelley is pretty certain to look like a sinner in a world arranged for inhabitants more moderate. In this new interpretation, M. Maurois cannot be said to add anything to the amazing essay on Shelley by George Santayana. But "Ariel" is not solely an interpretation; it is a reconstruction. The narrative moves in that charming region which has lately been explored between the field of fiction and the field of biography. The merit of the book lies in the energy and deftness with which it sets the character of Shelley forth in action. Its fault lies in the fact that it gives so little account or explanation of the inner

genius of Shelley. Of course he was a comic figure, blundering all the way from Eton to Spezzia, and he is of course fair game to the comic writer. But so was he a great lyric poet, sustained by a rich and lofty vision. M. Maurois is satisfied to represent him from without.

C. V. D.

SILK AND SANDPAPER

In "A Cure of Souls" (Macmillan) May Sinclair returns to a theme which has long been interesting her, and once more studies the deadly sin of sloth. Her victim is Canon Chamberlain of the parish of Queningford cum Kempston Maisey, who has so lapped himself in the soft comforts of his profession that he has lost every sense of its harder duties and likewise of the world at large. Comfort has made him too tender to risk such adventures as love or service, but it has left him thick-skinned enough when it comes to resisting any invasions of his peace. The situation thus affords Miss Sinclair every opportunity for that ironical analysis in which she takes a moralist's delight. Hating her slothful victim as she must, she purrs as she exposes him to the winds of contempt, realizing, nevertheless, that he would hardly feel them were he alive. Perhaps he is not quite alive. Miss Sinclair's method does not demand that he be, as it does not quite permit it. She follows him through a disturbing period of his career, in which one curate grows disgusted and another loses his faith, a parish worker, for love of the canon, goes almost insane, the dissenters of the community are outraged by the canon's high-handed way with the war memorial, and the moods aroused in different members of his entourage by the war are allowed to

sink down to the old apathy which is dearer to him than salvation. He is, in this handling, merely an exquisite oyster fighting to be left contented in his shell. Miss Sinclair does not trouble to furnish him with full complement of human instincts. She is satisfied to assign to him the single quality of refined sloth and to tempt him with a variety of reasons for overcoming it, with such a variety, in fact, that her exposure of him amounts to a kind of satirical persecution. Yet if her method is thus so simple as to be argumentative, it is also deft and silken in the skill with which she embroiders his world.

If her hand is clad in silk, that of Percy Marks in "The Plastic Age" (Century) is clad in sandpaper. He takes a sensitive youth, Hugh Carver, through a modern American college, testing it and him one by the other. The art of Mr. Marks is far from faultless. He cannot help arguing at times, and he wastefully drives the most striking character out of the book when it is half over. But behind the book is the unmistakable feel of reality. The recent undergraduates of American fiction have all been poets or wits, who have contrived to throw over their environment much of their exceptional charm. Though Hugh is something of a poet, he does not transfigure his companions. As he moves through the typical experiences of his kind, he encounters, for the most part, convincing persons and finds himself, almost altogether, in convincing situations. As a document, "The Plastic Age" is very thorough; most of what is most characteristic of recent college life, without beguiling hazes, is here exhibited. Of a certain new spirit stirring in certain of the American colleges

and universities, particularly of that spirit brilliantly portrayed in Lucien Price's study of the Amherst experiment and temporary defeat in "Prophets Unaware" (Century), the novel shows little consciousness. This, however, is virtually all it lacks. The historian of education can no more overlook it than he can overlook "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" or "This Side of Paradise." At the same time, "The Plastic Age" has considerable dramatic power and a robust narrative movement. And, above all, it has a very real excellence in its reproduction of the language of undergraduates. To read the chapter in which Hugh and his friends translate Coleridge and Keats and Masefield and Wordsworth into their barbarous, but not actually unappreciative, jargon is to find out as much about the spiritual attitude of the average undergraduate as probably can be found out from any passage of equal length in native literature.

C. V. D.

TWO BOOKS ON MODERN ART

There is a pleasant connotation back of the word "primer." It may make one smile at childish things now put away, but it may also suggest that even in this complex age it is sometimes possible to "escape for a while from High Learning and get back to a child's directness of approach." And that is what Mr. Sheldon Cheney has tried to make us do in "A Primer of Modern Art" (Boni and Liveright). No aspect of modern life is so hedged in with technicalities and obscurities of speech as is that dealing with art. Yet in any gallery where modern pictures hang one may hear not only the "I could do something as good as that," but also "What do

people see in these things?" The question is asked with irritation, with bewilderment, often with a touch of wistfulness, almost always with sincerity. The artists themselves are incapable of answering it. They are an inarticulate lot. Their medium is paint, not words. The critics seem, to the lay mind, to move in a haze of inexplicable, and unexplained, words, such as tactile values, significant form, rhythm, volume. Mr. Cheney has hoped, as he says in the foreword to his "Primer," to "lead on the interested but often puzzled Progressive Citizen, until he found himself on intimate emotional terms with modern art, with just enough of background knowledge to make him feel at ease in such new surroundings." The difficulty is that such "intimate emotional terms" are not easily come by unless one is among those rare and fortunate persons born with a capacity for recognizing beauty however strange and new the dress she wears. The optimistic reader may only too easily fancy that a conscientious perusal of Mr. Cheney's book will give him immediately the answers to all his questions about modern art. It will, as Mr. Cheney modestly hopes, give him answers to many of them, though not always in the words of one syllable for which he is looking. If, however, he is honestly interested in modern art, the "Primer" will give him a brief summary of its background, a glimpse of the theory upon which it is founded, a sense of its relationship to modern life, and will guide him along the main channel and some of the tributaries it is flowing through to-day. Architecture, sculpture, engineering, the art of the theater and of the color organ have also their place in the story, and

if one is a little breathless at the end, one has at any rate a sense of having had a comprehensive, if ever so brief, view of modern art in its relation to modern life. No mean achievement for any author.

"I am not interested in putting forward or defending a Cause," Mr. Cheney says in the introduction to his book. Therein Mr. Cheney differs from Miss Katherine S. Dreier who, in "Western Art and the New Era" (Brentano's) is eager to state the case for abstract art. Of the twenty-five modern pictures reproduced in her chapter on contemporary art only two have concrete significance. Matisse is referred to as belonging to the

group which "forms the bridge to the Moderns." It seems only fair, then, to deduce the fact that Miss Dreier considers only those artists "modern" who express themselves in such abstractions as only they, and Miss Dreier, can understand. That the swing to-day is away from abstraction toward a more objective art Miss Dreier will not believe. How can she? She has solemnly and seriously espoused a cause. That her great cause is only an interesting experiment now being abandoned is to her unthinkable. Time will show, she would answer to objectors, but there are those who believe that time is already beginning to show. E. B. K.



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JACQUES LOEB

A PIONEER ON THE FRONTIERS OF LIFE (See page 374)

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The Biography of Blade

BY ZONA GALE

BORN in Muscoda. Attended public school in Muscoda. Edited 'The Muscoda Republic' for twenty-five years." Blade had written his biography for the county history. He walked to his home and thought: "It's good. Not many men in the hundred millions are much better off."

He passed the house of Herron, his banker, and heard singing. A woman's voice was singing in a foreign tongue. He walked slowly and listened. In the evening sunlight the banker's house, his lawn, his Bridal Wreath looked luminous. The air thinned and thickened as cloud and wind wove their uneven ovals. The voice sang on. Blade felt abrupt and obscure happiness. His complacency deepened. "Pretty good. Not many men in the hundred millions are much better off."

At his home, about his table, his family gathered: the woman, all her life of Muscoda, whom he had married; their four children, contentious, smelling of toilet soap; his mother, silent and prevalent. His wife, who seemed to be dining only *en route* to real occupation, said:

"Mrs. Herron has asked you and mother and me to hear somebody sing there to-night. I can't go; I'm too tired." Without looking at her, Blade answered, "I'll go to the Herrons'," and his mother said that she would go. His wife, going on with her inner routine, lapsed back into speech with, "There is n't a thing in the house for breakfast."

About them countless cloudy influences surged, the melting west, the blue dusk, heightened sounds from the open. The room was a theater of airy action. Less than this were the steak, the apple-pie, the general argument about the pronunciation of "slough," or, as they rose, that soft flatulence in the throat of his mother. In the redundant din of dishes, in the clamor of Blade calling for assistance, the faint unearthly splendor died to earthly darkness.

In a night gentle, leisurely, already experimenting with darkness, Blade and his mother went forth. The Herron lawn offered odor of sycamore and wild grape. Blade breathed it, felt happiness, and said to his mother:

"That new county history's coming out. Wonder if you'll like what it

says about me." Under the porch lights the fallen muscles of her large face lifted.

In the Herrons' rooms, so regular, so inevitable, the guests gathered. The moquette, the mohair, the mahogany, received them. They were business men and their wives, the accustomed, the dutiful, the numb. There was a rote of jest, of retort, of innuendo. There were the thrilling potentialities and the deathly routine of being. All were tumultuously aware of the little fountain of life within themselves.

At their abrupt, embarrassed hush, Blade saw near the piano the Herrons' niece. Her beautiful shoulders, her body cased in blue, her slow, floating voice, invaded him. In her he saw and heard all youth, all that is luminous, all that is different. Upon Blade invisible hands laid hold. With soft violence he was claimed, carried, torn. "What 's this?" he felt, and had never felt so much. For the first time his importance, his newspaper, his home, his family, were outdistanced. He saw that this woman lived in another way than his way, and it was her way that he wanted.

At the close of her singing, he approached her. She spoke to him casually, and he thought that there must be some mistake. Could she not see that of all those in the room he it was to whom she had signaled? He felt that he was crying: "Where are you? I understand. In God's name, throw me a rope!" Instead he was saying: "You sing like a bird, Miss Herron. Much obliged, I 'm sure. I—" When others intervened, he waited for a long time by the piano, the stout, smiling man. At length he found his opportunity, and said to

her, "I used to play second flute myself." But he wondered whether, after all, he could have said this aloud, because she only glanced and smiled, though with that information he had sent her something vast and pleading. He did not have another chance to address her.

Out on the street his mother said, "My dinner did n't set well"; but Blade, in some powerful onslaught of the unknown, made no reply and hurried brutally.

He took a blanket and lay on the grass. There was no change in the trees or the frogs of Muscoda. There they were, true to the past. But they were new to Blade, and so were the stars. It was perhaps the seventeen-thousandth night of his life, and yet it was the first. He was feeling: "Say, music! I 've always cottoned to it; but look what it *is*! Look what it *does*!" Next door a second-floor window glowed. There Edgerton, dying, lay expecting to recover. Every one knew save Edgerton. Blade had been sorry, but now he was seized and shaken by the fact that there was Edgerton, dying and not knowing. With this fact Blade quivered as occasionally, toward dawn, he had quivered with remorse or with worry. He experienced Edgerton. Then he experienced delight that he himself was not dying. The pang of Miss Herron and her singing returned and returned, powerful, possessing, and at last excluding.

At daybreak he woke. Long, loose pulsations of light shook him. Was it light or was it song? He sat on his blanket and looked up from the well of his garden to the sky. He thought: "I 'm going to take music lessons. I 'll go and see Miss Herron to-day,

talk with her about it." Countless cloudy influences surged round the lawn, where was a theater of changing light and airy action. For the first time in his life he saw the morning.

At breakfast his passion for spiritual isolation caused suspicion. "You act as if you're going to risk some more money," said his mother. "Better not." And his wife asked acutely, "What woman was there last night?" So that Blade thundered, "Can't I have quiet in my own house?" The children discreetly tittered. With a wave of nostalgia it came to Blade that by his words of thunder he had in some way cut himself off from Miss Herron. In order to get back to that world of Miss Herron, he spoke gently to his wife.

His first act at the office was to request the return of his biography copy from the editor of the county history. Blade said, "I can live mine up a lot." It had come to him that he had written a biography which did not express his life, so rich and so potential. And now the office routine began—routine, but yet extraordinary. A pearly shadow drenched the bare room. Or was it that? You moved the radio a fraction of an inch, and you had a new wave length. Blade had a new wave length. Nothing contacted in the old way. The men of the staff of the composing-room, he saw them with incredible intensity, Johns, Lubbock, Mayhew, Platt, in their dirty ticking aprons, with rolled gold rings on the little fingers of inky hands swinging from the elbow. Had Blade ever really seen them until now? He felt in some delicious suspension; or was it balance? Exquisitely rested, he felt, and as if everything were simple. He said to one or two: "Do you know,

music is a great thing. For a fact. Wish I'd kept on with second flute that time." He spoke in excitement such that, had they known of a tragedy involving Blade later in the day, they would have remembered. But they did not know of the tragedy.

At eleven o'clock he called the Herrons' house. He waited at the telephone and was rocked on the waves of his expectation. A voice came: "Oh, Miss Herron? Oh, Miss Herron left this morning for her home. Who is this calling, please?" Blade mumbled: "'Muscodia Republic.' Thanks for the item." He groped to the door and stared up and down the street, but she was not passing.

He went at noon to the Muscodia Marble Counter for lunch. The place was clean, the food was good, the women who presided were perfect at their rites. Before the oilcloth-covered counter Blade sat, and he felt the physical nausea and the shivering of a young animal at night, homeless.

And at night he stayed so long at the office, alone, that Muscodia main street was empty. At his own gate it came to him that he wanted his mother. He was glad that there was a light in her room. He tapped, and sidled toward her, intent on his nameless and infinite loss. Vast and shapeless in her red-and-black checked bath-robe, she sat among her plants and bottles and regarded him without change of expression. She commented: "I thought you were going to take me to the picture show to-night." He stood stricken, not by his failure, but by hers. He mumbled and withdrew, and in the passage his wife met him, put her arms about him, whispered, "Nobody loves you as I do!" This

should have surprised him, but he was not listening. His soul heard, and cried, "What of it?"

In the night he saw Edgerton's window glowing. Blade felt sorry, an impression now, not an emotion. He woke to the sun and said, "Another fine day," a formula, not a feeling. He went to his office, and the men were pale fellows, inky, disheveled, remote. He faced the blind wall of human loneliness. He was as one who, expecting to be born, is still-born, and becomes aware not of the cradle, but of eternity.

In a few days Blade appeared before Montgomery, the Muscoda band leader, and said:

"Say, I used to play the second flute myself. And I wondered—"

When "one-night stands" come to

Muscoda Opera House, Blade sits in the orchestra and plays the second flute. His detached wife and his grown children come to the Opera House plays, and afterward they ask him why he will deliberately make himself ridiculous by playing in the band. He does not know what to reply and takes refuge in irritability.

In the Muscoda County history Blade's biography, in fine print, stands unread in many little libraries: "Born in Muscoda. Attended public school in Muscoda. Has edited 'The Muscoda Republic' for twenty-five years." To the editor of that history Blade had returned his biography copy without change, and had said:

"I don't know what it was I was going to add. Whatever the item was, it got away from me."

Always when there Is Music

BY DAVID MORTON

Always when there is music, it is you

Who come between me and the sound of strings:

The cloudy portals part to let you through,

Troubled and strange with long rememberings.

Your nearness gathers ghostwise down the room,

And through the pleading violins they play,

There drifts the dim and delicate perfume

That once was you, come dreamily astray.

Behind what thin and shadowy doors you wait

That such frail things as these should set you free!

When all my need, like armies at a gate,

Would storm in vain to bring you back to me;

When in this hush of strings you draw more near

Than any sound of music that I hear.

Portrait of a Radical

BY STUART CHASE

THE curtain rises to discover a young man, lately graduated from Harvard University, entering the library of the Boston City Club one day in the fall of the year 1911. He wanders around the room and halts before the economics section. There is a blue-bound book with gilt letters on a high shelf. He reads the letters, "Progress and Poverty—Henry George," and after a moment's dredging of his memory, reaches up, and takes the book down. He remembers that one of his professors had said that the man was crazy. It might be amusing to see where his craziness lay. The young man looks at his watch,—there is still half an hour before he must return to the office,—takes a chair, lights a cigarette, and opens "Progress and Poverty" by the demented Mr. Henry George. It is half past one in the afternoon.

Eleven o'clock that evening finds the young man in the same chair, still reading the blue-bound book. He has not gone back to the office, he has not eaten any dinner, he has not, in fact, left the chair at all. He reads on to the last page. "These voices, calling, calling . . . until the heart swells to hear them." The young man shuts the book almost tenderly, and his eyes are wet with tears.

He has understood only a fraction of what Henry George was trying to

say, but he has understood enough to shut the door forever on money-making as a profession, political reform as a necessity, charity as a worthy undertaking, or the cultural ideals of Harvard University as in any way significant to a young man in the second decade of the twentieth century. In those nine hours a sword had flashed and cut him off from the cumulative ideology of twenty-three years. His education in business success, tolerant Unitarianism, the rewards of thrift, country-club manners, the proper respect for the classics, the undesirability of trade-unions, "The Boston Transcript," comes to an end, and he turns to begin a new kind of education altogether, in which economics is the schoolmaster, and labor the central theme.

Psychology will not permit a nine-hour conversion. Something must have been going on in the young man's subconsciousness—his work in settlement-houses, or in the field of municipal reform perhaps—which made him ripe for the swordsman's thrust of Henry George; but the fact remains that from that night he saw a new heaven and a new earth.

Professor Bullock and the rest had given him enough acquaintance with the terminology of economics to enable him to master the logic of the single-tax position within a relatively short

time. Before the year was out he had joined the local single-tax club, and become an ardent, if somewhat incoherent, exponent of that rigid creed. The single-tax club was composed largely of elderly men who rejoiced in the enthusiasm of their young brother. It would seem that young brothers were rarer than they had been in the nineties. Their rejoicings were short lived, however, for within a year they had lost him except as a dues-paying name.

His enthusiasm had been transferred to the Boston Fabian Club. In this less rigid society, where tea and cigarettes flourished, he discovered the state socialism of Wells and the Webbs and Shaw. He read all the Fabian Tracts, and even tried to write one himself. He found that the devil was not only a landlord, but also, and it would seem more authentically, a capitalist. He made a laborious summary of state-controlled enterprises the world around, and took much comfort in the Panama Canal Zone as the one rocky ledge in a sea of American *laissez-faire*. His arguments, if hot and sometimes based on gravely questionable data, were at least as good as his opponents'. He had it out with his grandfather, a country banker, over one memorable Thanksgiving day. It is not recorded that he ever was very scrupulous in his regard for the authenticity of data during this period, and yet the stubborn fact remains that he was not converted to these sad ways by an appeal to his emotions, but rather by the quite overwhelming evidence, dry enough in all conscience, which Henry George had accumulated in the five hundred pages of "Progress and Poverty."

What is the psychology of the conversion to radicalism? The young man had no time to waste on this question in 1911, and the older man has no clear answer to it to-day. But if we knew the formula, what could we not do with the graduates of Harvard University and other colleges, and young people generally?

In the midst of the Fabian-Club epoch the young man married. It was a rash thing to do. His prospective father-in-law, a city banker, came out one afternoon to where he was sitting under an apple-tree in a Brookline garden, and asked him point-blank if he was a socialist. He replied that he was a Fabian socialist, and hastened to add that bombs and free love were not to be found in the Fabian program. The father-in-law was relieved, but by no means satisfied. He never has been satisfied.

The young woman in the case had come by way of the suffrage route to substantially the same place as that of the young man. She too attended discussions at the Fabian Club. She too looked with suspicion on capitalists. She too felt sympathy for the down-trodden and oppressed, and was feign to protest against her own prosperity.

They married, this rash pair, disclaiming on high grounds most of the elaborate ritual which the folkways of their class demanded, a proceeding which cost them heavily in wedding presents. They spent their honeymoon in a strange city looking for work. "A honeymoon experiment" they called it. In nine weeks, during which they could not earn the equivalent of a bare living (it was during the depression of 1914), they learned a good deal of what it means to face the modern industrial world without

money and without patronage. The young man joined the ranks of unemployed before factory doors on bitter mornings; the young woman "slung hash" for six dollars a week in a dirty lunch-room.

§ 2

It was perhaps somewhat different from the usual honeymoon, and they came back to the Fabian Club and the routines of respectability with a widened vision, and above all else with a new respect for those who do the world's underlying work. They had for once some first-hand data which cut into the arguments and the theories like a knife into soft cheese. When it came to unemployment, the position of women in industry, and living conditions in the slums, they knew whereof they spoke. Even their families, after the first shock was over, were impressed.

The suffragists, with their usual political sagacity, were quick to see the advantage of exploiting this honeymoon in the interest of the 1915 referendum in Massachusetts. The young man and the young woman went about the State speaking on street corners and out of the backs of automobiles, describing what they had seen and done in the strange city, and urging the electors to vote for women-suffrage that these evils might be lessened. Suffrage, they held, was the first outpost on the royal road to socialism. Women, they said, were kinder-hearted than men, and would give the State the maternal touch which it had ever lacked.

In due time Fabianism began to wane. There were moments when the futility of this snug little group, with its studio background, its tea

and its open fire, became suddenly luminous. After serious discussion, the young man and the young woman joined the Socialist party of America, regarded their red cards with approval, and began to frequent bare halls where tea and open fires were not to be found. Somehow they felt that this move brought them nearer to reality. They bought all three volumes of "Das Kapital" and placed them where their friends could not fail to notice them.

Single tax, suffrage, Fabianism, the Socialist party—what gallant promise in each! What a wealth of books to be read, principles to be mastered, meetings to attend, arguments to be answered or ignored! How clear and straight everything was! How all the new ideas fitted together like threads in a glowing fabric! How logical was one's case, how ramshackle the case of the enemy! There was a master class, there was a working class. The former exploited the latter. The latter had only to become aware of this exploitation, to arise and vote the master class out of power, assume control, and Utopia was won. No need for bloodshed, no need for violence. Votes. One made a chart of the socialist vote, election by election, since 1880; the curve was certainly promising. Mr. Babson himself could not have done better.

Meanwhile the war thundered across the sea, but beyond a firm conviction that it was another capitalist war, the young man was too busy advancing the cause of righteousness in domestic affairs to pay much attention to it. More interesting than the war was this guild socialism which they were beginning to talk about in England. The young man read the early

guildsmen with eagerness. He even went back and read some of the old guildsmen of five hundred years ago. As he read he became aware of a growing dissatisfaction with his previous conception of the political state as the sole arbiter of human affairs. He began to see the case for democratic control, and the case for joy and beauty in work, and for the revival of the spirit of craftsmanship. He took much comfort in the phrase "creative instinct," which he believed to be the heritage of every new-born child, doubtless on Mr. Bergson's say-so. In due time he became a guildsman, and so widened his horizon again. It became apparent that concurrently with the conquest of votes must go an increasing share of democratic management in industry. All this was as clear and as logical as the nose on one's face. In consequence, more meetings, more bare halls, more leaflets, more appeals for funds, and even the appearance in the young man's circle of the opaque Major Douglas himself.

And there were other fascinating theories abroad. Sex, for instance. There was a man in Vienna named Freud, there were Havelock Ellis and Ellen Key. A friend of the young man was arrested for giving out a pamphlet which was said to contain birth-control information. Whereupon the largest theater in town was chartered, and a mass meeting held. The speakers were eloquent, the meeting voiced its indignation, passed a peppery resolution, and contributed several hundred dollars for the defense of the prisoner. It was felt that the freedom of speech and of conscience was at stake. The young man was chairman of the meeting, and though

he knew nothing whatever about the biology of the subject and had never encountered a reliable method to control births, he was convinced that great principles were involved and that a spirited attack against bigotry and prudery was in order.

What a surprising number of spirited attacks these years held when one comes to look back upon them! And how sincerely was progress recorded from time to time, aye, from day to day, while still the guns crashed in northern France!

At this point he made further discoveries. He read the "Golden Bough" and Sumner's book on folkways. New laws, new principles! "Sexual morality varies inversely with the amount of clothing." Anything is moral which the customs of the group sanction, be it the exposure of girl babies, the killing of the aged, bundling, polygamy, or respect for intangible property. The simple and eternal principles of morality and justice upon which much of his socialism was based now received a dent or two. Customs, *mores*, things so common as to be scarce suspected, yet a rooted social growth, stranger than law, stronger than the policeman's club. With the *mores* of Western civilization in great cemented walls about him, Utopia did not seem quite so imminent. But it did not do to think overmuch about this aspect of the discovery; better to use the material for further spirited attacks on the ephemeral nature of puritan morals. This made for free speech, sexual realism, and also a pleasant sensation of shocks conferred. Even the Fabians wriggled under it.

President Wilson was safely re-elected on an anti-war platform, with

much heart-searching as to whether he or Mr. Debs should have the young man's vote. Mr. Wilson finally secured it on the grounds of political expediency. After all, there was promise in the New Freedom.

There was nothing in the Fabian Club or the Single-Tax League or the Socialist party or in any other circle in which the young man mixed to warn him that in April next his world would collapse like a house of cards. State Street and Wall Street are said to have been better informed. When America entered the war, it found him incredulous and unprepared. He joined an emergency peace mission to Washington at the last moment, and stood all day on the steps of the Capitol feeling foolish and impotent. When they told him at Baltimore on the way home that war was declared, he was still quite unable to comprehend it.

§ 3

But he came to comprehension soon enough. In the next few months he had opportunity to observe what the *mores* of war meant in brute strength. He came to see the articulate resources of the nation—press, pulpit, school, theater, bill-board, club, lecture-hall—arise and in one hoarse scream drown every protest, every objection, every act, every word, almost every thought, which was not directed exclusively to hating the enemy and winning the war. He saw his leagues and societies tumbled into the gutter, their meetings broken up, their literature denied the mails, their members frightened and jailed and silenced. He marked the enormous facility with which certain interests allied radicalism with pro-Germanism, and thus let an irate

people do a work of suppression which had long wanted doing. The young man opposed the war bitterly, implacably, and quite unheroically from its first day to its last, but he never ceased to marvel in a sort of detachment at the tom-tom energy which had come out of nowhere, sweeping everything before it like a tornado, leaving radicals and radicalism to crawl underground or perish. In this darkness the voice of Randolph Bourne seemed the only ray of light. Presently came Bertrand Russell with his lantern. All the energy and hopefulness which had touched the social structure at so many points was for these months driven into a single narrow channel, twisted and bent into one negative emotion—the refusal to accept the entry of America into the war as anything but an unmitigated evil, and the ideology of a war for democracy as wicked hypocrisy.

But in the midst of the young man's most bitter opposition came more education. He evaded the realization for a time, but the facts prevailed. It seemed at last that the war had something positive to teach mankind, something of the first importance. Given incentive enough, and this the war provided, it was possible to seize a complicated industrial mechanism, stupefied with decades of profit-seeking, and shake it and pound it into a synthetic entity, subject to social control, and capable of delivering goods and services according to specified schedule. Though the end of such delivery was often death and degradation, the fact of its operation was sufficiently arresting. As an antidote to sheer defensive pessimism, the young man took up an intensive analysis of war-

time controls both here and abroad. He noted the performance of the War Industries Board, the various standardization committees, the fuel, food, and railway administrations. Here were data for a thoughtful socialist. Here was state control beyond the dreams of revolution. As the hue and cry for the now forgotten "reconstruction" came to the fore, the young man's enthusiasm was rekindled; his clenched defenses relaxed. He came passionately to hope that the war control of industry might be maintained to become a mighty engine for the abolition of poverty, the guaranteeing of living standards, the regeneration of mankind. He went to work for reconstruction. More committees, more meetings, more pamphlets, more appeals for funds. After the bloody night, the dawn. But instead there came Versailles and black reaction, and shortly afterward the obliteration of every trace of war control, the drowning of every hope, in a sea of normalcy.

Again bitterness and disillusion. How foolish he had been to think that reconstruction was more than a politician's phrase, that a thing created for such an evil end could overnight put on the dress of purity! It was like tying wings on a wart-hog.

By this time he was quite in the frame of mind to welcome the coming of Bolshevism to Russia. Despairing of the West, he turned his eyes eastward to where the Red Square of Moscow held spectacles incredible and beautiful—workmen and soldiers on the thrones of emperors; a man named Lenine with his secret treaties holding up the mirror to five years of diplomatic falsehood. These Russians, they would bear watching. The

young man watched them day and night. If he had not foregone the solace of religion, he would have prayed for them. In a way he did pray for them; in a way he does still. They seemed to have broken the bonds of all he most detested and feared in the West. They lived while the world died.

But with the entry of communism as a concrete body of doctrine, and the splintering of socialism into rights and lefts and two-and-one-half internationals, the glow began to fade. The young man hung suspended on the brink of communism, cursed himself for a coward, and relapsed into an exponent of socialism in general and of no authentic color in particular. The war had made him chary of creeds and platforms and pronouncements. He had watched them smash like fragile glass when that hot breath came from out the April trumpets.

Where had that breath come from? He began to read James and Dewey. What were the springs of human behavior? He read Le Bon and threw him into the lighted hearth-fire. He read Trotter and Carleton Parker, who left him musing. There was something which underlay all the doctrines of radicalism, something of cardinal importance and altogether disregarded.

§ 4

At this point Lenine called for technicians to help a working class productively helpless without them. And at this point "The Dial" began to publish Mr. Veblen's articles on the price system and the engineers. The young man was something by way of a technician himself. He got his living by the practice of accountancy. He had regarded his profession hither-

to with unqualified disapproval. For the first time it began to appear as having an ultimate social use. The young man had always wanted to write. He had envied journalists and literary people. He often loathed his balance-sheets and his columns of figures. Now he was for once proud that he had a technical background. Though not a full-fledged engineer, he fell within the penumbra at least of Mr. Veblen's blessing. These journalists were sorry fellows, after all, when it came to facts. Facts, *facts!* Here was an ear-splitting, blinding, stupefying word, "*facts.*" Great God! The young man left his desk at a government bureau in Washington, crossed the Potomac by the long bridge, and struck west into Virginia. Nightfall found him twenty miles from the city. Facts!

What was the distinction between this concept of facts which had just struck him between the eyes and the "*facts*" he had always used in his propaganda work, the "*facts*" all radicals made such a point of using? And what was the difference between these two conceptions and the verity of facts? What was a fact, anyway? He walked on through the spring evening. Sometime before midnight he came to a halting and unsatisfactory conclusion. A fact is an occurrence in space and time which, if seen by one competent observer, is capable of being verified by another. It is not based on hearsay, it is not handed down, it is not a mine to be exhausted nugget by nugget. There it is, with a clear trail and no branch paths, and one takes it or leaves it—all of it.

Facts. Something had struck him like a coping from a roof, and in striking stunned. Why could he not get

hold of it? What a deplorable instrument was the human mind! How it balked, shied, and bolted! Here was a revolutionary conception. He had glimpsed it for one lucid moment. It was something which underlay socialism, underlay radicalism, underlay economics and labor and all the intellectual baggage he had been accumulating since the day in the library of the Boston City Club. Facts, the philosophy of facts, at the furthest pole from the practical business man's understanding of the word, and a long distance from the average radical's understanding of it. He did not know enough. He must work, he must think, he must wait.

Some weeks later a certain senator arose on the floor of Congress and called the young man a number of hard names, among which "*radical*" was perhaps the mildest. It so happened that in the practice of his profession, the young man, as a government employee, had had occasion to analyze the balance-sheets of certain great corporations whose admiration for, and trust in, the senator was unbounded. Ingratitude is no man's envy. The senator did his simple duty, and the young man found himself in due season without a job.

He was a little dazed. His ideas had long affected his income, but this was the first time that they had altogether stopped it. If he had been rash to marry, he and his wife had been even more rash in bringing two children into the world. Radicalism does not provide the most perfect basis for the physical nourishment of children. But the man and woman had named their little daughter in honor of the Russian revolution, and had pictured a bright future for children reared in

an atmosphere of such unparalleled common sense. They had read many books on progressive education and stood ready to make their youngsters face the world with unflinching eyes. They had banned meat, corporal punishment, and strict discipline. They waited, rather hopefully, for this same creative instinct which the guildsmen talked about to flower. They are still waiting, with not quite their original certainty.

§ 5

In due time the young man found a new job, and one which lay near his heart. It hovered on the edge of his unformulated conception of facts. He found himself associated with a group of engineers and technicians who had taken Veblen seriously, and were ready to begin the job of orienting science to human affairs in the sense of making machines serve men instead of men serving machines. The first work was to prepare a series of studies into the extent of economic waste under the prevailing economic régime. The young man threw himself into this task. How satisfying it was to deal for a time with the physical units of tons and kilowatts and man hours rather than in the metaphysical units of money and credit and price! As he worked, he began to revalue the ten years of radicalism which had dropped him here.

Single tax, Fabianism, suffrage, guild socialism, psychoanalysis, feminism, pacifism, communism, coöperation, civil liberty, realism in art, birth control, folkways, progressive education, national minorities, and now the cult of the engineer. And somewhere something beyond them all, something which was touched into luminosity by

the word "facts." What did it all mean? What good had his advocacy of these things done the world or himself? What was true and what was false? Had the burning fires of these ten years taught him anything at all? As the young man pursued his studies in industrial waste, he could not but conclude that the indictment of socialism against the profit system was, from the engineer's point of view a sound one. It began to look as though, in America at least, two thirds of all potential man power was lost to the production of the essential goods and services of a civilized life. The technical knowledge was abroad to treble the standard of living of the wayfaring man if society could only organize for peace as it had once organized for war. Neither could he find any serious flaw in the pacifist indictment against militarism as Europe staggered downhill from the peace which was to make the world safe for democracy. He was unable to find any valid defense for the biological and sexual conditions which birth control militated against, nor any valid defense for prevailing systems of education. And the conception of the strength of the *mores* was a touchstone which explained a great number of baffling things. The indictment of radicalism, it appeared, was firmly based. Largely the creation of scientists to begin with, it measured sharply the shortcomings of the present industrial and social wilderness. It was not a lunatic fringe of calamity-howlers; it was a sincere and genuine revulsion from intolerable social confusion and suffering. Furthermore, it was equally apparent that capitalists and conservatives were not unmitigated villains because they tolerated these conditions; they were

mostly uneasy and unimaginative human beings who did not know what else to do, and fearful that change could only make matters worse. This much seemed clear.

But what was not so clear was the proposals of the radicals in respect to this situation. Not content with the honorable rôle of pointing out a heap of carrion, it was felt on all sides that it was the radical's duty to clean it up more or less single-handed. This was known as being "constructive," a word already senile. Thus programs, platforms, plans—the focal point for innumerable campaigns of propaganda—putting over the land tax, state socialism, guild socialism, the short ballot, birth control, coöperation, what not.

The war had demonstrated clearly enough that the normal habit patterns of great masses of the people could be amended, and conscious social control exercised almost overnight, granted sufficient psychological urge. With a blind rush from nowhere, the war produced that psychological urge. But it was only too manifest that no form of agitation or propaganda for any social reform had been yet devised to produce a tenth of the energy which the war had liberated.

The young man had a vision of long years of scattering silent audiences in bare halls, of a labor movement torn by factional disputes, of begging letters, cringing delegations to the great, limitless "publicity" that meant nothing and lead nowhere, of secretaries with short hair and poor complexions banging type-writers in dingy offices, of absurd processions walking valiantly between jeering crowds, and woven through it all a magnificent fund of energy and courage, flowering now and again into a great and stirring

speech, a novel, a picket-line, a poem, a heroic sacrifice. A vast barren plain strewn with precious stones. Was social progress doomed to such methods? How came it that a wicked and destructive thing like war could generate energy enough to build Utopia twice over, but for Utopia itself only the bleak halls, the shambling processions?

The young man could only admit the plain conclusion that either mankind was totally incapable of controlling its environment save in the interest of its own destruction, or else, and more probably, that the radicals had no knowledge of the springs of human action, knew nothing of the forces which underlay social conduct and behavior, had never considered, much less worked out, a scientific technic for advancing their ideas, and were unaware of the biological and psychological factors involved in the programs which they ardently and fruitlessly advocated.

So he turned from his meetings and his societies, turned utterly from the belief that he had anything to teach labor, for in all the matters that counted he was as ignorant as the sleepest bricklayer, and set himself to do two things. First, to serve the labor movement in so far as it had use for him as a technician; second, to follow the steep trail which leads into the unknown world where lie the springs of man's behavior.

Facts. He was drawing nearer. In the physical sciences, facts based on generations of patient observation by competent observers had been correlated into workable and predictable laws. Neptune had been discovered theoretically before the telescope ever found it. The behavior of particles

of matter and particles of energy had been determined within great areas. Ever since Bacon broke the dead hand of the schoolmen, the scientific method had been drawing in on the unknown in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology. Men went to the things themselves instead of to words about things. They began to *know* where once they had only propitiated unknown gods.

Facts. Yes, modern science, modern technology had facts enough to turn the world into a smiling garden for the use and comfort of mankind. But the key to the garden did not lie in such facts; it lay in the more difficult facts of social psychology, in motives, incentives, in the rush and drive of custom, behavior, habit, and will.

The young man went out into the streets of the city where he lived. He looked at its massive walls, its beetling towers, at the roar and tumult of its traffic, which choked the thoroughfares like a spring freshet in a cañon. And he looked into the faces of the people whom he passed. Could he, as dictator, command these people to tear down these walls, quiet this screaming traffic, and build a city where beauty was no longer mocked, where men were no longer trapped like rats in a cistern? No. He could not. Could these people out of their own despair and frustration, tear down these walls and build again? No. They could not. Could their children, their children's children? Eyes that saw so little, minds that knew so little—and what more did he know than

they?—and hearts that were so proud and tumultuous and lonely. Cities, new bravely engineered cities, one could build, but how make these people live in them? Beauty one could create, but how make these hearts bow before it? And what boots a Utopia at all to which men must be driven? Ah, it was no light task which lay before the engineers of the humanities. Easier the catching of votes; easier the torch and the barricade, ruthless exploitation, ruthless revolution, world without end.

What better were these walls of brick than those forest walls which sheltered the forebears of these people a hundred generations ago? And did the hungry heart find surcease here more than in those stippled shadows? Life, the young man knew, could be a beautiful and glorious thing. He had touched the skirts of beauty and love and play and adventure sufficiently to be sure of this. But this vast ugly city bore no such life within its roaring womb, and yet it held a promise that the neolithic forests never knew. Towers and walls and buttresses—how they dwarfed him, mocked him, laughed in their vast solidity at the wisps and phantoms of his brain!

He was near to weeping, but he shook his fist at them. You monoliths! Men reared you, and men shall tear you down, and yet build a city where life runs free and beauty dwells. And he went back to the place where he was working.

The Campaign Opens

The Great American Game of Presidential Elections

BY CHARLES MERZ

WE are off again, this warm July, upon another national election. Times change. Campaigns are not all they used to be. Red fire molders on the cupboard shelf. It is no longer the style to parade Main Street with a swivel torch that drips hot sparks on a bowler hat three paces to the rear. Yet as we swing once more into this carnival of ballot-hunting that repeats itself at intervals of four less-eventful years, we find one way of working off the latent energy inside us.

Some one will undertake, one day, to study the lengths to which primitive civilizations are forced to go to blow off the same amount of steam that we sophisticated moderns let escape into a popular election. Take India. The Ganges has no ballot-boxes. When neighbors want to have a time of it, they light bonfires in the streets. Nautch-girls dance around the tom-toms, stamping to the rumble as it gathers speed. Roman candles whistle through an evening sky. They call it Shab-i-barat. They try to feel that it is all a very sacred matter for the Moslem Church, and they assert that overhead the gods are weighing human deeds and crediting each mortal with his just deserts.

It is the same determined effort.

But because among the things he lacks the Moslem has no national politics, he seeks an outlet for his surplus interest in the skies. We have no Shab-i-barat in America, we are much too modest for the nautch-girls; but we like the smell of powder and the crackle of a burning speech, and on occasions we assert that our own gods, the little democratic gods who constitute the regulars and mark their ballots straight, are weighing human deeds and crediting each party with its proper standing.

It is more or less the mode, these days, for those of us who have cut our eye-teeth to look a little warily upon the tactics of professional campaigners. Heaven bears witness we are justified. Years of disillusionment have taught us caution; there is a vast amount of make-believe in an election. We start off with two party platforms. Each has its measure of sincerity, its own quota of conviction; but only the yearlings take those programs at face-value nowadays, or believe them to be other than brave scrambles in hot June committee-rooms to whip together all that looks attractive. It is part of the game that the ins should always point with pride, the outs look gloomily at near disaster. It is likewise part of the game, and recognized as such, that

both ins and outs should promise more in four short years than both of them could do in any eight by joining forces. It is characteristic of our attitude toward all campaigns that we do not take affront at this. The simplest partizan is ready to admit that there are sections of his party's credo whose sole purpose is to drag the net for voters.

This time it has been Cleveland's turn to point with pride, New York's to view affairs as badly managed. It will be easy to point out that both conventions have said many things they do not think and pledged themselves to much that cannot be accomplished. It will be easy to look ahead another month and see what lies in store for us when the campaign gets under way. We shall have, this time, more startling charges of corruption and more attempts to muddy names than any Presidential contest has had in many years. We shall have the same swift flood of oratory that pours nonsense through the country as the campaign gathers speed. We shall have fresh proof that what we call "opinion" is a coating of thin phrases wrapped about a core of whims. We shall see sensation riding rough-shod over sober fact. And in the end, when all of it is over, we shall witness people going to the polls to settle with a single cross a score of controversial issues less than half of which have been so much as brought up for discussion in the course of the campaign,—to come away again with what illusion they can salvage, that through this simple ceremony they are governing themselves.

That is one way of looking forward to the campaign as it starts this month. It is not the only way, nor is it necessarily the best one; for it singles out the politics of a Presidential contest for

more than their right quota of attention. After all, in these affairs of ours, we do more than choose between the two alternatives presented to us in convention. We enjoy ourselves. And in our own loose-jointed fashion we affirm again our union as a nation.

§ 2

I met one time a man who spent an Easter Sunday in the isle of Crete.

He found the Greek Church interesting not only for its ritual, but for its congregation. At the end of a long service, Easter morning, the male members of the audience whipped revolvers from their trousers pockets, and when the priest cried, "Christ is risen!" sent a sudden volley through the ceiling of the church.

It was their way, he took it, of indicating pleasure at the news, and from the incident he brought home with him a conviction that the Cretans are a more enthusiastic race than we Americans, whose top-notch show of Easter spirit is rolling eggs across the White House lawn. He had his point, but what he overlooked, perhaps, was the poverty of alternatives in his provincial island. Crete had no Broadway; it had no Coney Island, no base-ball teams, no family cars, no Hollywoods. A few shots through the roof on Easter morning had to cover lots of ground.

Nothing in our own country, certainly, has come on at such a pace in recent years as the determined organization of amusement. Keeping people entertained has taken its place as the foremost industry in America. A good part of the great motor industry deserves listing there, the whole of the motion-picture industry; the great string of theaters, golf links, dance-halls, major leagues and minor leagues,

stadiums, radios, and roller-coasters spreading through the land. More time, capital, and ingenuity are invested in giving people places to make dates than putting roofs above their heads. And one result has been to take a certain edge of interest from political affairs.

There is no doubt that campaigns face a new and enervating competition. Thirty years ago, when only the larger cities of the country made a specialty of entertainment, a Presidential contest came nearer serving us as Easter serves the Cretans, and Shab-i-barat helps the Moslems through the day's routine. It came along to break a peace that had n't a fraction of the interruptions life boasts nowadays. In those days the farmer's wife was n't tuning in on all the Presidents she wanted with a few twists of a gutta-percha knob. The small town merchant had n't bought a rubber-tired chariot to tour the country, looking for adventure. Main Street had n't yet begun to blink with bill-boards advertising Broadway stars at cut-rate moving-picture prices. Golf was still a game to jeer at, played by bankers in the magazines. Saturday evening, for a town along the border-line of six or seven thousand people, meant a jog with Dobbin through the park or a foursome settling down to see what could be done with Flinch. Those were the days when a campaign burst upon the quiet order of affairs, to touch off all the stored-up thrill that now seeps into twenty different avenues of entertainment. Those were the days of torch-light parades and columns of red fire, of hot assaults on soap-box orators and jeers for anybody rash enough to hint that any given question had two sides. From the bright days

of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" to the first great onward rush of William Jennings Bryan, the Presidential campaign had a claim on public interest which it is scarcely due to reassert in the face of present competition. There is a spurt of interest when conventions gather. A Roosevelt can catch hold of popular imagination and lead it back to politics to stay, but even a Roosevelt shares the stage with new and lively interests.

It is perhaps idle, for this reason, to lament that people seem to care less for affairs of state than they cared a generation earlier. We have too much in other worlds than politics to keep our interests eager. In New York a state assemblyman brings in a bill to set the church bells ringing and blow the fire whistles on days of primary elections. People simply do not vote in primaries. It is a sign of the times that at least one citizen is ready to use the hook-and-ladder company to get them to the polls.

Certainly we can no longer say that a campaign marks the culmination of a long string of giant crackers exploding on an Independence Day. The White House on the wireless will soon be commonplace. The youngster on his father's farm grows bored, and whirls the knob—picks up a battery of saxophones broadcasting from Havana.

§ 3

It is probably true that any affair which summons a whole nation to take a hand together, whether for a holiday or for such a venture as a Presidential contest, is bound to reveal certain traits of national character in the way that it is managed. Possibly it is a side-light on respective national customs, for example, that the same April 1

which is celebrated by the Hindus with the Huli dances should be the occasion in America for stuffing chocolate creams with pepper, calling fire companies on false alarms, and pulling chairs from under people when they make a show of sitting down. In the same manner, and with corresponding interest from the point of view of social codes, we have progressed in our own characteristic fashion from primitive ideas of Christmas, Hallow'een, and February valentines. Campaigns are similar adventures in mass interest. It is likely that in the same way they hold a mirror up to our ideas.

For though it is true that the business of electing Presidents no longer bulks as large in popular imagination as it did a generation ago, a good deal that is most characteristic of us as a nation may still find a way of coming to the top. For one thing, there is our relish for superlatives. We are strong partizans of best and biggest. We like circus tents. We have no end of shows that tour the country in the summer-time. Each one of them, with our approval, boasts itself the best and biggest show on earth. We like rapid transit; our transportation systems are the best and biggest in the world. Our sky-scrappers are the tallest buildings built by man; our locomotives and our hippodromes, our wheat crops and our fire-engines, are the biggest locomotives, hippodromes, wheat crops, and fire-engines ever. "There 's the State University," they will tell you in some bustling town. "Seven thousand students, and growing all the time. When it 's got four thousand more, it 's going to be the biggest in the country."

We like superlatives, and our campaigns bear witness to our pleasure.

This is not a "bad" Republican administration which finishes its four-year term in 1924; in the councils of the Democratic party it is the "worst" administration in the history of the country. This is not a "good" moment to pick a candidate like Mr. Coolidge; for the Republicans it is a "critical" moment in the affairs of man. Campaigns are fought with what discrimination can be squeezed from words like "gravest," "grandest," "truest," "hardest," "driest," "finest." Issues are always "fundamental." Party wastes are "bacchanalian," candidates are "statuesque." If the day comes when the voter is not offered a chance once more to choose between "a second Lincoln" and the greatest Democrat since Andrew Jackson left the scene, then America is not our name.

Again, it is sometimes said of us by those who try to list our characteristics that as a nation we like speed. Our office lunches and our business deals, our daily dozens and suburban trains, all run on schedule with the closest of connections. And at the same pace we manipulate our national elections. We can take a "dark horse" who is little known two weeks before convention time, and bring him to the front as rapidly as circus tents are pitched on summer mornings; we can drive our campaigns with the speed of military expeditions. Candidates either tour the country on express trains, keeping dinner dates on two successive evenings six or seven hundred miles apart; or, if their tactics call for staying home to run a "porch" campaign, delegations gallop into town and out of town again, from all points of the compass, like excursionists intent on doing the Grand Cañon. New issues, meantime,

can arise and be forgotten in two weeks. Results, unlike the leisurely procedure in a land like England, are tallied up at such a clip that newspapers in New York are flashing red or yellow signals long before the voting on the coast is done. Here, once more, we find expressed that spirit which exults in twenty-story buildings rising overnight where yesterday was just a hole—the spirit of mammoth furnaces in the Allegheny Hills that clamor greedily for ore dug far away in Minnesota and rushed from earth to polished steel; of iron cities hammered out in one short generation from little frontier towns with trading-posts and forts.

Nor is that all. There is another way in which the Presidential campaign finds us comfortably at home. Interpreters of our America tell us we are a lonely nation in a certain sense, having lost in our vast distances and the tall tiers of our sky-scraper cities that sense of “living in a neighborhood” which was true of us in colonial days, and is still true of older nations. It is for this reason, we are told, that we have witnessed in late years so many heroic efforts of the “get-together” kind, so swift a development of all manner of fraternal orders that most of us are paying dues to something nowadays for the satisfaction of “belonging.” Elks, Moose, Masons, Daughters of Rebecca, Ladies of the Eastern Star—these are attempts, they tell us, to recover something of that old-time sense of having neighbors which we left behind us years ago.

Certainly, when it comes to politics, our campaigns reflect this sense of hunting for home ties. It is the chief business of a campaign manager in these days to create a sense of neigh-

borly affection for his candidate. Hence these pictures of the man surrounded by his children, the man engaged in mowing hay, the man with one arm raised to pitch a base-ball at the opening of the season, the man in denim overalls to milk his cow. So indispensable to political success is this aura of familiarity that the first stage in the business of electing Mr. Coolidge, months ago, when he followed Mr. Harding into office, was an attempt to picture him as human as the rest of us. Columns of newspaper copy spread denials of the story that Coolidge was an iceberg, began to paint him just an average fellow with his neighbors, “Cal,” not Calvin, to the cobbler in the corner store. It was inevitable that this should be the first act in the undertaking. No other country in the world puts half our emphasis on “personalities.” Having lost touch in so large a measure with our neighborhoods, we insist on recreating contact when we vote. We are a lonely people; hence we fancy even village gossip. There is never a campaign in which some rumor about the private life of at least one of our Presidential candidates does not sweep the land like prairie fire.

§ 4

This is no moment when the bosses take us into camp. There is enough of our own folklore in the way we choose a President to stamp the process pretty much our own. Despite their bombast and their make-believe, their shibboleths and party strife, the net effect of these campaigns of ours may be a closer fusion of our interests. The least that can be said for them is that they emphasize the traits we have in common.

It was, in fact, no partizan of Tammany, but the distant and impeccable Viscount Bryce, who suggested that without campaigns we 'd have less union in a badly disunited country. He held no brief for campaign tactics on their own score. The "machine," he asserted, had demoralized American politics and made them sordid. It had put power in the hands of a small oligarchy. But, for all that, "it had also steadied the working of government over a vast country wherein are many diverse elements, by giving an authoritative solidity to popular majorities." Campaigns fall a long way short of an adventure in self-government. "But party organization has done much to unify the people of the United States and make them homogeneous: for it has brought city and country, rich and poor, native American and Old World immigrant into a common allegiance, which has helped them to know, and taught them to coöperate with, one another."

Doubtless that was written optimistically. You cannot put these things in literal terms, and picture the Old World immigrant coöperating with the vice-president of a bond house. And yet the impetus of our campaigns is very likely in the direction which seemed to Viscount Bryce the fact most interesting about them a dozen years ago. We are a nation with more joints than ligaments. It is a curious bundle of tissues that ties us into any sort of union. Here is a strand or two

of something that might be called a common sense of freedom; not freedom in the sense of something well achieved, perhaps, but, unlike older nations, freedom from the dead. Here and there is another strand; this one our devotion to the rites of base-ball; here and there the talk of shop. Something, too, in a common sense of what is funny and what noble. Certain nations get a sense of oneness from the institution of a king: in America we have the comic strip. It is certainly some sort of social mortar for us that the Boston banker and the newsboy in the Cleveland public square can both take pleasure in the rolling-pin of *Mrs. Jiggs*.

Unity is one point, then, which ought not be neglected when we start to talk about campaigns. Somewhat more than *Mrs. Jiggs*, somewhat less than *Huckleberry Finn*, these summer carnivals of ours awaken consciousness in the fact we are a nation. It is true that they arouse less fervor than we threw into them a few years ago. It is likewise true that what we call self-government is often listening to a large amount of talk and making one small cross on paper with a pencil in November.

Still, that is a closely prisoned view of what we start again this warm July. India has Shab-i-barat underneath a Moslem sky. With hopes as high as they have been before, and doubtless will be many times again, America sets out for an election.

Adventures of Andrew Lang

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

THERE was a time when talk down in Patagonia ran largely on Andrew Lang. Not Lang the gentle essayist and scholar whose writings reveal absolute integrity of heart, but another Lang, a soft-voiced, smoothly spoken Lang; a Lang who was a favorite with the ladies in Bahia Blanca; a Lang who somehow left rougher men disgusted and miserably uncomfortable.

Yet, while Lang's operations were crooked and his field was extended from Bahia Blanca to Punta Arenas and up the west coast to Ancud, it never seemed possible to put the finger of certitude upon him, so as to say, with condemnatory assurance, "Lang, of this you were guilty." Nevertheless, some called him bush-ranger and some called him thief, according to the language of the place from which they came, from Australia or from the Falkland Islands, but none called him friend. For all that, he was not refused hospitality when he rode down to this shepherd's house or that, for in Patagonia no man turns another from his door, though sometimes the encounters had startling results.

Even Jock of Arran, shepherd thin and wiry, who had mused long and deep in his Highland dourness, Jock who lived in a shanty by Laguna Blanca, failed to turn Lang away, to

his sorrow. At the time Jock, his day's riding being finished and his horse on the *soga* in the *vega* for the night, was pacing back and forth before his house, playing "Flowers o' the Forest" on his bagpipes, so was not aware of Lang's approach until the rider was almost at the corral. The rider drew rein to pass a word or so, flung the corner of his blue-cloth poncho over his right shoulder, displaying the bright-scarlet lining, then made a cigarette deftly.

Jock took in the man at a glance, the lofty indifference of him, his corded riding-breeches, his spurred boots, his yellow-leather belt, his broad-brimmed hat set on his head at a slight angle, then opened his mouth to say something which he left unsaid.

"I was sair ta'en wi' the finery o' the *mac na veitch*," explained Jock long afterward. "Gin I opened my mouth to speak a word, he was off his horse and had the pipes under his oter an' was skirlin' like a good ane. An' he had the Gaelic, too, fine."

For Lang was an adept with the bagpipes, as he was with the violin, and Jock's defenses broke down when the wild music filled the hills, strathspey following reel, Lang's fingers dancing merrily over the chanterholes, and the fluttering gay ribbons whipping prettily about the drones. So Jock watered Lang's horse, then

ransacked his grub-box and made supper, and they feasted well on fried mutton and bread and Danish butter and black coffee, after which Lang produced a bottle of whisky, at which Jock's last wall of separation went down. So Lang told tales of life in Australia, and Jock became characteristically engrossed, asking quick, eager questions. Later at night Lang produced five dice and taught Jock the fascinating game called "Chicago," playing for matches, and luck so favored the shepherd that in a short while a little heap of sticks, representing gains, lay at Jock's elbow.

"If," observed Lang, presently, as he leaned back to send a thin thread of cigarette smoke straight upward, "we had been playing for money, say for centavos, with each match a cent, you would have won a month's wages."

By way of answer, Jock observed that he had always been lucky in things in general, and went on to advance instances to prove his statement. Then he said that he was saving his earnings to the end that some day he might go to Montana, though what Lang had told him had caused him to look upon Australia as a land of fairer promise. As he spoke he threw again, casting three aces and two sixes, while Lang, on his part, had nothing but a scattered record; so Jock, who had bet heavily in matches in the ardor of the play, won a considerable stake. Yet while he was pleased at his success, that pleasure was tempered by the reflection that he had but won that which, after all, belonged to him, and he made remark to that effect. For answer, Lang gallantly said that he was not one of those who thought money to be all important, and lightly expressed a wish that the play had

been for gold, so that Jock might, because of his favoring fortune, be nearer his expected goal.

"If you care to play a round or two for money—" said Lang, when he was interrupted by Jock, who had a flash of worldly wisdom.

"Gin we start at the first," answered Jock, "countin' all these," and he indicated the heap of matches representing his gain. Then he nodded his head several times, as one who issued a challenge.

Lang laughed, and praised Jock's forethought, but said that the proposition was not unfair, seeing that Jock was the host. So the matches were counted, and it was discovered that Lang had already lost a considerable amount in pesos Argentine, which Jock translated into English money and discovered to be eight pounds and some odd shillings; whereupon both men drank brandy, and Lang, the spirit of true sport uppermost in him, set upon the table gold and silver, taking it from a well filled bag. Again they threw, and again Lang took money from his bag. Thereupon Jock grew both wise and resolute, and went into the little bedroom, returning with a black cash-box that contained money of many nationalities, gold coins both Chilean and Argentine, American five-dollar gold pieces, gramme coins from San Sebastian, English sovereigns, and silver, too. Into the box he placed his winnings, leaving on the table only a small amount. Then, as he clicked the box shut, he said that he had determined that, being a certain amount ahead, he would stay so.

Andrew Lang leaned back in his chair and sighed a little.

"I think," he said very quietly, speaking with precision, "that it makes

things more interesting if no narrow limit is put upon possible winnings." He took from his belt then a silver-plated revolver and laid it on the table, not at all ostentatiously, but playfully. "It is your turn to throw, Jock," he added somewhat commandingly.

From that moment fortune deserted Jock, perhaps because of the superior skill of his opponent, perhaps because he was somewhat disconcerted by the sight of the revolver that glittered in the candle-light; for firearms were an abomination to him. From whatever cause, he played and played and played, with no sustaining upward movement to cheer him, until he had not only lost his gains, but, in an effort to recover, lost also the money in the black box and the black box itself, as well as his race-horse and his gear, a new silver-mounted bit, a guanaco *capa*, and a bull-hide *lazo*; nor at midnight had he anything of value left with which to continue the play.

But Lang generously restored to him the black tin box, though not the money; then consoled him with words, saying that all had been done in fair play and that no animosity should rest between them because of the caprices of fortune, after which he rode away in the moonlight. But sad as was the experience for Jock, he was not alone in it, for many others had similar tales to tell.

§ 2

Take the miserable business at St. Julian again. A dirty piece of work, no doubt, but yet all things seemed to combine to make what happened appear perfectly natural, almost inevitable indeed. There was the *boliche*, a desperate enough kind of

grog-shop about which potential trouble generally hung like a threatening cloud; for in such a place, given a couple of drink-maddened Gauchos, all murder-primed by the beastly concoction of equal parts of alcohol and water to which a little burned sugar has been added, and you have the possibility of trouble in the flash of an eye. But things were quiet, sad quiet, melancholy quiet on the December day when Lang rode up to the place, for it was shearing-time, and men were busy on the *estancias*, Sundays excepted, when they were too tired to booze. So Lang hailed Sweeney, the proprietor, who shuffled out in his *alpargates*, a shock-headed figure, his red eyes blinking at the light. Sweeney, be it said, was an Englishman, a most pernicious rascal who had had his schooling and whose boyhood days were spent in Windermere; but he had descended into hell that he might rise again with gold—into a hell of debauchery and of vice and of sensuality.

The Sweeney *boliche* was called the Shepherd's Rest, and it was one of those places where, by reason of the vileness of the induced trade, it became necessary at times for the proprietor to fortify himself, as it were. That is to say, if the would-be drinker seemed to be of a kind in whom the brute is aroused by the poison swallowed, he was not admitted into the bar-room. Instead, doors were closed, and he was served through a little barred aperture so long as money was forthcoming or he could stand on his feet to drink; but his means being exhausted or his drinking capacity met, he was persuaded to leave, often at the revolver's point. Nor was all the precaution unnecessary, for otherwise

the dispensing sinner might be awarded the wages that he merited, knowing the evil of death with pain.

So, when Andrew Lang dismounted, his first words were those of warning, for, at the foot of the Gran Bajo, he said, he had passed two Gauchos, each with a *tropilla* of fine horses, and both were certainly headed that way. Lang and Sweeney, then, having passed into the house, the latter barred his doors, both front and rear, and then the two sat and waited, smoking and talking the while.

One Gaucho arrived some ten minutes before the other, but both rode like the wind, both turned *tropillas* of sleek-skinned horses into the *vega*, both dropped from their horses as lightly as a bird flutters to the ground, both greedily smoked cigarettes when approaching the *boliche*.

Thus far, then, all was regular, proper, and as expected. The Gauchos sat apart, drank a *copa* or two of *aguadiente*, talked a little. What was not regular was the work of Lang, who had stepped outside by the rear door and fraternized with the men; for soon the phlegmatic Gauchos were phlegmatic no longer, but rather inclined to quarrel about so small and unimportant a matter as how many black rocks should be seen in the pass below Cabeza del Mar before it was safe to cross. Speaking in a kind of self-deprecatory way, Lang said that for his part he did not dare to make the attempt until the tide had fallen so low that six rocks might be counted. A man's courage and his horsemanship, he thought, might be measured by the chances he took, but he was of a timid race. For his part, time permitting, and neither Gaucho nor gentlemen were ever pressed for time,

a ride of twenty miles around Cabeza del Mar was more pleasant than an attempt to cross the pass with the tide running out strongly.

Hearing that, the light of conscious superiority shone in the eyes of Jesus Gonzales, and there was a note of triumphant modesty in his declaration that he had always ventured down the *barranca* when three rocks showed. At that, Santiago of the black beard, who was squatted on the ground, looked closely at a hole at the ankle of his *potro* boot, looked at a black speck in the sky that was a wheeling condor, looked at a tree across the *vega* over Gonzales's head as if Gonzales was invisible, then said that while it clearly behooved a gringo *caballero* to be cautious, any Gaucho of courage should cross when the first black tip appeared above the water. He himself had driven a *menada* across with the water no lower. His voice dropped then, and he seemed to be holding communion with a blue-tinted stone which he had pried from the soft earth with the point of his knife, as he said in an undertone, half whispered, that there were men from the North who called themselves Gauchos who required a bridge or a ship before they dared to cross a pass, so fearful of water were they. At that Gonzales, though he made as if he had not heard, took his *facon* and stabbed it deep into the *palenque* by which he stood, then wrenched it out again, and raucously sang two lines from the song which begins, "Many men have I seen die."

It was at that point that Lang did most irregular things, the circumstances considered, for, saying that only men of blow-broth bluster feared drink, and that he respected the man

who could master his bottle, he went to the little barred aperture and brought forth three fat-bellied blue bottles, full of fiery drink; at least two of them certainly were, so that each Gaucho had his bottle.

Then there was drinking and laborious discourse about the pass below Cabeza del Mar, one Gaucho listening with insult in his eyes while another talked, with Lang now and then interjecting a word that seemed to fan the anger flames, and at last the two men came down to particularities.

"Look you!" said Santiago to Lang, and not heeding Gonzales, who leaned against the *palenque*. "Here, let us say, is the road leading to Cabeza del Mar, while this line that I make is the other road that branches across the bog-land to the pass."

As he spoke, he scratched out a rough plan on a place tramped bare by many hoofs, using the point of his thin-bladed and keen *facon* by way of pencil, squatted on his heels the while, leaning lightly on his brown and nervous left hand, which was not more than six inches from the feet of Gonzales.

Gonzales took a deep drink, an eye bent on Santiago, then he said:

"Think you that I am a fool to be thus shown? A thousand times I have crossed the place." Another drink followed the outburst.

But Santiago went on, pretending not to have heard the interruption.

"And here," said he—"here, on this side, is the trail leading to Romero and past Pozos de la Reina." He was very explicit, very careful in his markings out.

Gonzales laughed harshly and made a noise like a *carancho*.

"Let me cut your tale short," he

said, "lest I tire of your talk and cut your chattering tongue out," then stooped, *facon* in hand. At the base of the diagram he slashed a wild mark all of three feet long. "Thus runs the sea, the straits. And over here is Laguna Blanca. No?" There was another vicious slash. "And where I now point are the three black rocks." At the words, with clenched teeth and a grunt, he drove the point of his knife through the left hand of Santiago as it rested on the ground, pinning it fast. Then with a roar: "You fool! Why leave your hand thus in danger on the picture?" and withdrew his knife to point with it to the spiriting blood fountain.

In an instant Santiago was on his feet; a single movement seemed to suffice. For the briefest moment the two Gauchos stood, their eyes darting red hate, their *facons* quivering strangely. Then they leaped together, leaped apart again, and what mischief was done was hidden by their bodies, but while Santiago pressed his opponent, Gonzales fell back shrieking, and his shirt suddenly became bright red, a rapidly spreading stain that fell in a broad streak over his thigh and down his leg to his *potro* boot. But despite his fury of pain, the savage man animal in him was uppermost. As Santiago leaped at him, he dropped on one knee, looked up, then rose, stabbing upward as he did so, so that the blade took Santiago in the throat, under the chin, and he went to earth, his scarlet-stained left hand feebly trying to pluck away the knife. For a flash of time Gonzales kept his feet, swaying the while, his face distorted with a strange grin; then he fell heavily across the body of his enemy, and there was an end to both of them.

"It was their own affair entirely," said Lang to Sweeney as he picked up one of the knives, a silver-handled one, and wiped the blade clean on a dead man's poncho. "I suppose that the best thing to do will be to sell the horses somewhere in Chilean territory, for they are certainly astray without an owner."

And that is what was done, for Lang, with a Finlander from Sinclair's place helping, drove the *tropillas* down to San Gregorio, where such as were not sold en route at advantageous prices were shipped aboard a three-masted schooner and taken to Ancud.

Those who heard of it, and the news flew far, counted it a dirty piece of work; but, after all, of a piece with all of Lang's operations, and one of which it could *not* be said, "Lang, of this you were guilty."

§ 3

I came into contact with Lang some time later, and before I had heard anything of his doings or his reputation. Indeed, at the time of the St. Julian affair I was first mate on board the *Sea-gull*, trading between the Malvinas and Monte Video, very displeased with my job and seeing nothing to admire in the sparkle of the sea and the trimness of sail and spar and line, but hankering very much indeed for a shore life, dreaming of twilight fields and cottages made glorious with crimson bloom. Because of that, when we dropped anchor abreast of the coal hulk at Punta Arenas, it was heigh ho! for the new life and the way to a hearth of my own.

With money in pocket and good clothes on my back, there was a holiday play at being a gentleman of leisure, for I had a sweetheart with

whom I weaved new fabrics from the threads of old romance; but our skeins grew tangled, and, presently, I had neither money nor maid, nor was I a day's march nearer the hearth and the crimson-twined cottage.

Then, in unhappy mood on a bright, warm, sunny day I came to Domange's place near the mole, a place where jobless men and others not of the spending or possessing class gathered, and it was filled with a talking, laughing, drinking crowd, some telling bawdy tales, here and there one or two sitting apart, very sullen, making idols of their grief. Following the custom of the country, I threw down some money and called on the bartender, a dirty fellow in a torn shirt, to give all who chose to drink what was called for, and, not to appear unsociable, I fell to drinking with the rest. Others, not to be outdone in that kind of hospitality, also called for drink, and before long, what with my low spirits and my empty stomach, my head grew dizzy, and I found myself saying irresponsible things, so I sought the dining-room of the place, a fly-infested and foul-aired room, and there ate what was set before me until my brain grew clear again.

By that train of events I came to join the crew of the *Irene*, my shipmates being Big Bill, Olin of Sandefjord, and Andrew Lang, owner of the craft, and for the next two days quite forgot my woes, being busy stowing the cargo aboard our little ship. Nor was it much of a craft, for it carried nothing more than a jib-and-mainsail rig, and the cabin was so small that it held only two bunks, so that sitting in it the four of us were more closely crowded than are four who sit in the cross-seats of an interurban car, while

if we stood, our heads were above the deck level, the hatch being removed.

Five months in all we were on that cruise, going about the archipelago on the west coast of Patagonia, sometimes working our way up uncharted fiords which ended in great, beryl-blue glaciers; sometimes fighting for our very lives night and day in fiercest gales, with sleet and snow chilling our blood; sometimes toiling at the oars as we towed the *Irene* up channels, through yellow-green valleys; sometimes landing on islands of barren hills, and again where were tall and stately trees. But always, always with the same end in view we went, and those we met and traded with were the poorer for our visit; so that as I write, I am ill at ease at the remembrances that come crowding. Indeed, there were times when a native, unsuspecting of evil, setting too high a value on that which he had and for which Lang offered a price, swiftly fell a victim to commercialism rampant; for the quiet Lang had a way with him, and, moreover, held that those of dark skin were no more than cumberers of the earth. In time I grew more hardened, but a picture of the first man I saw shot down from behind, with no chance to defend himself, will not fade, and memory has not become time-blunted. One moment he was there, a fellow with splendid bronze limbs and chest, his white teeth bared in pleasurable anticipation of the joy in possession of the handful of biscuits and the lumps of sugar that were set on a rock, and another moment he was nothing recognizable, an ugly, writhing thing in its death throes, coughing, and spitting blood. Nor can I forget the hate that filled me when Lang stepped forward

smiling, his smoking revolver in his hand.

"He 's dead," he said, carefully polishing the silvered barrel on his sleeve. He was quiet, indifferent, almost negligent, and thrust a booted foot at the body. Then he picked up the sealskin for which the Indian had been bartering, and flung it into the boat with a careless gesture. "Things are to be had cheaply if you only avoid sentimentality," he added, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

I wanted to curse him, to fight him, to kill him. Instead, I did nothing, being choked and blinded by a rush of blood to my brain. But when Lang turned to walk away, I cursed and cried out incoherently in a violent rage, at which Lang looked at me with an expression of assured self-confidence.

Five months of trading, then, there were, when, by fair means and foul, we had acquired much, and our little hold was packed with treasure, so that we could count ourselves rich. Seal-skins we had, skins of otter, plumage of rare birds, and pelts of the silver fox, rhea feathers, rubies, gold-dust, and many other things.

"All for woman," said Lang one day as he rolled up the soft guanaco skins that had been torn from the unborn young. "Gentle creatures, women. Soft-hearted and kind and passive. For woman, the dangerous beast, we do all this."

Again I was dumb under a tremendous invasion of anger, and stood with fists clenched, capable of nothing more than a mute gesture. Lang noticed me, and he smiled his cold smile.

"I have an extraordinary persuasion that you do not like me," he said. "It is unfortunate, because we may become involved in disputes."

The next morning we were homeward bound, and that evening dropped anchor by Herrick Island, with foul weather threatening. It was an unpromising place, for between us and the land were jagged, pointed rocks, and the island itself on that side presents the appearance of a mountain rising straight from the sea. So we were in a gloomy place, made gloomier by the dark clouds that came rolling over the hilltop. But the tide was against us, and we could not get out of the channel.

Then the southwester came, and so all night and the next day and the next night too we lay there, fuming and fretting, cooped together in that narrow space. They were long hours of acute physical wretchedness, of stuffiness, of sleeplessness, of cold and wet in a leaping, pitching, rolling little ship, and, banded together as we were, we grew to hate one another as needs must men who are too closely and long confined. We were full of bitter and dark thoughts, and became almost open enemies, nor was there gleam of sun to brighten our day, while the ceaselessly moaning wind and the buffeting waves dulled our brains. So we looked away to the black mountain masses that stood against a slaty sky, or to windward over the white and foaming sea, anywhere so that no man should see his fellow's face. For hours on end we were silent, crushed by the thrilling torture of turbid sea and sleet-laden wind, and each knew in his heart that a word might open the way to railing and to quarrel.

After fifty hours of monstrous disorder, of a witches' confusion of wind, and stinging hail and dashing spray and shrieking cordage and violent

motion, there came a happening that stands out in my memory. Olin, bearded and ruddy of face, his hair wind-blown, sat in the bows, unheeding the frothing foam that leaped aboard to swirl down the deck. Crouched low by the mast, leaning on his elbow, his teeth gripping an empty pipe was Big Bill, wet to the skin, his sou'wester fastened under his chin. Lang lay in his bunk reading the only book aboard, while I, very miserable, sat by the lashed tiller, looking at the sapphire-green seas that ceaselessly rolled on us. Once or twice I had tried to nerve myself to make a pannikin of coffee on the little cabin stove, but when I essayed to move, a surly unwillingness to do anything for the others came over me.

Presently Olin slid on his hams down the deck to where Big Bill lay. He twitched his beard, I noticed, and the action reminded me of that of a boy who might evince friendliness while half expecting to be repulsed for his advances. When he spoke, his tone seemed almost ingratiating.

"Say, Bill, what are you goin' to do with your share?" he asked, in a deadened voice. "I mean when the time comes to divide up. Goin' to quit this hellish life, eh? This sea life?"

Bill pondered awhile, as was his way.

"Me?" he said slowly, and peered into the gathering gloom. "Don't know as I ever thought about it. Don't know as I ever did. When you spoke, I was thinkin' of a woman in Galveston who makes the best coffee and doughnuts I ever tasted. Anyway, I suppose I'll do what I always done. Get on a booze, an' ship again when I'm busted. 'T is always like that. Yet I been mate an' stevedore

boss an' can run a gang of men, but can't run meself, like. Looks that way. Never learned how to run my own self. That 's it."

"Well, we 'd better quit all this," said Olin, indicating the seafaring life in general by slapping the mast. "I 'm goin' to ship no more. It 's the land life for me. It 'll be good-by and fare you well for me when I 'm out of this."

For sheer hunger of companionship I had moved over a little closer to them, and Lang had put his book aside and was standing up in the cabin, with his elbows on the edge of the hatchway, his chin resting on his arched wrists. Seeing Lang appear, Olin's friendliness collapsed visibly for a moment. But it was for a moment only. He pulled himself together and went on with what he had been saying.

"Everything 's a muddle, and I 'm tired of it all. The Master of the world seems to be a careless captain and don't reward right and don't punish. He does n't prick out His chart nor keep a straight course, Bill. And me, I made a mess of my life, I did. 'Cause why? Just this. I always took the way that seemed easiest, and in the long run the easiest way is the hardest, you 'll find. What a man ought to do is to learn to boss himself. That 's what he ought. Well, I 'm going to straighten out my own life and belong to myself from now on."

Lang interrupted then with:

"A sheer misconception, that last, Olin. Fellows such as you are born to obey, are born for those who know what they want."

There was a moment's silence. Over Lang's shoulder I saw Olin's face and the threatening frown that clouded

it. Then all went into darkness as a white-topped wave broke over us. Presently Olin took up his tale.

"I 'm goin' to make a new start when I get ashore," he said. "I 'll patch up matters with my wife. Anyway, I guess I was in the wrong, and if I was n't, what am I to judge? But I got suspicious, I did. And perhaps I wanted to get away, for married life 's mighty trying on a man who has been at sea. Still, that wife o' mine was a trim little woman. Graceful she was as a ship under full sail."

"She was that," agreed Big Bill, heartily. "She was what a man might call capable. Graceful, too, she was—graceful as a full-rigged ship under full sail, just as you said."

"Very pretty," put in Lang, at which Olin swore, but apparently at the weather or the island or the world. But that Lang did not heed, and went on, as if unconscious of the manifest resentment of the two men. "She was pretty and lively. You know, Olin, at Gallegos it struck me that she formed a touching contrast with the other women of the place; they all over-dressed, and all that sort of thing. She was much too fine for a fellow like you."

Olin brought his rugged face round so as to stare straight at Lang. His great, hairy hand went up and clutched his shirt at the breast. Almost he seemed like a lion about to leap. But he dropped his hand to the deck, gave a kind of growl, then fell to a round cursing of wind and weather. After a little he turned to Big Bill again.

"I 'll make it up to her," he said, his voice very husky and deep. "She was kind-hearted, Bill."

Again Lang spoke, and there was a mirthless smile on his lips and a note

of contempt in his voice. Yet though his words, taken in themselves were as nothing, they lit fires of anger in me.

"Very kind she was, as you say, Olin. Very kind indeed. I found her so. Kind and generous."

A vague foreboding had come over me, and with a start I realized that for some time I had not been aware of the amazing energy of the storm, also that we were shouting at one another. Bill had been growling wordlessly, but he broke off to strike the deck smartly with clenched fist.

"She was a decent lass, Olin," he declared. "And if ever I 'm lucky enough to get one like that, God help the man—" The sentence he left unfinished.

"Something seemed to come atween us," said Olin. "We started right, but something seemed to come atween. If I knew who."

For some time after that no one spoke. The trend of talk had set me thinking in a fragmentary way of my own future and my dream of a shore life, with a garden riotous with flowers. So occupied was I that it came with a shock to hear Lang's voice when he said:

"Olin, talking of your wife, little Marion, did you ever notice that queer brown spot, a birth-mark I suppose, that was just below her left breast?"

Then my heart ceased to beat for a moment of time, and the pain was as if a knife had been thrust into my chest. For a second Olin crouched where he was, staring at Lang, his chest heaving, his body slightly swaying. He drew a deep breath and swiftly passed his tongue over his lips. I saw his limbs stiffen, saw the flash of anger light up his eyes. Then, with

a sudden leap, he seemed to shoot through the air as a panther launches itself, and he dropped into the cabin beside Lang, roaring unintelligible things. There was the flash of a knife, an arm shot out, Lang's head ducked, and the blade struck the mast and bounded off into the sea. Then sharp rang the crack of a revolver, and Olin fell in a heap on the cabin floor, and all his resolves had come to naught.

Bill shouted something, tore off his sou'wester and cast it into the sea, scrambled down to the body of his shipmate, and then fell on his knees beside it, moaning and calling, "Olin, Olin!" Without knowing that I did it, I found myself fashioning a pillow from a blanket dragged from Lang's bunk.

"Not that! Not that!" said Bill, hoarsely, and pulled away the folded blanket, threw it overboard, and tore off his own coat for a pillow. So narrow was the cabin space that the feet of the dead man were entangled with the stove-legs; seeing which, Bill, in a passion of impatience, tore the stove from its moorings and threw it up on the deck. As he did that the lid of it came off, and, strangely enough, though there was all that sorrowful trouble, I remember watching it as it rolled half across the deck, curving to its fall at Lang's feet. For Lang then was on the deck and looking down at us. Then I found myself shaking, like one in a fever, and the thought came to me that Olin was, in a painless flash, freed from all the madness of life.

For a long time Bill worked about the dead man, patting his bearded face, composing his limbs, talking to him.

"Poor devil!" he said over and over again. "Poor, unlucky devil! And

you don't know nothing at all about it, you don't."

When the time came, Lang, unasked, gave us a hand to lift the heavy body out of the cabin to the deck, but when he offered to help us lash it in an old sail-cloth, Bill curtly bade him keep his hands off; whereupon Lang denounced him for an hysterical fool and went aft. After that we did not talk, but sat apart, each eying his fellow with sidelong glances, and as for me, I was malignant and revengeful, but vague as to plans.

With midnight there came a lessening of the wind, so we made an effort to get out of that hell hole. Lang, at the helm, handled the craft well in a ticklish place, while Bill and I stood by the sheets. There was a moment when it seemed as though we might not be able to make the passage, and the white, hungry foam at the foot of the black rocks appeared to rush at us obliquely and dangerously as we came about; but the little craft made it handsomely, and there was the unity of action born of a common peril, with each man knowing and doing his job, so we stood out on the next tack, and presently made the leeward side of the island, where things were considerably easier, then dropped anchor. Easier, to be sure, but there was no sleep for any of us that night, and the shrieking wind was like the scream of some spiteful demon.

§ 4

When morning broke, we lowered the *chatty* and laid the body of Olin in it for burial ashore; then Lang and Bill shoved off, leaving me to get things shipshape aboard, for there was a terrible mess to clean up, and we were all impatient to be gone from

there. The storm had blown itself out, and the island, grim and forbidding, could be seen indistinctly through a heavy haze. It was piercingly cold, and the sea looked like slate, sullen and melancholy and fearful, with long lanes of smooth, snaky brown kelp running as far as the eye could reach. Through that seaweed Lang and Bill had to cut a way, one hacking at the brown stems with a hatchet while the other kept the oars. I watched them until they disappeared in the mist, but caught never a word from either, and then, in sheer desperation at the desolation all about, went energetically to work, trying to get the blood-stains from the planks, scouring and cleaning, folding Olin's things up, seeing to it that the lines were in running order, resetting the stove, and one thing and another. There was plenty to do for a while. But hour after hour passed, with no sign of the returning *chatty*.

The haze lifted about noon, and a cold sun came out, so that I could see the land, a mile or a little less away, and a dismal prospect it was, what with its dusky woods, its sandy shore, and its dark hills slashed with narrow valleys. But strain as I might, neither sign of boat nor men could I see, nor could I raise any answer to my hail, though each call brought a screaming chorus of a thousand seabirds. So, miserably passed the long day, and came night and a dead world, and in fearful anticipation I hung out the riding-light. Nor was there sleep, and in the black hours I crouched in the angle of the bows, finding friendliness only in the yellow light swinging above, not daring to peer into the dark lest I should clap eyes on the unutterable horror of Lang's white, staring

face. There were other gruesome imaginings.

With the dawn, chilled through and through so that I trembled, I launched the little canoe and paddled ashore. Sick with fear and loneliness, I could stay aboard no longer. Strange half-dreams and realities mingled, and hope itself very remote.

The drift of the tide took me far to the south of where, as I judged, the chatty had landed, but I pulled my canoe far up the beach, far above high-water mark, then set off to search for I knew not what. What with my low condition, my weariness and my hunger, walking soon became sad toil. Above high water there were bunchy grass tussocks in swampy land, and walking near the sea-line was worse, the sand being soft and yielding, so that at every step I went ankle deep. So I kept to the strip between grass-land and sand, though that was difficult, for it was scattered with tree-trunks washed bare, with other jet-sam, too; much of it. Once I stood, caught with interest at part of a packing-case which had drifted there, and the black stenciling could be faintly seen. I could make out the lettering,

Le Roy Frères

ANVERS

At that my mind fell to wondering what manner of happy man had done that printing in some far-away warehouse, and in my mind's eye I saw him at work, an aproned fellow, whistling as he worked, looking up now and then to glance through an open door at a vision of red-roofed houses. My mind found relief in playing with the idea, and I saw other aproned men, children, dogs, boxes, loungers, church-spires cutting the blue sky, the wonders of a city of ancient glory. Almost I heard

the noise of trade in the moaning of the sea, dream sounds of shouts and hammerings, of carts rattling over cobbled stones, faint church bells, snatches of songs. Then with a rush I came back to the primal things about me and felt the shadow of defeat.

At last I came across the tracks that I had sought. They crossed the path that I trod at right angles. Seaward the tide had obliterated all marks, and my mind grew busy with speculation when I saw no sign of the chatty. I clung to the hope that it explained the non-return of my shipmates, that by carelessness due to excitement they had left the boat where the tide had caught it and borne it away while they were inland. Thus, I had but to follow the trail and come upon them, and somehow we would make the ship again with the canoe. Hanging fast to that hope, I began to follow the trail, which led sharply uphill, and was clearly the trail of two men. Then signs multiplied, and I was cheered. Here, as I could plainly see, they had paused to rest, and the grass was crushed where they had set down the body. In another place where the earth was soft was the imprint of one of Bill's sea-boots, the heel very deep.

I had not pushed on more than two hundred yards in the thin forest when I came to the crest of the foot-hill, where I lost the trail, for the ridge top was rocky. But a little to the right of where I stood there was a thick growth of brush, much disturbed in one place. Going there, I found a steep place, and the grass had been much trampled and there were many footmarks on the soft earth. A step or so more and my foothold slipped from me and I went half falling, half sliding, but, clutching wildly at a

thorny bush, checked myself, scrambling to gain a toe-hold in a rush of loose earth, aware that below me was a fall of sheer depth. But my bush held well, and I found footing dangerously, then took firmer hold of my saving branch. And hanging thus, I looked down, not daring to take in the whole depth at a glance, but gradually, half seeking a way to climb down by a bush here, a ledge there, in case I could not regain the ridge because of the loose earth. So I saw at last the bottom of the valley, then dared to look straight down, and recognized the huddled white heap that had been Olin. But something else I saw, and, seeing, doubted my eyes. For another body lay there beside it, and by the red cap it wore I knew it to be Big Bill. He lay sprawled, his arms oddly extended, face downward, and between his shoulders stuck a knife. But carrion birds had found the bodies already.

I remember running along the ridge, but I have no recollection of clambering out of that place. But I went running on the back trail, sobbing and gesticulating as I went. I say I remember, because there was another man in me, one who was perfectly composed, and who wondered at my own madness of grief. Then there is a blank following a wild passion of weeping, during which I was in headlong flight down the hill. And again I found myself on the beach beside my canoe, with a noise and a whirling in my brain. For the little ship was under sail, and rounding the point near which I stood. I saw the white feathering water at the bows, saw Lang at the helm, saw him wave to me. And the breeze was fair, so that the *Irene* soon stood away on her course.

Now for more than three months I was upon that island, and only once did I dare to look at the bodies of my former shipmates to assure myself. The work of the birds that clawed and tore was too horrible. For sustenance, though I wanted little, I took such berries and eggs as I came across, and there were mussels to be had at low water, and mushrooms, and other edible fungi in the woods. Each day I climbed a hill from which I could see the strait while keeping my canoe in sight, and there for hours I sat watching in profoundest misery and despair. But it was not always so, for there were moments of happiness of a kind. There were days when the wind was still, the sky a cloud-flecked blue, and then, from my hilltop I could look down on a pear-shaped gulf to see a cliff that slanted steeply, so that my eye, guided by it, could follow into green, cool depths until it caught the sandy bottom, with great rocks of yellow and gray, saw sharply defined shadows, and here and there a gently waving garden of seaweed. Sometimes, down there, I saw little clouds arise as they were stirred by sea-creatures—clouds of sand which were held by the water, and it was of vast interest to watch them spread and slowly settle until the rocks showed again. Sometimes on a rock at the neck of the gulf a sea-lion would sit sunning, and its deep booming came like music. There were gulls, too, to watch, sometimes a great white albatross, sometimes a lone wheeling condor, like a lofty watcher.

One night I was awakened by the deep, grave hoot of a steam whistle, and for a while I did not get up, thinking it a dream. But a second hoot brought me to my feet, and I saw dots

of ruddy brightness and steady lights, and then the music of throbbing engines.

Those who have read Soro's book, "El Vellarino," may recall that part of the tenth chapter in which the story of the picking up of the castaway is told. As set down from the point of the historian, the details are bald and uninteresting. Indeed, the incident is brushed aside with this swift mention: "The look-out reported a man in a canoe, and the poor fellow was picked up and taken to Valparaiso. He was in terribly destitute state. By the generosity of one of the passengers he was fitted out with new clothes."

I was that castaway. It is true that the baldness of the narrative was due to what seemed my moroseness, my stupidity. But the fact is that I told nothing of my tale, because it was borne upon me that those who gathered to look at the sight of a rescued man imagined me to be crazed. Besides, they regarded me as a curiosity, and it is not well to be so regarded. And when some tried to perform acts of kindness, well meant, I felt myself breaking down, dismayed. Above all, I wanted to be alone. Later, when

I was calmer, I wanted to forget and, being pressed, dismissed the whole matter curtly with a lie, saying that I had been left behind inadvertently by a sealing outfit.

Then came the incident of the suit of clothes, paid for by that generous passenger. That was after my tale of the sealing outfit had been told and accepted. I wore the clothes for a couple of days, then traded them off for a suit of dungarees and other rough things, trading with the ship's carpenter. And this was the reason. One evening, one of the sailors pointed out to me the passenger who had paid for the things, and I looked up to the after-deck and saw him standing under the striped awning, laughing and talking with some ladies and looking at me incuriously—a pensive kind of man with a straight chin and gray eyes and well formed nose, a man graceful and well dressed.

Picture to yourself the utter impossibility of the crazed castaway denouncing that patrician of culture, that favored wealthy passenger on his honeymoon who was listened to with sympathetic and respectful silence, as Lang, bush-ranger and murderer. The notion is grotesque.

On Playing the Trombone

BY CHARLES S. BROOKS

WHAT is there about a trombone that persuades one to take it as a job? Surely its hot blast cannot be ranked as music. While the violin makes an easy flourish of the tune and runs about in pretty exercise, the trombone does no more than grunt alternately up and down, as if it got out of bed on the wrong side and were booing down the concert. It never flings itself into a happy chorus or lends a merry rhythm to the waltz, and even when *Isolde* dies it sits like a stolid toper at his beer. Untouched by higher feelings, it stands apart upon its selfish head and shakes itself to dry its watery gullet as if stricken with a quinsy. Hardly once is it allowed the tune either in tragedy or joy, and it merely fills the chinks of another's shrill emotion.

Nor has the trombone any domestic virtues. It is never asked to perform after dinner when company is about. Its raw crescendo in an hour of evening practice blows ashes from the hearth, and neither book nor checkers can hold attention. It never stretches its toes across the comfortable fender on a winter night to breathe a sentimental air. There is nothing cozy about a trombone.

Now and then, of course, like the meanest of God's creatures, trombones have their glorious moment, and I confess that there is nothing of mightier

boast and energy than their triumphal entrance in "*Aida*." Here, in the crisis of the pageant, when the Nubian slaves are chained at the chariot wheel and the sable queen has mounted to her throne, in this exalted moment the trombones are intrusted with the tune. Mad elephants cheated of their peanuts could not lift their trunks in wilder frenzy. There are six of them, swelling with excitement, blowing at the roof lest with lower aim their tempest sweep the stage of its painted city. I pass a music store on the route of my daily walk to lunch, and in the window, among a raffraff of discarded instruments, there hangs a second-hand trombone in quiet senility. Can it be of that same merry crew that led *Aida* a weeping captive to the king? The stops that once loosed a mighty passion are now tarnished with disuse. The brassy vent, like another cave of Æolus from which a tempest issued, is bare at last of slightest zephyr. But trombones, usually, until anger rouse them, are unambitious creatures, content if now and then their yellow blare peeps above the din in brief felicity.

It must be that none but disappointed musicians study the trombone—broken fellows whose fingers are not quick enough for the frets of a nimble instrument, lean widowers who puff and blow to support a hungry family, or composers of rejected work who

pipe sourly another's masterpiece. They are Bolsheviks, as it seems, inspired by a later Joshua on a soap-box to overthrow our city walls with concerted blast. Or perhaps they are lovers with refusal gnawing at their hearts; for never yet did trombone breathe an accepted passion. Search as you will in love's fair record, you will never find trombones in triumph at a moonlit casement. Theirs is the bitter ecstasy of abrupt dismissal. Had *Paolo* blown a trombone at his mistress in the soft Italian night, the chapter of their passion would have been broken short. And why, therefore, should a man of conquering beard, whose eager sinews throb with youth, spend on the trombone the unwrinkled years of his majority?

On the contrary, petty as it sounds, there is something about a drum that seizes our affection. Its melody is naught, but no instrument yields so quick a dividend to practice. One may grow an aged beard in vain assault against the violin, and the piano eludes a daily hour of patient slavery from bib to crutch; but the drum is a pleasant vagrant that needs no whip. It is untutored by the parlor. It has no hint of holy living. It comes of a stout barbaric race that cuffed their women and went to bed in caves. Both big and little drums, whether of boom or rattle, loosen our primal instincts and make us happy cousin to the savage.

The drummer of an orchestra keeps three instruments in tune by cocking his head like a robin to a worm, but more worldly drums need not sound an A and fret whether they be pitched aright. A padded stick is all. Nor do misanthropes apply themselves here to spread their misery. Drums,

rather, are the tools of contented spirits who, knowing that they lack the finer wrist for strings, are yet willing in their coarser way to express approval of our disordered times. They accept the world as they find it and do their bit to make it jolly. The mighty cylinder—for I write of large peripatetic drums rather than of the sedentary sort—the mighty cylinder is balanced on the stomach, and a boy trots ahead to ease the weight lest it jounce a recent beefsteak to indigestion. Its master is another Atlas, who holds the world on softer cushion. The sticks are swung in sharp rhythm above the head, and then a tremendous boom for the left foot starts the procession briskly on the march. It is a persuasive instrument of war, and I wonder that our plans for peace neglect the suppression of the drum. Take the profit out of drums, and we shall coo across our friendly borders.

But a drum does not always lack a softer voice to move the heart. I was told once of a man who in the first bliss of his engagement to a lovely lady, his soul aflame with happiness, prowled among the music stores until he found a drum of amorous rattle. Little did his patient neighbors guess when its racket soiled the evening air that in the uproar he loosed his soul to the moon and stars.

But why should a man give his precious years to the study of a bass viol? It saws back and forth listless and melancholy even in a fox-trot, like a Methodist caught at a masquerade. It is a dismal frog that croaks against the tune. If a comedy is played on the stage above, it never lends its ear to the merry jest, or in lighter opera does it peep across its shoulder for the kick. A bass viol is

always bored. It works by the hour and jumps at the whistle. In a concert it plainly looks forward to a toddy and its slipper.

Once, only once have I seen emotion in a bass viol. In a dog-and-monkey show a huge gorilla squatted by the footlights as he waited for his act, and in idle preoccupation he patted the bass viol's shining head, a hazardous touch even with friendly velvet paw. For a moment the bass viol dodged and wavered, but he fell again to lethargy on the falling of the curtain, nor did his dull mechanic eye show any gleam of excitement that lingered from his perilous contact with the jungle. In every symphony each brass and reed anticipates a momentary triumph when it may flourish briefly above the hubbub, but no such ecstasy awaits the bass viol. It is a nuisance, also, going home, and stumbles up the steps of a crowded car.

I once knew a man who played the cornet, which, although it is small, has yet a vicious temper, like a fox-terrier fed too much on raw meat. This man, knowing that his blast might shatter us if released too near, walked in charity by night for practice to the shoulder of a lonely mountain. At this distance his horn of Elfland, echoed and tossed among the rocks, came to the ear in soothing melody, as if the moon had roused a band of silver sprites.

I can understand a love for the cello, for its sober tune is unparalleled, like a violin that has sowed its oats and come to mellow age. It carries a note of sadness that fits the somber end of day. And from the oboe there rises a pleasing truancy that persuades us that Pan has come again to sound his nasal reed on hill and windy stream.

If a man be delicate of ear, he will think that the older gods have gathered in the drowsy twilight to lament their fallen world.

Nor should the saxophone be utterly despised despite the rowdy company it keeps. In sound it is no worse than a coarser cousin of the cello—a poor relative never admitted to the symphony who in disappointment has taken to the streets and acquired the vulgar habits of the dance-hall. Here in a sentimental moonlit waltz you hear its grieving sob for a wasted life. They tell me that in its soft infection, when lights are dim, lovers are quick to cuddle cheek to cheek.

But why the tuba? Its great coil, grown sluggish in sedentary living, must need the blast of a sharp cathartic. It hangs about the neck like a devil-fish that sucks a victim down. Why the bassoon, with its clownish humor that thinks the world a jest? The wedding-guest, you may remember, heard a loud bassoon as he listened to the *Ancient Mariner*, which shows that jazz is older than we think, and must have soiled the hoop-skirt.

Or who would wish to puff himself to apoplexy on flute or flageolet while the violin takes a gaudier part in safety? Does dire necessity drive a musician to his choice? Perhaps for easier livelihood he selects a coil of neglected pipe that competition has overlooked. It was needed in the village band, and so he gets his start. Or does he yearn for it in his cradle with his sprouting teeth, as a manlier child thrills with hope that some day he may be a railroad conductor, a bearded pirate, or a locomotive engineer? At a concert I find myself studying the faces of the performers to learn the clue to their strange selection.

But how is it that people generally—the people all about us—choose the method of their livelihood? I catch myself wondering this as I walk the streets, and I pry into doorways and faces for the secret. We work in such stolid fashion for our bread! Most of the jobs of life in themselves alone seem so dull, like the practice of a trombone,—the street so gray and barren,—a mile of shops to perform the city's necessary tasks, the clank and grinding of dirty labor, the small peddling of trivial counters, the sweat of seam and buttonhole, the filth of poverty and wealth.

§ 2

I look with amazement on a man who elects to be an undertaker, for he seems no better than a midwife to decay—a collector of a more personal domestic discard. I confess that there might have been a satisfaction once in drugging a mummy with sweet oils and precious spice to last a thousand years, but our modern practice, like so many arts of this transient world, is content if its masterpiece shall persist through but a fleeting hour of recognition. It must check the brighter stream of one's happy disposition to go among folk always with a solemn flower and a smile of sad mortality, to be forever in consultation on silver handles and black broadcloth. Nor can I think it wholesome to pray for a month of dirty weather and to thrive on a touch of plague.

Nor does a tailor commend himself to me, puttering cross-legged on finery for another's elegance, smoothing out a wrinkle so that youth born with leaden spoon shall win an heiress and be happy ever after. Nor would I choose to be a milliner or dressmaker.

These professions that beckon to vanity must distort one's faith. They take beauty's mechanism all to pieces and make a hundred ugly items of a pretty picture. They squint too closely for an imperfection in order that they may cover it with silk. Artfully they lay a feather here and ribbon there, so that the cheek and eye shall show their best; or they dispose a lace to guard a freckle. A certain sweep of skirt, they know, conceals a dumpy figure, and a stripe will make amends for nature's careless hand. Such devices are born of disillusion. I prefer to be credulous to beauty and to think that God does all.

I would not wish to be a waiter and let my thumb alone mingle with the food, or in a bank to count out money in a shiny coat. It must be hard to sell tickets in a blizzard to the south of France and go home with leaky boots and chattering teeth. All these are livelihoods for a man with trombone disposition.

In mild weather I have thought that a fruit-stand on a busy corner might hold advantage to one of contented mind. No other merchant is quite so careful to polish his wares for the attention of the sidewalk; and surely to rub a red apple until it shines is a joy beyond the mere eating of it. These outdoor merchants quite draw my envy on a day of smiling spring, and I am tempted to buy a tray and shoulder-straps and wander barking among the shoppers. And the work of a sandwich-man, a flaring board both front and back to advertise a sale of bargains, is one adapted to a mild philosopher who can meditate among a crowd. A boy with push-cart is not so safe, and he goes his way with slow tramp of higher thought.

Is it fancy that persuades me that persons of sunny Southern race are most inclined to ply their trade upon the curb and to leave the shop inside to their sullen brothers of the North? It is a Greek or negro who shines my boots at a sidewalk throne. An Armenian carries shawls and laces. Fruit that goes on wheels finds its chief engine in the Italian. Wherever music is peddled from a cart, it is a Tuscan gesture that holds the smiling hat and goes begging for a penny. It is true, of course, that a Jew gathers in our rags, but it is likely that he wanders up from hotter cities. It is so that the habits of a kindlier climate come as immigrants to dwell in our harsher North.

I have thought, also, on a summer day, that it would be pleasant to sell brooms across the country-side, to chirp my wares and bathe my feet in every stream. For added sales I would carry a load of tins and stew-pans, rolling-pins and grids. I fell in once with such a merchant. He was hunched both fore and aft with all the cheap contrivance of the pantry. It seemed that a kitchen took the road. He needed but an egg and match to cook a banquet. I lifted him for a mile to catch a hint of his wandering life. Each year the springtime called him like a circus, and he tapped all summer at a thousand doors.

§ 3

How do these folk select their livelihood? Does it pass like a four-post bed from father down to son? Is choice or necessity their persuasion?

I have myself no head for height, but if I were able to stand unmoved on the dizzy girder of a lofty building, this would be an occupation to my

desire. Jack himself climbed not so tall a beanstalk. On this scaffold that rises above us one could dwell as a last outpost against eternity. With what contempt he would look down on the worms that crawl beneath on petty errand! The discordant traffic of the city sinks to the toys of a nursery floor. Zeus on high Olympus must have gazed with equal scorn on the pygmy world below his swimming cliff. I have studied the workmen as they descend from their lofty platform at the blowing of the whistle to see if something lingers in their eyes of their wide frontier against the sky.

But I would not wish to mend shoes for a living in a dim room four steps below the sidewalk with but an upward squint upon the world. Boots and legs go by the window all day long, but they are cut by the ceiling at the knee to tease the fancy. Does a cobbler so dote upon his trade that he chooses his shop for this procession of his wares? The music of their tread must grind away the leather. Nor would I be a tobacconist at the corner. It was Stevenson, I think, who hoped that he might be permitted to lay a cobblestone pavement and pour in boiling tar; but, although I waver and sniff the pleasant odor, I fear its rheumatism in wet weather and the sour gas that seeps up through the sand.

I once talked with a quiet gentleman who assembles rags, not a vulgar fellow bawling from a cart, but something rather wholesale, with a tall building of unsavory stock. On a rising market, however, I do not doubt he strolls among his crowded bins with proud, unaffected nose, lifting out a garment here and there when a pattern pleases him for Sunday. Nor does a butcher-shop fall in my line, with its

greasy arms and ruddy cleaver. I quite sicken at a raw leg of lamb, and I hear it bleating on the hills. It must be that these unromantic professions are merely safe harbors in a storm.

For a person of natural villainy a laundry gives a proper scope, and I hope that St. Peter in frayed cuffs is on his guard against lazy folk who throw in acid. A chauffeur of my acquaintance left a limousine to drive a hearse at higher pay. Has such a fellow no feeling of his business? The load mattered not, he said, whether it were happy or apathetic, and at least there was no one nagging in the tonneau. Not long ago I spent an evening with a grave-digger, and I found him to be a jolly fellow untouched by his solemn trade. Did he strike on the bones of *Yorick*, he could have tossed them with a jest. Dentistry, of course, is quite another thing, and yet I marvel how a man applies himself to work of such discomfort, and fumbles all day upon a throbbing molar. I once put a question of this sort to my own dentist as I lay at his mercy, but there was that in his manner of twirling the forceps that led me to desist. Each time I loll in a dentist's chair I wish to God I were a gift-horse.

And how can girls be found to feed machinery all day, week in and out, with but a wiggle of the wrist to divert the mind? Except for an hour at noon, when they jostle and grin to lunch, they must sit in a stagnant dream. The variety of kitchen and pantry seems in comparison so vast, but machinery carries no taint of inferior station, and there are movies every evening.

Go along the streets as you will,

there are few occupations that one would covet for their outward circumstance. Most of them are dull, unless a cheerful heart supply the candle. And when all is said, livelihoods are much the same, bleak or merry as the soul directs, for happiness dwells inside. One is reminded, of course, of Stevenson's lantern-bearers—the lads of the Scottish links who carried bull's-eye lanterns concealed beneath their coats and went at night for sport through outer gloom. "The essence of this bliss," he writes, "was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know that you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge." Here lies the essence of the butcher's and the cobbler's faith. Their comfort, too, is the lighted lantern concealed beneath their sordid business. Love and one's work are the two ingredients of happiness, and the first of these gives savor to the second. There is truth often that denies a fact.

But I wander from the trombone. There are companies, no doubt, where these slippery horns stir the soul, and men sit about their winter fire and gossip of their rival skill in sliding to a baser note. Even the trombone, perhaps, boasts of its Napoleon. And so, I repeat, at a symphony my eye wanders up the crowded bank of players to catch some deeper flash of fire from drum or secondary brass and reed, some evidence of the shining lamp concealed.

Religio Journalistici

A Newspaper Man's Reflections on Religion

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I WAS coming home from Buffalo in a train delightfully called "The Black Diamond." I had any number of books in my bag, but my lower instincts were uppermost: I was tired, and pined for the narcosis of newspapers. I asked the porter, also a black diamond, to see if there were any lying around. He brought me a great mass of them: Chicago papers, Buffalo papers, Wilkes-Barre papers. With great happiness I browsed among their cheerful simplicities. From Wilkes-Barre I learned that

"Shakespeare's marvelous plays could never have been written by a dyspeptic. He ate carefully, sensibly, and had excellent digestion."

(I had just come back from the dining-car when I read that, and wondered a little sadly if I had been sensible.)

From Chicago ("The World's Greatest Newspaper") I learned, in an article on "A Perfume to Suit Your Personality," that

"The vampire had best be sparing in her use of any odor. An oriental bouquet of jasmine, tube rose, cassie, and civet would enhance the individuality of the colorful type. For a perfume combination of this sort when used correctly can create a sensation akin to ecstasy, bringing to the wearer a feeling of tremendous vitality."

But in this Chicago paper I found so much to perpend that I never reached the journals of other cities. I learned in an interview with Lady Diana Manners ("Pressed for Precious Secrets of Pulchritude, She Reveals a Surprising Lack of Them") that

"The life of a newspaper person is not without its recompenses—aside from the weekly stipend. Sometimes it is a hard life—when, say, you scratch and pound upon the old dome, pleading, begging its tenant, Mr. Brain, to give up an idea, and you get in response a loud and hollow echo convincing you he has left for parts unknown!"

A few days later, filled with pensive, affectionate, and somewhat irreverent thoughts about the newspaper business, I went uptown to the offices of a very great New York paper—a paper which, as a gatherer of news, though it does not claim the "Greatest" phrase, comes a lot nearer to it than that one in Chicago. A beautiful bronze elevator lifted me gently to the tenth floor, a beautiful bronze attendant took my name politely and asked me to wait until my host emerged from conference. I gazed amazedly into the editorial penetralia, churchly in aspect, with groined ceiling, paneled alcoves like pews, and lead-veined

glass. Very handsome young women came strolling from those shadowy cloisters of opinion. A scholarly looking young man, with tortoise spectacles, sat under a reredos of books. If not a curate, at least a curator. It all came down upon me with crushing force. How could one chaff this magnificent thing? How could one speak jocularly of *The Press*? This was all so terribly real, so unmistakably there. I remembered my amazement when I first entered the Curtis Building in Philadelphia. Beside the humble little state house where a nation was founded rises that gigantic cube of Americanization; in more senses than one it is the exact spiritual center of America. Does it not contain a mosaic glass picture with "over a million pieces"? It has been told, with the jolliest humor, how several of the world's greatest artists were commissioned, one after another, to create a painting of Plato's Grove of Academe for that lobby; but they kept on "passing away" before it was done. There is something most quaintly American, I believe, in adoring Plato with a vast painting rather than by listening to what he had to say. The trade-marked patroness of the "L. H. J.," I remembered, was Pallas Athene. Pallas is right, I said to myself, studying that building. This *must* be a home of literature, the walnut paneling is so fine. This huge bulk, edified from the ribs of a simple, shrewd, courageous, and strangely wistful little man from Maine—surely if the Muse were looking for a comfortable lodging, this is where she would habit.

Sometimes it is with an effort that one must remind oneself, a thing is not necessarily wrong because it is so large.

Well, all that came back to me as I sat waiting in the New York newspaper office. Painful doubts, too, as to whether what I am anxious to say is worth attempt. For it is sure to be misconceived. I am not satirizing anything. These matters are far too serious for mere satire, which is so agreeably easy. No, I am merely attempting to think.

I remembered also how, not long before, it strangely befell me to speak in a large church on a Sunday afternoon. I had not rightly apprehended the situation beforehand: I found that I should have to mount into what the cheerful minister called "the high pulpit." Sitting behind a thin frondage of palms, and scanning the scene in some frightfulness, I waited my exposure. It was a beautiful church, and there was a large and friendly congregation. In one of the front pews there was even a gentleman with a silk hat. There was music, the thrilling tumult of the organ, a choir, a soprano soloist with a clear and lovely voice. There were prayers, and great words were said. And in the same way that the editorial magnificence of that newspaper office came down upon me from above, so I felt the whole weight and beauty and tradition of Holy Church molding me and subduing my poor little premeditated ardors. I felt the awful hopelessness of attempting to convey, in those circumstances, my feeble and futile sense of the love and liberty of life. I knew then why Christ preached in the open air. And I knew that the people in those pews, dear friendly people the latchets of whose minds I was not worthy to unloose, desired me to say what was in my heart just as keenly as I desired to say it. Yet it could not, fully,

be done. Holy Church was too strong for them as it was for me. I knew then, even in the small, imperfect way I know things, something of the whole history of religions. I knew how the majesty and glamour and noble gravity of institutions and authorities must have lain heavy on the hearts of schismatics and reformers. It is not that those poor brave souls did not love the rote they questioned. But the rote must be kept in its place. I knew then, for the first time, the real dangers of the pulpit. And yet even that polished wood was once alive, growing from earth toward sky.

§ 2

The world of newspapers and the life of newspaper men is for the most part vulgar, and therefore delightful. I mean vulgar in its exact sense: it is a word neither of praise nor blame, both of which are foreign to philosophy. O thrilling, delicious, childish world! The other day, from a green glade in the country, I telephoned to a newspaper office. "City room, please," I said. The connection was made, and as the receiver was taken down, I could hear that old adorable hum, the quick patter of type-writers, voices on the copy desk tersely discussing the ingenious minutiae of the job. No man who has dabbled, ever so amateurishly, in that spirited child's-play outgrows its irrational and cursed charm. Over miles of telephone wire that drugging hum came back to my ear, that furious and bewildering pulse of excitement which seems so frantically important and really means so little. O world so happy, so amusing, so generously emotional, so exempt from the penalty of thought! World that deals

with quaintly codified and abstracted notions of life! How idle to ask whether newspapers tell the truth! With truth they have little concern. Their trade is in facts; like all prosperous tradesmen they are reasonably conscientious. To belittle newspapers for not telling the truth is as silly as to regard them as training-ground for literature. Literature and journalism rarely overlap.

For the newspaper world, that vast brightly colored, contentious, and phantasmagoric picture of life that it evolves for its readers, is mostly a spurious world evolved for hurried and ignorant people. It is a world so happily out of touch with the world of philosophy that when, on rare occasions, the newspapers get wind of the things that philosophers habitually and calmly discuss, it causes a terrible to-do in the head-lines. The world of newspaper thinking is almost the last resort of the truly childish in heart. With princely accuracy is it called "the newspaper game." Children are not friendly to philosophy, nor hostile. They are simply not aware it exists.

And the game of newspapers, which I greatly love, being at heart no philosopher, is enormously important. The prevailing temperament of its players is worth careful study. The mere existence of newspapers is a proof of the religious instinct among men, that passionate interest in one another which implies that we are all gossips together. Gossips are people who have only one relative in common, but that relative the highest possible; namely, God. There is truly some strange analogy between church and press. Whether it is the successful newspaper's taste for making itself

clerical in architecture, or the successful church's appetite for front-page controversy; whether it is that they both make the cruellest and deadliest of enemies if annoyed; whether it is that the newspaper carries on the medieval church's lust of persecution; or that they both mobilize for war sooner than any one else; or that both are vehicles of great realities, but vehicles so gorgeously mechanized and ritualized that the passenger has almost been forgotten—whatever the basis of the analogy may be, I am not sure; but I feel it to be there.

Journalism, like every skilled *métier*, tends to become a sort of priesthood. All such professional groups admit with cynical or humorous readiness, inside the circle, truths that it is unmannerly to gossip abroad. But now and then some happy member feels he has absorbed enough hokum to last him for a reasonable lifetime. He has enjoyed, perhaps even profited by, the sharp childishness of that way of life. He escapes for a time, with aspiration to think it over. He wearies of the tragic ingenuity of men at concealing their real thoughts. There are no longer any codes of manners to be considered, any possibly tender readers to be sheltered, any powerful patrons to be placated. Of course genuinely detached thinking, even if it were possible, is likely to be discouraged; for detachment is always assumed to be malignant. But, anyhow, let 's be at least, like so many houses in the suburbs, semi-detached.

Yes, there is a sort of spring fever of the soul, a seizure when, in moments of golden, tranquil intuition, we see Lucretius's "coasts of light." We would hope to savor, as he bids us, not merely the honey that is greased

round the rim of the cup,—the honey of our daily amusement and distraction,—but even the chill purging wormwood of the draft. Suddenly the quotidian employ, the haggling scruples of detail, seem strangely insignificant. Languor and lassitude and uneasy hankering pervade the spirit—an intimation of unearthliness. There is passion to go seeking "those things that are requisite and necessary." In Walt's noble phrase, "to sign for soul and body." Then, unashamed of the hunger and trouble of human spirits, it seems irrelevant either to chaff or to praise the dear farce of life. One dreams of uttering only some small granule of broken truth, something more than the jocund trickery of the press.

Every philosopher is a humorist who has been squeezed. And the newspaper man, odd as this may sound, is not the least appropriate student to pursue the wingy mysteries in divinity. For he is kinsprout of the parson in this, that church and press are perhaps the two professions that have most frankly regarded themselves as separate estates, above and apart from the common man. The priest esteems himself the vicar of God. The pressman appoints himself vicar of News. The priest transmits to the congregation as much of God's doings as he thinks will be not too embarrassing for them to hear. And the newspaper man lays bare that portion of the event which he considers the public will be most anxious to pay for. Both are anthologists.

For some time I had been saving clippings of newspaper stories about recent religious controversy. I meant to sit down some evening and read them through, patiently, to see how

much humane sense I could winnow. But I found I could not force my eyes through them. For the sake of record, to notify the quaintness of mankind, I copied down a few of the headlines. "CHRIST HELD DIVINE OR ILLEGITIMATE: Dr. Pettingill Makes Baptists Gasp by Strong Defense of Virgin Birth." (New York "World.") DR. GUTHRIE FINDS YULE ALL PAGAN: St. Mark's Rector Says Gift Custom Was Roman, Mistletoe Celtic and Tree Teutonic. ("New York Times.") MODERNISM FOUND HERE MID RITUALS, DOGMA MID GLARE. ("New York Evening Post.") DR. GUTHRIE SCENTS CLASHES TO COME. ("New York Times.") And so on. I threw the mass of clippings into the fire.

And yet throughout those naïve burlings the reader felt a strange mixture of exhilaration and disgust. For the newspapers, with their unerring instinct, realize that men are keenly and desperately interested in these matters. Hidden inside that mysterious carcass, your neighbor, is the universal cry, "I want to be happy!" And with all their agile and cautious skill at hiding what they really think, men wildly crave those liberating sorceries (liquor and love and laughter, perhaps even literature, too) that roll away the stone from the door of the heart.

Yet perhaps no man in his senses talks about religion except for the pleasure of the talk, which is a sufficient human excuse. For the less we talk about religion, probably, the nearer we come to the heart of it. By religion we mean, I suppose, our ligatures with an unseen world—a world not realized, as Wordsworth says in those "Intimations" that are a whole

prayer-book in themselves. There are "high instincts," he tells us, before which we tremble "like a guilty thing surprised." Our guilt, surely, is that we know ourselves to have been so wearily and perversely disloyal to that unseen world of beauty and ecstasy; and our surprise, that when we escape into the honest solitudes of the mind we find it waiting for us. There is a great saying to the effect that wherever two or three are gathered together, I shall be among you. But, alas! it is even more true perhaps (one must not forget a plenty of perhapses) that wherever two or three are gathered together, there I am *not*. Human meeting introduces awkwardly human difficulties and embarrassments. It introduces, for instance, vanity and humility, both awkward encumbrances to truth. Is there a man who does not know, sorrowfully, that he is much "better company" when he is alone? As old Dr. Donne found in the absence of his mistress, there is a "close corner of the brain" where the purest and loveliest embraces are possible. Of all mistresses, the fairest and the farthest away is Truth. God is known, if at all, in solitude.

§ 3

The theological bickerings of our time and their "tincture of choler," as Hobbes would say, are due perhaps to the uneven progress of a great shift in the human notion of God. The primitive imagination of Deity is often of a gigantic omnipotent and omnipresent personality. Then, later, men come to think of God as a kind of force or law, or a harmony among infinite laws and forces. This process of magnifying God from a person to a "far-off Divine Event" pro-

ceeds unevenly, as do all ideas. And there is no squabbling so violent as that between people who accepted an idea yesterday and those who will accept the same idea to-morrow. More important than the novelty of ideas is the differential in the rate at which people accept them. Or it might even be put the other way round—the rate at which ideas accept people as vehicles. An idea often hops into a person and uses him, more or less, as we hop into taxicabs.

Robinson Crusoe's religion was merely a calculus of personal benefit. When he found that the seeds he threw away had sprouted and come up, he suddenly remembered the goodness of God. But gradually men tend to rise sufficiently above their own pangs and pleasures to relish the conception of a vaster God—a God who does not even know that we exist. There are still, astounding as it seems, actual and living parsons who tell us that the Museum of Natural History is an affront to the Deity. Their simplicity is as delightful as that of Edmund Gosse's father (if you remember that great book "Father and Son"). The rock that his reason split upon was the problem whether Adam and Eve, created *de novo*, had navels. There are others who find in the spider webs and redwood rings of the museum a powerful impulse to wonder and praise. At any rate, this process of magnifying God from an invisible bishop of friable temper to a universal phantom of legality is what Thomas Hardy had in mind when he urged "the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the Fundamental Energy." Nor, on consideration, do we find the masculine pronoun a symbol of such benevolent

majesty that it need much longer be retained as spokesman for Deity. It is necessary for man to know, as astronomers do, the inconceivable minuteness of himself and his affairs.

Yet, knowing his unimportance, it is equally urgent for man to act as though his business were momentous. For the whole intellectual life is based upon paradox and dainty artifice. And here we encounter some fundamental characteristics of human behavior which are highly interesting.

First of all, man is orderly. Finding himself in a grotesquely complicated universe, he hastily tries to reduce what he sees to some general principles. He concocts helpful formulæ, rules of thumb, mnemonic rhymes, all sorts of proverbs, to simplify matters. There has been a rather absurd eagerness on the part of the newspapers to reproach the church for its adherence to formalism. But man is a formula-bearing animal. And I doubt if the most rigid bishop who ever lived was more at the mercy of ritual and formulated ways of expression than the average city editor. An incident may be as interesting as you please, but unless it fits into his carefully ratiocinated scheme of what constitutes a "story" and how it should be "played," it gets little attention. I have mentioned the Museum of Natural History; let's take it again as an illustration. I took there a small girl four years old. At first she was appalled and horrified by the things she saw. Live animals, at the zoo, she was familiar with. But these so genuine-looking and yet motionless creatures, plausible enough in their synthetic facsimile surroundings, yet with a gruesome air of not-quite-rightness—she was badly puzzled. They fitted

into no preconceived frame in her small mind.

"Are they real, Daddy?" she inquired.

"They were once real, and now are stuffed," I said.

Her eager mind leaped at this. Here was a happy little formula. And at every succeeding specimen, whether a wolf or a puma or a walrus or a whale, with monotonous insistence she asked, "Is it real and stuffed?" To which I replied, each time, with patient repetition, "Yes, real and stuffed." It satisfied her perfectly.

Once in a while, if you are fond of self-scrutiny, you will catch yourself in the very act of creating or parroting some useful formula. Formulæ swarm in the mind just as birds do in an orchard. And though they destroy some fruit, they also help to exterminate lesser vermin which might do much harm. For the most part we are all mercifully unaware of our dependence on them.

Secondly, then, once formulæ are made, another subtle trick of the mind enters into function. Man's sovereign faculty of pretense works upon them. He persuades himself that these little rites and short-cuts are not really made by himself, but that they are sacred. Man's capacity for pretense, I dare say, has been the only thing that has kept him going in a rough, bruising world. He has found, throughout history, that the percolation of certain fictions into affairs made order and government more easy. Indeed the number of generally accepted fictions in currency is not such a bad test of civilization: the more such harmless pretenses, the pleasanter life is. The divine right of kings was one great fiction that had a long serial career and

gradually tapered off. Oliver Cromwell "Garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks"; the Prince of Wales's horses seem to have suggested the same thing. That adorable old shrew Thomas Hobbes, whose wise and racy survey of human foibles might almost have made any subsequent palaver unnecessary, had people patience to read "Leviathan" nowadays, is copious in instance of men's love of standing "in awe of their own imaginations."

Master Hobbes is very jolly, too, on a matter that has interested every thoughtful observer since civilization began—that religion is always heartily favored by prosperous people. Obviously; for it is a stabilizing force. I was greatly struck, approaching Pittsburgh on the train, passing through a black, cindered region where life must lack many of its most harmless pleasures, to notice the astounding number of churches. These, surely, are not there without some sound social reason. There are three prime consolations known to man in the difficulty of his life, God, love, and money. Of any two of these you may deprive him without hearing much grumble, provided he has plenty of a third. But if he lacks all three, there is sure to be trouble.

I have often noticed, in burning a pile of dead leaves, that the mass that seems burned through will, if turned over with the rake, burst into fresh flame. Down under the mound, smothered by weight and closeness, were many fragments that needed only air and freedom to burst into golden blaze. Perhaps it is so with any industrial society. To turn it top to bottom now and then would liberate brilliant human combustions that now

lie choked. It is a dangerous doctrine, but so are all doctrines that are any fun. It is a thoroughly Christian doctrine, too.

Before we leave the topic of human relish in pretense, let's mention one very innocent and amusing example. One of the gay hilarities of existence is the way the current social pretenses shift and vary and move in recurring orbits. The negligé of one period becomes the *haut ton* of the next. A few years ago, during a very severe winter, it became the mode for young women to go trapesing about in galoshes which were left floppingly unbuckled. What, then, do we see? A year or so later galoshes are put on the market, very cunningly devised with drooping webbed tops to *look* as though they were carelessly left undone. These at once became, particularly in rustic high schools, excellently *de rigueur*. It was a daintily accurate exposition of our human taste for illusion.

And the third fundamental characteristic that I am thinking of is our universal liability to habit. This is too familiar for comment. Take merely one instance which has pleasing analogies. Suppose you go to a small haberdasher to buy a pair of socks. In payment, you give him a five-dollar-gold piece. As he makes change, he is obscurely troubled. He will ask if you have n't a bill instead. He does n't relish that coin, because he is n't used to it. Yet, if I understand correctly, gold is the only genuine money there is; all the other stuff is merely money by convention. And how beautifully valid in regard to truth as well! Half-truths to which men are accustomed are so much easier to pass than the golden mintage they rarely encounter!

§ 4

Certainly these three coercive factors, and many others too, bear strangely upon all our attempts to think. The beauty and the happiness of religion, perhaps, lie in the fact that it has little to do with thinking. As far as any man knows, up to now, the universe is insoluble; and the mind, ardent particle, rather resents insolubility. It resents the solemn circling of the Dipper, seen from the front porch every clear night. Filling itself with slow darkness, gently tilting and draining again, it too cruelly reminds us of the orderly immensities of space. And religion may very well be considered a form of art and of anesthetic to soften the onset of that insolvency. It is reason's petition in bankruptcy, "to drown the memory of that insolence." If it makes us happy, we need inquire no further; for happiness is what all pursue. Perhaps, indeed, we are but memoranda in the notebook of the cosmic Author, jottings of some story that flashed into His mind one day, but which He did not trouble to write. So we are hunting, hunting endlessly for the rest of the plot. Or we are surf-bathers in an ocean where one step carries us beyond our depth. Accept any figure of speech that appeals to you. No work of art or literature yet, so far as I know, has given an adequate presentment of the glory and agony and mirth and excitement of being alive. Suppose some visitor from another planet dropped in for an evening and could communicate his inquisition. We wanted to give him just one book that would offer a picture, trustworthy, frank, recognizable, of the life we have known—man's long campaign with nature, with other

men, with woman, with himself. Some suggest "Candide," but I find that great book too pitiless. Some, Brown's "Religio Medici," but is it not too witty? We might, in a hasty ransack of the shelves, linger momentarily upon Boswell or Walt Whitman or Shakepere's Sonnets or "Moby Dick"; or upon the Book of Common Prayer or a photograph of Gozzoli's *Viaggio dei Re Magi*. But not even these would duly serve. It would have to be an anthology, I fear; perhaps Robert Bridges's "Spirit of Man," though it should really have a stouter infusion of the seventeenth century, when God-intoxicated and Eros-maddened poets like John Donne and Andrew Marvell uttered their ecstatic and magnanimous despair.

And that brings us to another cusp in this only too risible indent upon the infinite. Religion is an attempt, a noble attempt, to suggest in human terms more-than-human realities. The seat of Peter has always lain beyond the Alps. The church, like the poet, is an ambassador from abroad; from the strangest of countries, that lying within our own bosoms. And what is the virtue of an ambassador? Surely, tact. The one thing that makes ambassadors useless or dangerous is too great a zest to blurt out truths that many of us know, but have agreed not to emphasize. He thinks in the language of his homeland; he must speak—though always, we trust, with winningly foreign accent—the tongue to which he is accredited. The ambassador knows, better than any other, that truth is condiment, not diet. It is rough manners to shove truth at people when they are not expecting it. There is always charming significance in popular phrases.

"The dreadful truth" is such a one. Truth is always dreaded, not so much because it is gruesome or tragic, but because it is so often absurd.

The church, then, comes before us as envoy from the world of spirit to the world of flesh; and here is the anomaly, that only too probably these worlds have small interest in common. So is our envoy but demi-potentiary. In medieval time the problem was simple; flesh and spirit were assumed to be deadly enemies one of other. But nowadays we lean toward a casuistry far more perplexed; that body is soul's noblest ally, that whatever makes flesh satiate and merry is so much gain for soul. Blithe, ruddy doctrine! Yet, sadly enough, it is even possible that truth is neither Trojan nor avoirdupois. Flesh and spirit sometimes look terribly incommensurable. Saint Paul did not fully plumb the real tragedy of the situation. The most bitter wisdom of the human voice is the very opposite of Paul's cry. Transpose it so: *Video deteriora proboque, meliora sequor*.

I knew a lovely and thoughtful woman who, with a few other adepts, used to do graceful figure-skating on the far side of a college skating-pond. There, in a quiet little cove of clear ice, apart from the crowd and the rhythmic, hollow undersong of the whole vibrating lake, this little group swung and twirled. I can see her small slender figure, her bright cheek, the lovely float and spread of her skirt as she curved and poised in that steely waltzing. College students and wild hockey berserks and miscellaneous small fry scuttled and careered about; now and then a rubber puck would skim across the ice, and like a pack of hounds the barbarian rout would

sweep upon that tranquil shore of the pond. For a moment the pensive skaters would be blotted out by swirling movement—clattering sticks, ringing skates, noisy shouts. Then the rabble would whirl away. The fancy skaters would be seen again; and that lonely figure, swinging, leaning in airy curves, aware of it all with thoughtful eyes a little sparked with annoyance, aloof from the turmoil, yet not unkindly so.

Not otherwise, perhaps, our hidden capsule of identity is a solitary skater. The wild rush of emotions, desires, passions, timidities, comes tearing across the pond; lonely Diana is hidden, even shouldered off her lagoon of clear crystal. But then they go racketing away. The pirouette begins again, and the soul is happy with her own concerns.

What language, then, is our ambassador to utter, dealing with two worlds appallingly incongruous? Is it strange if, like the rest of us, he falls back upon prudential and cheery approximations? That witty writer Stella Benson mentions in one of her novels ("The Poor Man") a character who "knew too well the difficulties and dangers of being alive to despise those who sought for safety in tremulous platitudes."

§ 5

Speaking of ambassadors, there was one in the sixteenth century who told the following story:

"At Constantinople I saw an Old Man, who, after he had taken a Cup of Wine in his Hand to Drink, us'd first to make a hideous Noise; I asked his Friends, Why he did so? They answered me, that, by this Outcry, he did, as it were, warn his Soul to

retire to some secret Corner of his Body, or else, wholly to Emigrate, and pass out of it, that it might not be guilty of that Sin which he was about to Commit, nor be defiled with the Wine that he was about to guzzle down."

This humorous ancient was not unlike the modern newspaper man. The hideous noise of the press, its conscience-annulling haste, its sense of power and almost uncontradictable certainty, are what he employs to warn his soul, his reason, not to look over his shoulder while he is at work. The fact is that the whole ingenious mechanism of a newspaper is so automatically conjointed and revolves so rapidly that by sheer fury and speed of movement it takes on a kind of synthetic life of its own. It could well be imagined thundering round and round of its own accord in a great jovial, shouting stupor. A leading editorial, tearing passions to titters, could arise by spontaneous combustion, exhaling itself somehow from the general uproar and joy. Virgin birth would be no miracle in a newspaper office: I have seen, and myself committed, editorial matter whose parent had never been approached by any siring intelligence.

Or, in the case of the reporter, painfully trained in a generous human skepticism, enforced student of the way people behave and the way things happen, alert to discern the overtones of irony and pathos in the event, you might expect him to be the least credulous of beings. If so, the general flavor of the press little represents him. He acquiesces, consciously or unconsciously, in the fact that in all but a few really intelligent journals the news columns are edited down to

the level of the proprietor's intelligence, or what the active managers imagine to be the proprietor's taste. Not in facts, but in the tone adopted in setting out those facts. An Index Expurgatorius is issued for office guidance, lists made of words and phrases not to be mentioned in news stories. The more essentially vulgar a paper is, the more cautious it will be not to use words the managing editor believes dirty. "Obscene," for example, is deleted, and the truly disgusting word "spicy" is substituted. And the reporter himself having acquiesced, it is not unnatural that the readers of the paper do also. So we have the agreeable paradox that these papers we see all round us, roaring their naïvetés and scandals, are written and compiled by those who are, as individuals, studious, serene, and gently ascetic skeptics.

It is an entertaining thought. If it is true, I believe it is due to what I think of as the carburetor-adjustment of the human mind, a delicate, unconscious, and continuous process. It pleases me to imagine that in the intellect there is a valve that regulates the mixture of truth and convention that we utter, just as gasoline and heated air are mixed and vaporized in the carburetor of an engine. Whenever we meet any one, or at any rate any stranger, we are likely to be on our guard. We have our own little private reservoir of sincerity, but we don't intend to draw on it too largely until we know we are safe. There are some people, as you must have noticed, to whom it is almost impossible to say a word of what you really believe. Accordingly, automatically and almost unconsciously, we make a mental adjustment of our "mixture." We admit into it just as much

truth as we believe the other is likely to relish, or willing to receive. But we may have made a bad guess. The conversation begins to back-fire. That means the mixture is too "lean." Very well; pull out the choke, enrich it with more candor, all goes delightfully. Too "rich" a mixture, however, is, every mechanician knows, as bad as too "lean." The mind gets crusted with carbon—unassimilated truth. The analogy seems to me highly applicable, even down to the infusion of what used to be called, in a bygone slang, "hot air." Through this needle-valve, for the most part unconsciously, we regulate our mental ignition.

All this, as you shall see presently, has its just bearing on our topic of religion. We need, but are little likely to get, a new "Areopagitica" to liberate our press from its cheery bondage of vulgarity and slip-slop thinking. The newspaper man who has pride in his honorable tradition may well feel grim to see the things he has sweat for trafficked across counters like bundles of merchandise; yes, and to see the transaction applauded by eminent statesmen and divines who feel the need of a front-page quote. A little pride is desirable now and then; yes, in God's name, a little pride, gentlemen. We who have lived, as best we could, for the decency of letters; who have vigiled with Chaucer and taken wine with Descartes and changed opinion with Doctor Johnson, are we to be hired to and fro by the genial hucksters who know the art of print chiefly as a rapid factory for gaily tinted palaver?

In his tight place, beset by doubts just as acute as those of the young theologian, our newspaper man ratiocinates upon the quaint processes of

mind. He broods on the haphazard, interest-tainted, and fallible nature of most mortal opinion. He studies the relativity of truth and the proliferation of rumor. He notes how every event is like a stone cast into a pond: it ejaculates concentric vibrations, widening loops of hearsay. Varying layers or rings of truth are available for different classes of bystanders, or by-thinkers. How well he knows the queer fact that you can say, unrebuked, in a weekly what would never pass in a daily! You can say still more in a monthly; in a quarterly review almost all the beans can be decanted. And in a book, quite often you can print your surmises in full. Of course, to tell exactly what happens, as Pepys did, it is best to be dead. (How odd is the saying, "Dead men tell no tales." Why, they tell the best tales of all.) It does sometimes seem as though the more immediate readers there are for any bit of print, the less candor can be rationed out for each.

So every human being stands at the center of a little eddy or whirl of testimony. If one could make a map or editor's projection of him considered as a news item, it would be as complicated as an ocean chart with festoons of barographs and isotherms, curves and twists and arrows indicating set of currents, prevailing winds, soundings. On such a chart, we would denote here a cyclone of scandal, there a hot monsoon of misappreciation, yonder a steady trade-wind of generous sympathy. In an ocean so various we should find our victim leading a thousand different phantom lives in the opinion of others. If you begin to think about this sort of thing, the asylum waits; for truly, confronted by

the alternating delights and possibilities of life, the mind is not unlike that chameleon that went mad when tethered on a Paisley shawl.

The newspaper man, then, begins to feel perhaps that it is necessary for him to undertake the burden of fidelity to human realities—that burden that is often so lightly shrugged off by bishops. Looking at things in the large, or trying to, he strongly suspects that formal religion, as we have known it, is dying; lovelier and greater poetries are pushing in. (There are thousands of years still to come, you know.) The highest honor that he can pay to sacred matters is to regard them as so thrillingly actual that they can be accepted into the great general body of human life. To regard them, indeed, as news, as the word Gospel itself suggests. It would seem fairly obvious that the miracles and parables of the New Testament, like the various creeds themselves, were intended as vivid and stunning apologues. To batter them down to the level of facts seems to degrade them, as it would be degrading to reject Keats's sonnet because there are no peaks in the isthmus of Darien, and because it was n't Cortes. The newspaper man prefers to take his stand with Tolstoy, who said, in that thrilling book "A Confession," "I wish to understand in such a way that everything that is inexplicable shall present itself to me as *necessarily* inexplicable." He prefers that when there is an available and mortally recognizable way of understanding things, they should so be understood. Take for example, the story of the miracle at Cana. To a man trained to observe the delightful ways in which testimony arises and is transmitted, how does that story ex-

plain itself? Here is a wedding party, at which appears the amazing stranger. He seems a man more fascinating, more charming, more utterly delightful, than any that those country folk have ever encountered. They are all very merry, the toasts go round, the wine runs short. But the ruler of the feast, turning to the stranger, says, prettily enough, I think, "With *you* here, water is as good as wine." Some one else takes it up, echoing the sentiment, seeking to add to it. "Right!" he cries. "Our friend here makes the water into wine. Here 's to you!" And with friendly applause the gathering ratifies the compliment. One of the servants overhears, and carries the incident into the kitchen. How quickly it grows and passes down the village street! "They 've got some one in there who 's turning water into wine!" Can it be denied that this is the way that human events are reported?

Let us take an example of a miracle-germ in our own time. When Horace Traubel, faithful and simple-minded disciple of Walt Whitman, died in September, 1919, his body was taken to the Community Church, at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, for the funeral service. But when the body reached the church, the little company of mourners could not enter; the building had suddenly caught fire. Imagine this episode handed down through generations of simple people by word of mouth. The intimate disciple of a great poet, both of them impatient of the genteel religions, is borne dead to a sacred edifice. It bursts into flame. Would that not be taken as some authentic Pentecost, and at the very least as a proof of Walt's divinity? Yet we know well

enough that the event was no miracle, but rather what Hobbes called "an extraordinary felicity."

§ 6

Old Doctor Jowett said to Margot Asquith, "You must believe in God in spite of what the clergy say." And truly I don't think that any man who has worked in downtown New York can be much of an atheist. In that great jungle of violent life, under the glittering spires of such steep cathedrals, he must inevitably be a trifle mad. Even Manhattan, supposed to be most material of cities, is best known for the fantastic figure she cuts against sky. The loveliest picture I ever saw of her profile was a photograph given me by an amateur lensman who caught it by accident. It shows that uneven scarp of buildings in soft masses of dark and shadow, looming on a queerly pebbled and fuscous twilight, like an eclipse. And this, as my astonished friend learned from his film-dealer, was an accident, due to mildew on the gelatin. So some of the most lovely visions of reality are printed on minds that are mildewed. The madman and the nincompoop often see more beauty than the sane and solid cit. The only possible suggestion that one might humbly venture to offer to the authoritative officers of Holy Church is that they are too sane and too businesslike. They ask us to believe not things that are too hard, but too easy. They are too eager to lock the stable door after the Messiah has been stolen. They have learned the tricks of our world of flesh so glibly that they seem sometimes to forget the manners of that world of spirit they are commissioned to represent.

For the world is fascinating and painful beyond human power of testimony. The best of every life is unprintable. If one were given five minutes warning before sudden death, five minutes to say what it had all meant to us, every telephone-booth would be occupied by people trying to call up other people to stammer that they loved them. You would want to tell a whole lot of people that you love them, but had been too clumsy and too shy to admit it. And the newspaper man himself, who both loves and hates his queer trade, would be the first to remember that one always is severest with what one adores. Every movement is set in some strange turning of wonder. As a man will suddenly discover in himself some miserable petty trick of behavior which, he painfully realizes, is a true microcosm and characteristic of his life as a whole, so now and then with the world at large. We are aware of lights and shadows and moments of millennium that seem a part of some vast consistency. You know the thrill of a letter or parcel that comes from some one you are fond of, far away. As you undo the string, you say, foolishly, but with a genuine quaver of sentiment, "When that was tied up, So-and-so handled it!" Well, there are instants of posterous happiness, clear insight, that are just like that—little packages of reality, tied up in the twine of our time sense, that come to us direct, intact, from the eternity and infinity we call God. It matters little how you explain that great word to yourself. Perhaps you mean by it the sum total of all human awarenesses of beauty. In that sense of prevailing loveliness we are all obscurely united. In those moments, moments of heavenly

farce and unredeemable tragedy, we can forgive ourselves for being only human.

But in these matters silence is the final eloquence. One does not argue with moonlight. Men talk of "finding God," but no wonder it is difficult; He is hidden in that darkest of hiding-places, your own heart. You yourself are a part of Him. The chief danger is to be too prosaic. Any one who has ever done proof-reading knows the delicious fidelity and strict zeal and maddening literalness with which the professional corrector marks a galley-proof. How he construes the text according to his own rote and rigid scheme; how he resents any unusual use of words; how he is so busy querying things that look odd to him that he misses many of the downright errors. That is precisely the attitude of man toward the universe, which he is so daringly anxious to interpret in some comforting sense. The journalist, whatever his sins and stupidities, would hope to enjoy the text of life in the spirit of a collaborating author rather than presume to correct it. And he will not do any great poet, such as Christ, the dishonor of taking him too literally.

We cannot hope until we have learned to despair. Let me remind you of some great lines by Andrew Marvell:

"My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

"As lines, so loves oblique, may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet."

Two Women

BY E. DORSET

Mother

Mother, my Mother, if I break the law
And custom of my kind,
That so decrees I speak of you with awe?
You would not own me if more mute than blind.

To help the world grow truthful, I rehearse,
As brief as brief can be,
The gifts that made, no better and no worse,
The life that you bequeathed, as thus I see.

Yours was a ready heart, a readier hand
To help, chastise, or fend,
By ordered right I did not understand;
Nor do I, though my days grow nigh the end.

When cleft apart, as generations know,
You could not, though you died,
Make first approach, nor let the quick hurt show.
Matching it now, I thank you for that pride.

All women feared and hated you, pronounced
Good fellow by all men,
Even three husbands, whom you lewdly trounced
And left in turn, to wish you back again.

A horse's heart, a scorpion's tail for tongue,
An eye that could not flinch,
Scorning a lie, yet ready with a lie
To save yourself—or others—at a pinch;

Finding, by instant magic, all things clear,
 Considerations rot,
Hating religion, with no tempering fear,
Yet superstitious as a Hottentot;

Two hundred pounds in weight and six feet tall,
 With hair that reached the knee,
With wrestler's might that never knew a fall,
How could you breed a fatted runt like me?

You taught me not to pray (in dreams I run
 Your trumpet-baritone!);
And yet I pray that when my time is done,
I shall expire like you, without a groan.

At Betrothal

We had found ease for all our souls' alarms,
 And bade our hope combine;
And as I stood there, still as at some shrine,
She softly came into my waiting arms
 In token she was mine.

I kissed, in silence, lip and cheek, closed eyes,
 The fragrant forehead rare;
Then, softer still, she drooped the young head there,
And drew my face, ere I could find surprise,
 Against her coiled-up hair.

I long had worshiped this, how unconfessed,
 Thinking in each day-dream,
How its dark waves might, sometime loosened, stream
Beneath my soothing stroke, once full-possessed;
 And passing what could seem,

For one mazed moment I had well forgot,
As into my close fold
She had surrendered; than I felt the cold
And silken helix of its towering knot,
Brushed bright and firmly rolled;

A giant cable, thicker than the wrist
That bade it not to fall,
Wound round and round until it covered all
The sweet head's crown with each bewildering twist
That made delight its thrall.

Through it I breathed, all seasoned scents and clear,
Long drafts of blent perfume
That I had sensed but vaguely in the room
When first I entered there and I drew near
Within the late day's gloom:

The cool northeastern mist, the August shower,
The smell of wheat when forth the clean scythe goes,
The fallen leaves in the wood, the summer's rose,
The delicate and pale arbutus-flower
Within the springtime snows.

Being by nature more than taciturn,
I did not speak of it,
Thrilled by the sense of strange and exquisite
Meanings I might not yet in full discern;
But she, articulate,

Her own shy silence broken, told me how
Her mother, dead, through long yet prideful fears,
Had kept it well; it had not known the shears,
Coming untouched, unsullied with her now
For all her twenty years.

Around the World in New York

II—*The Syrian Quarters*

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

TO one just come from the Occident, a descent upon the Syrian quarters in New York is like a dream travel. It is as if some undreamed of means of transportation had suddenly been realized, and we could at will, in a few minutes, land across the seas into some remote, outlying district of Damascus—Damascus, referred to by the Syrians of the desert as “the paradise on earth,” the city that has remained as old as it was two thousand years ago.

Take the Sixth Avenue Elevated at Forty-second Street, or wherever you happen to be, and in a few minutes you are in Rector Street; walk a block westward to Washington Street, and you are in Syria.

The street in itself, cut a hundred years ago, is in the same condition that it was at the beginning of the last century, with here and there a wide marble front of a modern-looking banking house that emphasizes the poverty of the adjoining brick dwellings. Squalid, dark hallways lead into still more squalid rear houses where the sun never penetrates. The cobblestoned inner courts are disputed by cats and dogs, conquering them in turn. Looked at from the opening of a hallway, the courts and rear houses are not a pleasant perspec-

tive. Both sides of the street are lined with stores in the windows of which are displayed all kinds of Oriental wares: long amber-piped narghiles, the smoking paraphernalia of the Orientals; heavy, bulging, mandolin-like musical instruments; and, in transparent jars, roots and dried fruits of all kinds that grow one knows not where and are put to one knows not what use.

Every second store is a coffee-house or a restaurant, duplicates of such as are in existence in the Orient, somewhere around Constantinople or Smyrna, Saloniki, or Damascus itself. And in those dimly lighted coffee-houses, around rough pine tables, sit swarthy men drawing the cool smoke from the aromatic *titun* that burns slowly in the brass container over the large jar filled with rose-scented water, through which the smoke passes before it is drawn by the smoker. Small coffee-shells into which the mud-thick coffee is being continually poured are being served all around by the large, majestic, dark-brown owner of the “Khava,” whose bare feet are incased in pointed, heelless slippers (*babbouches*), dragged *flippity, flippity-flop* as he walks around. In some of the cafés large negroid women, Syrians from the inner desert, with

nostrils pierced where the ring had once been, placidly watch the guests, nodding seriously from time to time to an acquaintance, smiling but rarely, yet so languid in their movements that one feels they are as remote from the actual place of existence as if their being here were nothing but a dream within a dream. How have they come here, and why?

A little farther down the street, toward Battery Place, are the small banking houses, so dear and necessary to the Levantines for the exchange of money, the *zarafs* of the Orient, bankers, letter-writers, advisers, partners, financial agents, and heads of everything that is being done in that district. It takes two generations to forget to translate everything one gets or gives in the moneys of one's own country. In the larger and more pretentious stores are exhibited profusions of Oriental laces, those delicately wrought needleworks of which there is no counterpart elsewhere; showers of rugs, rugs from Persia and Turkestan, rugs from Turkey and Syria, rugs on which five generations have worked, and rugs which have been turned out by a mill somewhere in the neighborhood to fool the ignorant who do not know the difference between the real thing and imitation, and come to pick up bargains. Swarthy, tall, well dressed men, mostly Armenians, stand idly fingering these priceless things, their faces responding voluptuously to the feel of some genuine article between their fingers, or screwing up disdainfully when an imitation is shown to them. The signs in the windows, though a few of them are in English, are mostly in that beautifully decorative Arabic script which looks more like a lace

design than a conveyer of sound. Women, thin-boned and oval-faced, olive-brown, with long Semitic noses and fleshy chins, with large black eyes, almond-shaped eyes, under heavy eyebrows, and lustrous hair hanging profusely about their shoulders, walk quietly and somewhat stealthily along the walls. The older ones are not yet accustomed to Occidental ways, as if they still belonged to the harem, to the secluded part of the house, where the women's quarters usually are in the house of the Syrian at home, even if he is a Christian. Their feet, in high-heeled slippers, amble insecurely on the smooth sidewalk, their soles instinctively searching for the cobblestones of the Damascus streets under them, over which they have trod in soft *babbouches* or in their bare feet. Their demure and quiet garb hangs loosely on them, as if they were manikins upon which misfit clothing had been thrown. Even when gowned perfectly, the silver ear-rings dangling from their necks, or the way in which they wear their bracelet on the wrist, or the carmined finger-nails would betray them, wherever they should be, for what they are, Syrians from somewhere in Damascus or the Lebanon Hills.

The men wear their trousers upon their slightly bowed legs as they have worn their wide, homespun *shalvaris*. The stiff derby hat or the soft felt one always sits on the top of their large, egg-shaped heads, somewhat in the manner they have worn their fezzes, or as they still wear their fezzes in the intimacy of their own homes.

That is but a description of the main street of the SyrianST quarters. If one were to speak of the side streets going to Greenwich Street,—Morris

and Rector Streets and Carlisle Street, —where, because of the very formation of the street, houses lean on one another as if they were ready to crumble down and fall, with crooked stairways going this way and that, dark in the daytime and ill lit at night, narrow side streets with broken pavements and neglected, sloping sidewalks, and the low lights of the stores and the coffee-houses about them, where most of the Syrian families in that district live, one would still better realize how Oriental the Syrian quarter is.

How people do transform the quarter they live in to suit their national temperament and habits! All these houses had originally been occupied by good Dutch burghers a hundred years ago. It is not only age that has told on the houses, but also a different attitude of the inhabitants toward them. The Dutch looked upon these places as homes, as permanent habitations for themselves and the future generations. The Syrian quite unconsciously considers every abode as a temporary housing tent. Successively these houses have been occupied by many nations. It was an Irish district not very long ago. Some Irish families of longshoremen still live there. Then the Italians followed, and were joined by a number of French families. Greeks, Armenians, always the late-comers, and other Levantine folk from maritime ports, settled upon their arrival here as near the Battery as possible; near the sea, to preserve a semblance of their habitats at home. Within these walls one occasionally sees traces of the different nationalities that have passed through. There is a wide, wooden mantelpiece in one, Dutch as Dutch can be, made of the red pine

which was abundant near New York when these houses were built. In another house I have seen birds molded on the ceiling by some Italian inhabitant who had passed on. A few French verses are carved with a knife on the door-sill of another house. From under the successive paints that have been applied on the walls protrudes the Gothic inscription of "God Save the King," painted in black letters.

There are some three thousand souls living in that cramped little space, within sight of the Statue of Liberty, and deafened by the continual roar and sound and clang of the boats that pass on the harbor. But even those born here, the youngsters, although going to the schools of the neighborhood, are as easily distinguishable from the rest of the population two blocks away as if they had never lived in such proximity.

There are two red brick churches, one the St. George and the other the St. Joseph, belonging to the Ecclesia Maronita Catholica. Within these churches at all hours devotees can be found kneeling and prostrating themselves, very much in Moslem manner, before the candy-white, decorative altars. The decorations and pictures and images, of the crudest kind and in the loudest colors, make one think of the beginning of Christianity some two thousand years ago, when the Copts buried their prayer-houses deep in the ground.

§ 2

One day, walking down Washington Street, a man of unusual appearance attracted my attention. Short and compactly built, he strode down the street with majestic stride. His bare

head was covered by a mass of loosely hanging, long, black hair. The upper part of his body was molded in a military khaki tunic much too narrow for him. From the too short sleeves two beautiful, delicate hands hung out at least six inches below the sleeves. When I had caught up with him, his beautiful brown, ascetic face, illumined by two big black eyes, impressed itself upon me as that of a prophet. Although he must have been aware I had remained standing at a distance to watch him pass by me, he paid no attention to the stranger, and looked steadily ahead above my head until he disappeared into one of the hallways in the middle of the block.

I went up to my friend, the editor of "Al Hoda," the Syrian newspaper published here in the Arabic script, and asked him who the man was. He hesitated for a few minutes, then he dismissed my query with one remark:

"A religious ascetic."

"What more do you know about him?" I asked.

"A philosopher of some sort," the editor answered, "one of those dissatisfied men."

"And from where does he come, and what is he doing?"

But my friend refrained from giving any further information about the man, dismissing the matter again by saying:

"Oh, I don't know, and nobody knows much about him. He has just arrived. He works in the office of some paper, sweeping out, or something like that."

I obtained the same answer from several other Syrian friends of mine of whom I inquired. A few days later I met the same prophetic-looking ascetic again. This time I accosted

him. He brushed past me after having looked at me severely with his condoning eyes, as if he had said, "How dare you disturb me, poor sinner!"

Still I persisted. I greeted him in English, walking after him, trying to catch up with him. He entered his hallway and disappeared without noticing me.

That evening I heard him harangue a few young men who had just stepped out from one of the pool-rooms with which that district had been Americanized. I did not understand what he said, but I watched the effect of his cool stream of words upon his unwilling and rebellious listeners. In a few minutes their arrogant gaze had changed from derision to humility. They lowered their eyes as they listened to what he said. Soon they closed in nearer, the better to absorb his words, oblivious to what was going on on the other side of the street, oblivious to the heavy trucks that were rumbling in the middle of the road, oblivious to the loud calls of their pals from the open windows everywhere. As he spoke, the man seemed to grow in stature until they all looked much smaller than he did, because their knees sagged, their heads bowed. They were still standing that way after he had left them. When I asked one of this group who that man was, one of the young men answered, "A saint."

In a few months, because of lack of business, that pool-room had disappeared from the street. I have never since asked again who this man was, but I see him frequently and greet him humbly as I pass him down the street. Thus I am certain the early apostles lived in the slums of

Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Damascus, talking to the people on the streets, changing, reforming, not by ax and fire, but by word of mouth, by appeals to the soul of man. One can better understand Paul and Peter after a visit to the Syrian quarters of New York.

The editor of "Al Hoda" took me down for dinner to one of the restaurants in the district. The low pine tables, standing one close to the other in a row, three rows one after the other, all covered with colored tablecloths, were set with heavy porcelain. The owner, a thick-set man in shirt-sleeves and clean white apron, stood at the inner end of the long hall, welcoming the guests as they arrived by nodding to them or calling them by name. A young Syrian poet was asked to sit at our table. The menu was printed in Arabic, and as if we were in Arabia, the dinner was started with a cup of sour milk, *yoghurt*, the sour milk, the *leben*, offered to the traveler at a tent in the deserts of Syria. Little pieces of lamb's meat, fried on a spit, were served on wooden plates, and the flat, round, soft biscuits, little leavened and little salted, tasted as if they had been baked in the red-hot sand or a small mud oven, such as is in every household of Arabia, and not in a modern oven.

While we were dining, various people came in, and each seated himself at his place. At that restaurant the same clients came night after night for their dinner. During the meal I gained the acquaintance of another man, Mr. Narian, who spoke French fluently. He had been educated in the French schools of the Orient. When my editor friend and the poet departed, I remained talking with

Mr. Narian. A tall, scholarly man, he was sounding me as to my sympathies about the situation in the Orient. He thought the Arabs had received the short end of the bargain in the Balfour declaration about Palestine, that the Jews had been unduly favored.

"Would you like to have coffee with me in my room?" he asked me later on in the evening.

Upon my willing acquiescence, we mounted two rickety flights of stairs to a top room. When the door of that room opened, I was in one of the most luxurious Oriental chambers I have ever seen. The walls were covered with priceless tapestries. The low, rug-spread divans all around the room, the pieces of silk thrown haphazard here and there, the different sets of narghiles, the hand-beaten copper pots, the ornamental brassware, competed with the numberless incrustated and inlaid firearms and swords that lay in profusion everywhere. We lit our amber-stemmed pipes, sitting on our heels, Moslem fashion, each waiting for the other to begin conversation. I remembered the breach of etiquette of admiring too greatly anything in an Oriental house. Because the host feels obliged to offer as a gift what one admires very much, he resents too high praise of the thing he must then give you.

A few minutes later another gentleman, looking more or less of the same caliber and class as Mr. Narian, entered the room without knocking. That visitor was followed by another and another and another, until there were eight in the room. After every one's pipe had been lit and the coffee was ready, the conversation started in French; but it slipped immediately into Arabic, leaving me out of its

understanding. Only from the few words which were later related to me I discovered that I had unwittingly been present at a meeting at which the policy of the Arabians in Palestine who were opposing the English and Jewish plans there had been settled. The gentlemen were the heads of the Arabian patriotic movement, which later caused much trouble in Palestine.

Feeling myself an intruder, I bowed myself out, back to the rickety stairs and into the street. The political attitude of the Arabians in Syria was being settled on the third floor of a house on a street in New York!

§ 3

Maluf the jeweler, the one who beats out with his small hammer on his little anvil, held between his knees, the most intricate legends on small silverings; Maluf, as dry and parched as a mummy, with dancing eyes and grinning face, whose fingers are so immeasurably long and thin and so brittle, one wonders they do not break like glass—Maluf, from whom I have repeatedly bought rings, asked me whether I should like to accompany him where there was dancing. He had not seen me in many moons, and wanted to celebrate. I did not refuse.

He led the way to an upper floor of a house where coffee was served to a dozen people. They looked to be freshly landed, most of them. Some still wore red-brown fezzes and homespun shirts. Two stout negroid-looking women, dressed very lightly, for it was warm, slowly turned their heads when we came in and greeted Maluf with grins and low laughter. They sipped from a tall glass a reddish drink. Their long hair was woolly and curly. Their eyes, small and

deep-set under penciled brows, were moving rapidly like scared mice. Their noses were flat, and their lips were full. They looked like sisters, twins.

"Who are they?" I asked Maluf.

"The dancers," he replied, his tongue smacking over his lips as he looked at them.

Then he rose from his seat and went over to them. A few minutes later he returned to my table and said:

"They will dance. I have asked them to dance. I have told them you were one of ours. They will dance. They will dance."

From underneath the table one of the women pulled out an instrument which was a cross between a mandolin and a guitar and began to pluck its strings. And then, with eyes fixed on me, the other woman stood up and began to move slowly. Her feet remained in one place. Only her body moved and swayed, at first slowly and languorously, then, as the music became faster and faster, she brought her arms and hands and fingers into the dance. The swaying movement went from hips to breast and from breast to neck and from neck to head. She turned slowly on her heels in a thousand different contortions, her eyes dilating themselves more and more, dancing as much as the body danced, compelling every fiber in her to respond a hundred times to every twang of the guitar. And then when she had reached the heights she suddenly took the guitar from the other woman, sat down, and motioned to her to take up the dance where she had left it. Beginning in as rapid movement as the other had ceased, and rising to greater voluptuous motions, she gradually descended all the range of her emotions until she finished the

dance in exactly the same slow tempo the other one had started with. It was a perfect cycle, a perfect story told in motions.

I looked around. Maluf's eyes were half closed. He had completely relaxed. I looked at the other visitors. They were all dreamy, as if under the power of some narcotic, and I realized then better than ever what the dance of the Orient really is. Not a licentious and lascivious form of movement, but the song of the limbs and the body, through which all the emotions can be expressed. I later asked Maluf what the two women had danced. It was "Going away and Coming Home" they had danced, he told me. It meant perhaps a good deal more than Maluf had expressed, but I was satisfied with that.

§ 4

There are two daily papers printed in Arabic in the city. The better-situated Syrians, the wealthier ones, have long since moved away from Washington Street and its immediate neighborhood, and are now living in Brooklyn, in the Bensonhurst district and on the Park Slope. The youngsters there, most of them born here, for the Syrian colony is forty years old, seldom speak their own language among themselves, using it only when they address their parents. But the English they use has quaint turns, and is phrased like Arabic. The two daily papers combined have a circulation of about a thousand a day.

Another publication, "Al Fanoon" ("The Arts"), is edited by Khalil Gibran, whose beautiful book, "The Madman," written in English, was a literary sensation when it appeared a few years ago. "Al Fanoon" also prints draw-

ings by Khalil Gibran. It would be impudent to praise Khalil Gibran as an artist. His works have a quality so much their own one can neither compare nor classify them. They are as subtle and pervading as the rarest perfumes, religious Oriental perfumes. The colors are so delicately shaded, they are but suggestions of hues. And yet it is vigorous of its own vigor and strong of its own strength. Occasionally "Al Fanoon" also prints articles in English. No other magazine in the country is so beautifully got up as this one.

I have passed many hours with the poet and artist, listening to his musical voice, which makes English as sonorous as if it were Italian, as he read me his poems. Faultlessly attired, Khalil Gibran looks more like a cultivated Frenchman than a Syrian. But at home, in his large studio on Tenth Street, discussing with me the Orient, he instinctively bends his knees under him as he sits down on the divan to sip the thick coffee, the preparation of which is his particular pride when he makes his guests feel at home. Everything Occidental is forgotten on entering his room and facing him. Instantly all feeling of hurry is banished. The day seems to be longer, the hours seem to be slower, even the rumbling below, in the street, the noise coming through the heavily shuttered windows, seems to be more distant than it actually is. And listening to him, I have always felt as though he were a brother to that other man I had met and whom his listeners had called "a saint."

§ 5

The wheels of the city are reaching for the youth of the Syrian district.

Here and there young girls have already been dragged into shops to help turn out the hundreds of thousands of pairs of trousers which New York provides for the rest of the world. Many of the homely arts which the Syrians have practised in New York until a few years ago have slowly been abandoned for more remunerative work in factories and sweat-shops, from which they bring home that brand of Americanism so distasteful to the older generation. Maluf has gone back home. Another silversmith has taken his place. But this new man, much younger than Maluf, is turning out things much faster and less beautiful, and instead of selling them singly to such as love beautiful things, he sells them dozenwise to wholesalers who retail them as antiques and rare wares on Fifth Avenue. The dancing-place has recently been closed by prohibition agents. Less nasal song is being heard, complaints in old Arabic. The hoarse phonograph grinds out jazz-tunes and ragtime. But after the youngsters have had their share of fun, the older Syrians put on records on which songs of their own people have been matriced.

Among my many friends in the Syrian district there are few I like better than I do Parkyan, the rug-dealer. Parkyan is a man of about fifty. His forefathers have been merchants. One day he showed me a beautiful rug he had just received, which had been made of wool of natural colors from brown-wooled sheep, silver gray, black, reddish, and yellow sheep, such as are bred on the plains of Turkestan. It was a magnificent piece of work, and I admired it greatly. He told me the story of that rug, for every rug has a story.

From time to time Americans come down to Parkyan's store to price and buy rugs. One day while I was there a large automobile slowed up in front of it. An elderly man, accompanied by a lady, evidently his wife, entered, and asked to see Oriental rugs. Parkyan showed them the rug he had highly praised to me, asking for it a hundred dollars, which seemed to me a most ridiculously low sum. Certain the man would buy the rug, I regretted my backwardness in asking the price. The man looked at it, then passed it up with the remark that it was not worth half the amount. He offered fifty dollars for it, and turning around to his wife, he said:

"Do you think, dearest, it would do for the hall?"

The lady hesitated.

"I don't know."

Parkyan rolled the rug away and said:

"No, it won't do. But I'll show you something much better."

I breathed easier. I wanted that rug.

Then Parkyan produced from his shelves a number of other rugs considerably inferior to the first one, for which he asked five and six hundred dollars apiece. Evidently the gentleman had been told the Orientals generally ask twice as much as the value of the merchandise; for when he had finally picked out three of the rugs shown to him, he offered exactly half of the sum asked. Before a half hour was over, Parkyan had sold him a thousand dollars' worth, and the automobile carrying the precious rugs had departed. I waited until Parkyan had rearranged his shelves, singsonging softly to himself.

"If it is a hundred dollars you are

asking for that rug, I want to buy it, Parkyan."

"I have not offered it to you," he replied, turning around, very much taken aback.

"I cannot see that my money is different from the other man's," I answered.

And then Parkyan explained.

"This rug is my test-stone. With it I test a new customer's knowledge of rugs. If he passes that up after I ask him a hundred dollars, which is not one tenth its value, I know that he does not know rugs. I then offer him anything, and am sure to close a favorable deal. Do you understand now?" I understood.

This happened two years ago. The other day Parkyan showed me that he still had the rug.

A hundred feet from Broadway, a hundred feet from the entrance of the subway which bores itself through the length and breadth of the city, a few minutes' distance only from the city hall, within sight of where once stood the liberty pole, and where the final surrender of the British was effected, between the Hudson River and that other river of steel, the elevated, that flows uptown, there is a separate little world, a world that lives its own life. Hundreds of these people have never gone out of their district, and do not know much about the life that surges about them. People from a different world, Christians with Moslem habits, still feeling that they are the Nasrani of the deserts of Syria, the Kellas and settlements of Arabia, and the lowlands of

Palestine, although they are far away from them now. *Kavas* and bazaars and dancing-houses, Zarafs and their own Arabic newspapers, living huddled and crowded in tottering old brick houses, a people of a different seed, of an older civilization that has ever been reluctant to the new, distilling a certain pigment into the dull grayness of our modern lives.

Through the open doors one can see the long wax candles flickering in curved rows right and left of the altar in the church. Through open windows floats the melancholy chant intoned by a nasal voice. And the calls in Arabic of the mothers to their children romping on the street mingle with the jazz screechings from another home and the Homeric curses of the truck-drivers on their way to the wharves. An old Arab sits peacefully on the threshold and grinds coffee in a brass mortar. Within the store his daughter is ringing a cash-register. Suddenly the scene is enlivened by a quarrel of neighbors across the street. Heads appear over window-sills, turbaned heads, fezzed heads, grave, smiling tolerantly with Oriental indifference to women's doings. A large steamer from the Orient has moored to a near-by pier and is discharging its merchandise. In the stillness of the air hover the pleasant flavors of dates and figs, of dry raisins and cinnamon cane, and citrons and lemons. Windows are shut down, and in groups the men and women stand in the middle of the street and breathe in the perfumed greetings from home.

A Mountain Munchhausen

Tales from the Kentucky Mountains

BY PERCY MACKAYE

“**H**E war the tale-tellin’dest deevil-charmer, topground or under, old Sol!”

He had been dead for more than twenty years, but the rumor of him still rose from the creeks like the rumbling of their full tides at the spring equinox, and the glamour of his ancient presence still lit the cabin doors like the afterglow of autumn sunset.

We heard of him in many far-sundered places, from people unknown to one another, united only in the common remembrance of a companionship which had charmed, teased, confounded, or hilariously enchanted them all.

Old God-fearing women, still petulant with dim credulity of his preternatural whoppers, pursed their mouths at his name.

“Lor’!” said one of them, “sech contraptious lie-foolin’s! When that old gasher Sol drapped in of a winter evenin’, us common-sensers riz up from the fire-log and went in the next house,¹ and jist nacherly left him to the chilluns.”

“All the same,” retorted her husband, “jist nacherly we ’d come toe-teeterin’ back ag’in for to listen at him—behint the bedpost.”

Latter-day youngsters, especially small boys, wriggled in wild raptures of

laughter at the traditioned stories still told and mimicked by his oldest son, now up in seventy, echoing the droll art of his sire, like the son of Joe Jefferson simulating his great father in the rôle of *Rip Van Winkle*.

By both parents, Solomon Shell was of Dutch “generation,” noted for living to great age. His brother, John Shell, Senior, of Big Laurel, “the oldest man in the world,” died in 1922 at the reputed age of 134. His father, who lived to about 115, reared his family in an Indian stockade down in Tennessee. His mother, Polly Ann, who lived past one hundred, was a Fry, daughter of Nicholas Fry of North Carolina. One winter in the eighteenth century the Frys had walked to Kentucky from Carolina barefoot in the snow.

We learned that old Sol himself had died in 1898, just missing his own birth centennial by two years. So for almost the whole of the nineteenth century he had haunted these hills, a living legend, rolling unconsciously under his tongue, as he spat in the wood fire, the cud of an ancient wit and lore which kinned him with the old saga-tellers of the Norse fiords and with charcoal-burning fairy-chroniclers of the German forests.

For he was veritably a Munchhausen

¹ That is, the next room.

of the mountains, the last of his race, wandering the Kentucky ridges, handing on unrecorded versions of the *Märchen*¹ of his forebears, tinged by an indigenous raciness of the American pioneer.

Throughout his realm of Pine Mountain Solomon reigned in mountainy English with all the glory of his Bible namesake.

Print can never truly record his tales or that gusto of mountain illiteracy which these written annals can only hint at.

Of his personal appearance, an old neighbor said of him:

"He war a meat-ax of a man, Sol Shell. Stood about five foot nine. Wearing his haar long down over the neck, kindly of a peaked coon-cap on his haid. His beard were wild as a stubble-patch."

The prowess of his "meat" was far famed after he "fit and licked the bully of Tennessee, his gum boots runnin' over with blood." Yet to many a sick-abled woman he was a tender nurse and resourceful midwife, and to tribes of mountain children he was a fable-tongued godfather.

Stealing down out of the wintry hills, tapping at cabin doors to pop in his coon-cap, he would herd his "godchilders" about his knees in the flickering dark, his big-featured, solemn face now pondering his artful silences, now cracking into thunderous guffaws at his own whopper-wit.

THE PEACH-ROCKED DEER

Dod-fotch ye, leetle feller! Oncurl your toes from the poke-stick and divil thot-thar fire-log for to spit her tongue at ye. That's right smart.

Now listen me, all you settin'-rounders, and I 'll tell ye about 'The Peach-Rocked Deer.'

Well, chilluns, I shore were borned lucky—at the last! But first-offly, that war the most onluckyless, nothin'-doin'dest huntin' day o' my life. Seemed like my ole rifle-gun she was spellt—missed ary game-critter I aimed her at, every pop. Trompin' the timber I'd ben, belly-empty, sence afore day-rise, and hit now hog-dark, and nary a buckshot left to my barrel. Had n't et nothin' all day, I had n't, but one party-striped peach, and now I were gnawin' the rock of hit, like a tree-rat aimin' fer to crack out the nut-kernel. Could n't sliver the goll thing nohow!

Well, thar I were crossin' the foot-bridge below Old Log, jist whar Shell Branch and Ruthie Young's jines to one creek and makes Greasy.

Did I told ye how hit git to be called Greasy? I's tell ye that, next-off. And quar old Ruthie, the he-woman, how she done the murder thar? Shore, I 'll tell ye that, too.

Keep your traps set. Hit takes two fleas to hatch a tickful.

Where-at were I? Crossin' over the foot-log, high over Greasy.

A frog-toad were chunkin'. The mist fog stank spearminty. The moon she were warpin' spider-webs on the tide under me. I seed my shadder-legs crisscrossin' thar. I were suckin' of that peach-rock, tooth-wedgin' hit to crack. Suddent I nigh swallowed hit whole.

Whee-ay-y-y—oo-oo-ee—yud!yud!yud!

Dad-fetch me! chilluns, ef yan were n't the blood-churndin'dest whinny-holler ever I heerd in my soul!

¹ Of these, "The Peach-Rocked Deer" is a striking instance. He could hardly have come by it except through long folk tradition, as he was wholly unlettered and cut off from literary sources except the Bible.

I shore sweated whey-water. I stood as still as the Seventh Day and harked of hit. Yander shrill-deep echo shackled the timber of Pine Mount'in like hit were David's dulcimore shudderin' fer Saul.

"Golly bust me!" thinks I, "ef that hain't a buck deer rut-sparkin' his mate, hit 's shore a riz-from-death Cherokee."

So I waits still ag'in till I kin hear my heart knock. Then I grabbles my gun, pokes through the ivy bushes, and rounds the trail up towards the Injun clift west to Old Log. Hit 's in thar is the room in the clift whar the Injuns ustid to chip their stone-flints. Hunderds o' bushels is a-layin' thar yit, under the drip shelft.

Saft as corn-silk I slips up in the dark stillishness. Leetle night critters was cricketin' under the chistnut bloom. So I retches up my eyes to the roof o' the clift, the handle of the Star-Dipper jist aidgin' hit shiny beyand. The dreem of a water-spring fell slit-terin' down thar, raisin' up a drifty fog-smoke, which they was a bright, pieded moon-rainbow springin' and spanglin' thar, high overly.

And ri'chunder yan rainbowy bridge thar were standin' a red, horned critter the God-wonderfulest in the world. Three legs he were standin' on, trembly like popples, and the fourth hit were crookled like a scythe-blade, clippin' and tearin' the clift with his hoof-p'int.

Stretchin' up his broad-long, slim-long neck he was, like he would dreem the Star-Dipper with his nuzzle, and the nose-holes of hit blaze-snortin' with fog-clouds. His both eyes were rollin' like sun-balls. Sech a sight of towerin' antlers hain't sprangled on a buck sence the Ark.

Yea, my rounders! I axes ye ef that war a minute for a man without nary a buckshot!

I slid clos'ter, chawin' of that peach-rock. The critter snuffed me. My brain thunk chain-lightnin'. I grounded my rifle-gun and up-ended hit.

He spied my shadder in the moon. He fasted his sun-bally eyes on me.

I spit that peach-rock in the barrel and rammed hit home. I cocked and aimed her. The buck scringed back on his hinder legs. I banged away with the peach-rock! Blood busted a thunderin' spout betwixt his horns. The critter spranged plumb clare o' the world over my haid in the chistnut bloom, and me starin' uply. But jist only yan drizzle of blood throwed a drift in my eyes, drappin' down from the red moon-rainbow thar.

Yea, chilluns, dad-burn him! nare sight nor sign of that deer-buck did I done find in the timber, trackin' and cussin' the trail o' dawn to my holler breakfast pot! Dad-fetch hit! I wisht I 'd had that peach-rock back ag'in, for to crack hits nut.

Well, childers, hit were a world o' water slid down Greasy 'fore I sampled another. Ary onc't a while, though, seemed like I had a witch-spell ponderin' about hit.

One day dawn, come A-prile, I were asleep in a cave 'way-y on the mount'in. Thar I 's woke, and my brain purely drinched with fragrance, my ears hummin' a dronesy music. I sat plumb up in the dimishness, and right in the open gap o' the cave I seed thar a drift of peach bloom shinin' wonderly. Blue pink hit were, and skeins of honey-bees loomin' hit like a quilt pattern.

I riz and run to the sill, but thar

were n't only nuthin' but the day-rise pinkin' up the east, and a leetle peach-bloom cloud driftin' fur off down the timber.

Tides o' time arter then, hit were, and I were grubbin' yarbs miles away yander on Bab's Branch: sech a same fruit-bearin' verge o' the year as I shot that buck; hot noon, and I were feelin' sweat-thirsty and belly-cave-in. Then I hears a toodalong-bird hollerin' deep in the woods,—“*Stri-pey! —Stri-pey!*”—and thinks I, “Thar 's a water-spring.”

So off I canters in the heavy timber where hit were the coolest, deep-shaderest dark, kindly a shet-eyed place, so dreamsome hit war and silentful. Comes siftin' down jist one slanty beam o' the sun, and hit burnin' red-gold on the nape of a big moss-kivered log, one end laid agin hits old chop-stump.

And outen that dark, rottid stump they was growin' the most beautifulest, spranglin' tree, and hit laden with ripe fruites.

The likes of a pillar o' fire hit sprangled thar, and hits fruites a-gleamin' like on Aaron's breastplate o' jedgment—onyxes, berylses, carbunkles, jaspers—blood-purple and scarlety gold.

And thar on the tip bough, in the snake-spottled leaves, I seen yan leetle toodalong-bird snappin' his black and yaller bill, cockin' at the purty nap of the top-growin'dest fruit—and, lo! hit were a party-striped peach!

And he hollered ag'in: “*Stri-pey! Stri-pey!*”

“Yis, sir, Brother Toodalong,” I answers him; “hit 's shore ruby-ripe fer timptation. And if you 're aimin' to auction hit off to ole Adam ag'in, here 's ole Solomon to bid up fer him. Stripey for ole Sol, ary pop!”

So up I clumb on yan log, walkin' hits len'th, till out I steps on the fork o' that paradise peach-tree, and up I retches for to pull the highest peach thar; gin onc't more, the *third* time, that leetle serpent-tongued divvil hol-lered, “*Stri-pey!*” and I pulls the peach and chaws one bite to the rock of hit.

Then Lor' creation! all suddent the hull world o' timber tipped slanty, and yan ole moss-log riz up like thunder and shook hisself, and, “*Whee—ay-y-y—oo-oo-ee—yud! yud! yud!*” thot-thar rot-stump raired hits muzzle and bel-lered wilderer than the Goldin Calf, and *rip-crash!* yan peach-tree were tore and shoooken like hit were a wind cradle, and the peaches peltin' off down the mount'in like a hail pourin'! And me hitself tossed high-upper than glory 'way-y-y high over Bab's Ridge, whirlin' and hangin' in the air to one busted tree-sprangle, like Jacob to his heavenly ladder spoke!

But 'way below under me, fur down yander on the mount'in-side, I seed a thunderin' buck-deer, pawin' on the aide of a clift, rairin' up his moughty peach-tree antlers in the goldin noon-shine.

What ye axin' me? How fur did I fall?

Well, I beat the fust—out the back gate o' Genesis! Chilluns, I fell from heaven all that-thar day from noon on, keepin' the ole sun comp'ny; till jest as he were a-settin', I landed plumb down in my own goosefeather bed—and the core of a party-striped peach stickin' in my throat!

Now ain't that bein' borned lucky—at the last!

Nay, my rounders! I never did n't git to cough hit out yit. Feel under my neck-skin—the p'int of hit. Some calls hit the core of old Adams's apple,

but I calls hit ole Solomon's peach-rock.

Introducing a Highland Freeholder

On other occasions Solomon Shell would turn to a favorite theme of his, the mountain hog, and develop unctuous variations of that *leit-motif*.

In the mountains, the agile, acorn-fed generations of swine hold an epic rank in prowess and romance unknown to their sty-bred, slothful kindred of the lowlands. Highland hogs are not merely stuff for the gorge of Mammon; they are also such gorgeous stuff as dreams are made on—arrayed, beyond pork-flesh, in the glamour of poetry. Alive on the wild trails, in both society and solitude, they are untrammelled companions of an untrammelled folk, free denizens of the mountain democracy. Even in death they are not Norman *pork*, but Saxon *pig*. Especially the sow, which, with her litter of shoats, hugs closer to human palings, is an unfailing source of folk-lore. Old Sol never tired of making her the heroine of his hog-tales.

HOG INN

The diffryence between hogs and humans is mostly figgers. Hit 's a toss-up betwixt a paar and two of a kind. That 's what I allers arguid with my ole woman when she slack-jawed my mount'in sow, Chinkapin. (My ole woman was borned in Blue-grass.)

"Chinkapin," I says to her, "hain't no Blue-grass figger of a hog, like some other she-males I 's met up with. Chinkapin hain't the blobb figger of a chuck-full mealpoke, with a leetle tie-twister for a nose-nub."

No, sir-r, chilluns! My ole Chinkapin her figger favored her raisin'

place. She were a mount'in-borned lady, pure razorback from toe to tail. Slab-sided and purty she were as ole Pine Mount'in hitself, and hit ivy-bristlin'. And spunky? Dad-fetch me! I seen her fit a crawfish on the middle of a foot-log high over the creek tide, and thirteen leetle shoats danglin' to her dugs yit suckin' thar. She jist backed round and sot down on the claw-pinchin' critter. Arter then I had n't no needs for to fire-brand her buttocks. Ef right now was hog judgment day, I 'd claim her sperrit, hind to, riz up among a million.

Yit she war the dad-lostiest hog ever I hunted in the timber. I were allers trackin' her. And the most quarest places I found her at. Did I told ye how I trailed her onc't to Hog Inn? No-o? Yis, I did! Well, then, Hanky, hit was this-a-way.

Hog Inn were spoke to be a quar, hided-away place of meestery. Years o' my days I heern tell about hit in the mount'ins, how hit were kindly a losty place for moonstruck fellers and gals.

Some fiddlers I knewed said hit 's whar dissatisfactioned stick-to-homers disappears to when they wants to git to be hustlin' up-to-timers.

Some preacher fellers sarmoned how Old Horny hisself tuck the nacheral image of a hog and was innkeeper thar, him runnin' a puncheon-floor boardin'-lodge for all sech-like Egyptians of the sperrit what goes hankerin' arter flesh-pots. Hog Inn, they told, hung out hits moonshine lantern somewhars half-way betwixt the banks o' Jordan and Apollyon's Pit. But my ole woman said they warn't no sech a place—leastways for right-livin'd humans; she warn't consarned with no hog-fleshers.

Well, nor me nuther, except for my ole Chinkapin. She 'd be'n stickin' round home for three operations of the moon, but now she were lit out ag'in and plumb lostid.

"I wonder," says I. "Jest afore dark I seed Chinky gapi'n' at the moon-sickle over her left ear. Mebbe she 's gone moony and she 's puttin' up at Hog Inn."

"Ah, put up with her thar yourself!" grouched my ole woman, and slams the door on me.

"All right, then," thinks I, "I shore will. But where-all is Hog Inn at?"

Well, hit were nigh dusky dark then, and I goes trackin' the gloamin' fer a new trail.

"Soo-ey! Soo-ey!" I hollers. "Soo-ey, Chinky!"

But jist the echo hollers me back from the tall layin-trees; so I goes climbin' and huntin' the shadders ag'in.

Miles on, I stops in the deep pine.

"Soo-ey, Chinky! Where are ye?"

And this time seems like the echo she hollers fur off:

"Hog Inn!"

Then I legs hit faster and, about three mile on, I climbs out to a quar shelft o' the mount'in, the moon-sickle peepin' over yander. Nigh thar was a dark woods of black-jack oaks, high and still some. Only jist a whipawill was a-whippin' her thar.

"Soo-ey, Chinkapin! Soo-ey!" I hollers.

"Hoggery Inn! Hoggery Inn!" whipawill she whips me back.

Then I walks up nigh to the foot of a ol' dead holler gum-tree, and thar, on a broked-off limb, I sees two round green lights burnin' like toadstool fires! Peared to be hangin' thar a double-

eyed moonshine lantern, which hit were two-horned-tipped at the top.

"Heigh, now," I speaks up, "ef you ain't Old Horny's sign of Hog Inn, the preachers don't know ye."

"Whoo- whoo- whoo- whoo

The deevil air you-ou?"

hoolyhoos yan moonshiney lantern. Then she winks one of her eye-shutters, shruggin' out two dusky wings, and hovers away in the shadders.

Now, childers, that switched me blue!

Then all of a onc't I hears the quarrest fiddlin' noise. Seems like hit were a thousand of katydids scrapin', and *kerplump!* somethin' drapped on the ground clost by me, clean outen the top of yan old dead gum-tree, and begun fer to roll and scramble like a critter.

"Soo-ey! Soo-ey!" I calls, and chases hit.

For thar I sees the crawfish sign on hits rump in the moon. And shore 'nough, thar was my ole Chinkapin hoofin' her for the bottom of the tree trunk, and me arter her.

"Soo-ey, Chinky!" I hollers, and grabs for her tail-piece, but in she scrabbles to a gap-hole in the bottom, and plumb disappears up the in'ards.

Right that same second, *kerplump!* draps another Hog-Inn boarder, landin' from a hole in the treetop on the ground, and ag'in hit scrabbles for the gap-hole. That time hit were a pink-spottled dodger.

"Soo-ey, thar! Pig-go-wee!" I yells.

But in hit goes by me, plumb up. And thar the whipawill hollered:

"Hog in—
And out ag'in!"

Lor, then, sech a scritch as yan lodgin'-house let out! For thot-thar holler tree were plumb perpindickeler full o' hogs, each boarder hustlin' t' other from behind, so when piggie crowded in at the bottom, piggie squealed out at the top.

And, lo! onc't more, *kerplump!* here comes a gray-striper! Roll and squeal and scramble, and up ag'in in'ards!

"Ladies' chain!" whipped the call-bird.

And here now come spillin' the hull chain-gang, blue, yaller, gray, pink, pieded, and spottled, bustin' off and linkin' up ag'in. And all the whiles, inside the tree, they was roarin' sech a grunt-squall, like a meet of holy-rollers mislickin' the words of Jordan Song:

*"Come fine Old Horny in Hoggerly Inn,
Whar the puncheon beams is shakin'!
He balances up and he balances down
For to keep the lean in his bacon."*

And shore 'nough, here draps a gret black boar, plumb on his hind hoofs, bristlin' like a brier-patch, two wild horns p'intin' outen his flop-ears. Jist he aims his slick, long snout like a gun-barrel, and *bang* he shoots in the gap-hole and up the gum-tree. Yea, childers, how them gum-trees kin stretch!

And so the ring-round went rattlin', hog in at the bottom shovin' hog out at the top, one onended runnin'-set of pig-jigs, and the katydids scrapin' like a' all-fired cabinful o' fiddlers.

"Balancet partners!" whipped the caller-out. "Turn your cornders!"

And, lo, behold! thar ag'in come my Chinkapin tumblin' her turn, *kerflop!*

to my foot, and clips a back-summy-set, squealin'. That time, though, I grabbed shore of her tail-piece, straddled hind-to on her razor back, and "Heigh! Soo-ey, up!" I hollered, and away we—

Now, chilluns, ef ever you gab to my ole woman of me jinin' that ladies' chain—

No-o, Cindy-Ann, I hain't never told no human yit how yan rinktums ended. Only jist, next day, when ole Chinkapin was layin' in our cabin door, a-sunnin' her thar with her little shoats, and the fleas heel-and-toe dancin', my ole woman she suspicions me and clips out:

"So, Solomon," she says, "did you and Chinky done put up at Hog Inn last night?"

"Did us? Axe her!" says I.

And thar I jest stoops over at Chinkapin's left flop-ear, and I ristles saft, "Soo-ey, up!"

Heigh, gosh-hooks! Up then she jumps like franzy, the ole sow, summy-sets herself, squeals Yankee Doodle on a firin'-pan, butts my ole woman britch-sprawlin', lambastes the table—legs over—on the rollin' soup-pot, and plumb she scatters the fire-ashes like a snow-squall, scrabblin' thar to wiggle ladies' chain up the chimney-stack.

Well—thar I stood between sow and suspicion!

Nay, fellers, I never did aim to balancet partners ag'in—not two of a kind to onc't!

Gals, don't never ye gape at the moon over your left ear!

Caps and Crowns in Labor England

The Human Side of the New Politics in England

BY BESSIE BEATTY

IT is said of Queen Victoria that she once restored the monarchy to popular favor by letting it be known to her subjects that she ate a mutton chop every evening for her supper. The Prince of Wales falls off his horse and gets on again. Queen Mary has a pocket in her petticoat. Against royalty like that revolution has no weapons.

Walking home from his Majesty's Theatre, we take the short cut through the stable-yard of St. James's Palace. Royalty sleeps all about us. But for the dim gas-lanterns splashing the old gray walls with deeper patches of dark, nothing has been changed since the sixteenth century.

At York House, up there in that room with the Nottingham curtains (the ones with the fleur-de-lis pattern) the heir apparent will later (probably quite a bit later) go to bed. Next door, behind those long lengths of ruffled muslin, is a doting grandmother. All London knows, and is glad, that she takes his part, as a proper grandmother should. Alexandra has her memories and her tolerances. Just around the corner in South Audley Street lives Princess Mary, and almost any fine day you can see the princess's baby out in the perambulator. It is announced that "Already Ishbell

MacDonald is a great favorite with the Queen," and that the Prince of Wales has been lunching in Downing Street.

As the people ascend, royalty descends; but in England, unlike the rest of the world, it seems to stoop only to conquer. Except by marrying a commoner, and thereby lifting the people still higher, the Prince of Wales could do nothing more endearing than to fall off his horse and get on again. He rides, of course. No Englishman could do less. He is a good sport. He gets up again. That too is essential. But though he is a prince of the royal blood, though he is a potential king, he is not the king of horsemen. Thousands of his subjects are his peers. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, more are his superiors. By the mere act of falling off his horse he exalts every horseman in England and grapples them to him with the subtlest, but strongest, of bonds, fallibility.

There are thousands of others who worry about him. In moderation, that too is an endearing emotion. They write letters to "The Times" about it. His daring, his recklessness, become the subject-matter of respectfully remonstrative leaders in the "Daily Mail." He needs them, the people. They feel it keenly. They

need him. For their sakes they urge caution upon him.

Then up speaks the old individualist, impatient with a mollycoddling age. "This is all nonsense," says he. "In the first place, the boy's private life is his own until he comes to the throne. Besides, we don't want a king who would do less than ride and ride hard, fall and fall hard, and get up and ride hard again." The old individualist, by his act of vicarious courage, feels himself a bigger and a braver man, and loves his prince accordingly. He too is of the stuff of which fairy-tales are made.

It is increasingly difficult to tell where the people end and royalty begins. The people are not mere spectators of the passing show; they are in it, of it. They are part of the fairy-tale. And despite a political revolution sweeping into office bearers of doctrine which the world has come to regard as throne-toppling, the fairy-tale is still intact.

In a constitutional monarchy the king must be all things to all ministers. The reigning house has proved itself adequately gracious to the new representatives of the people. Thus the astonishing spectacle of a Labor government with a crown on, securely and straight. So much for the self-imposed democratization of the court. What of the rest of England?

English elasticity, that art of compromise, which we have long been taught to regard as a peculiarly British attribute, has hardly been strained. Whitehall's manners have been as faultless as those of Buckingham. The new blood is cautious, the old conciliatory. In January, when it seemed inevitable that Government was to pass from the suave, silk-hatted

gentlemen on the Conservative benches to the representatives of the cap-wearing working-men, old England braced her shoulders to take a blow. Except for a hurried scramble for foreign investments, business in Great Britain's Wall Street, "The City," was at a standstill. There was a greater panic in the columns of the "Morning Post" and "Daily Mail." An occasional Englishman, thoroughly hopeless about the existing state of affairs, was of opinion that everything was already so bad, Labor could n't make it worse. The rest were grimly determined to take it standing.

The blow fell. Old England opened her eyes to have a look at her own black and blue spots, and there were not any. The king sat as secure as ever on his throne, the colonies stood the impact without a quiver, the stock market steadied, sterling held its own. The new colonial secretary let it be quietly known that any one who had any idea of messing up the British Empire would have to reckon with him. If a few good old Tories turned over in their graves, the most delicate of seismographic instruments failed to register the shock.

There was something almost anticlimactic about it all. The forbidding door to the ominous dark closet which had hidden the socialist ogre was open at last, and there was n't any bugaboo inside. And that seems to me, after two months' study of labor-governed England, to be the key to the mystery. There is no socialism in the situation, not yet, at any rate.

The day that Ramsay MacDonald went to Buckingham Palace to take the oath in a morning coat and top-hat, financial London breathed a faint sigh of relief. The "Daily Mail" had

been wrong again. The end was not quite come. Of such slight straws is reassurance made. By the time the new prime minister appeared at the king's levee in full court regalia with Noel Buxton, the tall minister of agriculture, and stocky little Sidney Webb in velvet breeches, blood was flowing freely again in the paralyzed arteries of the City.

That stolid and dogged acceptance of the inevitable which characterized the days immediately preceding the rise to office of Ramsay MacDonald is quite gone. Reassurance came so swiftly that again one hears some English business men talking confidently about getting back to pre-war conditions. That is an even more unlikely possibility than the immediate establishment of socialism.

From the first the prime minister has been thoroughly aware of the dramatic values of the situation. Labor called to govern, and by a king! Caps on the front benches once sacred to silk hats! Ramsay MacDonald at No. 10 Downing Street! Tory and Whig, Conservative and Liberal, noble lord and commoner—all these had played for empire on the same historic gaming-board; but never an M.P. with (Lab.) after his name and never a man grown from a penniless boy out of a Scottish cabin.

§ 2

Ramsay MacDonald is in the fairytale. Its ancient story is heightened by the deeper color of contrast. The sturdy Scot, with his handsome, gray-topped head and his wheedling voice, repudiated, despised, persecuted even, because he was a pacifist, is hailed as the supreme executive in war and peace of the British Empire. The

Archbishop of York mentions him with Rosebery, Campbell-Bannerman, and Balfour, and compliments him on maintaining "the tradition of his high office." The king and the Prince of Wales like his humor and succumb to the charm of his personality. Their Majesties invite him and the bright-cheeked little hostess of No. 10 to Windsor Castle. Whatever the economic consequences of a Labor administration may or may not be, the social fabric will never be quite the same again. There has been a social revolution, if not a socialist one.

Mr. MacDonald's performance has been as clever a piece of adaptation to a given situation as the history of British politics records—as clever even as the crown's. The appointment of his cabinet left the radical wing of his own party unsatisfied, but it strengthened his position in the House and with the public at large. Almost every succeeding act of his has been more popular with his enemies than with his friends; yet even those among his friends who criticize him most, the rebellious Scots who put him into office, say, "If Mac were in the last ditch, we'd all be for him."

It is increasingly clear that Mr. MacDonald has no intention of being driven into the last ditch at the moment, certainly not on a question of socialist theory. If there was and doubt about it previously, he must have completely dissipated it during the annual conference of his own party in York at Easter. I heard him speak twice, and both times he talked less to the delegates before him than to the voting populace of Great Britain any to the people beyond the seas.

His program within the country and outside of it is one of conciliation. He

reminds his followers that he has been elected by only four and a half million votes against nine million. Even as the king has courted labor, Ramsay MacDonald is courting the people. By announcing at the outset that the Government would not attempt to impose a capital levy or any other legislation of so socialistic a character, that it was foredoomed to defeat, he allayed a multitude of conservative fears and disappointed some radical hopes.

At York his party, determined to present a solid front, in his behalf had to swallow some bitter medicine from his spoon. He talked Christian conciliation instead of class consciousness, and urged coöperation on men who have grown up in the belief that they must make war on capitalism.

They too were elastic, and voted a resolution assuring the Government, and in particular the prime minister, of loyalty and good will.

Meantime the gray surface of English life is quite unruffled by any of the mental and spiritual gymnastics demanded of its citizens. London, grimly beautiful through the fog, prepared for the season as though the silk-hatted occupants of the Conservative benches were still running the best of all possible worlds in the best of all possible ways. In April the army of furbishers came out. Against the smoke-stained fronts of London's dingy houses, ladders, incredibly tall, assumed postures that seemed incredibly precarious. Men with buckets and scrubbing-brushes were followed by men with paint-pots. Blocks of yellow, white, cream emerged miraculously from the gray background. Polished windows shone through gay green frames. Doors

were made bright and festive beneath their old brass knockers. Then the window-boxes. Slim-bodied marguerites swayed, above the regal pink or splashing scarlet of geranium blooms, their yellow eyes blinking. Below, the impudent blue lobelia pushed their china blue faces into the front row, insistent on seeing and being seen.

It is the hour in England when the fairy-tale is at its most exciting point. And the Londoner likes it none the less because his pretty show is set upon a soundly commercial stage. For lodging-vending, food-purveying, luxury-supplying London the golden goose lays well. From the first it was evident that it was to be one of the gayest seasons London has ever seen. The foot-ball season comes to its usual glorious close; Government makes no attempt to compete with it. The arrival of the first cuckoo is reported. Crocuses and daffodils receive their regular allotment of newspaper columns. And as always, in England, the weather continues to hold the first page.

Crises arise and are dissipated. A delegate to the Russian conference disturbs the established order in Downing Street by passing his cigarette-case to the waiters at the prime minister's luncheon. Lady Astor's invitations to political parties read, "Morning Dress." And London debates just what it means, and wears "anything." A worried little Latin diplomat faces a perplexing world.

"Who will present our wives to the queen now that Lady Curzon is gone?" he asks.

"I have no doubt some lady among the Labor members' wives will be found to present them." It is an

unruffled and unperturbed court official who makes reply.

Queen Mary, from whose royal presence no visitor departs until he has been dismissed, has even quite gracefully survived the precedent-smashing call of the Labor member's wife, who, doubtless having a baby to tend or some other equally important chore at home, announced to her Majesty that she "would have to be pushing along now."

Even the storm that arose over the appointment of Mr. James Brown, Labor M.P., to the position of Lord High Commissioner for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland subsided in time. His Majesty himself poured the oil on the troubled waters. The lord high commissioner during the meeting of the assembly is the king's own representative. He stands, in fact, in the shoes of the king, and receives all honors which would be done to his Majesty. For two weeks he occupies Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh. During the last 250 years the post, which is a very honorary one, has been given to some member of the Scotch aristocracy. Now it's labor's turn.

Mrs. Brown, who is a plump, hard-working, motherly-looking, middle-aged woman, has lived most of her life in a two-roomed miner's cottage. She was timid at first about playing the rôle into which she was suddenly thrust. A small portion of Scotland's fashionables decided to boycott the festivities. At his Majesty's command, the Duke of Atholl went to Edinburgh to put the palace in order, to provide state carriages, cutlery, china, and all other necessary paraphernalia for entertaining. Incidentally the duke let it be known that royal displeasure

would be incurred by any who failed to coöperate.

The best of Scotland's fine ladies rallied to Mrs. Brown's support. She went to the castle with the Marchioness of Ailsa as lady-in-waiting, and no less a person than a descendant of Robert Bruce as one of her maids of honor. She took with her, too, from her home in South Ayrshire, some of her own good friends.

In South Ayrshire the fairy-tale has come true before the very eyes of the village, and whatever happens in the great stone buildings beside the Thames, life in that little Scottish corner will never be quite the same again.

One wonders if Tom Griffiths, the treasurer of the king's household and John A. Parkinson, his Majesty's controller, and John E. Davison, vice-chamberlain, don't surreptitiously pinch themselves sometimes to see whether they are "real."

They wear their embroidered tunics and their knee-breeches as easily as they used to wear overalls and jumper in the black depths of an English coal-pit or in the grimy clatter of the iron foundry, and their cocked hats are not less becoming than their old cloth caps. If some of the rank and file of labor are a little fearful, it is not to be wondered at. There have been unpleasant transgressions within their own memories of union officials who succumbed to good dinners, pleasant-tasting wines, soft-spoken words. They have the fear of men to whom all of life has been a battle. They feel instinctively that flattery is a heady wine, and even the steadiest have been known to turn dizzy in unaccustomed heights. They have lost the fruits of victory so many times,

down the ages, it is not surprising that they fear.

§ 3

Within the limits of Mr. MacDonald's own party there is probably greater conflict of ideas and less capacity for compromise than anywhere else in political England. The Labor party contains exponents of all shades of liberal, pacifist, trade-unionist, socialist, and communist theory. They disagree on objectives and tactic.

The articulate opposition accuses the prime minister of being a Gladstonian Liberal instead of a Labor leader. They make much of his gold braid and his sword, and some of them charge him with liking better the amenities of the banquet table than the approval of a dingy hall full of working-men.

Some of them would have liked to take him to task at York, but if they had the intention, he defeated it very successfully by beginning the offensive. Replying to their vote of thanks for his speech, he admonished them smilingly against taking on new civilities and acquiring unaccustomed gestures of respect.

"They say I have fallen into bad habits. See that you don't," he said.

"I should forget that I had a ceremonial suit if I were not reminded of it by the press. We may be able to put on a funny sort of something sometimes; what does it matter? We put it on without thinking about it and put it away without troubling about it. When we lose our snobbery, our vulgarity, then we lose the real gold braid. What we want is to make a world in which we can hear more songs in our own lives, live more melodies."

Some of the Government supporters dispose of the malcontents as disgruntled job-seekers; others realize that most of their differences spring from a deeper and more profound discontent.

One woman said to me:

"If we could persuade all the young Byrons in the party to turn their imaginations from politics to poetry, Ramsay MacDonald might have a chance to do something."

"But what?" asked one of the young Byrons himself. "What that Lloyd George did not lead us to expect in 1909? Or Asquith? If it were possible to reconstitute the Lloyd George of that period and put him in the cabinet to-day, MacDonald would be perpetually pulling his coat-tails to keep him back. He would be too radical. I tell you, its Gladstonian Liberalism that he offers us. That was well enough twenty years ago, but we have the right to expect something more than that now."

Despite, or rather perhaps because of, his liberalism, the prime minister's star is undoubtedly still rising. If he were to go to the people to-day, he would be returned with a greater majority than that which put him into office.

The Tories are beginning to say ominously:

"It is n't this government one must worry about, but the next Labor government. We've got to look out for that."

There has been only one by-election to indicate the trend of feeling as expressed in votes, but at local elections the Labor party is gradually gaining power. The fight of Winston Churchill in the Abbey Division election is significant as an indication of what

may be expected in the way of the future. Mr. Churchill is seen by some of his followers, and no doubt by himself, as the Mussolini of Great Britain. His campaign was frankly anti-socialist and spectacular. He posterized and decorated the district. Tammany could have done no more. There was hardly an audible chirp from any of his opponents. Mr. Churchill made his appeal on the bases of sentiment and prejudice. Poster pictures of a beautiful little daughter bore the inscription: "You vote for Daddy, and Daddy 'll vote for you."

My windows looked out upon his headquarters in Victoria Street. On the night of election day I returned from the House to find the street in front of them blocked with a derisive and catcalling mob of people, chiefly women and very young men and boys. I asked one of the women why they were demonstrating at that moment, too late for the vote and too early to celebrate either victory or defeat.

"We know him. That's why. We know his kind. We've had him before. That's why." The police arrived:

"Go home to bed now. There's nothing more to hang round here for. It's time to go. Move on, please."

They shooed the crowd on ahead of them, lowering rather than raising their voices, like gentle mothers soothing sick children. Those London bobbies! They make court and Government and people all look like amateurs in the art of conciliation.

When the votes were counted, the significant thing about the figures was Labor's tremendous gain in a notoriously Conservative district. The Labor candidate got 6154 votes,

while his predecessor for the same office in 1922 received only 2444. The other notable and significant fact was the fate of the Liberal candidate, who received a total of only 290 votes.

§ 4

Since Mr. Churchill's defeat there has been a noticeable rally of the most irreconcilable of the reactionaries, expressing itself chiefly in impassioned speeches and long letters to the press. Meantime the people alternate the singing of "God Save the King" with the singing of "The Red Flag." Each provides an excellent vent for feeling, and neither is considered a crime.

When a Tory calls upon the people to rally and save England from the dread peril of socialism in the name of king and country, a labor man in the crowd wants to know whose king they're talking about, and who gave him the right to "speak for George."

Instead of trying to stop the Sunday soap-boxers in Hyde Park and elsewhere, anti-socialist spokesmen are urging their members to forsake country fireside and golf course and other haunts of week-end ease, to mount the soap-box themselves. They are eloquently urged to meet "ranting" with "reason," "false doctrine" with the "true faith," devastating theories" of economics with "sound logic" on the benefits of the established order and the peril of change.

The attitude of some of the deposed die-hards is mixture of sad amusement and benign, but superior, tolerance. Lord Curzon of Kedleston himself best described it. Deploring the demise of the Singapore base project, His lordship said sadly:

"The late Government would have carried out the Singapore policy, but command of the ship has now been taken by a very motley crew. It contains advanced Socialists, ardent Laborites, idealistic Liberals, and nondescript Conservatives. I spend my afternoons in observing and occasionally stirring up this remarkable salad. As I contemplate it, I recall the well-known lines of Pope:

"Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs
or worms!

The things, we know, are neither
rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got
there."

Even while Lord Curzon was stirring the salad, a new ingredient was making ready to go into the bowl, in the shape of his lordship's son-in-law, Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P. Mr. Mosley, who is the son of Sir Oswald Mosley, is one of the youngest men in the House. He was married to Lady Cynthia Curzon in St. James's Palace in 1920. She, too, if not in fact, at least in sympathy, finds herself in the "remarkable salad."

A strikingly handsome young pair, Mr. Mosley and Lady Cynthia are popular figures at Government parties. I saw them first at the Charles Trevelyan's, when the minister of education and Mrs. Trevelyan entertained many people both in and out of the salad bowl. Mr. Ponsonby, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a number of others present were officially entitled to the lion's share of interest, but it was divided unmistakably between the Mosleys and Ramsay MacDonald's eldest son, a sturdy, handsome, unaffected, young

architect, with an easy manner and fine, wide-set eyes.

Mr. Mosley was elected to the House as an Independent, but recently applied for formal admission to the Labor party. In addressing himself to the prime minister, he accepted his father-in-law's challenge.

"There can no longer be any doubt that the decisive moment has arrived," he said. "The battle array of the future is determined. You stand forth as the leader of the forces of progress in their assault upon the powers of reaction. In this grave struggle, fraught with such momentous consequences to so many of our fellow-men and -women, who suffer grievously in our midst, I ask leave to range myself beneath your standard."

When Mr. Mosley finally walked into the House of Commons and took his seat for the first time on the Labor benches, he was greeted with ironical cheers from Liberals and Unionists.

"You have found your spiritual home at last," one jeered.

A Labor member shouted back:

"That is where some of you will be coming before long."

And the general opinion in political circles seems to be that whatever the fate of the present Government, a new alinement is inevitable.

As always, the hour has produced its own set of stock phrases. One hears them over and over again in London drawing-rooms. They are reëchoed in the talk of the man in the tram and the woman in the tea-shop.

From the moderate Conservative, glad for the moment to be rid of the worst of a thankless job, confident that ultimately, and in its own good time, the country will call his party back to save it from ruin, one hears:

"They 're all right. Don't criticize them. Pat them on the back. Smooth them down. They 're doing very well. They 're learning."

From the Liberals, less generous, because they are more closely kin, and perhaps, too, secretly even less certain of the future, comes:

"They 're more Conservative than the Conservatives. They 're being run by the permanent officials. They talk of disarmament, then vote for the five cruisers. We put them in power and kept them there. Now look how they treat us."

The average Liberal-minded citizen who has a slant toward Labor says:

"It 's not fair to judge yet. They were right on the Singapore Base question. They put a stop to that all right. Of course I 'm sorry about the five cruisers; that was a mistake. But they did recognize Russia. We must wait and see. Give them a chance, I say."

"Give them a chance." It is the burden of the common word. I heard it first from the lips of the night watchman on board the steamer that brought me to England. I still hear it everywhere. The night watchman put it in his own English:

"What I say is: we know what Curzon and his like will do. We 've tried 'em. We 've heard them talk. Give these fellows a chance to see what they 'll do. That 's what I say."

There are a few who have little or nothing themselves and still sigh for a romantic past. They distrust the proximity of cap and crown. They do not fear that the caps will be contaminated, but they are very fearful that the crown may become tarnished.

The little woman I met in the tea-shop in Buckingham Road was typical

of these. She was pale, drab, shabby. Her rusty black coat had a thin, meager look, like her face and hands. Her heavy gold wedding-ring was the only shining thing about her. War had stripped all the males from her family, and she looked as though she had little left to lose by the downfall of the established order.

"I 'm glad I spent most of my life in Victoria's time," she said. England 's always done better under a queen. Think what great statesmen the queens have raised up! Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Salisbury! Think of Elizabeth!

"They began just like this in Australia, did n't they? But look how they went on! I suppose it will go the same way here. First thing we know we shall lose our king. Such a good king, too! And the Prince of Wales. He 's such a favorite!"

She sighed, shook her head. To her the caps meant no new good. They meant only the destruction of the old. She is not interested in the future.

Once again I heard the old names echoing in the new world. This time they came from the lips of a plump little suburbanite with a brick-red nose, a brick-red dress. She sat across the way from me in a suburban train. I was reading a newspaper when I heard her say:

"Is any one important dead? I thought I saw a flag half-mast."

I searched the death notices and shook my head.

"It would n't do to lose Alexandra just at the beginning of the season, would it?"

I suggested sympathetically that the queen mother was an old lady.

"And a very important one," said my vis-à-vis.

We came at length to the Labor government.

"The ones I blame are the people who muddled us into the muddle and did n't muddle us out. And they did muddle us in, did n't they? You 'll admit it 's a proper muddle, won't you? Lloyd George and his like—they 're the ones I blame for all this. It 'll take a bit of straightening out, won't it, miss?"

My neighbor's questions were

merely the British interrogative. They demanded no answer. She waited for none, but sighed.

"There 're no men like the old men—Salisbury, Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone. There 're none like that nowadays."

But most of England knows, whether it sighs for the old or rejoices in the new, that the caps are in the fairy-tale to stay. The king was right.

Daniel Webster's Horses

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

If when the wind blows,
Rattling the trees,
Clicking like skeletons'
Elbows and knees,

You hear along the road
Three horses pass,
Do not go near the dark,
Cold window-glass.

If when the first snow lies
Whiter than bones,
You find the mark of hoofs
Cut to the stones—

Hoofs of three horses
Going abreast,
Turn about! turn about!
A closed door is best.

Upright in the earth,
Under the sod,
They buried three horses
Bridled and shod,

Daniel Webster's horses.
He said as he grew old:
"Flesh, I loved riding;
Shall I not love it, cold?

"Shall I not love to ride
Bone astride bone,
When the cold wind blows
And snow covers stone?

"Bury them on their feet
With bridle and bit.
They were good horses.
See their shoes fit."

Jacques Loeb: Mechanist

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

ON a certain day in 1880 the great Professor Paulsen, then thirty-four years old and in the heyday of his fame, was lecturing on philosophy in a classroom of the University of Berlin. The room was crowded, and probably little attention was paid to an eager youngster who, as one imagines, sat near the front. This young man, twenty-one years old, dark, slender, full of fire, had come to Paulsen's lecture in the hope that the philosopher might throw light on the problem which troubled him above all others—that of the freedom of the will. Here, if Paulsen had but known it, was one of the great opportunities of his teaching career. Before him, hungry for truth, was one of the few creative minds of modern times, whose imprint upon our civilization may ultimately be greater than that of any statesman, warrior, or man of affairs in his generation. But the learned doctor seemed to his youthful auditor to be playing with words and getting nowhere. At the end of the hour the student left Paulsen's classroom, never to return. He had conceived a distaste for classical philosophy and metaphysics which lasted the rest of his life.

It was on this day, perhaps, that the final impetus was given to the career of Jacques Loeb, who when he died last February stood easily among the first

half-dozen biologists of the world, and who in the perspective of the years may come to rank with Darwin, Newton, and Galileo. I shall attempt to point out a few salient aspects of this career, so extraordinary and so little known.

Its most dramatic feature, I think, lies in the contrast between the personality of Jacques Loeb and the popular conception—at least among Mr. Bryan's followers—of what a mechanistic biologist ought to be. Here was a man who believed that "living organisms are machines and that their reactions can only be explained according to the same principles which are used by the physicists"; who declared that nature was a blind muddler, with whom "disharmonies and faulty attempts are the rule, the harmonically developed system the rare exception"; who taught that consciousness and free will are illusions; who reduced the lord of creation to the status of a chemical solution bubbling in a tube; and who recognized nowhere in the universe a purpose or a God. A dreadful philosophy, according not only to Mr. Bryan, but to many persons more thoughtful and more learned than the Great Commoner. Yet Jacques Loeb maintained it with the pure, selfless devotion of a crusader, sacrificed every worldly interest to it, upheld it, with almost saintly passion, not as a curse

of disillusionment brought upon humanity for its sins, but as a gateway of escape into happiness and freedom. This mechanist was a passionate believer in the goodness of humanity, a hater of war, a lifelong enemy of Prussianism in all its forms, a democrat who never for a moment conceded the superiority of any race over any other, a man so kindly that in the days before anesthesia was used in laboratory experiments upon the higher animals he gave up such experiments, valuable though they might have been in his researches, a lover of natural beauty, a seeker after classic simplicity, a servant in his personal life of a moral code more than Calvinistic in its severity, a companion with a quality so witty, so penetrating, and so magnetic that despite his modesty he became the natural center of any group he was in; above all, a man of whom none of his friends is able to speak for five minutes without using the adjective "lovable."

If men's beliefs were judged by their lives, it would be difficult to examine the life of Jacques Loeb without becoming a mechanist forthwith. Of course it is not the purpose of the present sketch to maintain that this choice must be made.

§ 2

Probably no man ever shrank from personal publicity more than did Jacques Loeb. If he had had his way, the lay public might never so much as have heard his name. To a friend who asked permission to write his biography he replied, "As long as I am able to do work I want to put my mind exclusively on my problems and not on the possible share I may or may not have had in solving them." He was greatly distressed when a former asso-

ciate, about a year before his death, brought out a magazine article in which the personal aspects of his career were touched upon. Besides being immoderately modest, he was not given to retrospection. He lived always vividly in the present. These traits prevented the publication of much biographical material during his lifetime. Much, therefore, of this necessarily brief account is here drawn together for the first time.

Jacques Loeb was born on April 7, 1859, at Mayen, near Coblenz. His father was a well-to-do importer whose family was of long standing in that region, and his mother was also a native of the Rhineland. The elder Loeb was a man of education, of wide reading, and of liberal sympathies. He was, said Loeb in 1918, in a letter to Nicola Gigliotti, "a great admirer of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and my early memories are connected with the liberalism of these men." Although the Loebes were German citizens, their preferences inclined them toward the French and the French civilization, an attitude which Jacques Loeb, despite his disapproval of many actions of the French Government, retained to the end of his life. His dislike of the Prussian régime inspired in him a permanent hatred of arbitrary authority, of militarism, and of racial arrogance.

Unhappily, Jacques did not long enjoy a united family life. His mother died when he was fourteen years old, his father when he was sixteen, and he was left under the guardianship of an uncle. A few weeks in a banking house, from which he was rescued by the institution's financial failure, convinced him that he had no taste for business, and he went to study at the *Askanisches Gymnasium* in Berlin.

There he was known as an erratic, mischievous, but brilliant pupil. Conceiving a violent dislike for his professor of Greek, he refused to study that subject at all during term-times; yet, having a natural genius for languages, he pursued it so enthusiastically during vacations that he acquired a reading and even a speaking knowledge, which he never lost. One of his valued prizes at graduation was a set of the Greek philosophers in which one of his instructors had written an inscription, saying that the boy might be one of the great philosophers of his generation if only he would not allow himself to become too liberal.

From the gymnasium Loeb entered the University of Berlin to study under Paulsen, and upon shaking the dust of Paulsen's lecture-hall from his feet, went first to the University of Munich, and then to the University of Strasbourg, where under Goltz he endeavored to settle his doubts about free will by dissecting the brains of mammals. But the physiology of the brain contained too many extraneous elements to permit an answer to such a fundamental question, and after graduating and taking a medical degree at Strasbourg the young scientist went to Würzburg, where he became acquainted with the botanist, Julius von Sachs. Sachs had been working in the tropisms of plants; that is, he had been investigating those movements toward the light or in the direction of the pull of gravitation which are part of the process of plant growth. It was while he was associated with Sachs that Loeb became interested in the forced movements which animals as well as plants make under the influence of light, gravitation, contact with solids, or, under laboratory conditions, of chemi-

cals or an electric current, and became convinced that the tropisms of animals and of plants were alike.

Upon this theory of tropisms, Loeb erected what may seem to the layman the most impressive portion of his mechanistic theory. In brief he proved experimentally that lower animals were machines whose every action could be, under given conditions, predicted and controlled. And if lower animals, why not higher animals? Why not man? The conception of man as a machine in a blind, mechanical universe, powerless to influence his own destiny, was not a new one. But Loeb was the first and probably the most gifted of those who set out, as he now did, to demonstrate this theory quantitatively and experimentally. From this time forward his scientific labors, although they led him into many fields and by-paths, were devoted to the single end of stating and solving the one great problem. Thus it was natural for him, beginning with the study of the localization of functions in the brain, to experiment with frogs, insect larvæ, jellyfish, and unicellular animals, and finally, in the last and most productive years of his life, to make an amazing voyage of discovery within the confines of the single living cell.

§ 3

In 1890 an event occurred which had a decisive influence upon Loeb's personal and scientific career: he met and married Dr. Anne Leonard, descendant of a family long resident at Easthampton, Massachusetts, who had gone to Europe to pursue researches in philology. The two became acquainted at Zurich, and a romance began which ended only with Loeb's

death nearly thirty-three years later.

At the time of his marriage Loeb was already a figure of some note in the scientific world, but as his scientific reputation did not bring him an income and as his patrimony seemed too scanty to support two persons in any degree of comfort, he resolved to supplement his resources by practising ophthalmology. But two weeks of practice, at the expense of his beloved researches, reduced him to misery, and his young bride encouraged him to give up money-making and devote himself to pure science, even though the result were to be starvation in a garret. Fortunately, this dire contingency never arrived. For a long time Loeb had been eager to go to America, which he pictured as a land of freedom and equality, and shortly after his marriage the opportunity came in the form of a call to Bryn Mawr. He accepted with alacrity, though he knew hardly any English and was expected to teach two subjects which he had never studied. Thus began a teaching career which took him successively to Bryn Mawr, the University of Chicago, and the University of California, ending only with his appointment as member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1910.

For a number of reasons he was never entirely happy as a teacher, though his wit, his clarity, and his enthusiasm made dullness impossible in any classroom over which he presided. He was at his best in laboratory work with advanced students and in informal contacts with younger workers in his field. He had no sympathy with academic fuss and feathers or with discipline and formality. And he had not the politician's gifts, which are

useful even in institutions of the higher learning.

Yet he progressed steadily in fame and in the sum of his scientific achievements. In 1900 his first important book, "Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology," was published in an American edition. He followed this with other publications, notably "The Mechanistic Conception of Life" in 1912, "The Organism as a Whole" in 1916, "Forced Movements, Tropisms and Animal Conduct" in 1918, and "Proteins and the Theory of Colloidal Behavior." The general reader seeking for a comprehensible statement of Dr. Loeb's philosophy will find it in "The Organism as a Whole," or, in even briefer form, in the first essay in "The Mechanistic Conception of Life." These two books eminently deserve to be added to that narrow shelf on which are to be found the records of such men as Darwin, Mendel, and Pasteur.

§ 4

The essence of the Loeb doctrine is to be found in a sentence in the "Comparative Physiology": "Nature works with very simple tools." He was in perpetual revolt against that school of scientists who do little but collect, classify, and describe; he had no patience with the Germanic scholarship which led the student deeper and deeper into an obscure specialty, with the result that the larger realities were commonly lost sight of. He stripped his own problems of every extraneous and unnecessary element.

"Modern biology," he wrote in 1912, "is fundamentally an experimental and not a descriptive science; its results are not rhetorical, but always assume one of two forms: it is either possible to

control a life phenomenon to such an extent that we can produce it at desire; or we succeed in finding the numerical relation between the conditions of the experiment and the biological result."

The manner in which he applied this principle may be illustrated by a few of his experiments. The most famous of these, if not the most important, had to do with the artificial development of the eggs of sea-urchins and later of frogs. It had been believed that the male spermatozoön was necessary in order to introduce the vital element into the egg. Loeb demonstrated that this supposed essential could be replaced by such simple chemicals as vinegar, rancid butter, and sea-water to which a little sugar or salt had been added. He also confirmed experiments which showed that development could be started by pricking the egg with a fine needle or by shaking it vigorously. His "parthenogenetic frogs," brought to maturity without the co-operation of a male parent, were once familiar to every newspaper reader. In kindred experiments he produced hybrids which could not occur in nature by the simple device of increasing the alkalinity of sea-water. He thus proved that some at least of the conditions of fertilization, and hence perhaps of the origin of life, were purely chemical.

Another series of experiments was designed to prove his theory of the identity of tropisms and instincts and the absence of free will among animals. Dr. Loeb found that certain crustaceans not naturally heliotropic—that is, not drawn toward the light—could be made so by the addition of a little carbonic acid to the water in which they lived. In some marine animals a decrease in temperature had the same

effect; in others heliotropism varied with feeding or under the influence of sex impulses, which were themselves a chemical product. Tests conducted with heliotropic animals indicated that the force which drew them to the light was produced by muscular tensions which in their turn were the result of chemical reactions caused by the illumination of the eyes. A heliotropic animal exposed to light had no choice; its movements were governed by the flame "just as unequivocally as gravity prescribes the movements of the planets." Moreover, its line of progress was as exactly fixed by the location and intensity of the light, or lights, as though it were, like the artificial "dog" contrived by John Hays Hammond, Jr., a thing of wire, steel, and selenium.

Certain caterpillars, on being liberated from the cocoon, crawl up the branches of trees, eat the green leaves at the tip, and, having eaten, crawl down again. But this is because the caterpillar is drawn upward by the light when empty, and downward by gravitation, or by a repulsion set up by the light, when replete, and not because it has inherited the knowledge that green leaves are to be found at the tips of branches. A caterpillar stuffed with food is simply a different chemical compound from a caterpillar which has not eaten. Some kinds of worms are under a similar compulsion to crawl into holes, so that their bodies will be brought into contact with the ground. The roots of plants grow downward, the stems upward, not because of a mysterious "vital force" or inherited tendency, but because gravitation causes a displacement of their internal fluids. In many species of insects—the common house-fly, for ex-

ample—the mother lays her eggs “in places where the newly born larvæ will find just the food they require,” but this is due not to the insect’s foresight, but to an attraction exercised by chemical exudations from the desirable food.

A third line of experiment was an attempt to discover whether there is such a thing as natural death. By lowering the temperature of fruit flies and by protecting them against all possible contamination by the microorganisms of disease, Dr. Loeb and his associate, Dr. Northrop, succeeded in raising the life span from 21.15 days to 177.5 days. This result, they concluded, was due to the fact that chemical reactions in the body, as outside the body, proceed more slowly at lower temperatures than at higher. Hence Dr. Loeb arrived at the hypothesis that the “duration of life is the time required for the completion of a chemical reaction or a series of chemical reactions.” Tests made upon frogs and salamanders tended to confirm this view. Living organisms were like chemicals poured into a test-tube; when they ceased to effervesce, death occurred.

In still a fourth attack upon the central problem Dr. Loeb probed at the heart of the mystery which had surrounded the machinery of the brain, of the central nervous system, and of the ganglions, or groups of nerve-cells. Here, again, experiments on the lower forms of life indicated that the difference between the specialized protoplasm of the nervous system and the protoplasm, for example of the peripheral layers of the body, was of degree rather than of kind, and that here, as in other instances, the simple laws of chemistry and mechanics sufficed. No

theory of a soul, of consciousness, or of free will seemed to Dr. Loeb necessary to explain the response of a crayfish to outside stimuli and he held that the higher orders of creation would be, if all were known, equally comprehensible. In commenting upon an experiment in which a starfish rid itself of a rubber tube in which one of its tentacles had been incased, he said, “There is no more intelligence involved than the clothes-line displays when the clothes are blown from it by the wind.”

The final years of his life were devoted, as has been said, to researches into the nature of the colloidal material, or jelly-like aggregations of molecules, which forms the basis of living matter. His discoveries here appear to have abolished the distinction which chemists had made between the chemistry of crystalloids and the chemistry of colloids. In other words he showed that the principal constituent of living matter, under the same conditions, behaves exactly as simpler forms of matter behave. The origin of life, whether spontaneous or resulting, as the Swedish biologist Arrhenius has suggested, from the transmission of germs from other planets, remained a mystery; yet the possibility of creating life artificially in the laboratory, if it could not be affirmed, could no longer be denied. Thus, at the time of his death, Dr. Loeb stood, seemingly, at the verge of the greatest of all discoveries.

“Nobody doubts,” he had written in 1911, in a paragraph which might well be taken as summing up the results of all his later experiments, “that the durable chemical elements are only the product of blind forces. There is no reason for conceiving otherwise the

durable systems in living nature. . . . Our wishes and hopes, disappointments and sufferings have their source in instincts which are comparable with the light instincts of heliotropic animals. The need of, and the struggle for, food, the sexual instinct, with its poetry and its chain of consequences, the maternal instincts, with the felicity and suffering caused by them, the instinct of workmanship, and some other instincts, are the roots from which our inner life develops. For some of these instincts the chemical basis is at least sufficiently indicated to arouse the hope that their analysis from the mechanistic point of view is only a question of time.

“We eat, drink and reproduce, not because mankind has reached an agreement that this is desirable, but because, machine-like, we are compelled to do so. We are active because we are compelled to be so by processes in our central nervous system; and as long as human beings are not economic slaves the instinct of successful work, or workmanship, determines the direction of their action. The mother loves and cares for her children, not because metaphysicians had the idea that this was desirable, but because the instinct of taking care of the young is inherited just as distinctly as the morphological characters of the body.

“We seek and enjoy the fellowship of human beings because hereditary conditions compel us to do so. We struggle for justice and truth, since we are instinctively compelled to see our fellow beings happy. . . .

“Not only is the mechanistic conception of life compatible with ethics: it seems to be the only conception of life which can lead to an understanding of the source of ethics.”

There is here more than a hint of an economic and political philosophy. The fact is that Loeb was a thoroughgoing radical, if that much-abused word may be taken in its original sense of one who wishes to tear out by the roots the causes of injustice and tyranny. His first great enthusiasm was for “that group of freethinkers, including *Alembert*, *Diderot*, *Holbach*, and *Voltaire*, who first dared to follow the consequences of a mechanistic science, incomplete as it then was, to the rules of human conduct, and who thereby laid the foundations of that spirit of tolerance, justice, and gentleness which was the hope of our civilization until it was buried under the wave of homicidal emotion which swept through the world in 1914.” Among modern writers he placed first, and admired with his whole heart, that great and humane rationalist, *Anatole France*.

§ 5

The war made him, as he said, “literally sick.” In a contribution to “*The New Review*,” published in November, 1914, he compared the rush of national armies to the fighting front with what seemed to him the no more insensate motion of small crustaceans which had been rendered heliotropic by the addition of a quantity of carbonated water to the jar which contained them. To *Thorstein Veblen* he wrote, on April 25, 1917, “You will see from this that I am one of those unfortunate people who cannot even get any happiness and comfort out of the fact that we are at war.” Discussing militarism in another letter, he observed that the principal effect of drill is to reduce men “to the status of reflex machines, the most perfect model of which

is found in the animal whose cerebral hemispheres have been removed."

Loeb had left Germany because he "felt he could not live in a régime of oppression such as Bismarck had created." When he saw the same cruel and stupid arrogance cropping out in America, he was no more tolerant of it. The survival of hatred against innocent Germans, especially German scholars, long after the armistice filled him with anger and despair. He was outraged by the refusal of American university authorities to aid German students who wished to obtain a foothold in this country. "University professors are not the most rational beings," he wrote to Arrhenius.

He was grievously disappointed in the failure of President Wilson's fourteen points, and although he had believed in a league of nations, was able to see no good in the one set up by the Treaty of Versailles. More than a year ago, before the smell of oil had been carried down the breeze from Washington, he confessed to Arrhenius:

"Politically I think America is in a bad way. We are suffering from a wave of reaction and from religious and racial fanaticism just as the European countries do. . . . I wish something might be done to make the world a little more promising for the next years, but the outlook is bad. Personally I work hard because I want to forget, and I am very grateful to science that it permits us to forget a good deal of the outside world." Yet at moments he dreamed of "an international association of scientists, who consciously work for peace," and declared that "some remnants of optimism lead me to believe that the fulfillment of this hope is only a question of time."

§ 6

One despaired of giving an adequate picture of this most altruistic and lovable of mechanists, this crusader of materialism, as it leaps out from his books, from his letters, and from the accounts of those who knew him best. A few hints will have to suffice. In person he was under the average size, and although in his youth he had climbed among the Alps, was decidedly not of the athletic type. His superabundance of energy expressed itself in his intense and continuous mental effort, in the brilliant flow of his conversation, in an intense aliveness. His eyes, his features, his gestures, his whole personality, sparkled during his more animated moments.

He worked almost without remission. Before he was out of bed in the morning he would be planning experiments, and after a long day in the laboratory he would spend the evening in study. For thirty years he virtually never took a vacation. His life became more and more his science. Yet this never meant a narrowing of his interests. I have mentioned his devotion to Anatole France. He read enormously not only in his own field and allied scientific fields, but in almost every area of human thought. He could and did converse on even terms with such men as Einstein and Sir Ernest Rutherford, the physicist. He could meet on their own ground the world's foremost chemists, astronomers, physicists, botanists, biologists, and political economists. He was not always patient with what he thought were mistaken opinions, yet he never cherished grudges.

His conception of controversy was to strip the opposed ideas of all but the

fundamentals, and on the basis of those fundamentals reach a decision. He hated compromise, for he believed that there was inevitably a true side and a false side in any debate. "I do not understand those people," he wrote of certain old-school chemists; "they are not scientists, but stupid politicians, who imagine that by not mentioning my existence they can cover up their scientific blunders." And when Dr. Loeb had called a man a politician, he had damned him utterly.

Unlike Darwin, he never sacrificed the esthetic side of his life to science. Indeed, science and esthetics were perhaps inseparable in his mind. He loved simplicity and symmetry in all things. In music he adored Beethoven, and his rare attendances at concerts were invariably for the sake of hearing this revered master. He had excellent taste in pictorial art, but had little patience with Cézanne and his modernist successors, whom he regarded as lacking in strength and simplicity. He maintained that no imaginative person needed to go to the theater when he had a good book, yet he would slip away to see each Chaplin film as it appeared. Occasionally, too, he read detective stories out of pure delight in solving problems. His joy in natural beauty could not have been exceeded by any mysticist; he was as sensitive as a poet to the color, light, and movement of the world.

When he was in the mood he could be the most fascinating of companions. Sometimes a spirit of mischief seized him, as when he spent an entire evening studying to shock a jurist of great eminence and solemnity whom he met at dinner. Again, if he found dullness at his elbow, he might appear to listen and assent, but after a while he

would pull out a note-book which he always carried with him and, excusing himself, jot down the results of a profound contemplation of the scientific problem which happened to be uppermost.

He was of a mercurial temperament, by turns brilliantly happy and profoundly depressed. He was capable of declaring in a private letter in 1917, "If it were not for my interest in my scientific work I do not see how I could live through my general contempt and disgust for the stupidity of humanity"; yet faith in humanity and in human progress, paradoxical though it may appear to those who have a merely superficial acquaintance with the mechanistic philosophy, was an abiding essential of his creed. And one of those who knew him best described him as "the greatest optimist that ever lived."

He had that strange attribute of genius, of seeming incredibly naïve at one moment and awe-inspiring at the next. In the practical affairs of life he was never adept. Once he wrote a magazine article at the request of the editor and was to receive a considerable fee for it. After completing it he lay awake all night pondering the ethical problem involved. By morning he had decided that he would be unfaithful to his science if he took money for publishing its results, and he thereupon sent his article to a scientific monthly which did not pay its contributors.

In the course of his lifetime he invaded many scientific fields, often with the effect of a raider coming down from the mountains upon a rich and peaceful valley. More than once he completely overturned conceptions upon which an imposing scientific struc-

ture had been erected. It was natural that these attacks upon vested rights in science should arouse antagonism and make enemies. Yet he never took delight in fighting for fighting's sake. He could not understand a scientist who did not desire the truth at all odds.

"He never had an ax to grind," said one who was close to him. "He never wanted anything for himself." Nor did he think of his work in terms of practical usefulness, even though, as in his experiments with colloids, it indirectly yielded millions of dollars to the owners of the chemical industries. His life's passion was a desire to learn and understand; to that every other interest was subordinated. It is difficult to describe this attitude without using religious terms, for while rejecting every religious creed, and even the beliefs of those biologists who saw a purpose in nature, as harmful superstitions, he seemed to have caught the essence of the great moral systems.

§ 7

The mechanistic philosophy, in all its implications, is still far from being accepted by the scientific world, and further still from entering the popular consciousness. It demolishes not only religion, as generally conceived, but even that Darwinism which gives nature the credit of adapting her creatures to their environment. Jacques Loeb's contribution is not the invention of this philosophy, for it is as old as Voltaire and Diderot, but in the invention of methods by which its validity can be tested. His final place

in the history of human thought will obviously depend upon the completion of the chain of proof which he began. Already, however, he has established a school of scientific experiment whose methods even those who do not accept the ultimate implications of his philosophy are being forced to adopt. For Loeb, in common with De Vries and Arrhenius, has altered the rôle of the scientist from that of the mere observer to that of an engineer and even creator. If science follows the highway marked out by these men, mankind will be at last not the servant, but the master of its environment. It is one of the amazing paradoxes of the mechanistic theory that its practical effect is to place man, whom it regards as a soulless, automatic, chemical machine, on a higher pinnacle than any anthropomorphic philosophy has ever erected for him.

This sketch, as has been said, was not written to defend the mechanistic theory. Yet no one who has followed the course of Jacques Loeb's life and work, who is even slightly familiar with his personality and motives, can doubt that this philosophy, which has hurled down all the gods from their high places, is thoroughly compatible with peace on earth and good-will among men, with a love of nature and a poet's worship of beauty, and with exquisite joy in living. If religion wishes to save itself, it must offer comparable results. For if Jacques Loeb is the fruit of materialism, and the fundamentalists and the Ku-Klux Klan are the fruit of idealism, where will those be found at last who believe in human brotherhood?

Cactus Country

Native Plants of the Southwestern Desert

BY MARY AUSTIN

NOT all the country that the cactus takes belongs to it. That Gypsy of their tribe, the prickly-pear, goes as far east and north on the great plains as the Spanish adventurer ever went, perhaps farther. It goes as a rarity into Old-World gardens, runs wild and thrives wherever there is sun and sand to bring its particular virtues into play.

Here, in the country below the Mogollon Rim, the business of plants in making this a livable world goes on all open to the light, not covered and confused by the multiplicity of its manifestations, as in the lush, well rained on lands. Here it has traveled the perfect round from the filmed protoplasmic cell, by all the paths of plant complexity, to the high simplicity of the great king cactus, the sahuaro.

Going west by the Old Trails Road, you do not begin to find sahuaro until you are well down toward the black hills of Tucson, and not at its best this side of the toad-like heap of volcanic trap which turns the river out of its course, called Tummumoc. Here it rises to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet, erect, columnar, dull green, and deeply fluted, the outer ridges of the flutings set with rows of lateral spines that inclose it as in a

delicate grayish web. Between the ridges the sahuaros have a texture like well surfaced leather. Giving back the light, they make, from the rapidly moving car, a continuous vertical flicker in the landscape. Marching together against the rose and vermillion evening, they have a stately look, like the pillars of ruined temples.

For the first hundred years or so the sahuaro preserves the outline of its virgin intention to be straight, but in the case of wounding, or perhaps in seasons of excess, it puts forth without calculation immense columnar branches like the arms of candelabra, curving to bring their growing tips parallel to the axis of the main stem, which they reproduce as if from their own roots.

The range of the sahuaro is restricted. Beginning with isolated specimens about the San Pedro River, it spreads south and west, but the true sahuaro forests are not reached until the gate of Papagueria is past, or the flats of Salt River. A small plantation of them has crossed the Colorado and established itself in California.

South they pass into Sonora as far as Altár, and approach almost to the gulf shore, where they are replaced by the still more majestic *sowesa*.

The leafless, compact outline of the

sahuaro, its erect habit and indurated surfaces, give it a secret look.

Surmounting the crest of one of these denuded desert ranges, or marching up nearly vertical slopes without haste or stooping, or pushing its way imperturbably toward the sun from the midst of cat-claw and mesquite and palo-verde, it has the effect of being forever outside the community of desert life. Yet such is the succulence of its seedlings that few of them would survive the first two or three seasons without the shelter of the spiny undergrowth. Once the recurved spines have spread and stiffened across the smooth, infolded intervals, the sahuaro is reasonably safe, even from the hard-mouthed cattle of the desert ranges. High up out of reach of all marauders, the woodpecker drills his holes in the pulpy outer mass. But against these the sahuaro protects itself by surrounding the wound with pockets of woody fiber woven to the shape of the woodpecker's burrow.

Indians of that country will often remove these pocket linings before the fiber has hardened, and make use of them for household containers, or one may find them kicking about the sand, hard as oak knots, long after the sahuaro that wove them has sloughed off its outer layer in decay. For the woodpecker never penetrates to the pithy core, inclosed as it is in a tube of woody, semi-detached ribs. This woody skeleton remains standing long after the spongy masses that fill and surround it have decayed, slowly fraying outward from the top as the ribs part, until at last the Papago carries them to roof his house or his family tomb.

In the vast *abras* of southern Arizona there is no tree growth equal to

furnishing the woodpecker with the cool dark house in which he brings up his broods. In a single unbranched sahuaro near Casa Grande this year I counted seventeen woodpeckers' holes, ranged up and down like the little openings of the cliff-dwellers' caves.

Frequently, the vacated apartments of the cactus sky-scraper will be occupied by the pygmy owl, who may have made a meal of the eggs or young birds before he established his own family there. Everywhere from the fluted towers little blue-headed hawks may be seen perching, or from the vantage of its height launching swift predatory flights. But when, in the crotch of some three-hundred-year-old specimen, the fierce red-tail has made his nest, you will find all that neighborhood vacant of bird life.

It is not easy to take the life of a sahuaro even when, just to see the tiny wavering flame run up the ridges, you set a match to the rows of oily spines.

Whenever uprooted, as may happen in torrential seasonal rains, the prostrate column has unmeasured powers of living on its stored waters, and making an upward turn of its growing tip. One such I found at the back of Indian Oasis, toward Towpoah, which had turned and budded after what must have been several seasons of overthrow. If the column is by any accident broken, lateral branches start from the wound and curve upward toward the sun. Successive dry years constrict its columnar girth, as successive wet ones swell it, tracing in the undulations of the vertical outline a record of three or four centuries of rains. Around Tucson there must be sahuaros that could tell what sort of weather it was the year Father Kino

came to the founding of San Xavier, and at Salt River I made my siesta under one that could have given a better guess than any of our archæologists at what became of the ancient civilizations of Casa Grande and Los Muertos.

From the month of the Cold Touching Mildly to the Inner Bone Month of the winter the flutings of sahuaro stems are folded deep. With the first of the rains they begin to expand until, if the season is propitious, the smooth leathery surfaces are as tight as drums. In May, on the growing tips, on the quarter most exposed to the sun, buds appear like clusters of green figs, as close packed as if in a platter. The red-tailed hawks, in their shelterless nests in the tallest crotches, will be hatching their young, and the quail in pairs going house-hunting in and out of *garramboyas*. Within a week or two the green, fig-shaped buds open one by one in filmy, white-rayed circles, deep yellow-hearted, the haunt of innumerable flies. By the latter part of June or July the delicate corollas are replaced by fig-shaped fruits that, as they curl open when fully ripe to reveal the full-seeded crimson pulp, have the effect of a second vivid flowering. Just before the fruits burst, however, the Pima and Papago women turn out by villages to harvest them with long hooks made of a sahuaro rib and a crosspiece of acacia twig. Often, to save labor, they will peel the fruit as collected, returning at night with their great jars and baskets overflowing with the luscious, juicy pulp. For this, and for all that I have written of its yearly festival in Papaguera, it is counted a crime to destroy a sahuaro.

There is a singular charm of the sahuaro forest, a charm of elegance, as

the wind, moving like royalty across the well spaced intervals, receives the courtesies of ironwood and ocotilla and palo-verde. It begins with the upright next of blood, with a stately rocking of the tall pillars on their roots, and a soft ss-ss-ss of the wind along their spiny ridges. Suddenly the bright blossom tips of the ocotilla take flight, like flocks of scarlet birds, as the long wands bow and recover, and after an appreciable interval the wind rustles and wrestles with the thin-leaved ironwood, loath to let it go, dropping with almost a sullen note to the stiff whisper of the palo-verde, while the creosote fairly casts its forehead to the ground.

§ 2

The ocotilla is not a true cactus, but belongs rather, by nature of its adaptations, to the fellowship of the mesquite and that leafless, thorny shrub often found in its neighborhood called *corona de Jesús*. It does not store moisture as the cactus does, but remains in the long seasons between the rains in a state of complete aridity, putting forth miraculously after the first showers, at the ends of its branches crowded panicles of bloom like the bloody tips of spears. The gray, thorny wands of the ocotilla, growing from ten to fifteen feet, brought together in a lovely vase form by the central stem a few inches from the ground, are leafless for all but a brief season, when perhaps the first sign of spring is the flush of green creeping up their swaying lengths, in the shape of thin, blunt, emerald leaves. After the leaves fall away, the petiole which supports them becomes a spine, for the sake of which the stems of ocotilla are used for chicken fences

and corrals, thick set in the ground, from which, as the spring comes around, they take heart of life, growing delicately green and scarlet-tipped again.

Both ocotilla and sahuaro are to be found growing together on the gravelly slopes of the *abras*, and with them the bisnaga, or barrel cactus, which the stranger frequently mistakes for a young sahuaro. It has the same fluted, branchless, columnar habit, but the bisnaga is a darker green, its spines frequently reddish, its circumference larger, and its height seldom equal to the height of a man. It may also be distinguished from other cacti by having the axis of its growth, like the pointer of a dial, angling directly toward the sun. It is only when the observer finds several of them growing together that the uniform slant begins to appear something more than an accident.

Then it is discovered that there is a crumpling of the surfaces toward the down-throw, and a half-turn of the flutings around the axis of growth, as if the bisnagas had all been pulled by an irresistible force out of their intention to grow symmetrically plump and upright. It seems probable that this disturbance of the barrel-shaped bulk is due to the more rapid evaporation of the side next to the sun, for the bisnaga is nothing really but a huge capsule of vegetable pulp, distended by the water which it collects and carries with the utmost parsimony from rain to rain. When the rains cease, it has been known to subsist on its own stores for a dozen years. Anywhere along the flood basins you are likely to see plump specimens, uprooted by their own weight from the rain-softened soil, going on comfortably with their life proc-

esses lying on one side. Also you will find here and there globose individuals, having gray fibrous scars in place of the fruit-bearing crown, which has been sliced off by some thirsty traveler. One stroke of the machete, and a little maceration of the white pulp with a stick or the bare hands, will provide in a few minutes a pint or more of cool, slightly insipid drink. Or if the machete is lacking, the spines can be burned off, and the barrel broken with a stone.

There are scores of variations of the bisnaga type, "nigger-head," "fish-hook," and "cushion" cacti, running to fat button shapes or short, thickened cylinders, widely distributed through the Southwest. Rendered inconspicuous in the landscapes by webs of grayish spines, they prick themselves on the attention by burning brilliant bloom. But after the great sahuaro, it is only the opuntias that successfully modify the desert scene. Of these there are two general types, the flat-branched prickly-pears and the round-jointed chollas. If I called the prickly-pear the Gypsy of its tribe, it was not without recollecting that the Gypsies have their queen in *Opuntia santa rita*, with its coin-shaped disks of grape-red and electric blue, touched in the spring with a delicate silver sheen. *Santa rita* is, however, too shy a grower to compete as a feature of the landscape with the chollas, which have a tree-like form and a social habit.

Among the chollas the unaccustomed eye will distinguish the "old-man" cholla, silvery-haired with the sheaths of its dense covering of spines, from the deer-horn type, slender-jointed, sparsely spined, and with a tendency of the stems to take the gen-

eral tone of its red or yellowish bloom. Both the "old-man" and the horned chollas have the power of propagation by dropped joints, and the same facilities for distribution by hooking their easily detachable sections to passing animals. But it is only the silver-haired varieties, like *Opuntia fulgida* and *Opuntia bigelovii*, sowing themselves across the mesas in thick droves, like sheep, that give character to the country below the Rim. They will grow, in favored localities, as high as a horse, but a peculiar sheep-like outline is achieved by the habit of the fruiting stems. The fruits, bright lemon-yellow after inconspicuous bloom, are produced on the topmost boughs, but, after setting, remain in place several years, during which a slow movement of the shaggy, whitish branches takes place, to bring the fruiting joints close to the ground, on which they are finally cast. These plantations of cholla, which sometimes cover acres, any one of which might have sprung from the dropped joints of a single plant, are called chollitals, place of the cholla, one of those expressive native terms which I mean to spell hereafter, as it is pronounced, "choyital."

§ 3

Between Tucson and Phoenix, south of the paved road, there is one of these vast cactus gardens that I can never pass without crossing my fingers against its spell. Often in the midst of other employments I will be seized with such a fierce backward motion of my mind toward it as must have beset Thoreau for his Walden when he had left it for the town. So that if I should disappear some day unaccountably from my accustomed places, leaving

no trace, you might find me there in some such state as you read of in monkish tales, when one walked in the woods for an hour and found that centuries had passed.

Then small droves of *Opuntias bigelovii*, like lambs feeding with their tails between their legs; here and there a bisnaga, dial-pointed above its moving shadow; silvery flocks of cholla; now and then a sahuaro pushing aside the acacia under which its youth survived; or a stiff, purple-flowered ironwood; and droves and droves of cholla leading down to the dry arroya, from which at intervals arise green cages full of golden palo-verde flowers. Inside the "choyital," where ancient black trap overlaps the sand, there will be islands of needle-grass, preferred by the reddish-stemmed opuntia called from the manner of its branching "stag-horn," and dense, globose clumps of *Opuntia arbuscula*.

But far down the sandy middle strip, stooping low, you can see the sand thick sown with detached joints waiting, with a breathless effect of suspense, the rain that brings the chance to root and grow.

There is an extraordinary feeling of intimacy about the "choyital," where virtually all the life goes on below the level of the observer's eye. The chollas are seldom man high, and the scant grass lends no cover to the intense activity of insect and small rodent life. Only the infrequent sahuaro lifts a bird flight out of reach, and the wide, searching light pours unstinted around its meager shade.

In this country the opuntias are the favorite nesting-place of birds. Early in April, before the suns render the thin screen of spines inadequate, the thrush and the mocking-bird and the

mourning-dove rear their broods on shallow platforms of twigs in the antlered tops of *Opuntia tetracantha*, and the cactus wren weaves her thick balls of needle-grass in the spiniest depths of the "old-man" cholla.

But this excess of safety has its dire results, for at the entrance of the long tunnel leading to the nest the pygmy owl sits watching like a cat, and now and then one comes upon pitiful fragments of nestlings impaled on the cactus-spines in their first clumsy, tumbling flight.

It is the cast joints of cholla which the kangaroo-rat drags about its runways in mazes in which a coyote would hesitate to set its paw. The road-runner is also credited with using them to fence in a snake it has marked for its prey. Understand that I am familiar enough with the road-runner to believe anything I am told about it, but my observation would lead me to conclude that this fencing in of the prey would take place only after the snake's back is broken with a driving stroke of the long bill, and would have as its object the protection of the quarry from other marauders. Once I saw this sleek cock of the "choyital" kill a small striped snake by alternately skimming about it in circles until the victim coiled, and then striking at the stilled rings, once, and away again, until, with its back broken in two places, a blow on the head stilled its wriggling length. Usually, however, you will see the *corredor del camino* catching lizards or picking up black pinacate-beetles such as you find at certain seasons in great numbers standing on their heads in the sand.

Around the outskirts of the cactus gardens, the conical hills of the farmer ants arise out of circular cleared spaces

not more than a yard or two in diameter, though farther north I have seen them as much as twenty or thirty feet.

After the first rains, around these clearings spring up downy carpets of inch high "Indian wheat," whose full-seeded heads are harvested by the ants the moment they are matured.

Ripening underground, the husks expand, each one in its tiny ball of fluff, which is carried up and deposited by the farmers in a white webby ring around the hill, where it lies until the wind carries it away. Warm days toward the end of April, when the heads are bursting fast in the hidden storehouses, you can see the white ring widen visibly, while the particles of fluff seem to boil out of the ant heap of their own force.

Days like this there is a sense of the concentration of life in the "choyital" that is only partly accounted for by the movement of bird and insect life, intensified as it is by the withdrawal of the circling ranges behind successive veils of light and heat. By midday the small furred folk are asleep in their stopped earths, the singing birds retreat to their nests, the hawks rest in the shadows of the sahuaros, wings adroop, but the "choyital" does not sleep.

Life gathers full at the brim of the cup, where any drop might overflow it, and there stays. When the drop falls, the arrested cycle of life triumphant begins again.

§ 4

It is only by taking thought that you will get anything more than a poet's or a painter's notion of plant life in the arid regions. For there is no such thing as a desert science of

botany, no special desert way of flowering and bearing fruit. There are only highly specialized adaptions of the stem- and leaf-bearing generation by which the reproductive generation is supplied, under conditions of extreme aridity, with the necessary water. The journey's end of such successive adaptations is found in the sahuaro.

It is probable that the country below the Rim has not changed much since the little Eohippus ran about there on his toes. Since there are no fossils of arid region plants, it seems more than likely that previous to Pleistocene times, since which our Southwestern desert has undergone no essential modification, there were no such types.

They have, in fact, evolved there in the places where we find them, out of the ceaseless operation of the vegetable complexes in contact with desert conditions. Of the moisture-loving plant forms, only such types survive there as are able to compress their flowering and fruiting processes into the curtailed seasons of quick rains. But out of some forgotten ancestry there have sprung tribes of plants that survived not by hurrying their processes, but by holding them through rainless periods, in arrested states, similar to those in which the great bears pass the winter's snows. Of this type are the creosote, the mesquite, cat-claws, smoke-bush, and palo-verde. By varnishing its leaves or dropping them altogether and filling its bark with the green substance of leaves, by reducing its branches to stubs and thorns, each in its own fashion establishes an equilibrium between its necessities and the water supply. For so much water there is so much growth, and then no growth at all for indefinite periods, pro-

longed sometimes over several seasons. By thus suspending the functions of growth, the whole life cycle has been indefinitely extended in shrubs like the mesquite and the creosote. I have reason to believe that the mesquite, in the neighborhood of Death Valley has lived to be several centuries old, and as far as our knowledge goes, the creosote is immortal. Times when I have had to destroy one of these ancients to prop my tent or cook my food, I have wished that I knew some such propitiatory rite for the appeasement of its spirit as the Navajos taught me to use before and after the killing of a bear.

To appreciate a creosote plantation one must be able to think of the individual shrub as having its tail waving about in the sun and wind, and its intelligence under ground. Then the wide spacing of the growing crowns is explained by the necessary horizontal spread of the root system in search of the thin envelop of moisture around the loose particles of the gravelly soil. In the rainy season the roots drink by means of minute hairs that are cast off when the last drop has been absorbed, after which the soul of the creosote sits and waits.

Plants of this type will run successfully through the average rainfall from century to century, but for growths of a shorter life cycle and a more exigent bloom, it has been important, possibly more important in the early Pleistocene than now, to meet conditions of great irregularity in the water supply by water-storage. For this the yuccas and agaves developed in their pithy stems and the thickened bases of their bayonet-pointed leaves storage capacity that enabled them to send up with magical rapidity great spikes of waxen bloom to grace the rainless years. The

difference between a yucca and an agave is that the yucca produces its blossom crown from a lateral bud, and may go on doing so for indefinite periods, but the agave blooms from the central stem, and blooming dies. The great *Agave Americanus*, called the century plant, a visitor across our Southern border, out of its stored energies, which by no means run the hundred years with which it is popularly credited, throws up in the course of days a flowering stalk three or four times the height of a man, bearing seven thousand flowers on whose fragrance the whole life of the agave is exhaled.

It is the yellow-flowered *Agave palmeri*, taken just before the expanding growth begins, while the leaf bases are still packed with the sugary substance of the flowering bud, that is known as mescal among the Southwestern tribes.

Anywhere about the three or four thousand foot levels of the mountains of southern Arizona you may come upon the pits where the mescal is roasted, or even surprise a group of Indians feasting on the nutritious, but not very attractive, mass. When I calculate the seasons through which, drop by drop, the agave has collected the material for its stately bloom, eating mescal is to me a good deal like eating a baby.

The long central stem of the yuccas enables them to make much more of a figure in the landscape, particularly the one known as "Joshua-tree," whose weird stalking forms can be found farthest afield in pure desertness, or the sotol (*Dasylirion wheeleri*), whose dense plumes of long rapier-like, saw-edged leaves and tall pyramids of delicate racemes are visible like companies of bandoliers far across the mesas.

This sort holds its dried flower-stalk aloft long after the fruit has been eaten and scattered by the birds, even on into the next season's bloom. There is a humbler variety which goes everywhere, like the prickly-pear, and, under the name of amole, furnishes those who know enough not to despise its narrow, yellowish rosettes, with an excellent fiber and a substitute for soap. But the final most successful experiment of the vegetative spirit on its way up from the sea borders to the driest of dry lands is the great sahuaro, *Carnegiea gigantea*.

In the economy of the sahuaro branch and twig have been reduced to spines, the green of its leaves absorbed into its skin. The need of woody fiber has been perfectly met by the stiff, but stringy, hollow cylinder of semi-detached ribs that hold the stem erect, and its storage capacity rendered elastic by the fluted surfaces, swelling and contracting to the rhythm of evaporation and the intake of the thirsty roots. After successive wet seasons new flutings are let into the surfaces, like gores in a skirt, or after shortage taken up with the neatness of long experience. By such mechanisms the cactus plant surpasses the stone-crops, the "hen-and-chickens," the "live-for-ers" of other arid regions, so that until some plant is found making water out of its gaseous constituents in the air and soil, we may conclude that here in the great sahuaro, the vegetative spirit comes to rest. Here it has met and surmounted all the conditions that for our cycle menace on this planet the vegetative type. Passing, I salute it in the name of the exhaustless powers of life.

Lilly

BY DOROTHY ELISE DEPOLIER

LILLY FULLER, with her father and two brothers, lived in a little village in Dorset just out of sight of the sea. She had a fantastical father. He was caretaker of Mr. Titwaters's estate, but he spent most of the day whispering to himself or to the village children tales of remarkable adventure.

One day Mr. Titwaters died, and he left to the Fullers a bit of land on the edge of the village nearest the sea, an annuity, and enough money to build them a house.

Fuller was so sad with the death of his kind employer, and disconsolate with the thought of leaving the fields where he had lived so much in his imagination, that he took no interest in his new property. The children, too, were so sympathetic that the little house on the hill went up without a look or a touch from any who cared.

In the very next winter, after they moved into their new house, Fuller was caught in a gale of rain on the downs, and in a few days they laid him to rest in the churchyard beside his wife.

Lilly grew up like a flower, or tripped to the front like some soft little animal out of a fairy-tale, and revealed to anyone who was watching her the most extraordinary and charming traits. To the unseeing she was just a pretty girl taking care of her brothers, keep-

ing by herself unless for a gossip on the roadside or a trip to Dorchester. That is, she loved people for holiday occasions, but in every-day affairs she was very busy by herself. The village swains found her too shy, for they were shy, too, or else they were too rough, and there was never the right combination.

Lilly was eighteen when Tom Todd came down from London to the inn. Tom was very young, but he was already wearied by success: he had just published a best-seller. He had meant to write a treatise on birds, but he had confused himself and then his readers, so that they did not know if they were reading about themselves in bird language or of birds in human language, and there was over it all so much changing brightness that the little book was like sunlight on new leaves.

§ 2

"People are so nice, you are getting cross. I 'll take you to retire by the sea."

Tom laughed at his publisher, but Dale shook his head.

"I 'll drop you for two weeks at a little Dorset village, and no one will speak to you."

A week later Tom watched Dale drive away, and then he followed his luggage up to his room.

He changed immediately. He put on an assortment of old clothes, mixed up with odd bits of brilliant color, a bright shirt, an outrageous scarf about his neck, a gay handkerchief falling from his pocket.

He gave his bags a final dump. He had for amusement books: novels, philosophy, poetry, science; and he had pipes, molding-wax, paints, a flute he had made himself, and, for a walking-stick, a heavy piece of natural wood with a great knob at the end of it, big enough for protection in the deepest slums of London or on the most dangerous highway. He picked up his stick and went with it toward the sea.

He did n't hurry, though he took long strides. He had a rolling, free quaintness. He was of medium height, and had a big, fair head, large blue eyes and a large nose, something like *Punch's*. He was like a clown or a jester. He swayed along now, swinging his stick and singing, observing everything. He sang to keep off his impatience. He wanted to make familiar all that he saw. He wanted Dorset, the hills, the sea.

He made swiftly for the downs. He beat up hills, down, over fences, stiles, planting his stick as though to press it to the middle of the earth, lifting it, and pacing it as though he had the stature and the step of a giant.

At last he arrived on top of the downs and looked into the sea. For a moment he watched the waves. Then he leaped down on the pebbled shore, and ran out to the end of a reef. He dropped full length and stared into the water. There were seaweeds and insects below and all manner of tiny creatures on the rocks. In the sun everything was vastly alive. He

watched and baked and slept. It was nearly dark when he got up and started stiffly back.

From the downs Tom saw the light in Lilly's house. He made this his guide and walked quickly back. When he drew near the house, there was a girl at the gate, watching him. "She thinks I can't see her," he thought, she looked so dreamy and so quiet. Her unconsciousness amused him. He walked up to the gate. He leaned on his stick, his large head drooping forward. He looked grotesque, and Lilly very simple in a plain frock with her black hair bound tight around her pretty head, "like a Moor," he thought, "and something like a Holbein."

"Good evening."

Lilly started.

"Good evening."

"Are you waiting for some one?"

He smiled at her, noting her shyness, like a faun, a bird, or perhaps it was a wildness.

She said softly:

"My brothers should be coming home."

"If I meet them, shall I tell them to come?"

Lilly's vague glance lay on the hills.

"Thank you."

What a strange little thing she was! He was attracted by an odd quality he could not define. "She is like some little animal." He took a deep breath and whispered, for fear of frightening her:

"If I bring them back to you, may I stay to supper? Would it be intruding?"

Lilly was polite.

"It would be very nice." She looked at him for a second.

"Blue, violet blue," he said to himself. "*Au Revoir!*" He waved his hat.

Tom found the boys by the green, and he smiled to see how easy it was to recognize them.

In the kitchen Lilly stood over the table counting on her fingers.

"Plates, glasses, cups and saucers, eggs, bread and butter and marmalade."

Tom followed the boys in.

"You see, I have them, John and Sammy; and you are Lilly. I am Tom Todd, from London."

Lilly seemed inattentive.

"Yes, will you sit here, Mr. Todd? John, Sammy." They sat around the table.

"Now." Lilly helped them with a worried pucker between her black brows, as though it were indeed a difficult undertaking to start three people eating.

Tom noticed the most remarkable variety of dishes. No two on the table were alike.

All settled, Lilly looked out of the window, her own supper forgotten. There was nothing to see, just a few stars. "She would be out and away," Tom thought to himself.

He talked to the boys, but they answered in monosyllables; so he let them be, and they whispered together and played table pranks. Tom was obliged to sustain something of a monologue, and Lilly listened politely; but she had a way of forgetting herself and joining in with the boys. In the midst of his recitation he would hear her giggling and chuckling, and looking up from his plate, he caught the three Fullers twinkling at one another, and there was a mysterious and unlawful passing about of food. In another second Lilly would recall herself, and then she was very polite again and a little bored.

Tom finally discovered that she liked to talk, and he made her tell him about the village and about herself while she played with her food. He noticed she ate hardly anything. Indeed, they all had remarkably small appetites.

Lilly's conversation had the quality of a song, a chattering, gossiping, laughing and, sometimes, scolding song. He hardly noted what she said, watching her peculiar, warm spirit. "She talks her most under pretense of eating," he fancied.

They had all been through supper long ago, and she was still taking her little bits, when suddenly she was up, and was wonderfully busy clearing away.

She seemed to have a thousand places for everything. He declared he had never seen so exciting a larder, so full of glass jars and covered dishes, a scrap of different food in each. She ran back and forth. He thought she would never settle. She seemed always just about to leave the floor. If he clapped his hands, he imagined she would fly to the mantel. Quite unexpectedly she sat by the fire and was silent.

Tom spread his feet wide on the hearth and surveyed the scene. He was comfortable, amused.

"What do they do up in London, Mr. Todd?"

"Well, they sing—"

"Do tell us! John and Sammy, would n't you like to hear Mr. Todd sing us a London song?" Lilly had grown confident, and she no longer looked as though it might be nice to be flying up and down outside in the night.

"Let 's see." Tom paused. What would Lilly like? He began with a

music-hall comic. Lilly smiled and laughed. She laughed mostly at Mr. Todd. With a singularly expressive voice, he swayed into daring impersonation. He amused her and he felt very happy. He burlesqued; he exaggerated ridiculously, and the room rang with their merriment. Once, imitating a lion, he frightened her, and he put out his hand with a smiling, tender assurance.

The evening was soon gone. When he said good night, he raised her hand to his lips. She accepted very prettily, and in a second had changed the moment for her own manner, and she "shoo'd" him away. Tom smiled over her very much.

The next afternoon he called to ask her to go walking.

"Where shall we go?" Lilly tapped her fingers on her lips, excited as though by a hundred possibilities.

"Oh, anywhere."

"We 'll go to Hill-Top. Shall we? I expect you have n't been there. I 'll be five minutes."

She was fifteen, and Tom saw, when she appeared, that she had on her Sunday clothes, she wore them with such pride and stiffness.

Taking Lilly for a walk was a strange and delightful experience. She saw so many small things that the world seemed made for very tiny people. She pointed out a hill, a cottage, a tree, bush, flower, leaf, sunbeam. She had an infinitesimal appreciation. And, too, she politely, or really, as the case might be, exclaimed over all he brought to her attention. Her manners were the deepest grained he had ever seen. A tender perception kept her perfect in all things.

They found a dead field mouse, and she gravely buried it. She took out

of her pocket a paper bag and offered it to him—"sweets."

She flitted from one side of the way to the other. In a manner speaking, one could not say on what bough, on what twig, she would light. Not for one moment did she seem really to be with him. He longed to catch her and stroke her.

"What a little bird you are!"

Tom tried, at first, to be small, to live in her world; but it was impossible. He never shrank to quite the size. Lilly was everywhere before him, in places he could n't even see. She made him feel large; so, to be comfortable, he was. His eyes swept the hills. He put on tremendously. He believed, at times, he was filling the road, and that Lilly was somewhere about his feet. He saw that his being big and taking on something of the elements gave her a sense of safety, a greater freedom.

§ 3

As the days passed, Tom lived ever nearer the soil. He tended Lilly's garden; he yarned with the men, and he farmed when he could. He visited the "pub" and he picked up Dorset dialect. In some way he gathered in the hills and the downs and the sea. He developed into a somewhat technical farmer.

This was a way to Lilly, so late of the farmers, and, besides, she laughed to see him "pretend." Though Lilly was so shy, she was wonderfully easy to amuse and excite, so that one was constantly fearful she would run down a cliff into the sea, or skip up in the air to the moon, or laugh from the top of a tree, or anything by which one might lose her forever.

It was when Tom needed Lilly that

she was most with him. When he was sad, she would do little things for his diversion or tenderness. She would softly sit down and peel apples for them, or she found a surprise for their tea, or made a paper hat or a basket, or brought him a flower, or a little dead thing to pity, or a bright colored living one, and would say, "Pretty" or "Sweet." And if he was quiet, she was busy by herself, running back and forth.

So the days passed, and they took long walks and exclaimed over the things they saw, hunting mushrooms and new flowers and butterflies, watching the rabbits playing over the hills, and keeping close to the hedges to hear the birds.

They were together every day, days of whimsical beauty for Tom, days of particular happiness for Lilly. Very far away, in their deep hearts, they loved each other.

Two weeks had passed now, and Tom had said nothing of the time, and on the last day he felt an odd little fear when he heard himself.

"To-morrow I am going to London."

"Oh, don't go." There was no hint in her tones of real disappointment, but just the formality of good manners.

"My boss is going to carry me off."

"You 'll come back some day, won't you?" She made a little movement that showed her heart was restless, and he ventured to press it against his. In a minute she was away again.

When Tom called to say good-by to Lilly, she was her most illusory self. Unless you caught her by surprise in going and coming, she was always most skittish on these occasions.

She went down to the road to see him into the car. She shook hands with Dale, never seeing him; she

looked at the car and stroked it, and hoped they would n't get very dirty or drive too fast. She fluttered about and never was still till she just had time to smile into Tom's eyes. She stood in the middle of the road, waving till the last.

Miss Dobbet passed Lilly.

"You 'll be lonesome now, won't you, child?"

Lilly flushed at the intention in her words, but she answered steadily:

"Why, yes."

Lilly out of sight, Tom was unhappy. He was as restless as though he had been carried off with never a chance to say good-by.

"That was a charming little creature, Todd, like one of the people in your book."

Tom wondered why he had not thought of that. Such small details of her bird-like existence occurred to him that he was amazed. She fitted in most wonderfully.

"And I have been appreciating her as though she were a surprise direct from God."

"People ought to see her. Could n't you fetch her up to London?"

"Make her the rage? No! Perhaps for a week, but suppose some one should marry her! She would die in London. She must race on the hills, skit down the wind, lie on the waves—"

"There are trees in London."

"I tell you she would die." And Tom thought about it all the way home, so that he planned a sequel to his book.

He took Lilly, in his imagination, about the city and he pictured her wild heart in this stuffy place and that, where the atmosphere was too intellectual or too brutal, where she could never fly. He found himself thinking

people cruel whom he used to know as gentle, so hardly did he take this imaginary indifference to Lilly's sweetness.

He fancied Lilly married in London, married to one of his own friends, perhaps to himself. What would she do in the city? She would love the shops. He smiled as he thought of Lilly and the shops. He wrote a whole chapter on sending her marketing in that kaleidoscopic world. But Lilly was lonely. No one loved her but himself, and it was not enough for her or for him. A wall grew up around her.

In the meantime, as a recompense for what he was putting her through, Tom wrote to Lilly of everything he saw that would make her laugh and of things that might touch her heart. He made London specifically for Lilly.

He finished his book with the wall going up around her until he could not hear her song, and he was inconsolable. He sent the story off to Dale, then, to relieve his heart, he took the train to Dorset.

§ 4

As Tom walked from the station he bowed happily to all he met. He felt the villagers looking after him, and he was aware of something sardonic in their glances that made him uncomfortable; but he was too excited at the prospect of surprising Lilly to give it a thought. And if he had, it is doubtful that he would have understood that Lilly had been in any unhappiness because of his attentions. He did not guess the worldliness of the village, and the malignancy.

He closed the gate quietly, and stole up to the little house, so dearly familiar. He looked in through the window. Tea was waiting on the

table. Lilly was stirring something in a large black pot on the hearth. A last ray of the sun just touched her black hair. He opened the door softly and stepped in. He called loudly:

"Oh, Lilly!"

Lilly turned quickly, and he caught the happy flash of her violet eyes and the color coming in her cheeks.

"Tom!" She jumped up and ran to him. She gave him a little shake. She patted his coat as though it were a thing alive that she loved, and she asked him a hundred questions, all that he expected, and he laughed with pleasure.

They sat down to tea, and Tom looked around to see that all was there, all that he remembered.

"Well, Lilly, how is the village?"

"I don't go down very much."

"Don't shop, don't gossip?"

Lilly shook her head.

"I send the boys."

"Well, now, I have been picturing you shopping and chattering while I was in London. Must n't be a re-cluse, you know." He thought she looked a little sad, so he changed the subject. "Have you been to Hill-Top, Lilly?"

"Oh, often. And I have been to that reef that runs out into the sea, and to watch the rabbits—do you remember? But there's been lots to do in the house and the garden."

Some little change in Lilly made Tom say to himself, "She is n't so happy." He recalled how he had been writing about her in London, and the figure he had imagined haunted him. Had his sad thoughts of her troubled her all the way from London? Had he himself built a wall around her, separating her from him and from the world?

"Tell me what you have been doing in London."

Tom tried to put away his seriousness. He told her what he thought would amuse her, and they laughed and were happy in a kind of forgetfulness.

When he left her he took a walk by himself over the road through the hills. He wondered what the change was that he felt in her. Was he quixotic to think he might be responsible? The story he had given her, and finding her as though she had been touched by it, oppressed him. Nature itself seemed to droop with her captivity. He imagined everything weeping in tenderness for Lilly.

The next morning they walked on the downs and watched the sea.

"Are you happy, Tom?"

"And you? Are you, Lilly?"

"You are n't. Do tell me."

Tom looked down into her face. "Her eyes are true," he thought; "but of course they are." Yet something different puzzled him, or was he beginning to see her in another way? She seemed less the shy, furtive, fluttering creature he remembered, and nearer to him. For a moment he had a sense of comfort, of warmth.

"You love it here, don't you, Lilly? You would n't like to live in London? Just for a visit, perhaps."

Lilly raised her eyes like the sweep of the wings of a bird.

"It must be beautiful with your friends, and the shops and the happy people."

"It is not so beautiful, you know, Lilly, and all the people are not so happy or so kind."

"But it is beautiful, too, is n't it? And there are kind and happy people. I know they are nicer in London than here."

"Why, Lilly?" Tom asked tenderly.

"Every one is suspecting and saying cruel things. London I should love."

"You can only be free, Lilly, with the people who love you."

"I should love the people in London."

"They would love you, too." Suddenly, Tom believed it was so. She would be happy in London; they would love her. How could they not? "I will ask her to marry me."

He lifted her up on a wall and sat down beside her. They faced the sea. He took her hand and began to sing. He chose something ribald.

"Oh, Tom!"

Then he sang playfully little songs that he knew, carefully watching her. "She will never say yes," he thought, and sang on, gaining time. He flirted with her lightly the while, running caresses in with his song, diverting her with play-acting. He pretended playing a part, and he took her on his knee. He sang softly and he kissed her. He held her quiet and he kissed her again, and before she could fly away, he was singing another song as though he had forgotten her. He quietly trailed off into a ballad, and set her down.

Lilly leaned against his knee.

"Lilly, will you marry me? Will you come to London with me?" He dared not wait for her answer. "I love you, Lilly." He turned her around gently and looked at her. Lilly smiled, and he kissed her. He got down off the wall and took her in his arms. They sat down on the grass and looked at each other. Tom took her hand and lifted it to his lips. Lilly's eyes smiled and shone.

"Pretty Tom!"

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

XI—Fairy-Tales and Plausibility

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

NOW, one may have a deeply rooted distaste for editorial "blurbs" on the ground of their indiscriminating and wasteful consumption of superlatives, yet take a certain ironical pleasure in them because of the childlike naïveté of the faith they seemingly display. Does the supposedly astute editor really believe that readers can be deceived by fine words, or is his extravagant praise of his wares merely a rhetorical gesture of desperation, clear evidence of the fact that, having been surprised in the embarrassing position of having no fuel for his stove, like *Colonel Sellers*, he is prepared to brazen it out with his flaming candle of eloquence? I sometimes wonder why some young genius, soured by the refusal of publishers to give to the public his own offerings, does not take his revenge by making a volume of their introductory praises of books that have died untimely, with carefully tabulated facts of their brief careers. It might easily become amusing reading as well as a restraining force. Publishers might not care to see their chickens come home to roost in such fashion.

We think of the "blurbs" of editors as modern innovations, but I had been led to the thought of them by noting that the very first number of this mag-

azine contained an example of no mean quality. Despite its avowed ambition to become a national institution and foster a national literature, *THE CENTURY*, then "Scribner's Monthly," had gone to Scotland for its first serial novel, George MacDonald's "Wilfrid Cumbermede." One may believe that MacDonald's pietistic tendencies may in part have influenced Dr. Holland in making the choice, but Samuel W. Duffield, in an appreciation of MacDonald's work in that same first number, gives other and more explicit reasons; for, among other high attributes as a novelist, he compares MacDonald with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray as being equally pure-minded, claims that "he writes better English (because more imaginative and loftier) than Charles Reade . . . and while Wilkie Collins outdoes him in plot, he outdoes Wilkie Collins and the rest of the plotters in delicacy and sweetness of touch." High praise indeed!

It has long been a tradition of the office that a dearth of native writers of fiction in 1870 had driven *THE CENTURY* so far afield, yet throughout the year following that date, "Harper's," which, as a matter of preference and policy, sought the work of the great English masters of fiction, gave as its

leading serial a novel, "The American Baron," by James de Mille, a native writer of considerable popularity at that period; while "The Atlantic," with prodigal hand, printed three serial stories, one by J. W. De Forest, an American with a growing reputation at the time, and two by the men who, by a strange coincidence, were to be the authors of the novels that were to appear in THE CENTURY when I joined its staff fourteen years later—W. D. Howells and Henry James. From "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Passionate Pilgrim" to "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "The Bostonians" both had traveled a long road upward, yet even in those initial adventures in "The Atlantic" they displayed greater promise than ever was shown by MacDonald. Indeed, "A Passionate Pilgrim" revealed an aptitude for creating dramatic situations that James, in his later theory of the art of fiction, steadily, and perhaps unwisely, suppressed.

It seems curious that though the editors had beaten their tom-toms lustily at the coming of MacDonald, and on other occasions had exhibited no abnormal reluctance to cry their wares, they could sing very small indeed, and even belittle the effort they were about to make as something not at all out of the ordinary, when, in October, 1884, they could announce in this far from sanguine strain the coming of what was to prove the greatest triumph of the magazine:

"In the November CENTURY (the initial issue in the new year of the magazine) will appear the first of a new series of illustrated papers on the Civil War. Or perhaps we should speak of this new series as a carefully organized continuation of the war articles which

have appeared from time to time in the magazine since the publication of the notable 'Great South' papers. Our readers can hardly have forgotten—" And the editorial goes on to mention the several unrelated articles more or less concerning the war that had appeared in the past of the magazine.

Now, though Mr. Roswell Smith was a man of far-sighted mental vision and bold almost to the point of riskiness, and furthermore had himself originated the "Great South" papers, he doubted that the proposed War Series would be of material advantage to the magazine, which he thought had attained its potential growth. Nevertheless, though it might prove to be an expensive project, in his reluctance to hamper the free will of the editors he gave his consent to the undertaking. Perhaps his attitude lessened their optimism and subconsciously dictated the drab announcement above quoted. Even the most hopeful of them could not have dreamed for a moment that the War Series would be the success that it actually was, and in the face of Mr. Roswell Smith's spirit of aloofness, probably they had hesitated to announce the enterprise with a fanfare of trumpets, lest, in the event of its failure, they sink deeper into the mire than they were in the muck. For generous-minded and uncritical as he was, he was a towering personage in that company of young men, and his disapproval or non-acquiescence, enforced by failure, was not a thing they would lightly court.

But it was a success beyond all their hopes. Even when I came to the office eight months later, that bustling moment when the tide of their triumph was daily rising higher and higher, I used to fancy that an atmosphere of

stunned surprise still hung over the whole editorial corps; as if, though they had hoped for success, they had been overwhelmed by its stupendousness: they were manifestly elated, yet humbled. Of course I, a raw young recruit, was overwhelmed—overwhelmed by the wonder of it, and by the incredible surprise of being there at all. Merely to belong to the office seemed to confer upon one something of the dignity that comes from being a part in a great ceremonial. One was n't concerned about the smallness of the part; being there was what mattered.

§ 2

Although through the breadth of its really national outlook, its success with the "Great South" papers and kindred enterprises, the magazine was speedily to make its influence felt, its early numbers were undoubtedly amateurish, and the fiction was disappointing—disappointing, that is, to one who now looks back in the hopeful expectation of finding its historic early pages aglow with literary promise. Possibly to most of the readers of the day it was eminently satisfying. We cannot speak for the ancients. Besides the long serial by George MacDonald, the editors had engaged for the first number a four-part story by Hans Christian Andersen and one of three parts by Rebecca Harding Davis, which, if one considers names alone, was possibly the best that they could do. For fiction in America was really at a low ebb in 1870, or, rather, the tide had not yet begun to set in, and a new magazine, with empty manuscript safes, could not wait to pick and choose. It certainly would not have thought to choose Howells, for he was the editor of "The Atlantic," and "Their Wed-

ding Journey" was in reality his first approach to a novel; and James was a Boston product, almost unknown, whose few short stories in its famed magazine were still caviar even in that literary metropolis. Thus the editors of the new magazine, looking over the field of fiction, barren at best, threw dice with the great god Chance.

If in one's opinion to-day its luck was not overwhelming, that was no more than has usually happened when, incited by the vogue of a popular author or by the notable success of one hitherto obscure or unknown, it has hastened to engage his next book. That has almost invariably been so greatly inferior that the magazine has gained only the reaction of popular disappointment. Indeed, its chief successes have come through its ambition to develop a national literature and preserve the open mind to all-comers that it announced at the beginning of its career, and thereby gained the confidence and loyalty of authors and reading public. And almost at once its ambition was justified, and its new writers of fiction began to appear—Cable, Stockton, Eggles-ton, the whole Southern school.

In another way, too, the magazine early won the confidence of its public, for even though in the selection of its fiction it restricted the field of its choice, the restriction increased its popularity. First of all, it would be moral. Never would Dr. Holland have permitted a novel to appear in its pages that did not wear the sober livery of morality. MacDonald's "Wilfrid Cumbermede" was moral; Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates," the second long serial to be published in the magazine, was moral; his own were moral. Fiction, in his view, was not so much

an interpretation of life as it was a guide to the proper conduct of living. The belief was not a personal idiosyncrasy; it was the popular mental attitude of the period. Fiction was still to most readers, to the normal public of the magazine, only "a pack of lies," but if it lied decorously for moral ends, and justified itself by proving that only those who had attained to a certain degree of perfectibility through trials and suffering were permitted to view happiness in the end, while evil was at least temporarily overthrown, it came thus to a reasonable status of respectability as a moral agent, and might not only be tolerated, but read with chastened pleasure and profit. The fact meant little to readers that in its subordination of the realities of life the novel of the magazine was in essence still a mere fairy-tale.

Fairy-tales of this sort, and tales that have always won praise, were the many novels and stories of a long list that, starting out in an inconspicuous short story, called "Surly Tim's Trouble," in the second year of the life of this magazine, were to continue to display much the same qualities for more than forty years. "Fannie E. Hodgson" had been given as the name of the young girl who wrote "Surly Tim's Trouble," but when, in August, 1876, her first novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," began its course in the magazine, her name had become "Fanny [not Fannie] Hodgson Burnett." With the publication of "Haworth's," a little more than two years later, her name had taken its final form of "Frances Hodgson Burnett," and in that guise still stands as the symbol of a remarkable career. Her "T. Tembarom" was published in *THE CENTURY* in 1913. To read it was to go back almost a lifetime.

With no special form or craftsmanship, with no insistence upon local color or characterization beyond the most obvious melodramatic contrasts, saturated with sentiment, upon the elementary foundations of social and international antagonisms Mrs. Burnett has almost invariably constructed her airy and insubstantial palaces of dreams. One gift was assuredly hers: she possessed a real talent as a storyteller.

My own reactions to Mrs. Burnett's novels have been interesting to me. Already in 1872 I had begun to read the magazine, though I have no recollection of having then read "Surly Tim's Trouble." Probably, having a boy's narrow prejudices concerning external appearances, I did not think that it "looked interesting." In reality, it discloses nothing more interesting to-day. Three other short stories were published that also stirred no memory, and then "That Lass o' Lowrie's" appeared. By that time my ideas concerning things interesting had changed or the author had skillfully camouflaged her work into a form of attractiveness, for I read her first novel with eager pleasure. I read "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "Through One Administration"—all with the same delight. Perhaps I wept over them; I do not know. But having wept over much at that romantic period that I was later to laugh at, it is more than likely that I wept over them; for all had those traps of sentiment designed to draw the tears from the eyes of temperamentally emotional young readers that our dear Victorian masters labored arduously to set. I still remember the thrilling scene in "Louisiana" that unites the parted lovers, my tense fear lest the Cinderella

of the story—Mrs. Burnett was always fond of the Cinderella motive—would prove obdurate to the end, my vast relief when finally I read, “‘He knew that I loved you,’ she said, with a little sob.” And of course “they lived happily ever after.” My suspense had been idle. I should have known my romantic, kind-hearted author better. And in “Through One Administration,” I recall those many studiously veiled passages in which the professor talks of *Bertha*, half-concealing, half-disclosing, something tragic, or at least not satisfactory, the import of which I never could quite fathom, yet was tremendously piqued and moved by, and to-day find intolerably dull. Dear lady! how long she kept it up!

She was still keeping it up, the youthful romanticism of old, the artificial sentiment, when, in 1906, “The Shuttle” came to the magazine and was speedily rushed to the press; but, alas! I was changed. The old unrealities now vexed me beyond all patience. I scoffed at the book openly, scoffed in the office. I recognized the value to the magazine of the immemorial traditions,—the invincible, proud, yet friendly, young American beauty, the crass brutality of the English upper classes,—but was it worth while to cater to the undeveloped intelligence that could be moved by so crude a conception of chauvinism, so inartistic a conception? If one was to profess a belief in literary art, was not one bound by his creed to hold it inviolate? To be so sentimentally moved without reason was heresy. It degraded life; and more, it degraded art. I was quite sure at that age that art was more than life.

There came a third period, in 1913, when we published “T. Tembarom.”

It was unreal enough, bore no resemblance to actual life or its possibilities, set the old sentimental traps; but, strangely enough, I found that I was interested. And, moved by the recollection, I have lately gone through the whole list again, and though even more clearly than ever I recognize the insubstantiality of the books as reflections of life, I recognize, too, by my momentary distraction, that I no longer greatly care. For myself I need no exegesis of life; life lies mostly behind me, its struggles, its ambitions, its heartbreaking griefs. I am ready for the old fairy-tales again: they help one to forget. I may smile at the studiously artificial sentiment that first thrilled me, then later roused all my impatience, but it is with that warming of the heart with which one greets an old boyhood friend who was loved in the far-off past, but, met only rarely in middle life, became an alien creature and estranged, and now in old age is restored to his ancient place in the affections as a part of the dear, unforgettable past. Neither of us has any special future; we are almost done with a future, at least with a future that is concerned with morality and theories and ambitions; the present is immaterial, negligible: but there is the past—the remote past of dreams where we had been equal, and most of all equal because we had never concerned ourselves with equality. Perhaps, after all, old age is not to be crabbed and intolerant.

It was something to learn even at that late day that though it might be well enough to possess a theory of art that one might follow to one's heart content if one chose, it was illogical to try to force it upon all men, and a general magazine, in particular, could not

well disregard the preferences of that vast body of readers, whether young or old, who loved the unrealities of certain novelists because for a moment they made them forget their own drab lives. Few people are so lacking in imagination that they do not dream dreams in their youth and in old age mentally rearrange their past to their better liking. It is the pleasant little staff that helps them over the dolorous paths of existence to the enchanted regions of momentary self-deception. Novelists like Mrs. Burnett give to these crude romances of their own lives a helpful lift on the road.

Yet I do wish that she and others of her easy optimisms and careless suppressions had managed a little to be more plausible, though I once knew a critic to argue that giving verisimilitude to his make-believe world was the most pernicious side to the novelist's calling. He hid the face of Falsehood under the mask of Truth, and in the pleasurable glow of satisfaction in the accomplishment gradually came to think of the facts of life not so much as facts as raw material for the much pleasanter illusions that he had the talent to create.

Thus by reason of his trade the novelist was likely to be even in real life the most untrustworthy of men, subduing his nature to what he worked in, like the dyer's hand.

Nevertheless, I should be willing to have them attempt to deceive me outside their books if only they would work their enchantment in them. Mrs. Burnett never wholly convinced me that young *Tembarom* renounced his broad acres and impressive dignities in England for an apartment in Harlem with quite the joy and relief he was made to show. It was all for love, and the world well lost, the author

wished us to believe—for love and the glorious privilege of living under the ægis of the Bird of Freedom in Harlem. But the castle in Spain that she had constructed for *Tembarom* I much preferred to Harlem, and my interest in him having been awakened, I wanted my hero—she had created him for me—both to have his cake and eat it. Neither was I convinced that, apparently on grounds of being opposed to inherited instincts of British propriety, the charming little heroine of the story should absolutely refuse to marry *Tembarom* and rule as mistress in the lordly manor-house where her progenitors had served meanly. In these latter days, when music-hall dancers become countesses, and labor-leaders dine with lords, with pots of beer as the fraternal links, the story is as completely out-moded as "The Children of the Abbey" or as "Clarissa Harlowe." Indeed, it was out-moded when it was written—as a fairy-tale. Has n't Cinderella always won our hearts? Have n't we always gloated over her proud sisters in the moment of her triumph?

§ 3

Though plausibility in a tale may be merely the patient, sincere exercise of a photographic memory and sound judgment, when it creates an illusion so complete that the imagination of the reader is excited with pleasurable interest, it approaches great art. I have read Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy" many times since the manuscript was first placed in my hands, and I still think of it as the greatest short story THE CENTURY ever published. One could not really say that the beautiful little love-story was improbable or impossible. Before the novelty, the daring, of the conception the imagina-

tion was inflamed by a new faith. It might be true, one thought; the world is full of wonderful things. One lingered over the idea with a certain fascination.

This remarkable power to create illusion, to stir the imagination, is Kipling's great possession. One reads his tales over and over with unfading interest—reads at least certain tales. Thus I have read "The Jungle Book" and "Kim." "The Naulahka," which we published in 1891-92, was less happy. Clever as young Balestier was, his part in the novel was not convincing, and Kipling's own strength has not always been sustained in long flights. The theme of the story was weak and artificial, its one strong interest being the colorful play of opposing civilizations in the American's encounters with the mysterious and somewhat theatrical East. Here there were scenes of real power. I prepared for the press on a warm day the description of *Tarvin's* descent into the Cow's Mouth, and so vividly real was the awesome picture to my mind that I was, I remember, emotionally chilled, and, going forth into the sunshine immediately after, was for a moment thankful for the heat of the day.

Though THE CENTURY had published Mrs. Catherwood's romance of early Canada, it had given the historical novel only a half-hearted recognition, and in 1895 it ignored both the new movement and its own traditions by selecting for its main serial the most English of novels, by the most English of writers—"Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The magazine had based its hopes in the venture on the tremendous success of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella," but in the matter of popularity "Sir

George Tressady" signally failed. The American reading public is notoriously fickle, and its enthusiasm for Mrs. Ward had already begun to exhaust itself when "Sir George Tressady" appeared. Moreover, the English political novel has little lure for the average American, and Mrs. Ward had somehow managed to give to the prosy Parliamentary uncertainties that made up the great body of the tale a certain stodginess all her own. And added to this, neither *Sir George* nor *Letty* had sufficient charm to win the reader's determination to follow them through a career that in the beginning the author had prophetically hinted was doomed to disaster. To the American reader the record of Parliamentary ups and downs, alternating with dreary private bickerings, appeared hardly substantial enough to bear the burden of the tragic close. He (and preferably she) will patiently endure an unhappy ending provided he has been adequately diverted by thrills on the road. "Sir George Tressady" was dreary from beginning to end.

Indeed, in its various attempts to rise on the wings of a popular author's previous success THE CENTURY has been singularly unfortunate. It put its trust in "Sir George Tressady" after "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella"; in Mason's "Running Water" after "Four Feathers"; in Mrs. Rice's "Sandy" after "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; in Bacheller's "D'ri and I" after "Eben Holden"; in London's "The Sea-Wolf" after "The Call of the Wild"; but why enlarge the list? It is a long one. It might appear merely a matter of ill luck were one to forget that a great book is usually followed by a lesser one, that a sustained high note is rare indeed. More-

over, the editor accepts the novel of the unknown or little-known author because he reads it and sees its merit. The book of the author who has won a momentary wide audience he usually accepts, in his haste to forestall other editors, without reading at all.

But to accept a serial offhand on the reputation of an author is only a variation in the theme of editorial carelessness that permits it to lose a great serial by declining to read it when it comes unsought. I have already told the story of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," and how the magazine won it only through the pleasant habit of Mr. Ellsworth of taking home manuscripts and printed sheets of books to beguile his week-end. In Dr. Mitchell's long career as a writer there must have been to a high-spirited man who took his avocation of poet and novelist with great seriousness a constant irritation in the airy refusal of commentators to accept him other than as an amateur. Even to editors who thought of him highly and printed his work, it has been accepted, with an air of somewhat condescending wonder, as the detached wisdom of a physician who had pondered deeply on life,—physicians are so highly dowered by opportunity!—and to show appreciation of which disclosed their own discrimination, if not their professional acumen. To accept it was one of those laudable extravagances that awakened in one a self-conscious pride of doing the thing one could not afford to do. It predicted a certain freedom from narrowness.

But after "Hugh Wynne" his manuscripts would never more go lightly unread by us. Hardly had "Hugh Wynne" come to its triumphant close in the magazine when "The Adven-

tures of François" took its place. It, too, was a historical novel, but of the Paris of the French Revolution. How faithfully old Paris was delineated few could know better than I, who was often sorely put to it to verify sites and quarters that Haussmann and time had long since swept into oblivion. And how lightly *François* grinned his wide grin and laughed his way through all the dark passages of his tortuous career! The story called up the very spirit of youth—the care-free, irresponsible spirit of youth. It seemed incredible as the work of a man who was already old. And despite his fantastic approaches to life, *François*, poet and thief, dreamer and vagabond, envisaged all the aspects of reality, to me a more human figure than *Hugh Wynne*, indeed, more lovable. In quick succession followed "The Autobiography of a Quack," "Dr. North and His Friends," "The Youth of Washington," "The Red City," with here and there a short story or a poem. It was an astonishing exhibition of versatility.

§ 4

The historical novel came into our pages then in a sweeping tide: Mrs. Catherwood's "The Days of Jeanne D'arc," Crawford's "Via Crucis," Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre," Brady's "Barbarossa"—all in the space of six years, and all now long since forgotten.

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust:
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

It was an extraordinary preoccupation while it lasted, but it could not last. Nothing does in fiction. Side by side with the historical novels of the

period that we were fond of calling the *fin de siècle*, with an elated sensation of living in a great hour, THE CENTURY continued to publish serials that were wholly apart from any school or movement. Shortly before the appearance, in 1898, of "Via Crucis," his contribution to the historical-novel era, F. Marion Crawford had published in the magazine in quick succession, "Love in Idleness," "Casa Braccio," and "A Rose of Yesterday," stories of a wholly different character. Indeed, his wide range in many fields was extraordinary, as his fertility was extraordinary. I think he had no illusion as to the possession of literary genius, and he was certainly far from being a writer with a purpose, and far from desiring to be. His conception of the novel was that of a stage before which the reader might divert himself for a pleasant hour, and to this end his vast industry and ingenuity were lavishly given. Himself creatively unemotional, I think he awakened little emotion in his reader, but rather a certain quiescently eager attention till the curtain dropped at the end of the book, when one went sedately away, undisturbed by any aftermath of disquieting thought.

Personally, he was possessed of that unusual quality in a man—charm. Of American parentage, but born in Italy, educated at Cambridge, England, and on the Continent, and for the greater part of his life a resident of Italy, he was rarely in America. Yet he never impressed one as being in any sense cosmopolitan or of having the abnormal characteristics of the voluntary expatriate. His speaking voice, indeed, had the marked and pleasing intonation of cultivated English speech, but Italy and India and the rest of the

alien world had not destroyed the frank openness of manner that we like to think of as being distinctively an American quality. In memory I can see clearly his still youthfully handsome face and stalwart form coming in at our door, catch the quick heartiness of his greeting, that faint suspicion of over-manner that is so manifestly unconscious and inbred that it appears the perfection of manner.

It was on his last visit to America, I think, that, coming to the office one day, he told me of his purpose in lingering on in New York at the time. The pilots of the harbor were turning to steam, and his fancy had been caught by a schooner-rigged pilot-boat that had been withdrawn from active service. He was contemplating buying her and sailing her across to his home in Italy, and in the discovery that we had a common love for boats and the sea we fell at once into the usual discussion of things nautical that always arises when sailors or would-be sailors come together. And when I chanced to say that for deep-water cruising I had small faith in the long, slender overhang astern that was coming more and more into fashion in yachting communities, much preferring a type more nearly approaching the short, square stern of the old North-River sloop, we found ourselves at once in a concord more complete than any community of thought in literary matters, or, for that matter, in any other purely mundane belief, could have compassed as quickly. He subsequently sailed his schooner home, finding in her all the seaworthy qualities he had hoped to obtain. I have always felt that he would have made an admirable cruising companion, though one never can tell. It is the

rarest of qualities, and the one least possible to predict by an intimacy or acquaintance gained ashore. Choosing a husband or a wife is far less hazardous, for incompatible husbands and wives can momentarily escape from disquieting hours, and time, with its gradually acquired habitudes and suppressions, wears grooves in their lives that make incompatibility less jarring; but for discontented shipmates there is never a hope.

I remember well a cruise that I long ago made with four companions. We were doomed to bad weather from the first. It was in spring, and our small sloop, a hired working-boat, had been hurriedly made ready for us, and by twilight of the first day out the water was six inches above the cabin floor, so badly did she leak; it rained and it blew, and never let up for days except that now and then a momentary gleam of angry sunlight came out. All that did not greatly matter; we were young, and a holiday is always a holiday. But one of us, a good fellow ashore, was full of forebodings of worse things to come. It was n't that he was afraid; he was n't: he simply could not accept the situation. And presently we all sat about or went through our manifold tasks, glowering at him and the wind and the rain and the leaky

sloop, but with four of us, nevertheless, determined to go on. Then, entering a port one night, on some excuse the malcontent went home. The four who were left sailed out the predetermined voyage. The weather was the same, the leaky boat leaked as badly as ever, and we had short respite from the pump, and we were never really dry for ten days; but the Jonah was gone, and we laughed our way through it all in perfect content and happiness. It was life; it was the thing for which we had come.

There are as many ways of being a Jonah as there are human characteristics, but something in his air, his genial face, his straightforward eyes, in his whole personality so far as I could guess at it, gave me the assured feeling that Crawford had none of them, and would have borne that sort of test perfectly. I wish I could be as sure that he would have found no break in my own armor, for I remember another cruise still earlier than the one I have mentioned, with two friends, good friends still, but never good seamen, and how, on our return, one of them said to his cousin, now for many years my wife—said, in something between sigh and astonishment, "I did n't know that Frank could be such an old pirate at sea!"

The end of the eleventh part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

From Vatican to Lambeth Palace

Interviews with the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury

BY WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

RECENT conversations between Cardinal Mercier representing the Holy See and a delegation of Anglo-Catholics having the sanction of the Primate of England, but without any plenipotentiary authority from him, have revived discussion of the possible rapprochement between the Anglican and the Roman Church. Recently, I had the opportunity to discuss with both his Holiness, the Pope of Rome, and the Archbishop of Canterbury the possibility and advantage of a united church.

Before describing his Holiness, let me observe that there is a marked difference between the succeeding popes. While the creeds and dogmas of each are the same, each Holy Father has his own personality. It might be interesting to compare Pius XI with those of his predecessors whom I have had the pleasure of meeting. Leo XIII was primarily a statesman, a master of Old-World diplomacy. He had the haughtiness of a diplomat, the love of display of a diplomat, and the lack of commercial instinct that is characteristic of a diplomat. Pius X was a religious devotee, almost a saint on earth, and entirely out of touch with the every-day affairs of the world. While Pius XI has some of the qualities of the other two, he is primarily

a wide-awake business man, entirely in sympathy with and possessing a wide knowledge of world affairs.

Pius XI has changed very much since I saw him last. He has developed in a manner I least expected. I had regarded him as a scholar, but the scholar has been metamorphosed into a business man. I first saw him when, as Dr. Ratti, he was curator of the Ambrosian Library. I was writing a story concerning the history of the Vatican, and went to the library for some data on the subject. I was referred by the information clerk to Dr. Ratti. He was a most delightful gentleman, particularly anxious to be of service, personally getting for me the necessary books of reference, and actually helping me dig up the data which I needed. Two things particularly struck me concerning him. He was remarkably well informed on church history, classical literature, and languages. The books examined were printed in Latin, Italian, French, German, Hebrew, and Greek. Even when written in Italian, most of the early theologians interlarded their writings with quotations from the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew classics. Dr. Ratti evidently did not believe that I was thoroughly grounded in belles-lettres, for he very thoughtfully

wrote a translation of the passages which I needed and put them between the pages of the book. This librarian life is only one side of his character. I learned of his simple tastes at a dinner which I gave to him in appreciation of his kind assistance. Being unacquainted with the restaurants in Milan, I asked him if he would select the place to which we should go. I had expected him to select the best in Milan, but he led me to a very unpretentious restaurant, where the food was inexpensive, but wholesomely prepared, and the patrons were of the upper peasant type. The popular priest seemed to know them all, and they all seemed to love and revere him. One chap was swearing like a trooper as we entered. His companion, who was facing the door, nudged him and said in a stage whisper: "S-s-h! Tony. There comes Father Ratti." The young scamp's face flushed as he quickly pulled off his cap, an act in which he was followed by all the other men in the room. Dr. Ratti smiled as he said: "I caught you that time, Tony. Do not forget that cuss word the next time you come to confession."

Half a dozen men jumped up to give their seats to the father, but we weaved our way through the crowd to an unoccupied table near the window.

The Italian people do not rush through their meals; they take time to enjoy them, and I enjoyed every moment of the hour and a half spent with this theologian and scholar. Here it was that I saw his other side. In the library he had talked only of books and the subject which we were looking up. At the dinner-table he fairly expanded. His laugh was contagious, his humor bubbling, and his black

eyes fairly sparkled when he scored a good point. He told me about his Alpine trips and the pleasures of mountain-climbing; how sometimes he would think he had come to an impassable barrier, only to find after a careful search a way of surmounting it. He told about his love of dogs and how they followed him on the street and how he could never pass one without patting it on the head. He also told about the poor of his parish, pathetic tales told tenderly and yet with a deal of humor. In his more serious moments he dilated upon the virtues of Pope Pius X, then on the papal throne, his wonderful piety and simplicity of character; consequently, I was not surprised when he chose the name of Pius for his own title.

§ 2

Based on this visit, my mental picture of him when I went to the Vatican recently was that of a kindly hearted scholar with simple tastes who had a very human and tolerant view of life, a man whose highest aspiration was to make his library serve the people to the best advantage and who knew more about the classics than he did about the world outlook. I was much surprised to find that the book-worm chrysalis had developed into a practical man of affairs. I had pictured him as seated in his library, digging up Greek roots, and I found him in a business office, discussing with remarkable clarity the European situation and making highly practical comments on the workaday world. I expected to find him a theologian; I found him a wide-awake business man.

Not only is he wide-awake, but he has instilled business principles in his assistants. Upon entering the Vati-

can, I was stuck with the different air, that pervaded the place since my last visit. It plainly said, "Let us get down to business." The Holy Father leads the van in business alertness, and everybody from the veriest menial up to the highest dignitary is following in his footsteps. He has a schedule of appointments and he lives up to it. When I visited Pius X, we held a rambling conversation on contemporaneous subjects, and at his invitation I greatly overstayed my time of appointment. Pius XI held me strictly to the subject under discussion and to the time limit. On his desk there was a half-hour-glass, and when I entered, he turned it over, in order that I might see when my time was up.

His Holiness was perfectly polite, as are the heads of all big corporations, but you felt that he had weighed in advance the importance of the subject which you wanted to discuss and had determined how much time it was worth, just as a magazine editor weighs a story and decides how much space to allot to it. May I add that my interview was worth just half an hour?

Another surprise was that he had largely gone back to the pomp and ceremony popular during the reign of Leo XIII. He was the last man in the world whom I would have suspected of having a love of pomp. I am certain that his demand for strict etiquette is not based on personal pride or vanity, because a man so simple and unaffected could not change so quickly. It must be because he feels that the dignity of his office as vice-regent of Christ demands it.

Possibly for the same reason he demands unquestioned obedience. His Holiness is the real pope. There is no power behind the throne. He

used the expression, "It is my will," not fewer than six times during our short conversation. His is the determining voice; others are supposed to carry out his mandates. While he demands implicit obedience from his subordinates, he gives such obedience to his Divine Master. He seeks direction from the Most High for every move, spending five hours daily in prayer, communing with the Infinite.

I left the Vatican impressed with the belief that the Roman See was in thoroughly capable and efficient hands, and that the Holy Father was tremendously in earnest and divinely consecrated to his work.

Let me picture the pope as he appeared. The first thing that attracted my attention was his alert and firm step. He carries himself like a man of thirty, with all the assurance and certainty of young manhood. His former outdoor life has given him great vigor of body. There is no lack of coördination between his mind and muscles. You involuntarily think, "Surely this man cannot be sixty-seven years old, for there is not a wrinkle in his face or a sign that he has passed his prime." He is slightly above the average height for an Italian, but does not look to be, because he is sturdily built. His Holiness has either a high forehead or else is slightly bald. A good metaphor for a mountain-climber would be to say that the snow-line of hair is far up. His eyebrows are very heavy, very slightly curved, and commingle in the center. His most striking feature is his eyes, which are keen, black, and look directly at you in a most disconcerting way through a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, which he has a habit of taking off

and wiping much oftener than is necessary to remove any particles of dust. This may be done in a subconscious effort to relieve eye-strain, for his Holiness is an omnivorous reader. He has a Roman nose, though broad at the base. His mouth is generously large, and his chin firm. The contour of his face is almost perfectly round, just about as broad as it is long. His shoulders are broad and have nothing of the student's stoop. He has a swarthy complexion, with no evidence of the pallor of the cloister about him. The whole makes a picture of a well balanced, intelligent-looking man of affairs.

The etiquette of the papal court prevents direct quotation from his Holiness. The following, however, is a correct transcript of his opinions of and wishes for Christian unity. He is particularly anxious for the Christian world to be reunited under the banner of Saint Peter. He would like to see a rapprochement between the Eastern churches and Rome. The original division was largely one of jurisdiction. It would also immeasurably strengthen the Christian world should the Western churches reënter the Roman fold. The Holy Father is much interested in the possibility of such a union. He views with much satisfaction a tendency toward Rome on the part of the Anglo and American Catholics. He sees no unsurmountable difficulty in such reunion. The High Church party of the Anglican communion already accepts most of the tenets of the Roman Church, including episcopal authority, and it would be only a slight step for them to recognize and accept the Roman hierarchy as the appointed head of the church.

While the Holy Father is particularly anxious to bring about a union, there can be no compromise, no meeting on half-way grounds to accomplish this end. The Roman Church is founded on the rock, Saint Peter. It has specific apostolic authority, delegated to its founder by Christ Himself. Every dogma, every one of its teachings, has been dictated by Christ through his vice-regents on earth; consequently, it cannot change, revise, or in any way alter any of its doctrines or principles in order to bring about a reunion.

There would be no difficulty in receiving the Episcopal ministry into the fold of the Catholic Church. Cardinal Newman is an example of such transference. They would need to be reconsecrated, because by papal bull the Anglican apostolic succession is not recognized. The Protestant denominations would also be welcomed by the Holy Father, who hopes that they too will be drawn by the power of heavenly love back to the fold.

§ 3

Ambogio Damiano Achille Ratti, Pius XI, was born on May 30, 1857, in the little town of Desio, near Milan, and was the fourth child of a silk spinner. His teacher, Don Guissippe Volanteri, called the attention of the archbishop to his brilliant scholar, who wanted to enter the priesthood. The archbishop sent him to Lombards College, where he took degrees in philosophy, theology, and canon law. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1879, when twenty-two years old. After a few years of pastoral life, he was appointed professor of theology and sacred eloquence at the theological seminary, where he stayed five years.

Then he was transferred to the position of assistant librarian at the Ambrosian Library in Milan. In 1907 he became librarian. Pope Benedict transferred him to the Vatican Library in 1911. He became its head in 1915, where he remained until 1918, when he was sent on a mission to Poland by his Holiness. He became a bishop in 1919, archbishop and cardinal in 1921, and ascended the papal throne in 1922.

His life demonstrates the wisdom of thorough preparation before opportunity arrives. Dr. Ratti was sixty-two years old and had been thirty-nine years a priest before he was elevated to a bishopric. He served thirty-one years as a librarian without any official honors, a long period of probation, during which he thoroughly prepared himself to take advantage of opportunity when it came. When it knocked, he was ready, and it knocked in quick succession. In three short years he rose to the papacy.

Since the pope is so anxious to bring about Christian unity provided it can be done by the submission of the other Christian churches to Rome, it behooves us to find out what the other churches think about it. The cardinal difference between the Anglican and Calvinistic churches is a belief in the necessity of an apostolic succession. Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." He also bestowed upon the disciples and upon the "seventy" the right to represent him. The Catholic and Anglican churches hold that this delegated authority must be re-delegated by and through successive bishops. The Roman See has specifically declared that the Anglican succession is not apostolic. Efforts have been made with more or less success

by low church Anglicans to establish a continuous direct succession outside of the Roman See. A large body of the English churchmen, however, claim their succession through Saint Peter, via the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, at the time of the secession from Rome, during the reign of Henry VIII. These would like to have their titles cleared by at least a working coöperation with and recognition by the Roman Church. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, therefore, finds himself in a very delicate position, with the two branches of his church pulling in opposite directions. The high church has approached so near to Rome and is now so high that I, who am of this faith, was often unable to tell from the service whether I was in an Anglican or Roman church. The explanation for this "aping after Rome" given by some churchmen is "The Roman Church was organized by Christ's direction. Our apostolic succession comes through Rome. Its ritual, a gradual growth, was sanctioned by his vice-regents on earth; consequently, it is incumbent on us to observe it."

I am satisfied that if a union with Rome was forced, all of the low Church ministers and more than seventy-five per cent of the communion would refuse to follow their clergy into the Roman Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Davidson, is a high churchman, but not an extremist.

§ 4

My meeting with Dr. Davidson was quite accidental. On my return to England from Rome, I wrote a letter to his Grace, asking for an interview on the subject of Christian unity.

His secretary replied that the archbishop was unwilling to discuss church affairs for publication, but that he would be delighted to have me call at Lambeth Palace. As this grand old pile has no voice and no power to express the attitude of the Anglican Church, and as I had visited it on many occasions before, his letter did not satisfy me. It would have, had I been writing a story of early-church architecture, but I wanted something more definite. I determined, however, to use an old reportorial trick; I would go to see him, get him to talk, and later try to get his permission to publish the interview. Before this plan could be put in operation, I had an unexpected stroke of good luck. I was standing in the lobby of a London hotel, talking to the British premier, when, much to my delight, I espied a gentleman whom I thought was the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, seated alone in an inconspicuous corner of the tea-room, sipping his afternoon tea. Toast or cake is always served with the tea, but for some unexplainable reason the English never mention it. Bidding my friend Ramsay MacDonald a hurried good-by, I went a little closer in order to verify my impression. I had met his Grace ten years before and had seen him preside at a meeting the previous day; besides, his picture is frequently in the public press, so I felt reasonably certain that it was he. Anyhow, I took a chance. I approached him with all the assurance that I could command, saying, as I bowed very low:

"It is an unexpected delight and a great pleasure to meet your Grace *again*." Especial emphasis was put on the *again*. Instead of accepting the obeisance due him, he held out his

hand in the most democratic fashion. I could see, however, that he was puzzled as to my identity. He did not leave me long in doubt concerning this, for he said, with a smile:

"Perhaps I ought to remember your face, but I do not. I know from your voice that you are an American, but that is no very accurate identification in England these days. Where have I met you before, and what is your name?"

"William H. Crawford, a magazine writer from New York. I was introduced to your Grace by Walter Hines Page."

"A most excellent introduction. Will you join me in a cup of tea?"

I had just finished tea with Ramsay MacDonald, but could not resist the temptation of adding to my memory score the fact that I had broken bread with the Primate of England, so I smilingly accepted. While waiting for my tea to arrive, let me describe Dr. Davidson. I rarely begin to describe a man by mentioning his air and manner, but as these are so characteristic of the doctor, they deserve first place. He has a quiet dignity without any snobbishness; a halo of goodness without any gloss of puritanism; a keen sense of humor, purged of all grossness. He is distinctly human, and at the same time filled with a just recognition of his exalted position. His voice is soft and melodious, rich and deep, with the slightest tinge of Edinburgh accent. Lines of pain are written on his face, which also bears evidence that fortitude and high purpose have been victorious over suffering; consequently he is calm and serene. As to his personal appearance he is of the large-framed Scotch type. His high forehead is thatched with

hair almost white and becoming thin. He is nearly eighty years old, but age has descended so lightly upon him that he looks twenty years younger. He has the protuberant brow of the thinker; the angle of his face must be almost ninety degrees. His eyes are deep-set, very blue, and very intelligent. His lips are full and well curved. About his mouth there plays a benignant smile, a paternal and yearning smile. As he talked, I thought of the lament of Jesus: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" He too would gather the discordant members of his church into one fold.

"Your Grace, are you interested in Christian unity?" I asked as soon as it was safe to lead up to the subject in which I was interested.

He looked up suddenly, with a glance which meant that my seemingly innocent question was charged with dynamite. There was some deliberation, but real conviction in his voice, as he replied:

"There is nothing more important to the world to-day than Christian unity of *purpose*. I would like to see all branches of the Christian faith working together for the upbuilding of God's kingdom on earth."

"Does this mean physical union?" I could see from the expression of his face that now he was certain that I meant to bring up the question of union rather than unity.

"Not necessarily." Then he added, with an amusing smile, "Cannot a man and woman work together for

some great cause without marrying?"

"Would you oppose a physical union?"

"Theoretically, it would be splendid to have all the churches, Catholic, Lutheran, Anglican, and Nonconformist, working together in one body. Much more could be accomplished by union. Practically, there are almost unsurmountable difficulties in the way of such union." Then he added smilingly: "What faith would the union accept? Would the joint church be Roman, Greek, Anglican, or Nonconformist? Would it adopt the Nicene creed or the thirty-nine articles of faith?"

"Did the recent conversations between certain high church Anglicans and Roman dignitaries have your sanction?"

"They did not have any plenipotentiary power, or permission to discuss the submission of the Anglican Church to Rome. I thoroughly approve of meetings between Anglicans and either Romans or Nonconformist the object of which is to bring about closer coöperation between all Christian bodies."

"What are some of the unsurmountable difficulties of which you spoke?"

"I did not say unsurmountable. I said almost unsurmountable. One is a lack of unanimity on the part of our communion, in its desire for such union, and another is the nationalistic instinct of the Briton."

"Do you anticipate such a union?"

"I hope for a closer coöperation. I desire closer harmony, I doubt the possibility of a physical union between the Anglican Church with either Rome or the Nonconformist."

Margaret

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THE face of Margaret is that of a shy elf caught stepping suddenly out of a thicket into a patch of sunlight; her figure is that of an awkward Indian child with an unexpected crown of wild curls. Even the simplest among the elves, no doubt, have something furtive about their eyes, but Margaret's, easily startled as they are, have never the slightest squint of calculation. They open so wide with wonder or joy that they dwarf her small, dark face with its pixy nose and pointed chin, and its swift changes from mood to mood. Her outward elfishness, indeed, is largely in her face. Tall enough to stand almost a head above her playmates, she moves among them with more strength than agility. The burden of her height has made her somewhat stiff in gait and gesture. When she runs she may fall down with the least excuse. When she courtesies she can hardly master her disobedient knees. Only her hands are as deft as her face promises. They are the hands of a poet equally ready with the pencil or the sword, strong as dainty vises, quick and sure as a humming-bird among its flowers. In a tree, drawing herself up from crotch to bough, she scrambles like a laughing monkey. In the nursery, though she may knock over her chair in trying to sit down to some task that interests her, she nevertheless can thread a nee-

dle while hardly looking at it or model some absurd creature out of clay with subtle fingers.

Her height has been a burden to her in more than gait and gesture. It tends to lead all who know her into forgetting that she is still but six and into expecting that she will bear herself in her little crises as if babyhood were further behind her than it is. From this arise, I know, those prodigious variations on the surface of her temper which belie the real steadiness of her spirit. Like a thoroughbred urged too far and fast, she keeps up the pace demanded till her last ounce of stamina is gone, and then collapses, plunging into tears and utter desperation. At such moments it is vain to try to succor her with too much sympathy. She lets herself drift on that soft tide; she abandons herself to comfort and stifles herself with pity. Such fare is innutritive to children like Margaret. Left alone, however, she soon ceases to think about herself, finds her attention straying to the varied world in which she eagerly exists, and recovers as rapidly as she collapsed. How, then, the sun comes up in her countenance without an intervening, hesitating dawn! Impudence succeeds despair as if despair had never been. A tender pink glows through the clear brown of her cheeks. Her great eyes sparkle like windows, somber

before, in which a lamp has been set while the wayfarer stared disconsolately at them.

Last summer I took Margaret with me to walk through the deserted wilderness which lies between my house and a neighbor's two miles away. We followed an old road, now disused and given over to encroaching birch and alder, till it vanished in a bog, struck across a meadow which hopeful hay-makers cleared two or three generations ago, surveyed the ruins of a tumbled barn which we found there, tasted the green apples on a gnarled tree beyond it, chased a woodchuck into his hole and listened to a woodthrush in a covert, gathered and discarded armfuls of flowers, studied a pine which had fallen clutching a boulder in its roots, and discovered that we had lost our bearings. At most the distance was not great and we were in no danger, but it was growing late and the question was whether we could reach the neighbor's house without much uncomfortable floundering through the fern-grown morass. Perhaps, remembering the tireless way in which the child had been threading our twisted path, I forgot how long we had actually wandered. Perhaps, looking for the shortest route, I failed to realize how the briers whipped her and the muck dragged her down. At any rate, she suddenly fell into terror and cried out that she could walk no more. When I took her on my back, she almost throttled me with her tense arms. I could feel her heart beating against my shoulder. Her sobs shook her to her hands and feet. Feeling obliged to press on for fear the dark would catch us and keep us in the woods all night, I could not stop to comfort her. Before long she relaxed again and clung to me like a sleepy cat.

A wholly different mood rose from the inarticulate depths within her. And when, in time, I came upon a road we knew, she slipped to the ground and went skipping ahead of me, chattering her accustomed whimsies without a sign that she remembered the temporary mishap.

§ 2

Merely to repeat a few, or many, of her gay, darting comments would not half reveal the elfish quality of her mind. Charminglly illiterate, for she had not been taught nor greatly desired to be taught to read, she seizes upon her world directly, with no help from literature. Though she is utterly innocent of reserves, I cannot always follow her, she runs forward with such fantastic speed. In nearly one breath she once told me that she would marry me when she was grown and then that she would see me comfortably buried when I died. Again, arguing about the old problem of the hen and the egg, she declared that the egg could not have been first because the first chick would have needed a nurse to take care of it when it was small. On another startling occasion, having been warned against a scrap of rough speech she had heard on the street, she burst out with the opinion that the wickedest thing a person could do would be to tell God to go to hell. All that Margaret thinks or does seems to spring from instantaneous flashes of emotion. She never deliberately reflects, never sulks, and never hugs a grievance. Whatever vexes her comes up out of her like a bubble, breaks into words or actions, and leaves her sweet-spirited. So sensitive that she can be almost paralyzed by a disapproving look, she melts absolutely at the first touch of

kindness, plunges in and out a storm of tears, and glitters with joy at reconciliation. She demonstrates her affections with abandon, suddenly springing with fierce embraces upon those who take her fancy. She is improvident with her treasures, choosing to live always in the day which is passing, without too much consideration for remoter to-morrows. She is both untidy and radiant.

Nevertheless, she has a powerful strain of courage and a contented sense of peace. Bent upon learning to swim, she has overcome a panic fear of water; or rather, she has persisted in spite of it, at a cost which I hate to estimate. Day after day, during the season, she marches shrinking yet resolute into the lake in her scarlet suit, shivers away from her splashing companions, and practises her awkward, violent strokes. She trembles, she strangles, she learns very slowly, but she protests when she is told her time is up and returns on the next possible occasion. Nor does she show any sign of resentment that others of her own age are more at home in the water than she. Envy is an emotion wholly alien to her. This, I think, springs from that inner stability which is as much a part of her nature as her ardent susceptibility. I remember watching her once through the door of the nursery, myself unseen, while she played there alone. She who is capable of being a little tempest of energy with her sisters, moved softly among the toys, now humming a sweet, monotonous tune, now putting her dolls to bed and crooning over them, now standing at the window and scanning the passer-by with bright, curious eyes, now crouched above a clumsy drawing while the red tip of her tongue imitated

the movements of her hand. Seeing me, at last, she spoke dreamily: "I like it when there is nobody here. It is so quiet." But the next instant she flung herself upon me with a rush and demanded that I take her into the garden and turn a rope for her to jump.

Margaret is a tomboy who is very shy. When first she went to school she found herself in a group of children who had all been together the year before, and for a time she did not know how to win a place among them. If I accompanied her in the morning she would try to keep me with her, inventing transparent little reasons why I should stay. I must see the work she had done the day before, must look again at all the paraphernalia in the room, must wait to hear the singing or watch the dancing. To leave was to loosen myself from her cold, restraining fingers. Left behind, her teacher told me, Margaret would go about her tasks alone, not seeming to mind her isolation yet constantly attentive to what was going on. I remember I visited her once during her class's period of outdoor play. Because I was present, she obviously wanted to do what all the other children were doing, but she could not quite give herself to the games, not being, I imagined, quite sure that the others wanted her. She would make sudden, tentative movements, and then check herself. She would stand a little to one side, her shining eyes signaling to me that I must take note of these delightful happenings. She was intensely proud to be a member of the group, I could discern, and half afraid I would not understand that she was. I thought of another time when, in the country, talking with guests at tea on the lawn, I had become aware of Margaret under

a syringa bush, squatting almost as close to the ground as a partridge, as shy and as alert, listening to our conversation. Without any disposition to intrude, she had still been attracted, and had stayed there, I do not know how long, a brown mouse in a corner, innocently peeping. It was as much in character as her restless industry, at other times, in flinging stones into the water or hunting moss to build fairy houses.

§ 3

Because, though talkative enough, Margaret is essentially inarticulate, I do not always trust my judgments of her. It is as if she were a creature of some world which had no language, only actions, and the actions there were simple and direct; and as if, also, she has strayed into a world full of a complicated language, hard to learn, and could not feel entirely at home. No wonder she had never discovered how to speak conventionally or prudently, how to adapt her tongue to worldly uses. She speaks as directly as she acts, with quaint consequences. But her actions seem less strange, because they are grounded in a generous integrity common to both worlds. She responds always in the same fashion to the same stimulus. I can guess almost to a second when, after a flash of mad rebellion, she will swiftly surrender and hold out peace-making hands. What I cannot guess is what goes on behind her silences, what friction she endures, what hidden joys she takes, what verdicts she renders in her quick, gentle mind.

I think I come nearest to catching true glimpses of her when she recites the poem which seems to fascinate her most, "The Raggle-Taggle Gipsies."

She lisps a little as she speaks the lines. She hurries over them, she stumbles in her excitement. Her thin body twists, her hands clutching at her dress. But her gipsy-dark face glows with a steady rapture, as if she were recalling some far, dear existence.

"There were three gipsies came to the door,

And down-stairs ran this lady-O.
One sang high and one sang low
And one sang Bonny Bonny Biscay-O.

"Then she put off her silken gown
And put on hose of leather-O.
With ragged ragged rags about her back
She 's off with the raggle-taggle gipsies-O."

Thus far Margaret goes softly, rising to a touch of triumph when the lady takes her leave. She seems to be smiling at the lady's lord when he comes home and finds his wife gone; she laughs at him while he searches for the wanderer "through woods and copses-O"; she gathers herself together dramatically when the search is ended.

"What makes you leave your house and land?

What makes you leave your money-O?

What makes you leave your new-wedded lord

To go with the raggle-taggle gipsies-O?"

"What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money-O?

What care I for my new-wedded lord?

I 'm off with the raggle-taggle gipsies-O."

How exultantly, then, Margaret concludes the narrative, with its bold decision!

“ ‘Last night you slept in a goose-feather bed

With the sheet turned back so bravely-O:

To-night you will sleep in a cold, open field

Along with the raggle-taggle gipsies-O.’ ”

“ ‘What care I for your goose-feather bed

With the sheet turned back so bravely-O.

To-night I shall sleep in a cold, open field

Along with the raggle-taggle gipsies-O.’ ”

The Margaret I know would hide if she saw a gipsy, or cling to me in nervous fear; yet I perceive in her, when she chants the ballad, that core of wild daring around which she is built. And yet I cannot call it daring only. It is the reality behind the shy appearance. For Margaret is a gipsy in a house. Some impish fate has snared this adventurous seed and planted it in a domestic soil. There she goes about her small affairs, low-voiced, kind-handed, studying without too much unwillingness the hard rules of such a life. Like any little girl, she practises a daily make-believe, keeps house in a nut-shell, moves about within the ordinances provided for her. She is bound by ties both of affection and of

timidity to the world she lives in, a world vast and overshadowing to her, I suppose, terrible and inexplicable. Something loyal in her holds her to it. She fits her habits to its mysteries without resentful questions why it should be as it is. She will never speculate, never waste her strength in challenges. She may go on to a serene old age, satisfied to pick up felicity where she finds it. But if ever a call comes to her from that other world in which she was intended to be born, she will doubt no longer than did the lady when the gipsies came to her door. Then Margaret, I know, will put off the smooth raiment of her ordinary custom and take to sturdy leather. I or any one else will labor in vain to tempt her back. She will run, not awkward then, along the path which beckons her. What will she care for house and land, for goose-feather bed or hospitable sheet, even for a new-wedded lord? Her luminous eyes will have become points of radiance, not to be diverted from her vision. Her able hands will have snatched at her precious opportunity. Though the wind may toss her curls till they are wild as a mænad's, and the sun may burn her face till it is black as the smoke of her camp-fire, she will dance cheerfully in the cold, open field of her choice. Let this world call with the sternest or the tenderest commands, and she will listen, I try to believe, with a wrung heart and with a gush of tears, but, for all her timidity and affection, she will dare the wild and gipsy world.

Patriotism and Pacifism

An Attempt to be Honest about the Church and War

BY GLENN FRANK

CAN the church be Christian and patriotic at the same time? This question has hovered in the anterooms and haunted the counsels of every national religious assembly that has met during the last year. And despite the hours of debate spent upon it and the gallons of printers' ink spilled upon it, it remains unanswered.

The various denominational bodies have passed admirable resolutions of protest against the men, the motives, and the movements that lead to war. They have pledged themselves to work for international coöperation. I think I have read all of the resolutions regarding war that have been passed by national religious assemblies during the last year, and not a single one, as far as I can see, contains a single thing that has not been said over and over again in resolutions by chambers of commerce, labor unions, agricultural organizations, and like bodies. In other words, on the question of war the church has not to date sounded a single distinctive note.

It may be that institutional Christianity has no distinctive note to sound. If so, let us honestly admit that such is the case, and stop wasting time on the assumption that the religion of Jesus has a unique contribution to make to the problem of war and

peace. Christianity either has or has not a distinctive word to say about war. If it has, the church must say it without equivocation, or frankly join the politicians, the business men, and the labor leaders in the half-measures and compromises with which they are timidly and ineffectively chiding the war makers. Peace cannot be achieved by merely gazing wistfully at war.

Dean Inge has a way of speaking honestly, a refreshing habit in this age of evasion. In the first volume of his "Outspoken Essays," he says frankly, "Lovers of peace have not much to hope for from organized religion. National Christianity, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says, will only be possible when we have a nation of Christs."

This distinguished English churchman, unless I misread him, recognizes that the religion of Jesus is incompatible with the aims and methods of the political and economic systems which make up what we know as the modern state. If you incorporate the prophetic and free lance religion of Jesus into a church, into a highly organized institution concerned with lands and properties and budgets, you inevitably entangle the institution with the aims and methods of the political and

economic system of the state. A free lance prophet can ignore the life around him and, if need be, starve for his principles. But institutions must be kept going, or at least we are likely to think they must be kept going, and inevitably institutions become cautious and compromising. A prophet may be willing to lose his life in order to save it, but that is a dark and difficult counsel for any institution to take to heart.

This is the dilemma that is paralyzing the churches whenever they are called upon to state their attitude toward war. Can they take an attitude toward war that is consistent with the religion of Jesus and still maintain themselves as highly organized institutions supported by the rank and file of business men, politicians, lawyers, editors, and other laymen whose incomes will be jeopardized by their taking an attitude that runs counter to the policies of the political and economic systems of which they are servants? I think that this question has unconsciously influenced the attitude of the church toward war through all the years. I am not blaming anybody. I am trying simply to state the situation clearly and honestly. And a situation understood is a situation half met anyway.

At a meeting of the General Conference of The Methodist Episcopal Church last May I made a statement on a resolution that was then before the Conference to the effect that the church would not, as an organization, bless or take part in any war in the future. The resolution made no attempt to legislate the action of any individual member of the church. It dealt with the official action of the church.

The statement I made was short and open to all sorts of cross-questioning. It appeared in part or in whole here and there in the daily and weekly press. I want to relate it to what I have just said and clarify it a bit. In that statement, I said:

The central message of Christianity is not to be found in any social, economic, or political platform, but the church is doomed if it keeps discreetly silent or indulges in merely amiable generalities about the moral issues of politics and industry, of war and peace.

I believe that anything less than a clean and courageous cutting loose from the whole war business means at best a slow suicide for the church. The church cannot, as it did in the last war, make its God the ally alike of Pershing and of Hindenburg and bring Him back unsullied for worship in peace time. Ministers of God cannot turn themselves into hysterical press-agents of generals in war time and expect men to take them seriously as authentic representatives of Jesus of Nazareth the day after the armistice.

We forget so easily. During the war our religious and secular press was filled with articles prophesying the vast spiritual uplift the war would bring to our civilization. We were told that out of the war would come a refining fire that would burn the dross out of the lives of men and of institutions, that we would come back from the war with a new and more spiritual conception of the state and of public affairs. Where are those fine dreams now? Can any honest observer contend that a single nation on earth has reaped a single lasting spiritual benefit from the war?

Was our war time idealism only

tongue deep, a sort of parade piety? No, I think it was honest. To the inarticulate millions of earth, politics and war seemed actually to have become the supreme spiritual adventure of mankind. We were honest in our dreams, but we are disillusioned in the waking.

The few moral disciplines we had built up before the war have in many cases been scrapped without apology. The repressed libertinism of the race was released by the war. Not only the men who fought in the trenches but the men and women behind the lines who were vicariously vicious as they knit socks or sold liberty bonds were, regardless of the loftiness of their aims, schooled by war in a cruelty of temper that it had been the business of generations to humanize and civilize.

Vast masses of men and women who before the war were sensitive and shrinking at the thought of brutality are to-day bringing a firing-squad mind to the issues of peace. For four and a quarter years men lived by a philosophy of getting what they wanted by fighting, and they have carried the philosophy over into civil affairs. Social revolutions, labor wars, and the madness of Ku Kluxism are the certificates that show how well the race learned its lesson of conquest by cruelty.

The war brought a transient discipline to mankind, but it also bred a revolt against discipline. Men will submit to rigid discipline for a time if the adventure is dramatic enough, but peace, when it brings no challenge to spiritual adventure, seems drab and purposeless after a war. And the sterile peace that has followed the last war has bred a world-wide rebellion against hard work, against

the loyalty to homes that seem humdrum after the lawless liaisons of war time, against all the controls and traditions and disciplines and procedures that had been slowly built up by years of civilized effort.

The politics that was to bring us back to normalcy has brought us back to corruption. Six years after the war we are still citizens of a hungry, disheveled, fear-stricken, and unstable world, a world in which statesmanship serves to do little more than stage-manage a sordid scramble for concessions, a devil-take-the-hindmost jockeying for position in the next war, a nakedly barbaric struggle for national existence, with little thought given to the quality of the existence. The "war to end war" has given us only "a peace to end peace."

We have turned our backs upon every one of the things by which we gave a seeming spiritual sanction to war. Having stilled our conscience with the thought that we went to war to save the souls of men, we have since the war trimmed down our mission to the smaller project of saving our own skins. Officially at least, we are now engaged in the high "spiritual" adventure of converting the United States into a sort of sheltered Shylock of the nations, whetting his knife, concerned with his pound of sovereignty.

This is the end of a war which the churches, in the main, felt justified in blessing.

The brutal truth is that from the beginning of time war never has stimulated, and to the end of time war never will stimulate spirituality in anything or anybody. War is the utter negation of all that the religion of Jesus stands for. The state may

spend its time dilly-dallying with the problem of war; the church dare not. If in the future the church is to be more than an exhorting ambulance driver in world politics, it must choose now between Jesus and the generals.

It is so easy for the church to say that, as an organization, it will not bless any war, and then follow such an assertion with a weasel phrase such as "except wars of defense and wars waged in a righteous cause." As if any nation ever admitted that it fought a war that was not in self-defense or in a righteous cause! Personally I believe it is wiser for the church to remain silent on the subject of war until it is ready to speak with a sweeping courage that will mobilize the planet against war.

I do not say that we may not find ourselves manœvered into a position that will compel us to enter another war even within the life-time of this generation. All I say is that if we find ourselves dragged into another war by the stupidity or cupidity of political or industrial leadership in our own or some other nation, let us go into war honestly admitting that it is an ugly job, as the cleaning of a sewer is an ugly job, an ugly job that has been made necessary by stupidity and cupidity, and not insult the name and disgrace the church of Jesus of Nazareth by fooling ourselves into thinking we are entering a spiritual crusade.

Even a war waged for a righteous cause is a spiritually destructive process. If ever a war was spiritually justified, it was the war waged for the war aims formulated by Woodrow Wilson and approved by Allied statesmen, and yet witness the spiritual havoc that marks its aftermath.

Make no mistake. If the church says frankly and uncompromisingly that, as an organization, it will never sanction or take part in war, many of its semi-Christian laymen will withdraw their financial support from the church and its activities. In fact, laymen have sent telegrams to recent church assemblies threatening withdrawal from their church if their church took any such attitude toward war. The question the church must face is this: Could not the church well afford to retrench upon many of its official activities, if necessary, in order to free itself for the taking of a courageous step that would morally electrify the world? The church is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end. The church must not allow the care of its machinery to steal away its strength from the serving of its deepest mission which is the Christianization of human society, a thing that will remain impossible, in my judgment, as long as churches sanction war.

I suggest that the church, in considering the problem of its attitude toward war, must choose one of three attitudes:

First, it can assume that its business is to cultivate the inner spiritual life of individual men and women as best it can in an imperfect world, ignoring the moral issues of politics and industry, of war and peace, and contenting itself with weeping when political and economic leadership plays havoc with the lives of its members.

This would mean that the church would take no decisive official attitude toward war. Under this assumption the church would not concern itself with the Christianization of political, social, industrial, and international relations, just as a man in a hunting

lodge in the woods will be indifferent to leaking roof and sagging floor because he knows he will be leaving for his real home in the morning.

Second, it can frankly admit, as Dean Inge admits, that "institutional religion does not represent the Gospel of Christ, but the opinions of a mass of nominal Christians. It cannot be expected to do much more than look after its own interests and reflect the ideas of its supporters. The real Gospel, if it were accepted, would pull up by the roots not only militarism but its analogue in civil life, the desire to exploit other people for private gain. But it is not accepted."

This would mean that the church would take no attitude toward war more decisive than the general run of its members would normally take through their chambers of commerce, their labor unions, and their secular clubs.

Third, it can run the risk of losing its life as a popularly approved and

supported institution by trying to apply ruthlessly and realistically the principles of Jesus to the problem of politics and industry, of war and peace. This would mean, for one thing, I think, that the church would refuse to bless or take part in any war. It would almost surely mean a desertion from its membership and a depletion of its treasury, but I think it would mean an increase in its real moral influence on public affairs.

If the United States were invaded, I should volunteer to fight the invader. But I have a son, five and a half years old, and I should like to see the church choose the third attitude. I should like to feel that the church was helping me to fight the perverted notions of nationalism and patriotism that have kept the world on a consistent schedule of wars and revolutions and will, unless checked, revised, and spiritualized, almost certainly claim my son as a victim.

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

LONG BUT SHORT

THE long-short story is the best of all forms for fiction, perhaps because it comes to oneself with the least frequency," says John Galsworthy in the new preface to "Five Tales" as arranged for the superb Manaton Edition (Scribner) of his collected works. Certainly his own success with the form does much to justify his superlative. No story in the present arrangement quite equals, in atmosphere and outline and drama, the "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" which has been removed to its proper place in "The Forsyte Saga"; but the four stories that remain, with "A Feud" now added, exhibit Mr. Galsworthy at his best. As he hints in his preface, when he writes a really short story he is done with it "almost before form is thought of"; when he writes a novel, he cannot help giving it "a kind of natural loose-jointedness"; "the medium length provokes meditation about form." To this length he is able to sustain that tone of exquisite, perhaps too exquisite, melancholy which is his essential quality, and yet to hold the parts of his action in one firm, deliberate hand.

By comparison Edith Wharton in her four new volumes called "Old New York" (Appleton) seems a little thin and hasty. She too, however, has the

advantage of the medium length which Mr. Galsworthy praises. Her tone, of course, is irony. In "False Dawn," concerned with the forties of the past century, she tells how Lewis Raycie bought Italian primitives on the advice of young John Ruskin and outraged the taste of Manhattan. In "The Old Maid," concerned with the fifties, she tells how Delia Ralston adopted the illegitimate daughter of her cousin and how the two women came later into conflict over the child. In "The Spark" she indicates the influence upon Hayley Delane, in later life, of Walt Whitman, who was Delane's nurse in Washington after Bull Run. In "New Year's Day" she traces the career of Lizzie Hazeldean, a lost lady of the seventies who endured a lover to get money for an ailing husband. The last, assuredly, inclines, in handling if not in theme, toward melodrama. In all there is a tendency to lug in too easily certain historical details which are too obvious. The writing, moreover, is looser than is customary with Mrs. Wharton. Yet though she is not seen at quite her best in this group of stories, she is still distinguished. "The Old Maid" is an extraordinary subtle and moving study of a poignant situation. And it would be difficult to surpass, as it will be impossible to forget, the ironical conclusion of "The Spark," in which Delane, coming upon Whit-

man's verse after a generation, because of its unfamiliar manner fails utterly to appreciate the profoundest utterances of the man who has colored his whole life. With what a scrupulous parsimony Mrs. Wharton refrains from even mentioning Whitman's name!

Of virtually the same length as these stories by Mr. Galsworthy and Mrs. Wharton are three others which appear as novels. In "A Perfect Day" (Seltzer), Bohun Lynch has given his whole book to the happenings of a single day in the life of a man whose wife after a longish absence comes back to him. From the first moment of waking till the candle is extinguished at night the lover-husband moves in a mood of rapture, about which, however, he is very circumstantial. Though his mood is delightfully portrayed, it is portrayed by reference to the delight he takes, on account of the reunion, in outward things: his food, his goings and comings, the landscape of his English village, the cottage he has fitted up as a surprise for Polly. If the day is perfect, so is the length of the chronicle. Less, and it would be sketchy; more, and it would begin to drag. The tone delicately matches the material. Rapture is narrated in the vernacular.

Something of the same sureness of touch appears in "Country People" (Knopf), the first novel by Ruth Suckow. Various Iowans have been perturbed by what they call the "drab" qualities of the story, by its restriction of its scene and types of character to a single family of immigrant farmers, and consequently by its failure to illustrate the range of life which, these perturbed Iowans say, is to be found in their State. Surely this is to miss the whole point of the undertaking. Miss

Suckow is writing, not about the State as a whole, but about a neighborhood and family. To generalize from what she says about the Kaetterhenrys is to be naïve, if not absurd. Having set herself definite limits, she has stayed within them. And she has done that with fine adroitness as well as genuine feeling. In very brief compass she has set forth the life of three generations, seen from birth to death, through adversity and prosperity. All that has ever been represented about the rural life of the Middle West is here condensed into two hundred pages; to add more to her picture is to elaborate some phase of it. "Country People" better than almost any recent American novel can stand the severe test of memory. The reader who sets himself to recall it after a week or month will find that virtually every incident and character is still as fresh and vivid as when the narrative was under his eye. The novel has the insinuation of simplicity.

There is nothing simple about Ronald Firbank's "Prancing Nigger" (Brentano's). Sophistication can hardly go beyond such fooling. The scene is the West Indies and the characters are the most incredible negroes in fiction. The Mouth family move from the country to the city, press upon the city's inner circles, and make love with tropic vehemence. The theme might have been treated in any of many ways, but Mr. Firbank has chosen the most irresponsible. He is beyond either reality or romantic illusion. He plays with the fate of his characters, with their fantastic language, as if he were a slightly inebriated and wholly hilarious god playing with his own plastic creatures. Read solemnly, the book is utter nonsense.

Read in something the same mood of irresponsibility as that in which it is written, the book is delicious nonsense—at the same time, shrewd and often lovely nonsense.

C. V. D.

HERMIT THRUSH

In the "Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi, not much is added to the life as already known and something is taken away from the letters already published in the precious two volumes of 1894. There is a discreet reference to the poet's hopeless love for a married man whom she met in Philadelphia when she was twenty-three, and there are various new details regarding her madcap youth and secluded maturity. It appears, however, that her dimensions are not to be increased by outward facts. This book, though one of the most notable of the season, hardly does more than give dramatic emphasis to the steady growth of Emily Dickinson's fame. She wrote her own life in her letters and her poems. That her letters are as bewitching as any of their sort should appear from this single extract from one of them to Colonel Higginson, identifying herself to him: "You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano. I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morn-

ing, whom they call their 'Father.'" Emily Dickinson's poems, which ought decidedly to be reissued in a single volume, are after all the truest expression of her spirit. Their eminence has become steadily more marked as new modes of verse have succeeded those in the shadow of which she was long neglected. She was careless as to the form of her poems, willing for them to be unsymmetrical, inaccurately rhymed, lawless in their rhythms, if only they could be vivid and arresting. In particular she dispensed with the customary poetic padding. She stripped her verse to the bone, as if nothing but the essential idea or the essential image were important. Of the earlier American poets she perhaps most resembles Emerson, yet she really resembles no one but herself. She is a Yankee to the extent that she is naturally laconic; she is a woman to the extent that she draws many of her illustrations from household matters; she is above all a poet speaking with a poet's uncompromising directness of vision. She speaks in her piercing way about love, the thrill of life, the mystery of death, the most varied objects of nature. She can be playful, she can compress her meaning into little parables, she can wring the heart with dramatic situations set forth in a dozen lines. But it is not her variety, of course, which has kept her from suffering the loss of reputation which many of her contemporaries have suffered, and which makes her now seem one of the American classics. She survives because she is what may be termed an irreducible poet, without false colors likely to fade or false contours likely to wither. What survives in her is essential poetry or wit, and it happens that there was never in her much

besides these things in a concentrated form.

C. V. D.

CLASSIC AND VERNACULAR

There could not easily be a more mortal contrast between two books of criticism than that between Anatole France's "The Latin Genius" (Dodd, Mead) and Gilbert Seldes's "The Seven Lively Arts" (Harper). Even if the matter of intrinsic merit be left aside, the themes are seemingly incompatible. The first, its author says, "is an act of faith and of love for that Greek and Latin tradition, wherein resides all wisdom and beauty, and without whose pale is naught but error and vexation of spirit. Philosophy, Art, Science, Jurisprudence, all, we owe to Greece, and to her conquerors whom she overcame. The men of old time live on, and teach us yet." Characteristically, M. France has not attempted to formulate the laws of the Latin genius too broadly. He has been content to study certain typical figures who exemplify it, from Marguerite of Navarre to Albert Glatigny, discussing and interpreting them in the light of a universal curiosity governed by a civilized irony. Urbanely, exquisitely, he follows the broad path of Gallic culture, looking aside to the brambles and the barbarians on either side only to smile a little, however tolerantly. Mr. Seldes, on the other hand, works among what have long been regarded as the jungles of the arts. His world is the world of Charlie Chaplin and Krazy Kat, of Irving Berlin and Paul Whiteman, of Al Jolson and Fannie Brice, of Ring Lardner and Bugs Baer, of David Wark Griffith and the Brothers Fratellini. Mr. Seldes brings erudition and pugnacity to his theme. He damns whatever is formal,

seeking excellence among the liveliest arts and seeing it in terms of vitality. He is in love with motion, with mad color, with the abandon of the entertaining moment. He exults in perceiving old forms broken up and new ones rising unnoticed, at least unnoticed by the academic, among the ruins. He is most at home in a whirlwind. And yet M. France and Mr. Seldes have more in common than at first appears. They both love life and both look for it under whatever disguises it assumes, one finding it even in a uniform, the other even in a mask and bauble. The difference between them, perhaps, is largely that of scale. All that Mr. Seldes has drawn out to a bulky volume would for M. France furnish but a foot-note, or at most a paragraph, concerning the rude amusements of the populace in an age which he would know by some more schooled and conscious art. In any case, the field of criticism is wide enough to hold them both. What would we not give for a contemporary portrait, equally detailed, of all the rivals of Horace or Molière? Who will distill the American genius into so suave and accurate a record?

C. V. D.

EXOTICS

The color prints of old Japan opened up a new world of poetry and strange fancy to a wondering West, and because of their harmony of design and delicate rhythm of line, they have long intrigued Western art-lovers and inspired Western artists. Many stimulating books have been written on Japanese woodcuts, but perhaps no single volume is more complete or important for the collector and student than "Japanese Colour Prints" (Scribner) by Laurence Binyon and J. J. O'Brien

Sexton. The collaboration is unusually felicitous. Mr. Binyon, of the Oriental print department of the British Museum, has made many brilliant contributions to the field of Oriental art. Major Sexton has one of the finest collections of Japanese prints in England. The book is handsomely illustrated with rare specimens reproduced in color and black and white from his collection as well as from that of the British Museum and private sources. Japanese prints are discussed by periods, and the great artists of each period, as well as the outstanding elements of style that distinguish each group, are presented with loving emphasis and a rare feeling for the spirit animating the masters of "Ukiyo-ye," so gracefully translated, "Mirror of the Passing World." The collector will find particularly valuable the chronological tables of dates, of actors' crests, and of the seals of censors and Tokio publishers. The general reader will learn to appraise with more sensitive appreciation the masterpieces of Ukiyo-ye, from the earliest black and white figures of Moronobu to the uplifting and imaginative landscapes of Hokusai.

Sacheverell Sitwell has viewed the history of art with a perverse and *fin de siècle* eye. One seems to hear him murmuring as he flips through the centuries: "Which have not been written about? What is so unpopular that it will shock art critics by its novelty?" In his introduction to "Southern Baroque Art" (Knopf) the murmur becomes audible in the introduction: "It has also been my intention to establish a definite short circuit, by extolling practically the only kind of art that is not yet tarnished with a too extravagant admiration." Fur-

ther: "My aim has been so thoroughly to soak myself in the emanations of the period (seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian and Spanish art) that I can produce, as far as my pen can aid me, the spirit and atmosphere of the place without exposing too much the creaking joints of the machinery." That last ambition has been abundantly and cleverly realized. There are many "purple patches" in the book, much fine writing, some splendid descriptive passages. But the reader needs a foreknowledge of the despised machinery, a background of the art leading up to the baroque, and an understanding of the social forces that made the restrained Italian arts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to flower in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into the excited magnificence of which Mr. Sitwell writes. If one could emend that last sentence to read, "which Mr. Sitwell so enjoys," one would have more respect for his book.

E. B. K.

THE NEW POLITICS

The two slogans of popular political thought for a good round of years have been "democracy" and "internationalism." The literature that has grown up around these conceptions has been smirched by the sin of word-worship. Uncritical enthusiasm for anything that goes by the name of democracy or by the name of internationalism has become for many writers and readers a sort of secular religion. The blindness and the blundering of autocracy, of oligarchy, and of class rule that were so obvious, the sickening cycle of wars and revolutions that were so clearly the results of narrow nationalism drove men to the opposite extreme. In their revolt

against the revolution-breeding qualities of autocracy, men turned to an extreme democracy that has to date given us a headless politics. In their revolt against the war-breeding qualities of nationalism, men have turned to a theoretical cosmopolitanism that sentimentally ignores the differences between men and races instead of scientifically relating them.

It is a happy sign that a new literature of political and social criticism is being written by men who see that in trying to get rid of the sins of aristocracy and nationalism we must not throw away their virtues as well. Two important books that have just reached my desk ably argue the point that in our revolt against aristocracy and nationalism we have "poured out the child with the bath water."

William McDougall's "Ethics and Some World Problems" (Putnam) is a vividly written attempt to weigh the ethical values of nationalism, on the one hand, and of cosmopolitanism, on the other. Professor McDougall refuses to join the hue and cry against nationalism and vigorously swings his cudgel against the advocates of a sentimental and theoretical cosmopolitanism.

Professor McDougall paints a richly detailed picture of what he thinks would happen to civilization if we turned exclusively to the "Universal Ethics" of cosmopolitanism; he traces with refreshing clarity and candor the implications of the "National Ethics" of nationalism. He finds that the ethics of cosmopolitanism makes for ultra-democracy, the sort of democracy that kills great leadership by its suspicion of the superior man, while the ethics of nationalism makes for an aristocratic organization of society, the sort of society that is willing to

trust its superior men and make them its leaders.

His book by no means argues for a narrow, swashbuckling, saber-rattling, war-making nationalism, nor does it argue against constructive internationalism. He makes a much needed distinction between a cosmopolitanism that calls nationalism inherently immoral and demands the destruction of the nation as a social unit and true internationalism that regards the nation as a valuable social unit and challenges nations to act as moral beings in a society of nations.

Professor McDougall argues that the security and the moral richness of our civilization in the future will depend upon our success in effecting a synthesis of National Ethics with Universal Ethics. This will mean the moralizing of nationalism and its incorporation into a fellowship of internationalism. It will mean the combining of the aristocratic and the democratic principles. This combination of opposites does not seem impossible to Professor McDougall. He thinks that the American Republic measurably achieved this combination of aristocratic leadership and democratic control in its early days when we were a representative republic instead of the direct democracy we are now trying to be, when our representatives were trusted representatives instead of instructed delegates. These are the bare bones of his thesis, a mere sketching of the practical political implication of his argument.

Along with Professor McDougall's book should be read Irving Babbitt's "Democracy and Leadership" (Houghton Mifflin). Professor Babbitt's volume follows his earlier books in making a plea for a critical humanism to take

the place of the sentimental humanitarianism which he thinks is the besetting sin of democracy.

His book is rich with allusions to the whole field of political and social criticism. It is another shot fired in the campaign to force democracy to give more attention to realities and less to rhetoric. Professor Babbitt analyzes carefully the tendency of American democracy to destroy the personal liberty of its citizens, eliminate its superior men from leadership, and slump into what he calls a decadent imperialism.

After analyzing the various types of political thinking which produce our various political forms, the naturalistic, the humanistic, and the religious, he proceeds to a brilliant study of Rousseau and Burke as two contrasting types of political thinkers. He goes fully into the argument that unlimited democracy means the death of liberty and the birth of imperialism. He makes a clear-cut sheep-and-goats division between true and false liberals, and concludes his volume with a discussion of democracy and standards. Professor Babbitt is a defender of the doctrine of "the saving remnant" as against the doctrine of "the divine average." His book is a significant addition to the new literature that is trying to compel democracy to re-

consider its attitude toward great leadership.

After reading these two discussions of the importance of leadership in the modern democratic world,—for Professor McDougall's and Professor Babbitt's books both come to grips with this central issue of our time,—it is interesting to turn to D. C. Somervell's "Critical Epochs in History" (Harcourt, Brace). In this book the problem of leadership is studied by the case system. Mr. Somervell does not directly discuss the problem of leadership. His book is, to quote from its jacket, at once an outline of the development of political theory and a study of the men who did most to solve the problems of their epoch. Mr. Somervell studies in turn Pericles, Julius Cæsar, Charles the Great, Innocent III, Richelieu, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Napoleon, Bismarck, and Gladstone. Along with the telling of the story of the successive periods, he analyzes the character, the problems, and the policies of these leaders. To some readers it will appeal chiefly as an exceptionally satisfactory historical summary of the development of political ideas and institutions; to other readers its chief value will lie in the light it throws upon the rôle of the leader in human history. G. F.



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The Betrayal of Our War Veterans

The Forbes Story as a Factor in the Campaign

BY CHARLES MERZ

THIS is the story of the drummer-boy who sat on the front porch till they made a general of him, and thereafter managed in two active years to waste through negligence and graft a sum sufficient to construct ten modern battle-ships.

It is a story as spectacular as any tale of adventure in the library of youth, and the staid Congressional boards which bind it do not hide the vivid titles of its chapters. There are touches here that would defy belief if they were not so well authenticated by evidence in black and white. Tales of floor-wax, for example. Seas and seas of floor-wax. Floor-wax enough to polish a dance-floor half the size of South Dakota, and last their purchaser a hundred years. Tales, again, of plans for hospitals so amazingly contrived that only when the time had come to break the ground was it discovered that the architect had forgotten to include a kitchen. Tales, too, of linen towels—of towels enough to mop the floors that all this wax would polish, with fresh ones left for more work on the morrow—towels numbering into the seven hundred

thousands, bought one day by an easy-going Government at nineteen cents and sold the next by an energetic bureau chief at less than four. There is a story here in which extravagance joins hands with utter disregard of wounded youngsters promised care and rehabilitation; a story at the same time comic, cruel, and mad.

The story begins and centers in the extraordinary career of Colonel Charles R. Forbes.

Charles Forbes—the R. seems to have been a late and more or less impromptu acquisition—was the son of Scotch or Welsh parents, born the record knows not where, and destined for a life as spectacular in its sudden turnings as a story of Arabian Nights.

At twelve he was a drummer-boy in the Marine Corps. Discharged at fourteen, he reappears in army service as a private in the Signal Corps at twenty-two. He deserted this time, at Fort Myer—was caught, reinstated, sent to the Philippines, where he made an excellent record, achieved the rank of sergeant, and won from his comrades the nickname Willie-off-the-Pickle-Boat.

Thirty-one found him settled in the Northwest, engaged in the construction business, with ward politics as an interest on the side. Then followed a Hawaiian interlude, in the course of which Forbes rose through various adventures to the post of commissioner of public works. That post proved the turning-point; it was as commissioner of public works that he met a senator from Ohio, touring Honolulu in the name of Congress. Forbes went off to France when America entered the war; but he carried with him something more substantial than a commission, and that was an invitation to "drop off in Marion" when he happened to be passing through. He began the war a major, saw action at the front, won the D. S. M. and the Croix de Guerre, and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. The war over, he returned to the Northwest and the construction business, this time in partnership with a certain Hurley.

This was 1919, and just about the time that plans which Forbes was substantially to affect at a later date, plans for veterans' relief, were getting under way in Washington. In March, 1919, Congress voted \$9,050,000 for hospitals and rehabilitation camps. Then came \$18,600,000 more; and, on the heels of that, the organization of the Veterans' Bureau, which was an attempt to bring under one jurisdiction such agencies as the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, part of the Public Health Service, and the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

This new bureau was vested with tremendous power. It would have the spending of upward of \$450,000,000 annually, and the creation of a vast new organization which would

reach into every portion of the country. The bureau needed a chief. And certainly Charles R. Forbes was a man of varied training. To be sure, he had had his own ideas of a career at the beginning of the Harding era. He had remembered to "drop off in Marion," and appeared upon the front porch in the days when most of us thought those rocking-chairs were rocked by idle callers. To Mr. Harding he suggested that a worse man than Charles R. Forbes might be found to head the Shipping Board. That proposal was not well received; but when the moment came to choose a captain for this new Veterans' Bureau to be organized in Washington, friendship counted at the expense of judgment, and from the front porch this drummer-boy who had waited long enough and with enough persistence stepped into command of an organization which was to spend half a billion dollars annually, employ some thirty thousand public servants, and administer to the needs of two hundred thousand wounded men.

Of the outstanding points in the régime which followed there can be small doubt. This is no case in which the most cautious partizan need feel that some disgruntled political rebel has managed to ascend the forum, there to hurl unfounded charges at his foes. The Senate committee which investigated Colonel Forbes has been composed of two conservative Republicans—Reed of Pennsylvania and Oddie of Nevada—and one Democrat, Walsh of Massachusetts. It has reached a unanimous non-partizan finding concerning "the wretched incompetence, waste and dishonesty of the administration of the Veterans' Bureau." It has had as counsel in its

investigations Major-General John F. O'Ryan, an experienced trial lawyer and the distinguished commanding officer of the Twenty-seventh Division overseas. General O'Ryan himself asserts of the Veterans' Bureau that "no American can read the record without a feeling of disgust for the manner in which the great work of aiding the disabled was prostituted for self-aggrandizement and greed"; and a Federal grand jury in Chicago, after a month's study of the evidence, has brought in three indictments against Colonel Forbes charging conspiracy to commit bribery and to defraud the Government.

§ 2

Two chief charges are brought against the administration of Colonel Forbes. The first concerns the building of new hospitals.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Forbes was forced to start from scratch, with the problem of promoting a giant program upon which no progress had been made. The twenty-seven million dollars which Congress had already appropriated for hospital work before Forbes appeared upon the scene had been spent to good advantage. A committee of five eminent physicians and surgeons, under the chairmanship of Dr. William Charles White of Pittsburgh, had already nineteen projects started. But Forbes reported to the White House that the hospital construction under way was totally inadequate; that another sixteen million dollars was imperatively needed; and that the spending of this sixteen ought to rest in the hands of the Veterans' Bureau, namely, Forbes himself. The President agreed; Congress was persuaded to vote the sixteen mil-

lion dollars; followed it, within a month, with another seventeen; and Colonel Forbes embarked upon a career of hospital construction with a fund of thirty-three million dollars to command.

All this was done at tremendous pace, as was altogether proper. But there the rapid progress halted. The Forbes régime, once these substantial funds were voted it, displayed small speed in caring for the veterans with shell-shocked nerves and fever from the trenches. At the end of eighteen months, after thirty-three million dollars had been appropriated for the purpose, some two hundred additional beds had been provided by the director of the Veterans' Bureau, and these were at a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, which had been purchased completely equipped and ready to operate at the time of purchase.

Better that, however, as affairs turned out, than a full consummation of the Forbes program. Delay is a stage ahead of wholesale waste. That program, when completed, will furnish 4296 beds at a cost of \$3957 per bed. Construction under the supervising architect of the Treasury, before Forbes arrived in power, was accomplished at a cost of \$2972 per bed. Building hospitals of the same design, no better in construction or in workmanship, the Veterans' Bureau spent \$985 per bed in excess of the Treasury Department. And with 4296 beds at stake that is a total worth computing. It involves some four million dollars' worth of public funds and many months' delay.

Of one reason for delay, General O'Ryan, counsel for the Senate committee, believes the record does its own explaining. "It is clear that under

Director Forbes the construction of hospitals was delayed in part by the desire to insure the award of construction contracts to favored contractors." There was the hospital at Livermore, California, for example. A certain Lucien B. Johnson had acquired a plot of land for \$17,000; he added minor improvements and, on the day he acquired the title, sold the property to the Government (that is, Colonel Forbes) for more than five times its purchase price, namely, \$105,000. That was a starter; but thereupon, to design the hospital which would grace this precious site, Forbes took aboard a local architect, for a fee of \$100,000, who designed a building so completely ineffective that to this day no contract for the building has been awarded. Forbes, on the stand, testified that the appointment of this draftsman was a matter of political patronage. "I do not mean to say Harding said to get O'Brien [the man who did the job], but to get an architect satisfactory to the California delegation."

Then there was the hospital at American Lake, Minnesota. Forbes had a business associate named Hurley, the same Hurley whose side he left to visit the front porch at Marion; he had a second associate named Mortimer, who testified that in planning the project at American Lake it was arranged that Forbes would receive a third of the profits, Hurley a third, and the Thompson-Black Company, one of many different organizations which the ubiquitous Mortimer represented, would receive the remaining third—for staying out of Hurley's territory! Which, on paper, meant \$130,000 for Hurley or his company, \$130,000 for Forbes, and \$130,000 for Thompson-Black, less the commission paid to

Mortimer. Whatever the truth of Mortimer's testimony here, the fact remains that Hurley's company received the contract at a figure of \$1,397,000, although it stood no better than third lowest in its bid.

There was also the famous edifice at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, for which plans were changed so often that in the end they left it with no kitchen. Before that time a plot of land which the Senate committee's experts appraised at \$35,000 was sold to the Government (Forbes again) at a price of \$90,000, boosted in a single night from a price of \$77,000.

Finally, there was a hospital at Northampton, Massachusetts, in which Mortimer again figured, this time with a change of front to appear as agent for the Pontiac Construction Company. Bids were opened on July 3, 1922. The bid of the Pontiac Company was not received till long after the hour for submission of bids had closed. It was not in correct form. It was by no means the lowest. Three disadvantages? Not at all. Mortimer asserts that Forbes had assured him the contract would go where it was expected; all other bids were rejected, and after negotiation the Pontiac Company carried off the award.

In the whole record of hospital construction, declares General O'Ryan, "it has been conclusively established by the testimony of witnesses, by documentary evidence, and by the corroborative effect of the numerous telltale circumstances that were brought out, that fraud and corruption existed in the Bureau and that Director Forbes was a leading actor in an established conspiracy to defraud the Government."

Building hospitals is one thing; there is the further responsibility of equipping them and running them in ship-shape order. General O'Ryan goes on to suggest that in this respect "the records tell a story of almost unparalleled waste, recklessness and misconduct."

§ 3

It is here that the famous floor-wax contract figures. Under Director Forbes the Veterans' Bureau purchased wax enough to last a century or so, at a cost of some \$70,000 to the Government. Forbes paid ninety-eight cents a gallon for this wax; the Bureau of Standards later testified that three ounces of chip soap and four ounces of soda-ash in a can of water would meet the same requirements, and that this much soap and soda-ash could be purchased in the market for four cents. In the end Forbes destroyed the major portion of his wax to cut down fire-risks in storage.

It is here, too, that the triumphal journeys of Forbes around the country enter the expense account; the rental of offices which have already been demonstrated as wasting two million dollars annually; the carrying of two thousand supernumeraries on the payroll whose services have conveniently been dispensed with. Report No. 103 of the Senate investigating committee lists fifty-seven varieties of mismanagement. It should not be thought, of course, that all of them were the result of careful planning, or that Forbes himself was the winner in their consummation. There is a human element in these affairs; it is probable that conspiracy played a smaller rôle in most of this waste than a hail-fellow-well-met indifference to proper safeguards. Nevertheless, the record of

waste is there, and it is challenging. The outstanding example of the whole story is the affair at Perryville.

Perryville, a Maryland town within a few miles of Washington itself, was a supply-station transferred from the control of the Public Health Service to the control of Charles R. Forbes by executive order of President Harding. All sorts of supplies were stored there; they were divided between the Veterans' Bureau and the Public Health Service on a basis of four fifths to the former. Some of the stock, no doubt, was weather-beaten, water-soaked, and badly damaged. But the great bulk of it was new and in original package; Hendrix, the storekeeper at Perryville, as well as Bierman, the associate medical purveyor, described it on the witness-stand as in excellent condition.

What was Forbes to do with all this stock? Keep it for the bureau? No. Turn it over to the Public Health Service? No. Forbes determined that the right answer was to sell it, and to sell it at an epoch-making loss. No real inventory of the property was made; no real inventory, apparently, was wanted. There appears to have been no effort to advertise for bids, although a list of more than fifteen thousand dealers who might have been interested in material of this kind was available in the War Department. Colonel Forbes simply decided he would sell, and sell to a Boston organization known as the Thompson-Kelly Company, at a price of 20¼ cents on the dollar. A certain Commander O'Leary, bouncer, was told to start the shipments moving.

Right here occurs the most amazing incident of the whole affair. There is a "chief coördinator" in the Bureau of the Budget. His business is to clear

all sales before they cross the counter. He approved, in this case, a list submitted to him: it covered certain items; it did not cover certain others. The chief coördinator testified later that two lists had been tacked on to his original, neither of which he ever saw; bed-sheets, for example, had been raised from three thousand to eighty-four thousand.

In secrecy the transfer started. Care seems to have been exercised by Director Forbes to withhold from the Public Health Service all knowledge of the sale. Freight-cars were run into the depot, loaded up, and hurried off again. In all, 126 car-loads trundled down the tracks. Storekeeper Hendrix testified that on November 23 he shipped the Thompson-Kelly Company 754,680 towels, all new. They cost the Government nineteen cents; they were sold to Thompson-Kelly at a fraction over three. The Public Health Service needed towels, and was buying them at the very moment.

There were bed-sheets, too. Some 84,000 of them were delivered to the Boston firm. Most of them were new and of good quality. They were not only sold for twenty cents on the dollar, but sold at a time when fresh purchases of sheets, bought by this same bureau at \$1.03 each, were actually being delivered at the depot. "Such were the conditions at the depot," reports General O'Ryan, "that some of these new sheets upon arrival at the storehouse *were run through and out the other side*, to the waiting cars of the contractor who carried them off as part of the booty. Thus the director was selling 84,000 sheets for one-fifth of their value at a time when they were needed and when he was purchasing sheets at their full value. . . . These and many other circumstances

cause this transaction to resemble more the work of bucaniers in the looting and scuttling of a ship than the mere negligence of trusted Government officials."

It is this Perryville adventure which figures as the major count in the indictment brought by a Federal grand jury against the drummer-boy turned general.

§ 4

That waste lines the path of Charles R. Forbes through Washington as battered shanties trail a hurricane, there is not much room for reasonable doubt. Nor is this waste a matter of money alone, but a waste of men. Lads with broken bodies, for whose relief Congress had appropriated ample funds, were kept waiting for hospitals that were never built and clinics that were only planned. General O'Ryan does not believe that his inquiry reached the story's end. There is more evidence that the Department of Justice can develop if it wants it. Probably he is right.

At the same time, in any appraisal of the Forbes affair, it is important to measure the record of 1921-23 in the light of what is happening now, and to define as sharply as possible what bearing it may have upon Presidential candidates and the election.

In the first place, then, it is fair to point out that under the new director who succeeded Forbes, Brigadier-General Frank T. Hines, substantial progress has been made in getting the bureau started toward efficient management. A host of reform measures have been introduced, such as the establishment of a budget system (it was hit or miss, with Forbes), the organization of a genuine inspection service,

and the closing down of useless and expensive offices. In the matter of hospital construction enough progress has been made to warrant the prediction that the bureau's bed capacity will shortly be greater than its needs, except for neuropsychiatric cases.

In the second place, it is equally important to note what the situation still demands in the way of constructive action. General O'Ryan did not stop with a summary of his investigations; he went on to suggest some two dozen reforms which require action on the part of Congress, such as a codification of laws relating to the bureau, the payment of salaries large enough to attract executives of first-class caliber, and especially the creation of a permanent committee of Congress to report upon matters pertaining to veterans' relief, as other permanent committees report on army affairs, railway matters, etc. In addition, while admitting that the new director has made progress in weeding out his personnel, General O'Ryan has strongly recommended that "for the good of the service he secure the resignation of most of his assistants at the central office whom he found there when he assumed his duties," since "it became clear in the nine months of the investigation that a 'ring' exists in the central office which largely determines the policies of the Bureau." This same charge has been pressed by Republican Senator Oddie, of the investigating committee, who asserts that "all the laws in the mind of man" will not make the bureau function properly until certain of its assistant directors "and other officials in key positions" have been removed from office.

Finally, when it comes to the significance of the Forbes story in the Presi-

dential campaign, and to making Forbes "an issue," it is clear that on both sides of the political fence there has been a fair share of make-believe emotion. The professional Democrat will do his best to drive home the impression that at every step in his career Forbes had behind him the active support of the whole administration; that he was put into office for those express purposes which he so magnificently accomplished; and that the entire organization at whose head he stood is rotten to the core. Each of these statements is arrant nonsense.

The professional Republican, in turn, will reply by pointing to the unblemished personal record of Calvin Coolidge, and lament the capacity of Democrats for throwing mud. Which is all right in its own way except that it takes no account of the fact that it was a conservative Republican committee and an unimpeachable counsel who found the Forbes administration as indefensible as anything on public record.

What happened was this:

A good-natured President who had n't the faculty for saying no appointed to an impressively high office a personal friend who had n't the equipment for his duty. Washington, meantime, was governed on such easy-going, shoulder-shrugging terms that not until this friend had wasted the colossal sum of two hundred million dollars was his measure taken.

The real significance of the Forbes case for the American people is this:

Aside from making their choice of the party they want to lead them in the next four years, what can be done better to insure honesty and efficiency in a political democracy in which "influence" and "patronage" tend to play rôles so important?

A Mountain Munchhausen¹

III—The Cats that Clawed to Heaven; IV—King Solomon's Power-Pump; V—The Hick'ry Pick-Tooth

BY PERCY MACKAYE

THE CATS THAT CLAWED TO HEAVEN

COME here'n, Hanky and Henny! Quit your scratch-fightin'! Ef you leetle twin fellers starts a clawin'-match, you maht end up like the twin painter-cats done.

Where-all did *they* end? They ended plumb up in heaven, that 's whar! My Gub! Air ye aimin' to haul me into court fer testimony? You'll shore raise to be judge and sheriff yit!

Well, yere 's the evidence, then:

Yis, painters is kindly overgrown wildcats. Some calls 'em mount'in-lions. Gittin' sca'cers nowadays, but I 's shot a sight in my time.

Me and Chunk Farley used to paar off and go trackin' 'em. Chunk hisself was a crack shot and 'lowed he could outaim me shootin'. But I disputed him his record. Anyways, one evenin' us come to a show-down.

Preachin' Charlie Boggs had aimed to jine us huntin' that time, but me and Chunk skun off in the middle of his sarmon. Us had ben huntin' all daylight, and no luck yit. The corn-shuckin' moon were jist upp'in' her over the ridge, but she had n't tipped to us in the shadder bottom. We was fordin' a branch. Both to onct, us

stopped still, shin-deep in the tide.

Right thar on the crick bank laid a painter big 's a cow-heifer. Two leetle cub-kittens was cuddlin' betwixt her paws. Tongue-lickin' 'em, she was, and never seen us.

Click! went our triggers to onct.

She lipt to her laigs, nosin' us, a-swarpin' her gret tail.

Bang! she rolled in the tide!

"I fotched her!" hollered Chunk.

"Me, you mean!" says I.

We had her up the bank in two jiffies, daid as a dollar.

"Right purty a hide for my ole woman," I says.

"The cat 's mine," says Chunk. "Th' ain't but one bullet-hole in her."

"So there ain't," says I, "but I reckon we don't start no feud, Chunk. Let 's we divvy the kittens."

Well, so we done hit. Yan two leetle yaller kits was curled up thar on the moss-bank, as like as two buttons, and purty as twin peas in a pod. Chunk picks up one cub-kit, and me t'other; but yit we stands starin' at the ole daid painter.

"Tell ye what, Chunk," says I. "We 'll match for her."

"How?" he axes.

"With these-yere kittens. We 'll keep 'em a six-month. You raise

yourn, leetle Catcher, thar; and I 'll raise mine, here, leetle Scratcher. Come next spring, we 'll match 'em in a fightin'-bout: and whichever feller's cat licks t' other's, the owner of the champeen wins the ole painter's hide. Meanwhiles we 'll salt the hide."

"Done!" says Chunk. So us skun the painter and went home.

Soon as hit was salted, us handed hit over to Preachin' Charlie to trustee hit as ompire.

Lorsy, the rinktums I had raisin' that cub-kitten Scratcher!

Mice and rats—he 'd set up mid-nights on the bed-quilt and eat 'em in alive! In three days there war n't a varmint on the place left. My ole woman got moughty peeved 'cause I had to restock our rat-famine with ground-hogs to keep my tom-kit fed up for the prize match. My ole sow Chinkapin suspicioned him and sulked she would n't raise no shoat-babies that fall to feed cat-flesh. So she packed off. I's tell ye later whar I found her.

Meanwhiles little kit Scratcher was biggin' and biggin' to a half-growned painter-cat.

Well, at last come round the six-month mornin', and here come Chunk Farley leadin' Catcher, his twin half-grown'der, in a leash. Along with him was Preachin' Charlie, totin' the ole painter's hide. Redbuds was purty abloom, and us met up to my ole smoke-house, me with my Scratcher on a hitch-rope.

Jericho! Those cats shied like they was furreigners 'stid o' twin brothers. Bubbled up their backs like milk bilin', and spit fire and steam.

"Hold your fightin' partners!" hollers Preachin' Charlie. "Ef be I 'm ompirin' this-yere cat-bout, hit 's goin' to be fit out with eethical and

mathematical kerrectitude. First-offly we settles the handicap."

Well, sirs, us up and weighed those cats on the balancers: tipped jist even, they did; not the ace of an ounce betwixt 'em.

Nextly we measured 'em, up, down, through, and acrosst, top to toe: not the haar of an inch between Catcher and Scratcher! Twins they was to a dot.

"Pint-blank even! Thar won't be no handicap," says Charlie; and then he laid down the law on our proceedin's.

Up he clumb on the smoke-house, lays hissself along the ridge-comb, retchin' out his hand with a hunk o' raw meat, which he steadies hit plumb halfly on the tip-notch of the beam-saddle.

Meanwhiles, at the right-hand eaves-drip, Chunk raises his cat on the roof-slide, nose-up towards the meat, and holds on by the tail, keepin' the rump prezactly even with the eaves' aidege.

Likewise, on the left hand, I does the very selfsame with my cat.

"Right smart aimed, fellers," says Preachin' Charlie, lookin' down, each side, moughty judeecious. "The twin nozzles is p'inted plumb straight at the target. Now, then, arter I says grace on this-yer meat, when you hears me holler, 'Haid on!' you let go tails."

So us shet our eyes whiles the preacher spoke him a few graceful words, beseechin' a heavenly guidance fer the twins. Then we hears him holler out, "Haid on!"

Bing flew the tails, and me and Chunk was seein' day-stars on our backs.

"Catcher!" Chunk yells.

"Scratcher!" I hollers.

Next thing we see was them cat-cubs

top o' the ridge-comb, haid on, with their jaws lock-jammed in the middle o' that raw meat, clawin' fer heaven.

"Topple him down, Catcher! Tumble him, Scratcher!"

We scritch'd all dad-blazes!

But hit were jist vanity of vanities, callin' 'em back. Them twins was balanced plumb even and bound fer paradise.

For, ye see, Catcher was prezactly the same twin-strongness as Scratcher; and Scratcher was excisely the same twin-cleverness as Catcher. Neither one could outeven t' other. *Both* was champeens.

Nary cat could n't down his twin, so the only way they could travel was *up*. And the more they nacherly clawed, the more they jist nacherly riz.

So thar they went clapper-clawin' in a yaller cloud, scratch-fightin' to glory, fur flyin' like goose-feathers, on up, neck and neck, nail and toe, crop and crupper, away on, spout-up'ards, like a razzle o' dead leaves in a whirl-storm.

Last thing us seen was a little fog-skiff, fadin' out, like the old moon by daytime, the fur feathers snowin' down.

"Dad-fetch ye, Preachin' Charlie!" says I. "What made ye so plumb mathematical?"

"What-all in tarnation did ye speak that heavenly grace fer?" axes Chunk, moughty sulkin'.

Preachin' Charlie slid down off the roof.

"I reckon, fellers," says he, "you won't be needin' me for ompire agin till the next jedgment risin'. Mean-whiles I'll jist trustee this-here salted hide."

So he went on home, packin' the ole painter's skin with him.

Poor Chunk he never come back to that smoke-house till six months arter then. Hit were corn-shuckin' time, our huntin' day come round agin.

I met him thar, and we stood neck and neck, starin' uply.

The fur was fallin' thar yit.

KING SOLOMON'S POWER-PUMP

Duck your haid thar, Hanky! How kin I spit clare of ye, and you muggin' me in the face thataway?

Git to tell ye more about Chinkapin? Shore I will! I could talk ye deaf-dumb about yan ole sow.

She were the crawfish-huntin'dest critter I ever see. Told ye how she fit one on the foot-log. She hunted that feller hind-end-to, but mostly she hunted 'em nose-on. And that's how come I to be a water-power king in these parts.

Crawdabs is the leggiest things in cr'ation, yit they kin claw theirselves into a hole slicker than a minute, and kin mine thar for water deep as coal-diggers.

Well, summer afore the Big Snow hit it were the Gret Droughth: hottest, dry-uppedest, dog-dayest time in the world! Could n't only loll your tongue out and laze around. Hit were a sight!

Green leaves curled up yaller on the timber. Crow-birds settin' in a gang thar, gappin' their beaks. God could n't squeeze a song outen a mipkin lesser than a squawk. Ole Greasy Creek were drippin' a puny dreem like a sorghum barrel. The trails was dried up to salt.

Well, my ole sow Chinkapin she 'd jist farrerred a new litter o' piggies, and her dugs was gone dry. So she 'lowed,

I reckon, she 'd go prospectin' for liquor to raise the gang.

Anyways, she squandered off, and arter a spell, as usual, I went huntin' of her. Fer me and Chinky us nacherly was chum-fellers, which hit were what allers grumbled my ole woman.

Well, I won't describe ye now the len'th and days o' my hunt in that all-fired droughth. I 'll cut to the finish.

I were crawlin' up the dry bed o' Gabe's Branch, and I come to the head of a holler where there used to onct was a waterfall had fell high down off over a bench-rock. But nary a drap now!

And I were gazin' up thar, lickin' the thirst of mimory, till slow thar I waked like in a dream. And thar in my dream hit come over the bench-rock, drip-fallin', the wet purtiest leetle water-stream, and run off down the branch-bed.

"Dad fetch me!" says I in my dream, "hit 's gittin' moughtier and biggerer."

And right hit were so; for soon hit were roarin' down like a mill-dam shower. And up over beyand the bench-rock I heerd thar the quarest suck-chuggerin' noise, like hit were a gret stranglin'.

"Sol, air ye dreamin' fer shore?" says I.

"Dadburn me ef I be!" says Solomon.

And I climbs up over that bench-rock, and thar, on a leetle hollock beyand, I sees my ole sow Chinkapin, ring-arounded by her gang o' shoats, and her nose-snout glued in a ground-hole.

Doin'? What were she doin' of?

That 's what I run thar to look.

Chilluns, hit were a crawfish hole, that 's what! And thar she was pumpin' water with her snout from the

bottom of hit—*chug-chug! chucky-chuck!*—seventeen gallons a second, and the little shoats splashin' in the aide of the tide. I up and kicked her in the snout and jest saved her babies bein' drowned. And thar I measured the hole by drappin' a rock in. Hit were forty-nine foot deep with a plumbstring.

The ole she-pump up and run fer home, squealin' a river-brook from her snout behint her. But I tuck arter her with the shoat-gang. To home she were moughty shy and shame-bashed, ole Chinkapin. She tried for to hide her snout under the cabin timber. Reckon she thought I 'd onscrew hits gum-nozzle and pack hit to the fair, to hog first prize in water-weetchery. But I warn't huntin' blue ribbons.

I jist called my ole woman, and we caught a bushel o' crawdabs and planted 'em in our gyarden-patch holler. And afore night I had sicked the ole pumper-deevil at ary crawdab's hole in the patch and set her a-pumpin' thar with her snout end.

Well, sirs, next day I hired my neebors and builded a splash-dam. And all that summer and fall I sold 'em water for two bits a barrel, and run nine corn-grindin' mills in the creek-bed o' Greasy. Folks do say that water-flux was cause o' the Big Snow come next winter.

Day and night in the mount'ins, miles round, ye could hear ole Chinkapin suck-chuggerin' thar. And that season she doubled her record litterin' new piggies, which I raised 'em to bacon and kep' the hull country from starvin' that year.

Yea, my rounders! When hit come for hog-flesh and water-power, that time o' the Gret Droughth they shore did call me King Solomon.

THE HICK'RY PICK-TOOTH

That were a master prime supper ye dished us up, Aunt Sal, and I 'll jist end her off now with my hick'ry picktooth. What, nappin' to bed this yerly! Leavin' me to the chilluns by the fire-coals, air ye? Shore 'nough! Turn in and welcome! Never gabble 'em no wild tales, me! Nay, Auntie, they gits only solid gospel from ole Sol. Good night to ye! (and good riddance!)

Well, young rounders, here we sot agin! Straddle my knee thar, Betsy!

Saddle my dog,
And bridle my hog—
And away we go!

Quit tuggin' of my bristles, Hank! Watch out, or I 'll gobble ye yit!

Yis, yis, I's curried my mouth vittals with this-yere pick-tooth goin' on forty year now. Feel her p'int thar! Hard as a nail-pin, hain't she, and slicker than bottle-glass? Well, chil-luns, I's bottomed the cheers in nine cabins with the peel-bark of her. Yea, sirrees, with the bark of this-here hick'ry pick-tooth!

Won't believe hit, will ye? 'Bliged to tell ye the hull truth about hit, are I? Haw! Pop your ears, then!

Look at her clos'ter. Jist the len'th of my leetle finger, hain't she? Well, dadfetch her! I felled that pick-tooth with my ax in the year of the Big Snow. That same time she stood twenty-nine foot above the crust. Shore she's wored down some sence! That 's what I 'm historifyin' to ye. Will ye shet up, or listen?

The Big Snow—yea, that *were* a winter! Blewed and snowed night and day without no lettin' for twelve

days, from dark of Old Christmas eve to New Christmas mornin'.

Fust news o' the world I knowed in my cabin, come three leetle froze-to-death fox puppies tumblin' down the chimney-stack, *kersplash!* in the bilin' fire-pot, thawed out like light-nin', and run huntin' rats in my gum-boots. Well! Me I shoves a ladder quick up the stack, sticks my nose out through a round, small gap-hole in the driftit snow, and right thar I knocks noses with the ole fox-bitch herself, jist aimin' to foller her babies down yan burrer. So I axes her in, to take a week with me socianable. Mean-whiles I trains her tricks for to become a coon-houn'. For, thinks I, that 'u'd be right smart handy in the Big Snow, seein' as meat was gittin' sca'ce, and coon ain't so goll-fired ole-dead-fish-tasty as fox be.

So New Christmas mornin', owda-ciously yerly, I kennels the fox-puppies snug in the butter-churn.

"Thar, Sister Fox-Bitch!" says I, "I 's keepin' your babes o' the wood as redemption fer that batch o' coons you're to ketch for our meat-cup-board. So mind your houn' tricks!"

Then in I slips into my gum-boots, grabs my ax and rifle-gun, and up the stack I burrers outdoors, hackin' through the crust, my new fine-pretty coon-houn'-fox nosin' my heels.

Crack! I come outen the cabin-dark! Whee, thar! The day-dawzzle on that snow creation most squint-blinded me. The hull world were plumb snowed under, timber-deep, and they was a foot-thick crust froze over hit, blazin' like all Let-thar-be-light!

Could n't see nothin' but two isinglass mount'ins, and me gappin' up thar from the fork-bottom of the valley betwixt 'em.

"Sister," says I to my houn'-fox-bitch, "yan ridges shore mought be Pine Mount'in and Black Mount'in, but where-all is the timber at was a-growin' thar Ole Christmas eve?"

But jist then I squintles 'way-y-y up to the top bench o' Pine Mount'in, and thar I spies one quar, only, lonesomest tree, seems like hit were a hick'ry, and dark, gobby humps clouded on hit.

"Sick 'em, Sister!" says I. "Yander's the onliest coon timber in sight. Mind of your babes in the butter-churn! Yan's your one chanet to redemption 'em."

So we starts trackin' up that slanty isinglass crust. Sister Fox-Bitch she tipped pretty on her toe-nail p'int. Ole Sol he clawed with his gum-boots till the soles buckled curly as sickle-blades. Golly bust me, how that icy wind blewed! Ary clip o' my breath hit froze off in flapjacks, tinklin' and spatterin' behind, like I was spittin' winder-glass. And the drip o' my nose hit slung a double ice-rope retched out back o' my ears like two boar-tusks. . . . So us clumb to the ridge-top.

Zekiel! That *were* a huntin' day! I stood thar plumb jiggered.

"Tilt up your nose, Sister Houn'-Fox!" I stambers out. "Coon's in the cupboard! You's treed the hull country of 'em!"

And, lo! thar stood yan hick'ry, hits boughs droopin' down with bushels o' coons, clustered same's black bee-swarms!

Ye see, that come of the Big Snow. Whilst hit were fallin' them twelve days and nights, kiverin' the tops o' the timber, the hull coon tribe had tucken from tree to tree, risin' steady with the riz o' the snowdrift—on, tall

to taller, till finaciously here hung all Israel of 'em, roostin' aloft on the dod-tallest onliest tree which topped hits tip above the crust—and hit was yan hick'ry!"

Lamm! I banged hits trunk with the flat o' my ax. *Kerfloop!* fell the coons, curled up in scrambles, froze stiff. So thar I chained 'em all together with their tail-links, and toggled the last link to the brush of Sister Fox-Bitch, and us aimed to start home.

"Hold, thar, Sol!" thinks I. "Yan hick'ry is the last timber in creation. Whilst ye kin, you'd better take home some peel-bark for to bottom a cheer what'll last ye to set in till this-yere Big Snow gits thawed away agin."

"Kerrect, Solomon!" says I. And so I done hit.

I felled that hick'ry and bough-trimmed her; and I were jest split-peelin' the last of her bark on the aidge o' the mount'in, when Godfrey Day! suddent that skun pole lost her balanct, and *lippetty* she slided over the aidge, skiddin' for the bottom o' the valley.

I retched one grab for her and nigh toppled over, but I jist cotched myself by the haar of my houn'-fox, and I stood thar gapin' after yan hick'ry pole skiddin' down the crust—slicker than lightnin' on a lard-piggin!

Slick she went down Pine Mount'in and slewed the fork up Black Mount'in. Down she slid Black Mount'in, sluiced the bottom, and balanced up Pine agin. Thar, jist as I retched for to grabble her, back she double-tracked herself on the same slickery trail. And so she teetered—Pine and Black, Black and Pine, downsy-up, upsy-down, see-saw-seein' her thar, tick-tockin' to etarnity like the swing of the Lord's clock-lead.

And all the whiles she war littlin' lesser and lesserer; yit still she was temperin' harder and harder. For, ye see, my rounders, the slide-down het her all-fired hot and smelted her, yit the slow-up froze and chipped her and wored her off.

And so she mought of plumb weared herself to death, like the moon wanin' to her dark, if had n't ben how the wind suddent shifted south and, jest in the nick, the Big Snow begun to thaw, and me and fox put off home in the flood freshet, jist salvagin' our coon train. So thar in the bottom I saved the last leavin's of that hick'ry, and brung home—this-here leetle pick-tooth!

Yis, Hanky! And this-yer coon-skin cap is the last leavin's of the chain-gang what Sister Fox-Bitch toted home with her tail-brush.

And her leetle fox-pups? Yis, sir, their ole maw redemptioned 'em; and that butter-churn become to be a kennel for raisin' coon-houn'-foxes the country over.

Haw, but Goshun, childers! Think what-all mought of behappened if I had n't jist weared them gum-boots that crusty mornin'! What ef ole Sol had slipped over the aidge of Pine Mount'in, 'stid o' yan hick'ry pole, and him had skidded that slickery ice downsy-up, see-saw-seein', chippin' off and wearin' down like the ole moon-ball!

Yea, at that same gait of gittin' lesser in littlishness, I plumb would have wored away down to a babe agin—and my ole mammy sucklin' me!

That shore would have quit me pickin' my teeth of gospel truth!

(Other Tales from the Kentucky Mountains will follow in succeeding issues.)

Field—Magic

By DOROTHY DOW

A black velvet cow
And a red barn stood
Etched line-clear
By the bright green wood.

And the silver ribbon
Of the road wove in
Through the mist of the trees
Where the bluffs begin.

The shallow valleys
And the small hills made
A patchwork pattern
Of the light and shade.

You kissed my hand,
And I quickly knew
How earth that was earth
Could be heaven, too!

The Sense of Immortality

A Layman's View

BY PHILIP CABOT

TO attempt to say anything new about that aspect of the life of man at once the most debated, the most obscure, and the most vital that I can conceive, is to embark upon an enterprise as hopeless as the quest of the Holy Grail. Of course I am doomed to fail. But that is the fate of man in most of his enterprises.

And I am not, perhaps, in a worse predicament than other men who before me have undertaken to voice their sense of immortality. Men are reluctant to admit the authority of the expert in this business, and they rightly feel that the only contribution which any man can now make must come out of his own experience. The scholar may well be handicapped by the very wealth of his learning, for the avalanche of volumes which I brought down upon my head when I sought to enlighten my ignorance was massive enough to crush the originality out of genius.

We are passing through a time when there is so much testifying to the unfaithfulness of men in high places that it can hardly fail to shake our faith in other men. But though men may be unfaithful, it is not so of God. *God is faithful*; to me that has been proved, and therefore I, though the humblest of His servants, have come to know

that there is one thing, and one thing only, in which I must not fail and that is to strike at least one blow before I die for the faith that has made me. By that faith, and that faith alone, I have come to see the purpose of human life, and, please God, I will not quit this world until I have testified to the fact. I feel that I am a witness summoned to testify to the faithfulness of God, a conviction which leads inevitably, I think, to the *sense of immortality*.

"Immortality" is the subject of this essay, but I am not unmindful of the fact that immortality cannot be considered apart from faith in God. As Emerson says, "The moment the doctrine of immortality is separately taught, man has already fallen." Indeed, he might have gone further and said that immortality *cannot be separately* taught or even conceived. For such, I think, is the truth. You may divide the waters of the universe, but they close behind your hand. I find no passage in the New Testament in which Jesus separates immortality from God. He proclaimed that all men were sons of God, and therefore immortal. That the conceptions are inseparable is the very heart of his teaching; if you reject it, you must reject the whole. Cut the branch

from the stem, and it dies. Cut off immortality from the Godhead, and it is dead also.

But even if it were possible, I could not attempt the task, for I should be entangled at once in a maze of definition and argument in which I should be lost. My fear of definitions may be merely a cowardly prudence, for I confess that when I am forced to handle them I feel like an amateur snake-charmer exhibiting cobras. I fear their bite. But I am aware of a better excuse, for even in skilful hands definitions may kill the subject they define. A dead faith is n't of much service to you, and therefore it is clear to me that he who would defend his faith in immortality must avoid killing it at the outset by chopping off its head.

It is my firm belief that this life and the next are all of a piece. I see nothing in the law of God as it works in this world which warrants the assumption that death will make a clean breach with life. The future life will start where this one stops or nowhere; the man who serves God to-day will not be out of a job to-morrow; nor perhaps he who serves the devil either.

I speak to you of faith in God as I have found it by experience, and one of the most remarkable points in that experience is that I have been able to verify in my own case the fact, so often illustrated in the Bible, that faith begins in the heart and not in the head; in other words, men develop feelings into ideas and not ideas into feelings. Certainly in my case faith began in the region of the emotions as a non-rational thing and proceeded thence to my head to get itself rationalized. The effort to graft faith on the stem of logic failed, for the sap would

not run. But when I reversed the process, and grafted reason on faith, the result was better.

Reason and logic are the keys to the doors of knowledge, but not of wisdom. In my case they would not open the door to faith. It must be opened from within, and there seems to be a time-lock on it, set by the hand of God. You cannot crack heaven like a bank-vault; the jimmy of the psychic has failed to spring the door, and I, therefore, frankly abandon all attempts to prove a thesis. This is not the plaintiff's brief, but his confession of faith. No blow with a knock-down argument is aimed at the head of any man. It is his heart that I aim for, the region of emotion and instinct where the spring of action lies hidden.

I am profoundly impressed with the power of faith based upon feeling more than on reason or instinct to influence men's action not only in the field of religion, but in the affairs of this world as well. For I observe that it has great power with the men wisest in worldly matters. Your successful salesman, for example, owes his success to the faith of his customers in *him* rather than in his arguments or his statistics. In business, construction, or finance those with imagination directed by instinct, feeling, faith, achieve success, while men who in learning and intellect tower above them quite often fail. Logic applied to many problems of the merchant fails to solve them, for logical reasoning is often faced with a mass of evidence which will break the grip of the most powerful mind, leaving the man doubtful and unable to act. The great merchant achieves by instinct a sort of rhythmic tuning to the movement of the markets, which is the secret of

his power. The sureness of his foresight is quite marvelous, arising apparently from a synthetic harmony of the whole creature in which not the brain or reasoning faculty alone, but the whole structure of the man, works together in leading him to his decision. All acts of extraordinary rightness or heroism seem to have behind them an ultra-rational sanction to which men bow.

But here I must try to steer you clear of a confusion into which I myself fell. I want to plead for courageous faith and not blind fanaticism. The men I speak of do not act on faith when they can have fact. There is a world of fact where it is folly to go by guesswork. The ship captain does not guess at his reckoning; he "takes the sun"; the engineer does not guess at the strength of a girder; he works it out; the banker does not guess at the market value of his security; he looks it up. Never guess when you can know, but when you can't have the courage to follow your instinct and leap.

These are considerations which give me confidence in my instinctive faith. There is a veil drawn between us and our highest aspiration, which is to see the face of God. We must leap through it with faith, just as men in the workaday world leap to their highest material achievements.

And if this be the sound method, when I desire to arouse an active faith in another man, I must follow the example of the prize-fighter who aims his most telling blow at what he calls the "solar plexus," alleged to be located behind the stomach. While the doctors tell me there is no such organ, I feel as if there were. Compelling conviction feels like a radiation from the middle of a man, flooding

him with heat, which makes him act; such action is in part instinctive, and I find that men of the keenest and most reliable judgment habitually act so. They know how to act, but not always why; while your strictly rational person, the pure thinking machine, is an unsafe business guide.

I conclude, therefore, that to move a man to action you must hit for his solar plexus, even though there is none, and, further, that you should beware how you use as a weapon the argument that the act is safe. Probably you will not convince him, but if you do, you will deprive him of the zest which gives him his power. For he has learned by experience that he who seeks a profit must take a reasonable, though not a crazy, risk: you cannot get something for nothing. Man does not shun all risk, for he is impregnated with a sporting instinct. From his first beginnings he has lived surrounded by danger; those who have survived are those who have had the skill and the intelligence to overcome it: the struggle has bred the joy of battle into their very bones, so that the element of risk is essential to their happiness.

It is only those who have been in mischief—the devil's disciples—who fear to die. The servants of God, it seems, will risk their lives against a straw. As a child I gulped down with the rest the familiar quotation from the Book of Job: "Skin for a skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," and it was only at a recent date that, finding it untrue to life, I examined it more closely and discovered that the remark is attributed to Satan, the father of lies.

And so I repeat, good men will not run from danger, and he who would

lead them into action must hit for the solar plexus with a sporting proposition. Obermann shows the right spirit when he throws down the gauntlet to the Almighty, exclaiming, "And if it be true that annihilation awaits us, let us so live that it shall be an unjust fate." Of all sporting propositions the greatest ever devised is the Christianity of Jesus, which for that very reason has proved "unto Jews a stumbling-block and unto Gentiles foolishness." It is the only faith that will put adequate power behind your blow.

§ 2

The hunter is the oldest of craftsmen; his life depends upon his skill, and therefore the hunter for the souls of men may do well to follow the practice of other hunters and keep to leeward of his quarry. Certainly the smell of some noted evangelists was an offense to the nostrils of many they sought to save. But this is not a still-hunt; it is the counsel of the hunters; so that I do wisely to indicate to you my angle of approach; and in order that we may all act in harmony, it is necessary that I should give you some description of the groupings or subdivisions of those whose souls I search for. I find three main divisions: first, those who believe in God the Father Immortal and in His immortal children; second, those who believe in God and in the law of obedience to His will (that is, in conscience), but are doubtful of their immortality; and, third, those who know they have a conscience because it occasionally hurts them, but who do not know God. Proceeding to consider them separately, I begin with the assertion, which you may think over-bold, that although many in the first and all in

the second group appear to be uninterested in discussions of immortality, it is not because they disbelieve it, but because they believe it so firmly. Nothing bores a man like telling him what he knew before.

Taking those in the first group, who consciously believe in immortality, and asking myself what it is that they know and what it is that they want to know in regard to it, I find that they believe implicitly in the great fact of immortality, but do not want exact information as to details. Such certainty would be not only useless, but fatal to their happiness. In a world the uncertainties of which almost drive us mad that may sound like a foolish statement, for we know that the stockbroker would barter his very soul for a sure tip on to-morrow's market, or the cotton-spinner on the price of July cotton. But it is essential to note that what these men demand is a tip given to them, but withheld from others. To know with certainty what will happen to-morrow, if all other men knew it also, would be not only worthless, but ruinous. It would be intolerable if man could foresee all the events of his life and of the lives of others. Free will would be destroyed; the road would stretch away straight and dusty to the grave; and if this knowledge were enlarged so that man could know not only what would happen in this world, but what would happen for all eternity (if, in short, he was given absolute certainty about the exact nature of immortality), such knowledge would be a nightmare fit to drive him into screaming madness. I repeat, therefore, that the fact of immortality is central to the faith of those in my first group, but nothing more.

Of those in my second group this is not true. Some of the noblest men and women whom I have known tell me that they doubt the immortality of the soul, and do not care much about it, anyway. Their attitude is well described by Emerson's remark that with the question "of immortality the soul when well employed is incurious." "The soul when well employed," mark that well, for otherwise you will fall, as I did some thirty years ago, into the pit you have digged.

The men and women of this group who doubt immortality are always well employed. Among them you find the scientist striving to enlarge the sum of human knowledge, the doctor laboring to save the lives of men, the social worker sacrificing his body to save the soul of another, the great industrialist and the banker battering down obstructions in the material world. These men work from a high sense of duty to the race and find all the immortality they crave in the belief that good works survive; their motive is obedience, well described by Lowell:

"Three roots, bared up Dominion,
Knowledge, Will,
These twain are strong, but stronger
yet the third,
Obedience, 'tis the great tap root that
still
Knit round the rock of Duty is
not stirred
Though Heaven loosed tempests spend
their utmost skill."

Duty, conscience, obedience to the law of God, this is their motive. If I ask them how they come by the power which produces their splendid work, when they believe that all consciousness will soon vanish utterly, they

answer: "We work to benefit the race, for the generations to come; that is our immortality. There is a moral law which we obey and which so commands us." This humble little sense of duty! There is something supernatural and uncanny in the power of it which can drive the astronomer faster than the speed of light, make the physicist more agile than the molecule, and enable the engineer to catch Nature by the hair and harness her to his car. If it be not divine, it is at least superhuman. These men and women have faith in God, and the instinct of obedience to His laws. Does their faith differ essentially from mine? No one can see these people at work and doubt that they are immortal—no one, that is, except themselves. But I find it baffling that these immortals should doubt their immortality. They are too modest and too well employed to care. "If annihilation awaits us, at least we *will* so live that it shall be undeserved." Is it a mere question of terms? Is what I call immortality, and they call conscience, one and the same? Such an idea may seem to you preposterous, but I have come to believe it true. My worship of God and belief that I am His son produce in me obedience; the skeptical scientist's sense of duty also produces obedience; "By their fruits ye shall know them"; man's faith is proved by what he does and not by his definition of it.

I am not a rational animal, but I believe in a rational world, and unless it be mere bedlam, the same effect must always follow the same cause. And so when I see a violent atheist risk his life to save a dog, while the deacon climbs for the cyclone-cellar, I would barter the whole holy family of the

deacon for the God of the atheist, and claim a bargain to boot. Of the two the atheist has the stronger faith. He may deny God and immortality, but his worship of No-God has tuned him in harmony with the universal law which I call the law of God. Your good atheist's atheism is in his head-piece, where it does no harm. His heart is right. "The wicked sayeth in his heart there is no God," but not this man.

Those in the first group believe themselves to be sons of God and immortal because their God is immortal; those in the second group believe in God and recognize the command of conscience, which as I see it is the instinct to harmonize the act of the individual with the law of God. Such an instinct can arise only from the fact that man's soul is essentially akin to God (that is, a part of God or, as I call it, a son of God), so that I have come to believe that this thing called "sense of duty to others and solicitude for the welfare of future generations," which animates those in my second group, is the same instinct which I call immortality, and I hope I shall not offend them by suggesting that they seem to me to have the sense of immortality without an intellectual belief in it. That is enough for me, and I note in passing that this sense gives to their lives the harmony which I observed in the successful merchant. This is how he came by it.

If a theologian should ask me whether man can have faith in immortality without knowing it, I reply by reminding him that in all such men I postulate explicit faith in God. Given this, I think the sense of immortality is often most useful when subconscious. For faith is a spiritual

condition and not a *creed* or a form of words; it needs no copyright to legalize and protect it.

There are some, however, who would claim membership in the second group, because they recognize a sense of duty, whom I must exclude. These are the selfish men who talk about their duty to others, but think about themselves, and those pitiable persons who suffer from the disease sometimes called the New England conscience, although it has no geographical limit. I exclude them because the instinct of duty, in order to be a safe guide, must be founded upon a belief in God sufficiently controlling to convert the man. Without that it will not produce the harmony essential to a useful life; conversion is necessary to that harmony.

At the risk of seeming to labor the point, I want to suggest two states of mind which are not uncommon, and which are often called faith, but mistakenly, as I think, because they do not convert the man. One is the profession of belief in God by those who think it a good gambling chance; they are really worshipers of Mammon, who would like to stand well with both sides. If I read his letters aright, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes was one of these.

And then there are those whose faith in God is what I call a *creed*; a man-made thing of high importance, but not one to be blindly worshiped. For it is a faith in men rather than a faith in God; surrender of the mind and will to a creed does not produce conversion, which frees the worshiper from fear.

Let me suggest to you this analogy. The soul of man is like a fountain in the Garden of Eden supplied with the living water which is the will of God,

and pouring it out over the garden of life as service to mankind. In the healthy soul both inlet and overflow are always open; what God supplies to the man he passes on to the world, and the happiest man, like the clearest spring, is he who overflows most abundantly. Such is the soul referred to by Emerson, and such is its good employment. But sin will stop the inlet; selfishness in refusing to pass on God's gift will cut off the supply, and the water in the basin will stagnate and go rotten. Or a man may block the inlet by losing his faith in God and go on giving out by blind instinct until the basin be drained to the dregs. Such is the man with the "in-growing" conscience, the acid lees of an ancient sense of duty which, drained of faith, has turned from an inspiration into an insanity and eaten out the soul of the sufferer. All men who believe in God and strive to live in harmony with His will are fountains of living water, whether they have arrived at the knowledge of God through the craving for immortality or whether they have found God as "The Whole," of which the instinct of duty in them is a conscious and obedient part. These last have faith in God; they are obedient to His will and they leave the future in His hands. That is the pinnacle of faith, beyond which no man can climb, and this is why I feel that the members of my second group are perhaps the best men and women in our contemporary world. Those who practise this way of life are true sons of God; as such they are immortal if God is immortal, and so I say again, the faith of these men and women and my faith in immortality are part and parcel of the same thing.

I can find no vital distinction be-

tween these two groups of men; the difference is superficial and may perhaps arise from the road which they have traveled to reach their faith. Like men coming upon a shield from opposite directions, they describe it differently because they see opposite sides. Those in whose faith the concept of immortality is central may be those in whom an intense life force has bred a craving for survival which they were powerless to appease until they had found an Immortal Father; while those in whom the sense of moral obligation is central have come to know God through finding themselves unable to unify and harmonize their lives without conscious submission to His will.

I maintain that there are at least two roads that lead to God, despite the assertion of Baron von Hugel that all religious souls come first to God and then to immortality. For I find a Spanish scholar, also a good Catholic, who asserts the exact opposite. Both are sturdy champions. A man might back either and find himself a winner; but I think they will run a dead heat, for the truth as I see it is that faith in God comes in answer to a hunger for Him which is sometimes the result of the life force seeking survival and sometimes of the craving for guidance in the path of duty.

This only is essential: all who have faith in God have surrendered their will to His. By so doing they have been born again of the spirit and will enter the kingdom of heaven. All are in fact twice-born men, and before I close I shall take up this point again.

§ 3

If I have been able to carry you with me so far, you will readily agree

that the evangelist will only waste his breath in urging upon them the doctrine of immortality as an isolated dogma. To him they will not listen, but only to those who preach the power of faith. The instinct and the lives of these men and women confirm the fact which I have tried throughout to emphasize, namely, that the sense of immortality comes with faith in God and is inseparable from it. You have both or neither.

I come now to the third group, those who have a conscience, but no faith in God. Many of them have an intellectual belief in the idea of God, but it is an idea, a dead thing, and not a living faith. God will not accept half-hearted faith. You must offer Him complete surrender and conversion.

For those in this group I speak as "one having authority," for I was a charter member of it and for many years an active one, and therefore the most useful thing for me to do is to report the manner of my escape. I had no living faith. Men have accused me of having a New England conscience, but I think they flattered me. A blind life force was my real motive. In so far as education and early environment can promote spiritual health, I was singularly favored; nothing could have been finer than the atmosphere of refinement, scholarship, and social service with which I was surrounded. I heard little discussion of dogmatic theology; faith in God was implicit rather than spoken; but my whole early life was illuminated by the rarest spirit of service and sense of duty in the whole family circle. Before I went to college Phillips Brooks had reached his prime; I heard him often and with interest, but as the event proved, without lasting effect,

as is too often true of preaching unsupported by personal contact. Through the years of adolescence and early manhood my soul was submerged by the body and the material world, as if the body had rolled over, so to speak, upon the soul and crushed it. I was little more than a healthy animal, driven by the life force, loving activity and adventure, and almost unaware of the existence of a soul. The instinct of adventure, which was strong, brought me into contact with the hunters of the North who, in conjunction with the forces of nature, were my best teachers, and I recall the significant fact that I had an active and romantic imagination which I now believe might have been turned into more useful channels by a skilful "engineer of souls."

Going into business immediately after college, I had found a footing at thirty, and was a fair success as measured by earning capacity. The life force which had been strong enough to overlay the spirit drove me at a pressure too high to be healthy, but life was exciting, and I must have been over thirty-five before serious misgivings assailed me. About that time the excitement began to pall; success did not beget happiness, and there was little joy in life. I had not achieved harmony with my world. I was disturbed by the suspicion that I was not making an adequate return to society for what it paid me, and, I now see, that the eternal law of compensation described by the prophetic Emerson was at work. My efforts to "slice off the upper surface of life so thin as to leave it bottomless" had failed, and the law of this world was demanding payment.

It is the law that in the material

world every gain is balanced by an equal loss, but not in the spiritual world. "The soul is not a compensation, but a life. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom." Hence man moves upward. There is here an increment of pure profit without loss.

But the meat and drink on which I had fed my soul were not the bread of life and the living water; I was anhungered and athirst, although barely aware of it. At forty-two I was attacked by a dangerous disease, which gradually reduced my physical power until after eight years the weakened body seemed to release the soul. Would that I had sooner learned the beneficent power of fasting and prayer! When first faced with the prospect of death and lacking the solace of prayer, I knew the meaning of fear. An unhealthy soul had been ill employed, and being unprepared to leap into the unknown, I feared it. For many years a subconscious instinct unlighted by faith had been my only guide, but there came a day when it broke through into consciousness. Conviction of my own weakness, craving for help and willingness to obey, fused into a desire so dominating that it warranted an answer. Groping unskilfully in the spiritual world, I found at last relief in prayer—the expression of my yearning for immortality and for communion with God. My prayer was answered, and I was born again almost exactly at the age of fifty.

The released spirit found a faith that it was a part of God; that if God was immortal, it was immortal, too. This brought me new life and for the first time peace. Perhaps my experience is not altogether normal, but it may be that the steps in the

process will be the same for other men, and that if I can analyze what happened in my case and find the underlying principle which would have helped me, it may serve some other man. But such an undertaking is valueless unless Jesus spoke literal truth when he said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I believe he did. Conversion is necessary to salvation. Conversion saved me from the jangling discord of a will torn between body and soul, polarized my life, and taught me where to look for guidance.

§ 4

The points which now seem to me significant in the process are that, owing to the reaction against dogmatic theology, which was strong at that time, the systematic practice of worship formed no part of my early education; that at college I received no religious training or inspiration; that the greatest preaching of the period did not produce any permanent effect; that my native tendency to individualism, materialism, and intellectual skepticism was emphasized instead of being counteracted by my college course, and that I was given too early a freedom, which I was incompetent to use. As a result of native weakness and the lack of a religious motive my life has been largely wasted. But the essential fact for me to-day is that I was born again, and I have faith to believe that all men are capable of conversion. If this is not true, the house of my faith is built upon the sands.

Conversion is the acid test by which faith is proved. If a man's faith be a true faith, it will appear in his life; it will convert him and synchronize his

acts with the laws of the universe, so that he will display poise and power. This is no question of creeds or philosophical principles. It is *not* a fabric of words, but of acts. A man may deny immortality or even God, but if his way of life shows that he has subordinated his will to the laws of God, he is a twice-born man and son of God.

I cannot believe that conversion is a rare, miraculous, or revolutionary process. Such eminent authorities as Harold Begbie and William James refer to it as a spiritual revolution and cite many examples of conversions of the explosive type in men of middle age which tore the man like an earthquake. It is quite clear that the crust on them was hard. But unless by the word revolution you mean simply a turning around, it does not, I think, accurately describe what takes place in most cases. For conversion is an evolution and not a revolution or catastrophe even in the most explosive cases. In these it is the result of a gradual change of valuation of the spiritual and material goods of a man, as a result of which he finally admits bankruptcy and throws himself on the mercy of his creditor, God. Like the failure of a great merchant, it may come with a crash, but it was long in preparation. Many of you can remember the "Baring panic," produced by the failure of one of the oldest and greatest banking houses in the world. One day all was serene; the next morning when you looked at your newspaper the financial world was in ruins. The event was sudden, but it was no accident. It was the result of unsound methods of business which had been going on for years. Conversion is like that. The merchant

throws himself on the mercy of his creditors and often gets small mercy. But the spiritual bankrupt or convert, throwing himself on the mercy of God, always obtains mercy, but on one condition—his repentance must be sincere; he must make a clean breast of it. His schedule of assets and liabilities must be honest and complete. If it is, he will find God's mercy infinite. This is the story of all the sudden converts. They find that by surrender to God they have an infinite credit on which to draw.

As I have said, these sudden conversions are the result, I think, of a slow process of spiritual evolution. All men must be born again, but not all must go through bankruptcy. As in the case of the merchants, many foresee the progress of changing values and adapt themselves to it in time to avoid bankruptcy. But all men and all merchants must harmonize themselves with the law or be annihilated.

Conversion is, I repeat, the result of a slowly born conviction which forces the man at last to throw up his hands, abandon anarchy, and fall into step with the rest of the universe. It is a process closely akin to many of the evolutionary changes which occur in unself-conscious animals and plants. Those that obey, survive. That is nature's law. Shall the soul of man alone be exempt? The command of the prophet, "Believe in God (that is, obey His law) or go to hell," may seem harsh to you, but it is milder than the command of Nature, "Obey my law or be annihilated."

One might argue from the obvious unity of the universe that the disobedient man, like the disobedient plant, would be annihilated and that, therefore, man in the exercise of free

will can choose between immortality and extinction. But I bid you remember the law of conservation of energy. The animal or plant, or the body of a man, if disobedient may die; but energy and the soul are immortal. Doubtless his obedience to the will of God will affect man's future life as it does his present, and we may accept as true the teaching of Christ, "not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

If conversion is a process of evolution, it should normally occur in such a quiet and natural way as almost to escape notice, which is exactly what I find. Take for example the changes you observe between the wild young undergraduate and the same man a year or two later in the schools of law, medicine, and science, or in some men who marry young. One can think of innumerable cases where changes occurred which marked, I believe, a second birth. The assertion is beyond my power to prove, but I cling stubbornly to the belief that intimate acquaintance would show that all happy, effective, oriented men have passed through the fire and been born again.

And therefore I make bold to assert that all men whose lives are dominated by faith in God have assimilated into their structure all that is essential in the doctrine of immortality, and that the forces engaged in the crusade for a revival of faith can all be massed against the enemy's left wing, so to speak, in which are brigaded those of feeble faith or of no self-conscious faith at all. But because in every one of them the spark of conscience is still alive, they can all be won over. There are none in whom it has gone out;

the hand of man moved by the will of God can fan it into a flame that will burn through the crust and break out of the subconscious.

If you look at the lives of the most degraded, those who of their own free will have sunk almost to the level of brutes, you will see a marvelous thing, for no matter how a man has lived or how low he has sunk, there is always a level to which he will not fall, there is always some baseness to which he will not stoop, some act from which he will recoil with horror. He cannot live at so low a level as to destroy an instinct in him which has a restraining power. The spark of conscience is always alive, waiting to be fanned into flame.

I believe that conversion often begins with the breaking into consciousness of the sense of duty,—conscience becoming self-conscious,—but when I ask myself whether it is always safe for the zealous disciple to try to hasten the process in his brother, I get the answer that it is not. Rare skill is needed or damage will be done, and there is always danger. Self-consciousness of some kinds does great harm. It seems, for example, that the less we think about the operation of our bodies, the better. Beware how you worry about going to sleep or how you fool with that part of the nervous system by which your internal organs are controlled—that which directs the heart, lungs, and the miraculous internal chemistry known as metabolism, by which you turn bread into blood and bone. Make yourself aware, and thereby anxious, about these processes, and they go balky at once and produce the hypochondriac or neurasthenic. Nothing is more certain in this world of uncertainty than that the man who

bothers his head about these processes—that is, he who drags them by the tail from their holes in the subconscious—is unwise. They resist such meddling fiercely, and when you get them out, they bite you. Here of a truth is a danger signal on the road to the subconscious which you had better not run past, for if you do, you wreck your train.

Clearly some processes should remain automatic, but I think not all. Exact information on the subject must come from the experts, but may not a plain man venture to report the guesses which his experience suggests? It may help him to understand the report of the experts when received. We are often self-conscious when we should be automatic, and *vice versa*. Is this the safe rule, Don't meddle with those processes which are older than intellect and memory, but cultivate the younger ones? For instance, the nervous system which controls the bodily functions is common to man and beast, and must, therefore, be older than the intellect. Man could eat long before he could think. The intellect is the child a thousand times removed of the nervous system, which therefore resents the baby's curiosity, as who should say: "I reached my full manhood a million years or so before you were born. Don't teach your grandmother how to suck eggs."

But some of the emotions, including the religious instinct, seem to be the children of mind and memory, and docile under their teaching. The sense of duty, for instance, can reach its full development only with their aid, for thus it grows into the love of God. Conversion, as I have said, is such a development or evolution. The intelligence must be used, but used with skill.

The method of some revivalists, so eager for results that they call emotional hysteria to their aid, has been justly condemned. In dragging the religious instinct out of limbo they bring with it other passions which often fall upon the tender thing and devour it. Skill and caution must be the tools, and they must be guided by the hand of faith. The man who thinks to take conversion out of the hand of God into his own is a public menace, for conversion must begin within the sinner's soul; the seed planted by God's hand must sprout from an inner heat. As I have said before, it cannot be grafted from the stem of logic. The man's conscience must knock before the door is opened. Like the chicken in the egg, it must break the shell before old hen intellect can pluck it out and teach it to live.

If there be a keeper of hens who chances to read this, he will want to remind me that in the process of hatching eggs, hens have now given place to incubators and that my illustration is moldy. I thank him for the thought, but I reply that though many machines have been invented for the purpose of hatching souls, none have succeeded. Man can help the chick to grow; he cannot hatch it.

But the new-born chick has not many feathers; food and shelter must be provided in order that the craving for God born in weakness may grow into love and knowledge of Him and conversion be permanent and complete. This is where religious education comes in. A full-grown faith can protect itself, for it has reached an elevation at which the germ diseases of childhood cannot live. But when it is young, the loving hand of man can be its doctor. It will be attacked

by the germ of intellectual skepticism, and I bid you beware how you send the infant soul to spend a week-end with Science in the house of Logic. It may come home with a cold in its heart. Material reverses, disease, and the loss of friends will often blight the budding spirit; apply the stimulant of consecrated personality, the food of historic faith, and the warmth of common worship.

These are the remedies which have worked for me, and when hours of darkness come, I find deep comfort in reviewing the events in my own life, to many of which I can give no coherent meaning without belief in God.

The doctors of the soul who are licensed to administer these remedies are the ministers, and one thinks that there was never a time when these men had such an opportunity and such power. The profession of the ministry, ever a pursuit of honor, is to-day the most useful career upon which a man can embark. But all men armed with humility and faith may be laborers in this field, for to bring men into conscious harmony with the will of God is the heart and soul of education. All men may help by precept or by the example of their lives, for the evidence of a man's life is the greatest of all educational forces. The mighty tree of faith springs from one of two roots, the craving for immortal life or a controlling sense of duty; both are of adequate power, for both lead toward harmony with the will of God and unify an otherwise divided and futile life. Immortality and faith are one.

Many have it; all can have it. Of the three groups with which I opened, two have merged into one, and the third will lose a member with every man who is born again.

And now I remind you of my formula, "Hit for the solar plexus with a sporting proposition," or, in terms of religious teaching, take the religion of Christ as your weapon and strike for the hearts of men. Thus will the faith of those who believe be strengthened, and those whom the hand of God has prepared for conversion will thus be protected and fed.

Every man and woman is bound as with a first duty to proclaim the faith that is in him. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price." That means you and me. We were bought with a price, and we must pay it.

Every day is doomsday; we are as ever at the cross-roads. To-day the sign-boards read:

"To Faith. To Failure." You must choose between them at peril of your soul, but the choice is simple.

We stand upon the threshold of a religious revival, like runners set upon the mark. The starter has raised his pistol and may discharge it before you leave your seats. It is an opportunity and a duty such as no man now living ever saw, and I beseech you, when you set to your work of preaching the Gospel, preach the Gospel according to Christ, not according to Moses or Loyola, Luther or Lake. Preach the simple faith of Christ, which will never leave you without an answer when men ask about the immortality of the soul.

The Colorado River

A Study of the River and the Canyon

BY MARY AUSTIN

THE first I knew of it was as a dim blue streak, shadow of a shadow, far east from the cinder-colored ranges of Lost Borders, its contours winding like a river, fixed in a motionless unreality. Above it fled a river of shimmering cloud between viewless shores of air, toward which our Paiute swamper Tinnemahá would look inquiringly whenever I asked him for a forecast of the weather.

Anywhere along the whole Colorado Front a score of mountain-peaks may be counted, clearing the thirteen-thousand-foot levels, bold, weather-beaten, sloping steeply to the west. Times they sit shining, appeased as elder gods, surrounded with soft seraglios of clouds. Then come great rages of the desire of mountains, and clouds cast out in tears of rain. One hears the downward swirl of rapid waters between the thunder and the torment of the great wind rivers. Far down, squeezed between walls of two thousand-foot cañons, foam the spurned waters.

Other times it pleases the mountains to clothe themselves with whiteness, wearing the wonder of the deep snow as a man sometimes wears the beauty of a virtuous wife. Then the warmth of the snow's clinging eats into the mountains' strength, until it comes

crashing down in vast avalanches of debris. In this manner is accomplished the desire of mountains to be ground down into dust that shall be man.

Among the upper tributaries of the Grand, the water wears a hollow in the softer rock, affording lakes, stone-rimmed, amber and jade; then grassy willow flats; and as the water goes down and down, fir and yellow pine and free-flowering meadows, between deep, wall-sided troughs. The Grand takes its explicit rise between Long's Peak and Arápahoe, draining south along the Colorado Front. The Snake and Blue rivers draw north from Montezuma and Glacier Park. Powerful mountain streams, wedged between hard, high walls, pour in their ever-foaming waters. Troublesome, Two Elk, Weary Man's Creek—they take expressive names. About Three Rivers' Junction the mountains stand apart, divided by broad, massy tablelands. Here where the Blue and the Grand and the Muddy—which should be called Milky—rivers meet, the confluent passes through the cliff of Gore's Range and turns south. Sagebrush appears; valleys green with cottonwoods are molded in the softer stuff; red buttes stand up.

The Green, whose length stretches

the Colorado to two thousand miles, leaves its cold lakes by swift plunges, cascades as white as wool, falling from three to four hundred feet to the mile. Early in its course the river issues from its mountain steep, to flow clear and unruffled between low, red, and umber-colored hills, flecked with the light green of cottonwoods or darker checkers of ranch fields. Banded, cone-shaped mountains crowd down to the river's bank, or, standing a little distance off, hold hands under the flat headlands.

§ 2

It was hereabout that Powell started his expedition in 1871, the first to make successfully the entire length of the Grand Cañon. A little farther down, Ashley of Missouri, when the green of the cottonwoods was like thin smoke above a land as red as the embers of its ancient fires, launched his bull-boats in the spring of 1825. Here the river goes deep and swift and still between banks fringed with willow and box-elder and cottonwoods. Whitefish, or Colorado salmon, weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds, are caught. Across pale yellow sands, red buttes rear themselves from breast-shaped hills of detritus. Herds of spotted cattle and little, fuzzy wild burros come down to the river to drink.

Then, suddenly, the Rio seems to stop dead at the foot of the Uintah Mountains, trending directly east and west across its course. It is not until the boats are fairly against the mountain that the river is seen to turn abruptly between the many-colored walls of Flaming Gorge. Straight-faced, painted cliffs, so high that their sides seem to lean together, run for incalculable stretches, coloring the

close air with their bright reflections.

The going here is swift, but not dangerous for the boats. Where the gorge recedes, rounding the Horse-shoe turn, beaver make their home, and far-blown water-fowl come up from the gulf to breed. In the intervalles between the series of wall-sided narrows, clear streams enter from the slopes of the Uintahs. Smoke-colored bighorn feed among the rainbow buttes. Where the walls close again, the tireless cliff-swallows build their colonies of frowzy nests. Kingfisher Cañon takes its name from the birds whose plumage tones with the shadowed water. It is not until the flaming sandstone walls of Red Cañon are reached that the rapids begin.

Beyond Red Cañon lies Ashley's Falls, where the trace of Ashley's inscription and the date was discovered by the Powell party; and beyond that, Brown's Hole. The hole was a famous rendezvous of the trappers in old times. About here the hills stand off, terraced, of smooth-faced, burnt red sandstone, having the flats of the terraces clothed with the dark green of cedar and pine. Even in these depleted days Brown's Hole—or, as you find it in recent maps, Brown's Park—is the haunt of abundant game, though not as in the days of Ashley and Manley, when great bands of antelope and deer served to make a figure for the leap of dancing water. Otter and ocelot and beaver lurked here, and the whole land is alive with the glitter of salient peaks, silver-tipped with snow. Even through the duskiest cañons goes the blue dart of the kingfisher, with the song of the water-ouzel rising like bubbles in a clear spring, and the crystal trickle of notes from the cañon wren.

Below the park-like valley, where

the trappers slipped their bales of pelts and refitted for new *pasears*, rises the towering Gate of Lodore. This is more than the beginning of the scarcely intermittent run of fierce rapids and cruel, hidden rocks; it is the beginning of that poverty of invention and the substitution of fancy for imagination which has lined the whole of that magnificent chain of mountain gorges with names that seldom rise above the level of McGuffey's Fifth Reader. They bring you down through Hell's Half-Mile, through Glen Cañon and Labyrinth and Desolation, past Gunnison's Crossing, on the old Mormon Trail, past the Uintah and the Yampa rivers, to the junction of the Green and the Grand. It was at Gunnison's Crossing that Manley, partly through misadventure and partly by persuasive warnings of friendly Indians, abandoned his ferry-boat and broke across country on foot to join the nearest emigrant trail.

Below the junction of the Grand and the Green, the augmented water pours down, a succession of rapids of great pitch and violence, over falls of sharp-cut rocks, and unbroken rushes between beachless shores of thousand-foot cliffs. Of the river here you may read what is written by the Kolb brothers and Dellenbaugh and Powell, how there is a tilted range of many-tinted lamina at the mouth of Yampa, that is to say, Bear River; how the flood waters are often so charged with the red sand of the upper country that fish are smothered in their native element by the excess of sand in their gills. All this you read, along with how many times the boat upset and with what hardihood the one-armed veteran of Shiloh risked himself upon exploratory climbs, of

which the going back was more difficult than the going forward.

§ 3

Here the river runs through the long, bare, rolling valley of the Uintah, home of the Utes, runneled and gullied by local storms that move from centers of dense darkness across the landscape, quivering with the lightning, trailing long, lilac-tinted ropes of rain. Across the vast, pale *abras*, awash with scattered quicksilver of mirage, painted mountains swim in the blue haze.

This is the Land of Standing Rocks. White spires top the square-sided cliffs, red like old blood, or chocolate-colored, greenish gray, like sage-brush after the *torneo* has passed. Ashley Valley is a Mormon paradise where the sound of dropping fruit is heard and the bee-weed crowding the fences makes the roadsides fragrant. Beyond it are high, grassy intervalles and wastes of wind-sculptured sandstone rounded like the backs of prehistoric beasts come up out of the deep to feed.

All the rivers here are self-colored by the land, between thin ribbons of green. Indian writings are cut into the rocks, and in the very cañons of the Colorado, cliff dwellings, with the ladders still hanging in place from their deserted balconies, snuggle into the *cuevas*. Back from the rivers arise the flat-topped, straight-faced remnants of an older land, bright-hued tali sloping to the yellow sand. Old eagles nest hereabout. There was a Ute who came down to Tesuque in the winter of 1918 to be instructed in the Eagle Dance who told me that his people had visited certain aeries for a known two hundred years, to gather the feathers that no man might mount

on his war-bonnet until the council had well considered the coup worthy to be commemorated.

The last series of gorges through which the river runs, below the gorges of the Green and Grand to the marble gate of Grand Cañon, is called Glen Cañon. Here the explorer who has safely cleared Cataract Cañon, flung down dark inclines and around fallen cliff-sides as huge as houses, with a raging sound and great tossings of the water's yellow mane, may find, in so far as terms of pleasantness may be used for the race of the Rio Colorado, comparatively pleasant going. Clear streams drop down past the *cuevas* in a silver rain, lining their courses with lace-work of fragile ferns. Other times they come slipping through the palisaded cliffs, bordered with beaver-meadows where all the greenness and color of the West, which waits invisibly on the flow of water as music waits in the air on the vibration of the aerial, breaks into the happiest expression; wild bloom and the footless, iridescent whirl of the humming-bird between sky-reaching walls.

At its extreme southern end Glen Cañon widens to receive the Paria, river and vale and headland, to which Lee, the renegade Mormon who was charged with the responsibility of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, fled with the most faithful of his wives. I knew one of the men supposed to have dipped his hands in the blood of those unfortunate emigrants,—a tall, prophet-bearded, fanatical-looking creature, all the furnishings of whose house were so arranged that his back would be always against a wall; who never stood in any company unless the company was all in front of him; who never ate or slept without his gun

crooked in the hollow of his arm,—and I thought perhaps Lee welcomed the far-riding figure of the law when at last it found him. Just about here the Arizona state line crosses, and that region of country lying between the Grand Cañon and Utah and Nevada was for long, because of its inaccessibility, a resort for wanted men.

Half-way between the juncture of the Green and the Grand and the lowering gate of Marble Cañon, the San Juan River makes its *entrada* from the east. Poured down in foaming rills from the south-facing slopes of the great granitic knot of the Colorado Rockies, the San Juan makes a slow curve south to gather in the sandstone cañons, in which rivers seldom run now except during rains. Here in Chaco, Mancos, Cañon de Chelly, Las Animas, rose the peak of pre-Columbian culture in the Southwest. All streams in this region turn into the San Juan basin, draining east as far as Mesa Fachada, which the Navajo call Saydegil. It is all Navajo country hereabout, sage-brush and bunch-grass country, a land of seasonal rivers, and water-holes about which the peach-tree grows wild and is at home.

Back from the mouth of Aztec Creek, a matter of five or six miles, rises the dome of Navajo Mountain. Bold shadows on its jagged sides give it a shadowy look. Down its south slope, facing the direction from which the nursing clouds are blown, runs a thin forest of low-branched cedar and pine. Bleak it looks, and pale, arising from a great sandstone platform, red-and orange-striped, rounded and nodular, as sandstone weathers. In a side cañon dropping down from its north slope, in a wilderness of boulders so formidable that I suppose I shall

never be able to make my way there, stands the flying arch of Rainbow Bridge. I saw a shadow picture of it once, woven into a Navajo rug, through which humble medium its beauty and proportions struck so fearsomely that nothing would have persuaded me to set foot upon it. I quite understood what its discoverer told me of his Navajo guide who would not pass under the arch because he had forgotten the prayers appropriate to such passage.

El vado de los Padres, the ford which Escalante found, which afterward became the crossing for the Old Spanish Trail to the gold-fields of California, is just below Navajo Mountain. Just beyond it the river plunges between the walls of a marble gorge that by the rapid rise of the plateau on each side is made to seem as if it dropped suddenly into that under-world to which its path was once supposed to be the trail.

Half-way down to the turn which sets the great dragon cañon sprawling across the corner of Arizona, the eastern wall gives way for the *entrada* of the Little Colorado. The number of persons who can speak with personal knowledge of the river between the *entrada* of the Little Colorado and the lower end of Boulder Cañon may be counted on the fingers of one hand: Dellenbaugh, Stanton, the Kolb brothers; perhaps some others. From point to point of the plateau one sees how the river runs, sometimes between a sheer wall and a shallow bank of sand, with strips and splashes of greenness, but oftener at the bottom of a trough of detritus from which the striated cliffs rise sheer to the sky-line. In Marble Cañon it goes without shores, between straight-sided, gleaming walls;

vermilion and ocher, blue and saffron, like the sections of petrified wood one smuggles out of Adamana.

On still days the air is shaken with the roaring sound of the water forced through the narrows, audible far back from the brink of the cañon. Where the walls recede, the river shows opaque and yellowish, like a celluloid river in a panorama, with faint flecks of light and motion difficult to translate into the proper terms of raging rapids. Now and again it disappears in the black gash of the inner cañon toward Sipapu.

That very point at the crossing of Bright Angel Trail is the Hole in the Ground out of which, in the Days of the New, the Hopi came. From Hermit Rim the river writhes like a snake that, raging desperately against the steady up-push of the land, has stuck its fangs into its own side. For this river that drains an area about equal to the Republic of France does not proceed after the manner of rivers, seeking the land's lowest place. Not at least after it strikes the Colorado plateau.

§ 4

This is a vast orderly country once laid down on the denuded earth-core as sea-bottom, now lying through almost its whole extent more than a mile above sea-level. By many steep *bajadas*, by meandering lines of castellated cliffs, tracing the flexures and fractures of its structural swells, it is divided into subsidiary plateaus, having each its own special interest. It was laid down in thousand-foot bands of limestone and shale, red, ocherous, sea-gray, and green, and so remains, tilted slightly toward the axis of the up-thrust. West, it runs to the pali-

sades of the Virgin River, beyond which the California desert drops from two to three thousand feet. East of the Grand Cañon the plateau tilts down to the foot of Echo Cliffs, breaking high and abruptly between Marble Cañon and Moencopie Wash. Across this series of tilted table-lands, all the while that it was being slowly pushed skyward, the Rio Colorado cut its way.

Against the steady gnawing of the river rose the land, as a log is pushed against a moving saw. Below the *entrada* of the Little Colorado there must have been times when the land rose faster than the river could eat through the marble walls. Here the evidence of its balked fury stuns appreciation. Beyond this point the river bends about the south front of Kaibab plateau, rising almost half a mile above the Marble Cañon country, which dips eastward here and loses itself under the painted mesas.

The thing to marvel at about the Grand Cañon is that man should find it so in his nature to be astounded by the thousand-foot reach of a valley wall only when it happens to be arranged vertically in space. The towhee, the junco, and the piñonero flit ceaselessly over the rim and back again. The whisk-tailed squirrels are no more fearful of falling into that awful gulf than you are of dropping into interplanetary space. You wonder why we so constantly adjure childhood to be "too big to be afraid," when it is evidently a much happier state to be too small for it. The cedar and the white-fringed mountain mahogany go over, seeking down sheer walls and along the many-hued talus their familiar levels. On the Tonto plateau they give place to sage-brush,

and next to the feather-foliaged grease-wood. Far down on the hot zone of the lowest cañon levels the yuccas and agaves consort with the dust-colored cat-claw and the cacti. On the north rim, where living streams come down the rocky stairs, they bring with them all the bloom and the bird song whose succession makes the charm of long mountain slopes. Caught all at once in this vertical sweep, it fixes forever the standard of comparison for men whose constant measure is of up- and downness.

There must be something in this way of seeing things that is native to the deepest self of man, for once it is seen, there is no way afterward of not seeing it. Any time now, and sometime whether I will or not, by a mere turn of attention, over the shoulder of my mind, as it were, I see it there, as I loved most to see it, the noiseless dance of island towers, advancing, retreating; cliffs burning red from within; the magical, shifty shadows, the vast down-throw of Kaibab, grape-colored, with a bloom on it of refracted light; the twin, ember-glowing towers between which in the last day all the Navajo will come riding, riding down to Sipapu, old chiefs and older, he who broke the Chaco towns, lance-armed raiders, shield on elbow from the Shiprock region, fierce renegades from El Bosque Redondo, brass-buttoned cavalry scouts, wound-striped khaki from Château-Thierry—riding, riding, red fire in the west and shadows blue as morning.

As I passed Yavapi I saw the cloud flock sleeping, as I have seen seal sleep with their noses resting on a point of rock, swaying with the sea's motion. More lightly still the clouds slept, until, as if my step had startled them,

they began to scatter and rise, feeling for the wind's way, taking hands when they had found it, curling up and over the rim. Almost immediately I heard, far below, the soft *hee-haw* of the little wild burros, long-eared like rabbits, rabbit-color, coming to drink of the cloud dew, in the pits of the rocks where they had rested. It was almost at this same place that I saw on another occasion the dim face of Rainbow Boy behind the cloud-film in the rainbow halo. I am not sure that the other tourists saw anything but the changing configuration of the cliff through the cloud-drift, but that was their misfortune. It is only as they please that Those Above show themselves in the rainbow, which, when the sun is low, is perfectly round here, or the moonbow, faint and fluctuating on the level floor of cloud below the cañon rim.

Below Havasu, where the fig and the vine go wild, and the tribe takes its name from the sky-colored pools below the cascades (People of the Blue Water), the cañon walls draw together; down where the river foams and gurgles the sun never reaches. Here the gorge is partly choked with lava, and the black rock clinks when struck, like metal. In the tributary cañons civet-cat and ocelot prowl, and otters fish in the clearing flood. There are beaver on those infrequent streams, but the lack of trees to gnaw keeps them out of the dark, beachless stretches.

§ 5

Beyond the *entrada* of the Virgin River from the north, the Colorado turns and widens, the hills stand back. This is the site of the projected dam which, with a system of control dams at points farther up all the way to

Wyoming, will convert the river's fury into terms of power. Below the turn the gorges are of diminished splendor, as the plateau breaks down by less and less steep *bajadas* to the level of the Mohave Desert. Here it goes with a steady, wide surge over hard bottom. Beyond Black Cañon and Pyramid and Bill Williams the desert pushes up close along the river. The last of the cinder cones, streaked with white and vermilion ash, and the black lava masses are left behind. Here the mesquite and the creosote line the sandy washes, the ocotillo shakes its scarlet-tipped thyrses against the black rock, and the flat branchlets of the prickly-pear are lined with rose and white and saffron-colored flames.

Between Bill Williams and the Gila, the river seems to flow, as Alarcón, being towed up it by the worshipful Cócopahs as a son of the sun, observed, on a raised way of its own making, built up of enormous deposits of silt in its retarded course. To the west the land falls away in a glimmering desert basin, the Salton Sink, the logical continuation northward of the California Gulf. There must have been a time when Lower California was the island Alarcón expected to find, with the sea tides racing between San Jacinto and San Bernardino. Then the mountains lifted both together, and set back the sea race toward the south. At that time the *entrada* of the Rio Colorado must have been about where Yuma is now, until by the steady pouring of its sands it built a bar across the head of the estuary toward Cócopah Mountains, and cut off the Salton Basin. Not all at once or permanently. Century by century the wilful river would break back into the inland sea,

flooding and filling, until, in turn, the lake water cut the bar and mingled with the gulf again.

The last time it did that was four hundred years ago, and the last time it tried was in the first decade of this century, when it had man to reckon with. In modern times there have been long intervals when the bottom of the Salton Sea lay as the Americans, looking for a transcontinental pass through the coastal mountains, found it in 1855: an interminable, low-lying, white desert, stretching from the pass of San Gorgonio in the direction of the California Gulf. It was after this discovery that we bought from Old Mexico the strip of country lying along the southern border of Arizona, known as the Gadsden Purchase.

The term Salton Sea applies only to the recent overflow, which by no means covered the old lake bed, called after the tribes of that region, Lake Cohahuilla; but the whole of that lacustrine area, as outlined by the ancient beach lines and terraces and the bordering detrital slopes of the mountains, is best known as the Colorado Desert. The Salton area is a spoon-shaped basin between the Santa Rosa and the Chuckwalla Mountains, pointed toward the gateheads of San Jacinto and San Bernardino.

Forget now, if you know, how our border runs here. Forget if you can that short-sighted instinct of ours for the thing that promises most for the moment to the interested parties, which we call our business sense, by which our border was run in the worst possible place for the future that the land and river promised. It should have dropped from Nogales along the Sonoran crest to Guymas and taken

in the whole of Baja, California, and might once or twice, despite initial error, have been laid there had it not been for our characteristic tendency to label as impractical any project which knows intimately, looks far, and feels profoundly. But there, at least, the land lies, one vast alluvial plain and delta, hot under the sun, cooled by vast rushes of wind up from the gulf or down from the Pacific across the pass of San Gorgonio, watered by the perpetual race of mountain-seeking cloud-drift. And fertile! After the subsidence of spring floods, the gentle Yuma pokes a hole with his toe in the freshly deposited silt, drops a corn there, presses it in with the ball of his foot, and goes fishing until harvest. In the mountains of San Jacinto, passing south, gold is found; there is kunzite, garnet, and beryl, rose pink or diamond white.

The Gila comes in from the east, wide and slow and intermittent as the seasons run. It drains from the south slope of the Mogollon Rim, east by the Mimbres of New Mexico, north by the Salada to the White Mountains and by the Rio Verde to Bill Williams Mountain and the southern slope of that divide, of which the north slope provides the blue water of the Havasupai. From the south the San Pedro River reaches the goal in good seasons, and the Santa Cruz, passing Tucson. Opposite Maricopa Point, where the Gila turns south around Gila Mountains, it receives the Hassayampa. This is a river inconsiderable except that its waters have a virtue by which, after having drunk them, you see the world all rainbow-colored—as all poets and most Arizonians see it.

These things are important; they come down with the river as the silt

comes, and enrich the human history enacted there. All this color, the splendor of mountains and the broad lift of the mesas, the river's mighty rages, the drama of the Grand Cañon, the tribal legends, the wild asses drinking at the cloud pools, the cities of our ancients—these come down to the habitable lands and spread something as precious to the culture that arises there as the alluvium of the delta. Never to the deltas of the Nile or the Ganges, never to Tigris and Euphrates, came a richer residuum of the things that make great and powerful cultures.

Powerful, I mean, in their capacity to affect the history of all culture. Out of one of the great racial strains, rearing out of history as the massive range of the Colorado Front lifts from the continental axis, a human stream pours into that country. Thin trickles of it show in Ashley and Green valleys, along the tributaries of the San Juan and the Little Colorado; along the Gila and the Salada are widening pools of it. About the upper end of the Coahuilla, above the Salton Sink, where the old beach lines are still traced by the windrows of spiny shrubs and salt-bush, there is an overflow from the fat coastal valleys. Beyond these, the delta waits the turning of the power of descending waters into the invisible push of electric currents.

Across all these the river finds its secret, sullen way. Now and then the cut banks of sandy loam between which it flows cleave in huge cakes, and the river takes them gulpingly. Below the intake of the Imperial Canal it works south until the edge of

the Sonora mesa turns it west toward the back-water called Volcano Lake. There a season or two ago its wooden barrow-way was all that kept the river flood from rolling back into the new vineyards of its ancient inland sea. Beyond here are the geysers of boiling mud and the steam-pots which Melchior Diaz found. But before that the Cócopahs had made use of them as an ordeal against witchcraft. Let a tribesman but be suspected, and in he went; and as evidence of the correctness of Cócopah judgment, it is reported that none ever cleared himself by coming up again. Beyond Volcano Lake the main course of the river still bears the name of that estimable young lieutenant of the British Royal Navy who first mapped it, and was so disturbed over the paucity of chemises among the native ladies.

Beyond the southern spur of Cócopah Mountains the Rio Colorado meets the rush of blue water making toward its ancient islets, and sets it back by the very force of its opposing tides. Where the red flood is jammed back against the delta, it lets go its load of silt in great shoals. Where the tide reeves them out again, the dust of granite mountains is distributed along the sea-bottom, and raises the shore-line century by century.

But who shall say, when they have made it the foundation of cities and rich orchards, from what mountain, by what deep-driven tributary, any more than they shall say of the culture there in another hundred years, what strains, American or Spanish or Amerind, went to its making?

The Other Gate

BY VERE HUTCHISON

"The present is only the past entered by another gate"

ANNE BARRET had lived fifteen years at Loswithalle. She had married the Miller Barret, and there was none so respected as the miller; she had brought one son into the world, and her ways were the ways of an orderly married woman, yet Loswithalle still considered her foreign to them, not of their kind—a stranger woman. She had been that and nothing more when fifteen years back she had come with others for the hop-picking. Those others went on their way; Anne lingered on. She lodged then over old Mother Carraway's shop; she paid her way at first, and was known as a silent, solitary creature not given to chatter, like other villagers. Then suddenly she started working for Mother Carraway herself, and then here and there picking up any sort of jobs which might come her way. It seemed there was little she could not easily adapt herself to, and when she went to Westway's farm as milker and general dairy-hand, no one was very surprised.

But when she married the miller, they had a bit more to say. Not that they had much against Anne herself; there was no wrong in her that any one could make out: it was against the miller himself they had the grudge, for marrying away from his kind, for lov-

ing a stranger woman, foreign to them, different as against their woman folk and their woman folk's ways. From the very first, when the draggled band of pickers trudged into the fields, hot, untidy, weather-beaten, and down at heel, yet with a kind of rakish good humor, Anne followed alone; worked with them, ate with them, slept where they might choose to pitch, yet seemingly had no part with them, no place in their life. Against that shabby band she was as noticeable and strange as a robin among a group of ragged sparrows. Tall and beautiful in her height, built graciously, and moving freely; tawny hair and tawny eyes, which looked you full in the face with just a suggestion of suspicion in their depths; a hungry mouth and a queer hoarse voice, which some men liked, but women made scoff of—that was Anne.

Then she married Barret. And Loswithalle, surprised and possibly indignant, settled down to accustom itself to this stranger. There was not one who could point to any fault in her, but they were not on the outlook for faults. Her solitary ways from the very first were well known to them, she had made no deliberate set at Barret; as his wife they could but approve her excellent domesticity. But they were

people of set ways and customs; neither their men or women went so very far afield with their wooing.

They knew nothing of Anne. She had given her name as Mason and spoke of London; it meant nothing to them. They regarded her always as foreign to them; they received her kindly, but considered her no more than a stranger woman.

This after fifteen years. She had a son, and yet it appeared as if this very son only added to their regard toward her. Had he been like his mother in any single way, they might have altered their opinion; but not a hair of him could be traced to her. They called him "Barret's boy" in the village; they talked of his "father," not of his "mother"; Anne was simply Anne Barret. It has been said there was something uncommon in Anne; there was nothing of the sort with either husband or son. Barret was a square figure of a man, head, hands, feet, cut in the same blunt fashion; steady eyes, steady mouth; slow and heavy in speech and walk, and the son was as like him as two peas, the same fair, stolid body, the same sober outlook. And in the big clean house Anne was as different from these two as she had been from the pickers she followed into the fields of Loswithalle.

Loswithalle stood right back from the sea, a good twenty miles from Horncastle and considerably less from Lincoln. A long, straggling street with whitewashed cottages and thatched roofs—that was Loswithalle. At its top there stood the rather clumsy inn, the Harvester, with outlying barns and stables and a blacksmith's shop in its yard. Barret's windmill, its great sails spread like a huge fan against the sky, marked its finish.

There also ran the river, one way to Old Bridge, the other out to the sea. Coasters would come as far as the miller's to bring coal and timber, to take back flour and grain; for Barret did nearly all his business this way, only a little by rail.

From her side window Anne could watch their loading and unloading, see the sacks stacked high, and watch the men, awkward and clumsy, staggering about their whitened tops, continually enveloped in a cloud of rising dust. Sometimes there would be women with them, wives or daughters. Frequently, then, they would spend the day in the old straggling garden of the miller's, joining with the whole party at the midday dinner. They were for the most part full of talk. They showed a free, easy manner, which went oddly with Barret's stolidity; but they got on with him well enough, for he had a slow wit, which amused. It was Anne who disturbed them; she seemed to sit apart, disinterested, aloof, seeing always to their comforts, providing a most excellent meal, but she joined in their chatter hardly at all. They thought her cold, "stand-offish," and indeed it would appear she hardly noticed them.

Considering, then, Loswithalle and its scarce three hundred souls, it was not to be expected the outbreak of war in nineteen fourteen made so very much difference. A few younger sons from outlying farms went, two or three from the village; but as for years its ancient peace had been undisturbed, so even now it continued remote and apart, placidly going about its usual business. Only at nights, about a much thumbed daily paper, groups would gather and argue at the Harvester, to ponder solemnly over the latest

news and shake their heads over the scarcity of good grain and the like, and figure to themselves they were being badly used, for crops were crops and war was, after all, only war. This, until the soldiers came.

On a red-hot summer's day, when the dust lay thick, and the river scarcely stirred—the Twenty-fifth Easterners passed down the street, sweating, brown-faced, dusty men, staring from side to side, laughing at any face they might chance to see, and some even calling out—the Twenty-fifth, the famous "Yellows," lively, easy, swaggering young fellows, to their training-camp half a mile down the river. They had been expected, but not realized. There had been men and wagons some few weeks before, pegging out tents, erecting huts. An officer at the inn inquired about billets, water, supplies, and the like. But those were but a few, and these were many; there went a stir through Loswithalle, a sudden disquiet: here were many men, different, somehow, from their men.

Anne watched them from her window. They had to pass along the opposite bank of the river and so by a narrow lane to their camp. They stared with some interest at the miller's yard and windmill. Some of the men working on a tramp called and whistled; a woman there kissed her hand, and they shouted back to her over their shoulders as they swung off to the left, down the lane. Anne could see all this; behind the curtains, she was shadowed from their eyes, neither did she attempt to show herself. Seeing her face then, it would have been difficult to conjure up her thoughts. It was as if she had become entirely withdrawn into herself.

Watching her as she went about her work, it seemed as if two separate beings at that instant held charge of her, the one who laid the table, set out plates and glasses, stirred some dish upon the fire, and at a side-table ironed swiftly and methodically her husband's shirts; the other, a woman who every now and then paused to raise her head and look before her into space, as if she were listening or thinking.

It was Barret who broke her quiet. Coming in that evening for supper, he called to her where she was making butter.

"Anne! Anne! I've a visitor for you; another plate, my girl. I'll swear he's rare and hungry." And she could hear him laugh.

She could hear another man, not what he was saying; she only caught the difference in tone, her husband's slow and thick, this stranger's harsh, yet with a decided drawl.

She put down the dish she had been holding and came into the room. Barret was taking his boots off. In the doorway a young man in khaki stood lounging. She glanced at him quickly, then away to her husband; she put a hand to the table and said sharply:

"Stephen—"

He looked up, his face very hot and red, but grinning at her.

"There, now," he said, chuckling, "what did I say? I knew she'd be fair surprised. Why, Anne my dear, you've got to put up with this grand fellow for a while, as I can see; he's billeted on us: that's what his papers say. He's to bide along with us."

He came awkwardly into the room.

"Give you good evening, ma'am; hopes I'm not likely to be putting you out."

She had both her hands on the table, and was staring him hard in the face. A young man, brown and lean and hard, with a jaunty mustache and monkey eyes which gave a sudden mournful air to an otherwise rakish expression. He had taken his cap off, and his hair was black, raven black; he appeared to be regarding her as intently as she was regarding him, but, unlike her, with amusement.

He was waiting for her to speak; so was Barret. She said coldly:

"We were never told of this." She looked at her husband.

He seemed surprised, possibly even a little disappointed at her manner. He went so far as to glance apologetically at the soldier.

"Why, my dear, you're not surely forgetting we had an officer here a while back, warning us, with our spare room an' all."

The soldier looked from one to the other and appeared suddenly concerned; he cried eagerly:

"I brings me own rations, y' know, ma'am. Y' ll find me easy and quiet-like. Bless you, I'm used to fitting in an' keeping out o' the way; this ain't the first time I've been boarded out, and you can always report me, y' know, for bad behavior." He laughed at her slyly.

She began to turn down her sleeves. Her arms were very strong and white, well shaped and capable; so were the hands. She was not looking at either of them now, being intent on buttoning the cuffs. She said:

"My husband will take you upstairs." Then, with a swift lift of her head: "No; Albert, you—here is my son, he will show you."

The boy who came in, fair, awkward, good-humored, somewhere about four-

teen, and very like his father, cried in high glee:

"Be he lodging with us?" and stretched for the man's kit, which he had heaped on the floor. "This way; I'll give a hand."

"Why, that's me boy," said the soldier. "Easy does it, and don't you get worrying, ma'am. I'll not get in your way."

At the doorway to the stairs she called to him suddenly:

"What's your name, then?"

He turned to face her again.

"No more than number seven three six, Company B, to the colonel; but with my friends I'm Widcombe, Harry Widcombe out of Greenwich, London way."

She saw him but a little for the first week or so. It might be that she avoided him, or he had enough on his hands to keep him clear of the house excepting at meal-times. She knew he had idle hours; she knew very well how he spent them. Any evening at the Harvester, any Sunday walking the fields with any pretty face who might choose to walk with him, any afternoon one of a mixed party crammed into a boat and so down the river and late to return. It could not be said he was in her way; it could not be said he caused her any upset, for he had neat, clean ways and gave her much respect: but if she moved aloof and strange before, it was the more noticeable now.

§ 2

She was setting about supper one day when he came down from his room. She looked up surprised and inquiring. He lounged toward a table and sprawled there in a chair.

"I've been snoring," he told her,

and stretched his arms wide and yawned. "Did y' hear me babbling? I 've a proper way o' chatting in my sleep, not likely to win a bedfellow if that 's known."

She stopped in the act of putting the tea-pot on the table and stared at him.

"Do you talk in your sleep?"

He nodded.

"And sing! Ask them who shared with me in France."

She stood poised with the pot in her hand, her brows wrinkled.

"I knew a man who did that."

He cocked his head at her, inquiringly, rather like a cheeky bird.

"Not a pretty trick; ain't it unusual, though?"

She put the pot on the table and turned away.

"Is it?"

He began to whistle softly, eying her all the while, his face in his hands, his sad monkey eyes half closed. He asked:

"Supper ready?"

She called from the inner kitchen.

"It 's later Fridays; market day at Spilsbury."

He said:

"Goin' to wait for 'em?"

She told him curtly, "Yes." Whereupon he sighed and, drawing a cigarette from behind his ear, wetted it heavily, struck a match on his boot, and stared away up at the ceiling. She came in presently with a well heaped tray and began to lay the table.

He said suddenly, his eyes still on the ceiling.

"Seems odd, seeing you here."

She cried, startled:

"What 's that you 're talking?"

He stared round at her.

"You don't belong here; that 's what

I mean. You 've a strange sort of look, like as I 've seen—" He gaped at her, the cigarette hanging to his lip—"in towns. Out o' place, that 's what you seem here."

She cried furiously:

"What if I am?"

He said:

"Why, bless you, nothing, nothing. Only it strikes me queer; you 're liker me than anybody here, and that 's queer, if you like."

She gave an odd hoarse laugh.

"You 've some cheek."

She left the tray and went to stand against the open door, staring out across the yard to the river. Somewhere beyond the camp they were practising bugle-calls. First one rang out, then another; then far away, farther inland on the left, came a thin, faint answer. Twilight was falling; blue shadows lay across the white floured yard; a flock of ducks sweeping the skies came suddenly to view and as suddenly were gone; from the sea came the low, mournful siren of some ship.

He came over and joined her, lounging opposite, and staring with her beyond the river.

"Pretty, ain't it? Dull, though, and dismal, I say; fair gives you the creeps." He shuddered. "Not like London. Why did you leave it?"

She answered him quietly, like a woman hard pressed now, unresisting.

"How should I know London?"

He said:

"Oh, I dunno; my fancy. It 's poor fish who don't. It 's the world, London. This river—" He sniffed and laughed contemptuously. "Think o' calling this a river!"

She asked:

"What do you call a river?"

He grunted scornfully at that.

"London River. Where ships o' proper size come up; foreigners, too, some of them, from all sorts o' rum parts. I know 'em. I been a docker afore I joined up; I been most things by the old river. Always something doing there, daytime, night-time; don't I know it, sweating in the bloody trenches? Nothin' like it; and at night when all them lights come up—" He paused suddenly and spat furiously. "S'trewth, they fair drive you dotty, those lights."

He caught her arm suddenly, impatient and irritable.

"You know. Why make a game about it? You 're not the one to forget; what y' 're trying at?"

She shook him off violently and cried passionately:

"Have done with this nonsense! Who are you? Where have you come from? What are you spying here for? This talk—this fancy talk of yours, what does it mean?"

He lit another cigarette, stared at her insolently, the flickering match still between his fingers.

"Then you can speak? Got a proper flare, you have. Reminds me—" He paused, smiling, dropped the match, and crushed it beneath his boot.

She came suddenly very close to him.

"Reminds you of what?"

He said slowly:

"My father."

She drew away from him, stammering, wide-eyed.

"Your father?"

He leaned over to her.

"Which of us is it you want to forget, eh, *Mother*?"

She sprang away like a cat, panic

in her eyes, her hand clasped to her mouth. He followed her leisurely and amused.

"Aw, now, why be scared? They 're all out; none but us two. What 's the worry?"

She still stared, gaping and full of horror. She stammered:

"What 's that you were saying? Who are you to use that name to me?"

"I say, I like that!" He laughed contemptuously. "Who am I? Hell! you know well enough. Ain't I your dear, your darling son?"

She faced him suddenly; like a wild fury she attacked him.

"Lies! lies! lies! Is it money you want? Is it a game you 're after? I 'll learn you. I 've heard that sort o' bold talk before. You 've a tricky manner of speaking, my lad, but you 'd best look out. Try it elsewhere, that 's all. Wait for my husband to hear—tell him, same as you 've told me. That 's all I say."

He looked at her knowingly.

"Ah, an' suppose I do; what then?"

She repeated, breathless:

"What then? Why, why—"

He said with insolent familiarity:

"Aw, stow it, *Mother*." He walked to the table and sprawled on its edge, watching her. "That 's just it. You would n't let him know, you would n't let any one of these here—" he jerked his head scornfully in the direction of the street—"know a word of what 's been between us two. I don't blame you, though Lord knows why you buried yourself among such smugs; but I want to chat with you, easy like, as we ought, you and I. Bless you, I don't want to talk to him nor them. Why should I? But you must n't get rattled, else I might. See, *Mother*?"

She sat down slowly; she let her arm

slide to her sides and finger her dress. She had a beaten look about her; only her eyes were curiously alive. She said sullenly:

"How came you to find me out?"

He cried out cheerfully:

"Now that 's talking, that is. That 's—"

She cut him short, beating furiously with her knuckles on the chair-leg.

"Hurry! Hurry, can't you? They'll be here soon."

He said, aggrieved:

"All right, all right." He leaned back, staring at her, twirling his mustache. "You must ha' been a beauty when he courted you—"

She flung round on him.

"None o' that! I 'm asking you, how came you to find me out?"

He began suddenly to fumble in his tunic. Producing a post-card, he handed it to her.

"There y' are; p'raps y' 'll believe now? Sent it to me, he did; some fellow took it for half a pint."

She got up and went to the door; she stood staring down at the bit of cardboard. She said:

"Yes, that 's him, that 's Harry."

The soldier went on. "That 's his pub; got it after they 'd given him a blighty one—"

She broke in:

"He was wounded?"

"Went mine-sweeping. Lame as a dog with three legs now, and always will be, I reckon." He stretched a hand. "Here, give it over." She seemed to hesitate, then handed it back silently.

"I 'm still waiting," she told him. "How did you know?"

He tucked the picture away in his pocket, swinging his legs with a jaunty air.

"'Cause I knew your name; guv'nor told me that soon as I could walk. Fair sick he was, with you popping off and leaving me; told me what you were like, too. I knew well enough what to expect." He looked very sly. "He 's a rare one, the guv'nor! Chap in my platoon out in France he knew you: name o' Fisher,—you would n't know of him,—said you fell in with him and some others, fruit picking; stayed with them, too, and left 'em out here. Talking o' gals, we were. He had a way with him, that fellow! Then said, easy like, y' know, how 's he 'd never met a one so stand-offish as you, and yet blessed if he did n't hear later on you 'd married. Well, there you are; I 've told you. See, I knew the name, recognized it soon as he mentioned it; not likely to forget my mother's name, an' I knew your looks, an' this fellow did, too. That 's what I meant when I said you must ha' been a beauty. 'T ain't likely I 'd mean offense by that, seeing as what we are; but that 's what it is; y' 're strange like; not the sort to forget easy."

She said slowly:

"He forgot me."

"The guv'nor? Bless you, he 's that way; you can't be hard on him."

She cried angrily:

"Why not? He was hard on me. Why not? Because he 's a man, and I 'm a woman? Is that it?"

He looked surprised.

"Oh, well, it 's the way o' things."

She asked sharply:

"Does he know?"

He shook his head.

"Not him; I 'm not the one to talk."

He went on: "Don't suppose I should ha' thought of you again if I had n't been sent here. Why should I?"

She repeated:

"Why should you?" She looked at him suddenly with a new interest; she brooded on him, sitting there; he was her son. Up till now she had known only one child, Albert. She asked, "Did he treat you fair?"

He nodded.

"As well as he treats any one; reckon you know his ways same as me. It's ups and downs with the guv'nor."

"That's so." She appeared to be thinking deeply. She went on: "He was all right at the first; I might have been the only woman he'd ever known by the way he went on. I was young then, not twenty; and you were right, there was n't a girl to touch me in the street, and there was n't a man I'd let touch me but Harry. That's how it was, heaven until you came; then he dropped off. 'T was n't as if I'd any claim on him, not even you. You were n't a proper claim, so I just hung on. Sometimes he'd be gone for days and nights, and I'd seen him—and her. Sometimes I'd have luck, and we'd walk out together as we used. Oh, you need n't talk about your London river and its lights. Don't I know it? Don't I remember? The flares along the barrows, the shops, the band at the corner, old Ling's coffee-shop, and how we'd dance there. You're young; you don't know; you only talk fancy talk, but I'm old, I'm past forty and I've memories. I'm starving, starving."

He stared at her, amused and a little incredulous.

"Seems silly like t' me to chuck your chance away if you were so gone on it all. Oh, I know he's a one, the guv'nor, but there—are y' any better off now?"

She was on her feet and close to him, her face flaming, her eyes hot.

"If you stay here, you'll stop that kind of talk." Then her face seemed to change, grow suddenly wistful, questioning. "But you're like Harry; too much like him. Harry's son."

And she kissed him.

§ 3

New days for her. She might have been young again, and Harry courting her, only this was his son, their son. Whispered talks with him, stolen meetings, things she could do that she had never done before excepting with that first, that always remembered love; things she would do now that she had never done for her husband or Albert. Flowers in his room, cigarettes slipped cunningly into his drawer, a neatly stitched lavender bag among his handkerchiefs. She had never done these things for her husband, for Albert; she had ever been the good wife and excellent mother, but—she was beginning to make new discoveries which shocked her not a little, yet set her thinking the more. She did not do those things, because with those two her actions were governed entirely by her own vague conception of duty and what was demanded of her on account of the bond which bound all three together. But she had no duty toward either Harry or this other son; neither was there any bond. Out of a free, reckless passion had come this free-born child; it was her heart that told her to do these things; no duty here.

He thought her queer, this strangely discovered mother of his. He was the type to whom parentage meant nothing. He had received little from his father; he now began to wonder just how much it might be possible to get from this mother. Not just

affection; he was n't that kind. From a girl, yes; from a mother only foolish. That which she gave him, and all the little things she earnestly set about doing, he accepted with certain amusement, knowing the while it was his father she held in her mind; he was a mere symbol of a dead past. It neither irritated nor distressed him; he was simply amused. That women could be so soft, that men could make them so! It increased his vanity; he began to consider himself with a greater air than before. He might get anything out of this strange, warm creature, but he would not be too hasty. In his time he had learned a cunning way with women; he would wait a while. That waiting would be worth this maudlin gossip of his father; he would make it worth while. It was n't often there'd be this sort of opportunity. It was money he was after. In his twenty years young Harry Widcombe had taken none too willingly to work as a means to get the best out of life. As a soldier he was not so unwilling. He had reflected by now the bloodiness of war, and the curses of his sergeant were worth the importance uniform gave and the easy way he could flutter the girls. But afterward. He did n't see himself soldiering all his life, but, then, neither did he fancy a return to working eight hours a day. He saw no help from his father; that he was settled down more or less in all the glory of a public-house keeper was a poor sort of consolation for his son. Harry Widcombe the elder had a hearty contempt for idlers. He'd give money freely to women, but men! They'd have to earn it. Young Harry knew this. Young Harry saw himself once in the bar, sweating for

his bed and board. It simply did n't suit his nature. But with this mother—he began already to fancy himself a leisured man.

It was difficult. As the weeks passed, his amused tolerance toward her became less and less. He wanted to talk about himself, he wanted her sympathy entirely. It was n't even as if he was sharing it; he'd never had it. From the beginning it had been poured out to his father. Young Harry began to wonder uneasily if it would ever be his. She lived a soft life, according to his outlook, and he despised her for it, and yet envied her. He raged inwardly at the ease of her husband and the lout Albert, particularly Albert. Albert, with his fat living and his prosperous future; and yet he, young Harry, might call this woman "Mother" also, and be no better for it. It maddened him. Any moment they might be shifted. Any moment, and he might miss forever one great opportunity. Exasperated, he let out one day. He said insolently:

"Well, what are you going to do about it? That's what I want to know. What about it, now?"

She stared at him gravely. She was shelling peas, and he was making a pretense at helping. She said:

"What's that, Harry?"

He beat with the flat of his hand on the table.

"Oh, give over! I've never known such a one with ways, damned if I have. I'm asking you, what about it, what about us? What about me?"

She said:

"You?" She leaned back in her chair, her eyes suddenly somber and thoughtful. "What's all this so sudden? What are you after, Harry?"

He seemed taken aback by her placidness. He swore under his breath and looked very sullen.

"What am I after, eh? Huh, that's a good un! What do you suppose a son is after? You an' your gabble o' the guv'nor—get away!" He laughed coarsely. "I'm sick of it. Tell you straight, I am. You got me into this blamed world, you and him between you. Well, then, what about it? That's what I'm saying. He may have been a marvel to you, though I call him a funny sort o' marvel; but he were n't t' me. And I'm here, and I've me chances t' think of as well as you or him, or your grand husband and that bloomin' kid of yours. See? That's why I'm asking what about it now, between you and me, mother an' son."

She nodded slowly, comprehending now, yet still entirely composed.

"What else, Harry? You'd better go on, now you've begun."

He said surlily:

"This blinking war can't go on forever; hell of a bit I've got to look to when I'm out of it."

She said slowly:

"Ah, I see." She began again to shell the peas.

He went on:

"'T ain't even that; it's now."

She asked:

"How do you mean?"

He said, sulky beneath her eyes:

"I want a bit o' money, that's what I mean."

"Your pay's good."

"Is it, by gosh? And what's yours like? And his with his house and his men and his mill?"

She began:

"He worked for it—" but he cut in, furious:

"And what do I do? Look after him, don't I? Keep his bloody skin safe, and yours, too, and get a pretty sort o' thanks for it. I tell you, I want a bit; and I've got to have it, and you're my mother, so it's proper right for you to get it somehow."

She said:

"How much, Harry?"

He told her fifty. She got to her feet and laughed down at him.

"You've a cheek," she told him.

"You've a rare cheek, but you've come to the wrong one if you think to try it on me. I've no fifty for you, and I'll ask for none. Same as to your father, I'll be to you; he'd a way with him, not always a sweet one, but there was a something that made the rough worth while. He'd not ask for money, neither of his mother nor his woman. Son though you are of mine, I'll do no more for you than I'd do for him.

He was trembling as he faced her across the table. He cried thickly:

"Well, I'll do you in for that! You think—you think you can talk so grand. I've got a tale to tell, ain't I? A pretty tale, a ruddy, pretty tale for you and all your grand ways. I'm fair with you, that I am. I say, 'Give me fifty,' that's all; but I've plenty more to say to others, have n't I? Who'll be grand then, eh, Mother dear?"

She stood quite still, regarding him dispassionately.

"And what good will your telling do you, eh, Harry? Where will you be when you've told, and where will your money be? Not much better than you are now; maybe worse. I might even thank you for telling. Have you thought of that? I might even bless you for helping me make up

my mind and get my freedom. I've been thinking a lot lately and I'd not be too hurried if I were you, Harry." And she turned, and left him staring after her.

She was not to see him alone again until two days later; she was not even given the chance to think about him until then. Her husband, called suddenly to Lincoln and likely to be away two days and nights, left his work for Anne to shoulder. In her capable way she had accustomed herself to much of the general business, for at this time they were nearly always short-handed. Thus it fell out that Harry took his meals pretty well alone, together with Albert. Anne spent most of her time in the office or in the barns with the men; she left the usual kitchen work to the girl.

Not until the second evening did they come together again alone. Not as she had thought, this next meeting. As Harry had come upon her weeks back, gay, insolent, assured, bursting through her armor to that uttermost part of her she held secret, so he came now, shadowed in the darkness, slipping round the corner, wide-eyed, breathless, horror in his eyes, treading fearfully. He gave her no time to speak. He stammered out:

"Are you alone? Is he back?"

She said, staring:

"Not yet—"

He gasped:

"The boy?"

"In bed. Why, Harry?"

He croaked:

"Hold your tongue!" He crouched against the wall and waved with his hand to the door. "Get it shut, get it shut, can't you?"

Hardly did she close it, when he stammered out:

"The windows! windows! I tell you!" And as she paused, not understanding, he called shrilly, "The curtains! the curtains!"

She drew them tightly together while he watched her feverishly, still crouched at the wall; not until they were entirely joined did he attempt to move. He sighed, "That's better." He stumbled to a chair and huddled there, his face buried in his arms.

She made no attempt to cross to him; she stood rigid against the windows, watching him. For an instant the room was extraordinarily quiet. About them and about the whole house there seemed to penetrate a very great stillness, and through that stillness Anne found herself listening. It was n't for Harry's voice; when he spoke he startled her. It was for something as yet unknown and not understandable; it made her, for the first time, a little frightened. Harry's voice, from a distance seemingly, came as a relief, but she found herself forced to attend. She could make out his face now, white and twisted up at her; he was crying.

"Don't stand there! Don't keep your mouth shut and your eyes all fixed like! I tell you, you've got to do some listening; it's your turn now to give a hand. You can't put me off this time; you can't."

She asked slowly:

"What do you mean, 'my turn'?"

"What I say." He was wiping his mouth with a handkerchief. He kept rubbing his fingers, rubbing them hard and nervously and staring at them. He went on: "I've done a bit o' hearing in my day you—and your sniffing chatter. I asks you to listen t' me, to my bit of trouble. You shuts me up pretty quick, don't you? Mother,

I calls you, do I? Mother! Huh!" His voice took a sudden wild note of frenzy. "Well, you 're bloody well clinched in with me this time."

She said:

"Suppose you talk straight; what's your meaning?" He gulped very hard, staring about the room as if its very corners held some unknown horror.

"Killed, that's what it is; done a fellow in, so help me God!" His voice suddenly pitched to a high, thin whine; he put his hands to his head as if to shield himself. "Don't look at me like that! Keep your eyes off me! I come to you, telling, did n't I? An' you turns me off. Whose fault is it, then? Much yours as mine; you'll know that; you'll know it better if I swing."

She was herself again, her eyes hard and glittering, her lips drawn to a tight line, her whole air cold and harsh.

"You'll talk proper if you stay here, my lad. What's this you've done? Straight out now, mind!"

He stammered:

"Told you, told you."

"Murdered, you? God! what a fool! what a fool!" Her voice rose, scornful and cutting, so that he cringed in his seat—cringed and whined back at her:

"I came to you, did n't I? I turned to you—"

"So you stole as well? Thief and murderer, Harry's son."

He pointed an accusing finger.

"And yours, and yours."

She stared back at him.

"To shame Harry."

"Fat lot he'll care." He was calmer now, fumbling for a cigarette. "You know all he'll have to say. The way you go on you might not ha'

known him. Do you think he's changed? 'Cause he's not, and you'd better know it. Shame? Do y' think if he'd a pocketful of shame, he'd run so loose with any painted face?"

"I'd not have him change; I know my Harry." She spoke with extraordinary pride, rather than defiance. "I know his ways; you've no need to trouble and tell me. Then, maybe I was too quick, too young. I'm getting on now, and when a woman's getting on, she's steadier like; she thinks as a woman, not as a girl. I know things now I was n't thinking on before. And you belong to us, Harry and me; you were sweet to me because o' that. I saw Harry in you—my Harry. I was blind, blind and a fool. There's none o' Harry in you. I wish to God there was. You'd not be here then, talking of murder."

He tried to bully.

"If they catch me, it'll come out, that's all. You'll talk the other side of your face when you're up against it, an' I'll see you are and him also, and that swipe, your old man, and every smug-faced rat in this village—I'll make it hot for the lot of you."

She said softly:

"And what good will that do for that neck of yours? And what sort of fun for you once you've gone out of it?"

He stared at her, whiter than ever, sweating about his face, chewing his cigarette.

"If you was n't my mother, I'd—I'd—I'd—"

She shook her head.

"Not you, my man; not you. You may have been hot once; you've not the stomach to do a thing twice. Who was the poor fellow?"

"Name o' Radcliffe, in my platoon.

One of your goody goods, read his Bible, teetotaler, wrote home every other blessed day, regular mother's darling." He spat the sodden cigarette to the floor and trod it beneath his boot. He went on moodily: "Had a lump of money sent him, some uncle or the like. Any other chap would ha' been easy like to us all. Not him! Says he'll send it to his girl to keep, put aside for a rainy day; bloody soft sort of talk. Reckon I wanted it as much as he or his blasted girl, and I said so; gave him the chance to lend a bit, and he stood off like a duke or a blinking padre. Fair drove me mad, and I went for to collar him—only to frighten him, mind you, when he let out a screech like a frightened owl that got my wind up. I reckoned it 'u'd be cells and docked pay for me if some one came in, so I hit him to stop him. But he kept on with his hollering, and I held on to him, and then all of a sudden he seemed to crumple up, and I let go, and he flopped down, and I saw he was all bloody and still."

She said quietly:

"Well, what did you do?"

He went on:

"Lucky for me, his tent was at the end of the line, and most down at the canteen. Did n't seem like as if any one had heard; but it was near to lights out—I cut and run."

"What of the money?"

He stared at her, licking his lips, then down at his feet.

"No use to a dead un."

She said coldly:

"You'll need it; I've none to give you." She got to her feet and took a candle from the shelf and lit it. "What sort of chance have you?"

He said:

"You know when it's lights out; they'll rouse 'em out when it's known for roll-call."

"What about you in billets?"

"People of the house will be called to swear. No use t' me. Sentry'll know when I left; plenty o' chaps passed me down the lane."

She said quietly:

"A fool's game you got into, son or no son. I think I'm a fool to give a hand to you. You'll have to wait until to-morrow night and get away down the river. I'll hide you till then. I can't help you more. It'll be your luck or no to get a ship."

He said sullenly:

"They'll be searching the river and every blooming ship—"

"They're likely enough doing that now. By to-morrow night they'll have slackened down a bit; maybe there'll only be the police to dodge then. I'll give you a suit of the clothes. I'm going to put you in the cockloft."

He looked startled.

"What's that?"

She nodded toward the open fireplace. "It's right atop of that; we never use it but for lumber. The door's on the landing behind the big wardrobe; even when that's moved there's no mark to show a handle. You'll have to help me move it, though. Better take your boots off. Albert's right at the back and sleeps sound, but you can't afford risks."

He unwound his puttees and tugged off his boots.

She went on:

"You'll have to take them in with you. I'll see somehow you get something to eat, and there's air enough from a hole in the roof."

As they started up the stairs she warned him:

"Mind you lie quiet."

He grunted.

"What do you think?" He muttered after her: "You're a tough one, you are; you're a rough sort of mother!"

She replied as quietly:

"Maybe it was n't children I was born for."

§ 4

She remained in the kitchen all that night. With Harry she had helped move the wardrobe sufficiently for him to slip through the swinging panel behind. She had taken him up meat and some cider; she had herself, with her strong arms and body, forced the wardrobe back to its place; she had even paused outside Albert's door to listen to his snoring; then she returned to the kitchen. She sat at the table, her arms folded there, her eyes, wide-awake and brooding, staring straight before her. As the hours passed she made no movement. The house asleep, the world quiet about her, she sat with her thoughts. She had said to her son, "Maybe it was n't children I was born for." The words had slipped from her carelessly, yet even as she said them she was shocked by their truth. She knew she had been born only for Harry. She could remember still vividly their first meeting. He had been at sea then. She had idly watched his ship making anchor. Some few hours later he had swung on shore. A thin, brown-faced fellow, with small gold rings in his ears and a swagger to his cap, he had seen her instantly and flung his hand toward her. He had called in his mocking, eager way, "Hey, my

darling, come along o' me!" And she had gone. Two years he had been hers, two years of reckless enjoyment and passion of love. He remained that time still at sea, but stood faith with her when at home. Then the child had been born. He had been away, and she half fearful, half amused at what he would say on his return. And he had not come to her. She could still remember how awful the shock had been to learn of his ship's return, to know he was ashore. It had been nearly two weeks before he came to her, ashamed and sullen. He had showed a half-hearted sort of sorrow, and she had most eagerly accepted it; but even then she knew what kind of future she might expect. She had been hopeful again when he left the sea and became a stevedore. In the end she became resigned to his absences. It had been her pride only which made her still carry her head high among her neighbors, but even now, while she could remember the agony of her heart, she asked herself, "Why did I leave him?" He had not misused her; like all men, he drank overmuch, but she had not suffered by his drinking. Jealousy. As the years passed, though she held her patience, she could not entirely, as she had thought, forever keep down that wild, passionate heart. He should not have brought that girl home; he should not have taunted her so far. Still, why had she gone? Poor jealous fool! He would have come back. Five years, and she knew his ways; but hers was the triumph among all those others: his real home was with her; one day, and he would come. It had been she to go entirely. She wondered if there was some ugly streak in her that, with her son hidden, with her son

running for his life, a murderer, she should be sitting thinking not of him, but glorious, wonderful thoughts of that old wonderful love. She whispered to herself over and over again: "It was n't for children I was born; it was for Harry, Harry."

With the first ray of light she started slowly about her usual work, drawing the curtains, opening the door wide, spreading the cloth for breakfast. She could hear Albert moving about overhead, then the slam of a door, the clatter of his boots on the stairs as he burst through the kitchen, calling to her, and so out to the barns. She stood staring after him, dull, sturdy, honest, like his father; she looked slowly about the room, its quiet order, its general air of respectability. A sudden panic took hold of her.

"It's all wrong," she whispered. "I don't belong here; I'm foreign like."

It was the clatter of feet in the yard which brought her to her senses, the knock at the door, and the sudden appearance of a sergeant; she could see behind him five men. He saluted clumsily.

"Morning, ma'am. An early call, but we've a job on. Private Harry Widcombe's in billet here. Did you happen to see him come in last night?"

She replied steadily:

"Can't say as I did. I'm extra busy, with my husband away. I was late to bed. Do you want him?"

He tugged his mustaches and looked important.

"I should think we do. He's done murder, ma'am."

She was startled. Had she endeavored to act, she could not have done it any better; it was the abruptness of the man which staggered her

more than the confession last night. She gasped:

"Murder? He has?"

"Killed as likely a young fellow as we have; stole from him, too, the young muck-rake. Sorry, ma'am, we'll have to search this place; anyway, his room."

She nodded.

"This will shock my husband; he rather liked the young chap. You'd better go up; there's but the three rooms."

He thanked her. He gave some orders to the men. Three went round the house, the other two clattered up the stairs with him. She stood listening to them, smiling faintly to think how near the trail they were, and yet how almost stupid their ignorance was; for she knew in so plain a house, showing no corners or crannies, they would not think of dragging out the wardrobe. But when they came down again to the room, she was in the back kitchen, running water. She came in instantly. The sergeant had Harry's bulging knapsack in his hand and was stuffing papers in his pocket.

"Reckon he's gone off. Sorry to have disturbed you, ma'am. I'm taking these with me."

The men were out of the door, and he was just following them when there suddenly came to their ears a man's voice, hoarse, but clear enough, singing:

"Who are you with to-night, to-night?
Who are you with to-night?
Who is your little sister, mister?"

The sergeant swung back into the room; the men crowded at the doorstep.

"What the blooming hell? From up-stairs? I been up-stairs."

He glared at Anne. For the first time her control seemed to have gone. She was as profoundly astonished as any one of them, but more than that she was aghast. What had happened? Had Harry gone mad, been taken ill? She could only stare at the sergeant, and knew the panic in her eyes was slowly giving her away. He stalked farther into the room.

"Now, then, what's this?"

With an effort she found her voice. She laughed and felt the laugh failed, it appeared so cracked and forced.

"Why, why—that's my boy, my boy Albert. He's a rare one for a song."

The sergeant looked more suspicious.

"Ho, is he? Funny thing I did n't see him when we searched the bedrooms."

She said, with a greater calmness:

"You see, you don't know this house. He's outside, behind; it's the way voices carry."

He had become very red and irritable. She could see he did n't believe; she could only look with as much boldness as she could summon, and pray he did not hear the knocking of her heart. He was about to explode and possibly threaten her, when pushing by them, round-eyed and excited, came Albert. "Heard the news?" and stopped, enthralled by the soldiers. "My, have they caught him?"

The sergeant stepped to him and caught his shoulder.

"Now, young shaver, I'll trouble you for something. Sing us a song, sharp! Do you hear?"

The boy's round face seemed to grow rounder, looked startled at first, then broke to a broad grin.

"I say, what's up? Sing? Me? I can't. I don't know a note."

The hand tightened on his shoulder.

The sergeant bawled:

"Now, then, who's kidding?"

Then he suddenly stopped; the voice had begun again.

"When you go home in the morning, What will you tell your wife?"

Albert shouted loudly:

"Why, that's from the cockloft!"

The sergeant echoed:

"The cockloft?"

Albert nodded and pointed.

"Up there."

The sergeant pushed him ahead.

"Up with you, then; show us the way."

They crowded up the stairs, the men following.

They brought Harry down almost immediately, disheveled, white, and scared. The sergeant was talking loudly.

"Brought this on yourself, my lad, and haven't I been the one to tell you you'd meet your end by your sleep-gabbling?"

Harry did not look at her; only on the way out the sergeant paused to jeer triumphantly: "Thought yourself might clever, eh, ma'am? You'll have to be cleverer still if you can dodge the law for hiding criminals."

They had hardly gone, Albert with them, when she had turned and run up the stairs. She appeared to be hurrying up-stairs, opening and shutting drawers, moving noisily and impatiently, then quickly down again. It was then, as she paused at their foot, her husband came in. He looked tired and heavy-eyed; his clothes were dusty; there was an odd, anxious look on his face. He put his whip into the corner, took off his hard felt hat, and wiped his head slowly and me-

thodically. He said slowly, and there might have been a suspicion of trembling in his voice:

"What's this about the young man who was here? What's been happening while I was gone?"

She answered evenly:

"He killed a man; they arrested him."

"I know that,"—he came a little farther into the room,—“an’ they’ve shot him.” He jerked out his head at her and stood staring with round, shining eyes.

"Shot him! shot him!"

He gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"You may well look! He tried to run, not a whip's length from me and the cart, and they let out at him." He put out a hand and caught at a chair-back. "I've some talk with you, Anne. What's this—this between you and him?"

She did not answer him. She appeared summing up with thoughtful, almost compassionate eyes. He noticed now she was dressed differently from usual. She had a colored shawl about her head and shoulders, a bundle in a red handkerchief. Dimly he remembered that shawl. He had a remote vision of Anne as he had first seen her slowly crossing the fruit fields of Westalls farm; it made him catch his breath and blind his eyes to see her so again and be reminded of that first strange beauty. He called out sharply:

"Speak out, can't you, girl? You've tricked me, you've done me in—that's what it is? That's what they say in the village; yet, you but say the word, and I'll believe you. I'll make them smart for their talk."

She said slowly:

"It's true. I've tricked you; I've

done you wrong. I'm rare sorry, Stephen, but I'll not lie."

He muttered:

"You and that man, you and a murderer, a thief! Lovers here in my house, underneath my roof, side by side with my son—your son!"

She regarded him sorrowfully.

"He was no lover of mine."

He burst out:

"Lies! lies! What for did you hide him?"

She shook her head.

"Do you think a woman of my age would play with a boy like that? I've no lover but one, and him you don't know. He was my son, Stephen, that's why I hid him."

He gaped at her, not understanding.

"What are you saying? What's your meaning? Son? Son?"

She nodded.

"I've not heard of him all this while. It came on me as a surprise, but there was nothing to do. I'm real sorry this has put you out."

He questioned suspiciously.

"You were married before, then?"

She shook her head.

"Not married; he was free-born."

He cried out violently:

"You were that sort!"

"And proud of it. So proud I left him and the boy; I thought he neglected me. I was the foolish, vain kind; it's taken me all these years to understand."

He asked:

"To understand what?"

"Myself most of all, life—how it plays with you. I'm going back to him."

He sprang out toward her.

"Anne, Anne, you're crazy!"

She cried out violently:

"Keep away from me!" She said

more quietly: "I hoped to be gone before you came back. Let me go now and be done with it, won't you?"

He gasped:

"You must be mad! mad! Who is this man?"

She said softly:

"Some one I knew long years back, some one I loved. Not like you; not of your kind; different, how different! Sometimes I think I pity you for that difference. Each day is as like to you in your ways as another. To lay up a bit and lay it up honestly, that's your best thought of life; to have your chair of an evening, your pipe, your paper, your sleep; it gives you a sort of peace you know is respectable. Albert's like that. Think he'll miss me, or you? 'Tisn't your nature; you'd miss those comforts of yours the more than me, and Albert his dinner. It's not me, really; it's the respectable air I give to the two of you. But my man he did n't treat me right always. I'm not saying he did, but he'd come back to me, and he'd go out with me and be proud—the way I dressed, the way men looked, the way he knew I'd be there to laugh with him. He did n't wrong me as much as I him when I turned my back on him. It's been a bluff these years with you; it's been a sort of pretense at a happiness I fooled myself into thinking real. I did n't know how much I hungered for those wild, hot days until that son of mine and his came on me sudden like. And I knew then, and I knew all the more when I saw that even his shame left me cold. I suppose I'm odd, I'm queer; I'm fit for nothing, neither children or Loswithalle; only

good for Harry, only able to belong to him."

He leaned back from her, horror in his eyes, on his face, his fingers plucking foolishly at his lips. He did n't know this woman; she was not Anne, his wife, the mother of his child. She was a stranger, an unknown creature who in some way had forced herself into his house upon him. He felt suddenly she had violated his whole name, his whole being. Then he caught sight of her standing now at the open door, caught up in the whole radiance of the early sun. Her strange, dark face, her tawny hair, with blazing lights where the golden bars of sun caught it. He knew he had lost her; he knew this strange, beautiful creature was gone from him, had, indeed, never been his, would never now be known to him. He cried out despairingly:

"Anne! Anne!" He cursed pitifully. "That soldier, that bastard soldier—" But she only looked back at him and smiled, turning away through the yard to the road. He found himself unable to go after her, but standing as if rooted to the ground. For a long while he remained there. So silent was the house, the outer world, he thought himself and all life dead or dying. It was the sudden, thin note of bugles from the encampment which stung him to life. Like a man half crazy he flung himself at the door to slam it furiously, to bolt and hasp it, as if in a passionate frenzy he would shut out those sounding bugles. But it was not so thick that he could shut them out; those singing bugles, those mocking bugles, forever persistent reminder of soldiers, soldiers.

When I Left Business for Literature

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

ON an evening of the late summer I got off a train at a growing industrial Ohio town where I had once lived. I was rapidly becoming a middle-aged man. Two years before I had left the place in disgrace. There I had tried to be a manufacturer, a money-maker, and had failed. Some thousands of dollars had been lost for others. An effort to conform to the standard dreams of the men of my times had failed, and in the midst of my disgrace and generally hopeless outlook as regards making a living I had been filled with joy at coming to the end of it all. One morning I had left the place afoot, leaving my poor little factory, like an illegitimate child, on another man's door-step. I had left, merely taking what money was in my pocket, some eight or ten dollars.

What a moment that leaving had been! To one of the European artists I afterward came to know the situation would have been unbelievably grotesque. Such a man could not have believed in my earnestness about it all and would have thought my feelings of the moment a worked-up thing. I can in fancy hear one of the Frenchmen, Italians, or Russians I later knew laughing at me.

"Well, but why get so worked up? A factory is a factory, is it not? Why may not one break it like an empty

bottle? You have lost some money for others? See the light on that field over there. These others, for whom you lost money, were they compelled to beg in the streets, were their children torn by wolves? What is it you Americans get so excited about when a little money is lost?"

A European artist may not understand, but an American will understand. The devil! it is not a question of money. No men are so careless and free with money as the Americans. There is another matter involved.

It strikes rather deep at the roots of our beings. Childish as it all may have seemed to an older and more sophisticated world, we Americans, from the beginning, have been up to something, or we have wanted to think we were up to something. We came here, or our fathers or grandfathers came here, from a hundred diverse places, and you may be sure it was not the artists who came. Artists do not want to cut down trees, root stumps out of the ground, build towns and railroads. The artist wants to sit with a strip of canvas before him, face an open space on a wall, carve a bit of wood, make combinations of words and sentences, as I am doing now, trying to express to others some thought or feeling of his own. He wants to dream of color, to lay hold of form, free the sensual in himself, live

more fully and freely in his contact with the materials before him than he can possibly live in life. He seeks a kind of controlled ecstasy and is a man with a passion, a "nut," as we love to say in America. And very often, when he is not in actual contact with his materials, he is a much more vain and disagreeable ass than any man not an artist could possibly be. As a living man he is almost always a pest. It is only when dead he begins to have value.

The simple truth is that in a European country the artist is more freely accepted than he is among us, and only because he has been longer about. They know how harmless he really is, or, rather, do not know how subtly dangerous he can be, and accept him only as one might accept a hybrid cross between a dog and a cat that went growling, mewling, barking, and spitting about the house. One might want to kill the first of such strange beasts he sees about, but after he had seen a dozen and has realized that, like the mule, they cannot breed their own kind, he laughs, and lets them live, paying no more attention to them than modern France, for example, pays to its artists.

But in America things are somewhat different. Here something went wrong in the beginning. We pretended to so much and were going to do such great things here. This vast land was to be a refuge for all the outlawed brave, foolish folk of the world. The declaration of the rights of man was to have a new hearing in a new place. The devil! we did get ourselves into a bad hole! We were going to be superhuman, and it turned out we were sons of men who were not such devilish fellows after all. You

cannot blame us that we were somewhat reluctant about finding out the very human things concerning ourselves. One does so hate to come down off the perch!

We are now losing our former feeling of inherent virtue, are permitting ourselves to laugh occasionally at ourselves for our pretensions; but there was a time here when we were sincerely in earnest about all this American business, the land for the free and the home for the brave. We actually meant it, and no one will ever understand present-day America or Americans who does not concede that we meant it and that while we were building all of our big, ugly, hurriedly thrown-together towns, creating our great industrial system, growing always more huge and prosperous, we were as much in earnest about what we thought we were up to as were the French of the thirteenth century when they built the Cathedral of Chartres to the glory of God.

They built the Cathedral of Chartres to the glory of God, and we really intended building here a land to the glory of man and thought we were doing it, too. That was our intention, and the affair only blew up in the process, or got perverted because man, even the brave and the free man, is somewhat a less worthy object of glorification than God. This we might have found out long ago but that we did not know one another. We came from too many different places to know one another, had been promised too much, wanted too much. We were afraid to know one another.

Oh, how Americans have wanted heroes, wanted brave, simple, fine men! And how sincerely and deeply we Americans have been afraid to

understand and love one another, fearing to find ourselves at the end no more brave, heroic, and fine than the people of almost any other part of the world!

I, however, disagree. What I am trying to do is to give the processes of my own mind at two distinct moments of my own life. First, the moment when, after many years of effort to conform to an unstated and but dimly understood American dream by making myself a successful man in the material world, I threw all overboard, and then, at another moment, when, having come back to the same spot where I passed through the first moment, I attempted to confront myself with myself in a somewhat changed point of view.

§ 2

As for the first of these moments, it was melodramatic and even silly enough. The struggle centered itself, at the last, within the walls of a particular moment and within the walls of a particular room.

I sat in the room with a woman who was my secretary. For several years I had been sitting there, dictating to her regarding the goods I had made in my factory and that I was attempting to sell. The attempt to sell the goods had become a sort of madness in me. There were certain thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands of men, living in towns or on farms in many States of my country who might possibly buy the goods I had made rather than the goods made in another factory by another man. How I had wheedled! How I had schemed! In some years I gave myself quite fully to the matter in hand, and the dollars trickled in. Well, I was about to

become rich. It was a possibility. After a good day or week, when many dollars had come, I went to walk, and when I had got into a quiet place where I was unobserved I threw back my shoulders and strutted. During the year I had made for myself so many dollars. Next year I would make so many more, and the next year so many more. But my thoughts of the matter did not express themselves in the dollars. It never does to the American man. Who calls the American a dollar-lover is a fool. My factory was of a certain size,—it was in reality a poor haphazard-enough-run place,—but after a time I would build a great factory and after that a greater and greater. Like a true American, I thought in size.

My fancy played with the matter of factories as a child would play with a toy. There would be a great factory with walls going up and up, and a little open place for a lawn at the front, shower-baths for the workers, with perhaps a fountain playing on a lawn, and up before the door of this place I would drive in a large automobile.

Oh, how I would be respected by all, how I would be looked up to by all! I walked in a little, dark street, throwing back my shoulders. How grand and glorious I felt!

The houses along the street in which I walked were small and ugly, and dirty-faced children played in the yards. I wondered. Having walked, dreaming my dream for a long time, I returned to the neighborhood of my factory and, opening my office, went in to sit at my desk, smoking a cigarette. The night watchman came in. He was an old man who had once been a school-teacher, but, as he said, his eyes had gone back on him.

When I had walked alone I had been able to make myself feel somewhat as I fancied a prince might have felt, but when any one came near me something exploded inside. I was a deflated balloon. Well, in fancy, I had a thousand workmen under me. They were children, and I was their father and would look out for them. Perhaps I would build them model houses to live in, a town of model houses, built about my great factory, eh. The workmen would be my children, and I would look out for my children. "Land of the free, home of the brave."

But I was back in my factory now, and the night watchman sat smoking with me. Sometimes we talked far into the night. The devil! He was a fellow like myself, having the same problems as myself. How could I be his father? The thought was absurd. Once, when he was a younger man, he had dreamed of being a scholar, but his eyes had gone back on him. What had he wanted to do? He spoke of it for a time. He had wanted to be a scholar, and I myself had spent those earlier years eagerly reading books.

"I would really like to have been a learned monk, one of those fellows such as appeared in the Middle Ages, one of the fellows who went off and lived by himself and gave himself up wholly to learning, one who believed in learning, who spent his life humbly seeking new truths; but I got married, and my wife had kids, and then, you see, my eyes went back on me."

He spoke of the matter philosophically. One did not let oneself get too much excited. After a time one got over any feeling of bitterness. The night watchman had a boy, a lad of fifteen, who also loved books.

"He is pretty lucky, can get all the

books he wants at the public library. In the afternoon after school is out and before I come down here to my job he reads aloud to me."

§ 3

Men and women! Many men and women! There were men and women working in my factory, men and women walking in streets with me, many men and women scattered far and wide over the country to whom I wanted to sell my goods. I sent men, salesmen, to see them: I wrote letters, how many thousands of letters, all to the same purpose. "Will you buy my goods?" And again, "Will you buy my goods?"

What were the other men thinking about? What was I myself thinking about? Suppose it were possible to know something of the men and women, to know something of oneself, too. The devil! these were not thoughts that would help me to sell my goods to all the others. What were all the others like? What was I myself like? Did I want a large factory with a little lawn and a fountain in front and with a model town built about it?

Days of endlessly writing letters to men, nights of walking in strange, quiet streets—what had happened to me? "I shall go get drunk," I said to myself, and I did go and get drunk. Taking a train to a near-by city I drank until a kind of joy came to me and, with some man I had found and who had joined in my carousal, I walked in streets, shouting at other men, singing songs, going sometimes into strange houses to laugh with people, talk with people I found there.

Here was something I liked, and

something the others liked, too. When I had come to people in strange houses half drunk, released, they were not afraid of me. "Well, he wants to talk," they seemed to be saying to themselves. "That 's fine!" There was something broken down between us, a wall broken down. We talked of outlandish things for Anglo-Saxon trained people to speak of, of love between men and women, of what children's coming meant. Food was brought forth. Often in a single evening of this sort I got more from people than I could get from weeks of ordinary intercourse. The people were a little excited by the strangeness of two unknown men in their houses. With my companion I went boldly to the door and knocked. Laughter, "Hello, the house!" It might be the house of a laborer or that of a well-to-do merchant. I had hold of my new-found friend's arm and explained our presence as well as I could. "We are a little drunk and we are travelers. We just want to sit and visit with you a while."

There was a kind of terror in people's eyes and a kind of gladness, too. An old workman showed us a relic he had brought home with him from the Civil War, while his wife ran into a bedroom and changed her dress. Then a child awoke in a near-by room and began to cry and was permitted to come in in her nightgown and lie in my arms or in the arms of the new-found friend who had got drunk with me. The talk swept over strange, intimate subjects. What were men up to? What were women up to? There was a kind of deep taking of breath, as though we had all been holding something back from one another and had suddenly decided to let go. Once or

twice we stayed all night in the house to which we had gone.

And then back to the writing of letters to sell my goods. In the city to which I had gone to carouse I had seen many women of the streets, standing at corners, looking furtively about.

What thoughts in the mind! There was a note due and payable at the bank. "Now, here, you man, attend to your affairs. You have induced others to put money into your enterprises. If you are to build a great enterprise here, you must be up and at it."

How often in after years I have laughed at myself for the thoughts and emotions of that time. There is a thought I have had that is very delicious. It is this, and I dare say it will be an unwelcome thought to many. "I am the American man. I think there is no doubt of it. I am just the mixture, the cold, moral man of the North, into whose body has come the warm pagan blood of the South. I love and am afraid to love. Behold in me the American man striving to become an artist, to become conscious of himself, filled with wonder concerning himself and others, trying to have a good time and not fake a good time. I am not English, Italian, Jew, German, Frenchman, Russian. What am I? I am tremendously serious about it all, but at the same time I laugh constantly at myself for my own seriousness. Like all real American men of our day, I wander constantly from place to place, striving to put down roots into the American soil and not quite doing it. If you say the real American man is not yet born, you lie. I am the type of the fellow.

This is somewhat of a joke on me, but it is a greater joke on you readers, too. As respectable and conventional a man as President Coolidge has me in him, and I have him in myself. Do not doubt it. I have him in me and Eugene Debs in me and the crazy political idealists of the Western States and Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust and the whole crew. I accept them all as a part of myself. Would to God they would thus accept me!

§ 4

And being this thing I have tried to describe, I return now to myself sitting between the walls of a certain room and between the walls of a certain moment, too. Just why was that moment so pregnant? I will never quite know.

It came with a rush, the feeling that I must quit buying and selling, the overwhelming feeling of uncleanness. I was in my whole nature a tale-teller. My father had been one, and his not knowing had destroyed him. The tale-teller cannot bother with buying and selling. To do so will destroy him. No class of men I have ever known are so dull and cheerless as the writers of glad, sentimental romances, the painters of glad, pretty pictures. The corrupt, unspeakable thing that had happened to tale-telling in America was all concerned with this matter of buying and selling. The horse cannot sing like a canary bird, or the canary bird pull a plow like a horse, and either of them attempting it becomes something ridiculous.

There was a door leading out from my office to the street. How many steps to the door? I counted them, "five, six, seven." "Suppose," I asked myself, "I could take those five, six,

seven steps to the door, pass out at the door, go along that railroad track out there, disappear into the far horizon beyond. Where was I to go? In the town where my factory was located I had still the reputation of being a bright young business man. In my first years there I had been filled with shrewd, vast schemes. I had been admired, looked up to. Since that time I had gone down and down as a bright young man, but no one yet knew how far I had gone. I was still respected in the town, my word was still good at the bank. I was a respectable man.

Did I want to do something not respectable, not decent? I am trying to give you the history of a moment, and, as a tale-teller, I have come to think that the true history of life is but a history of moments. It is only at rare moments we live. I wanted to walk out at a door and go away into the distance. The American is still a wanderer, a migrating bird not yet ready to build a nest. All of our cities are built temporarily, as are the houses in which we live. We are on the way—toward what? There have been other times in the history of the world when many strange peoples came together in a new strange land. To assume that we have made an America, even materially, seems to me now but telling ourselves fairy-tales in the night. We have not even made it materially yet, and the American man has only gone in for money-making on a large scale to quiet his own restlessness, as the monk of old days was given the *Regula* of Augustine to quiet him and still the lusts in himself. For the monk, kept occupied with the saying of prayers and the doing of many little sacred offices,

there was no time for the lusts of the world to enter in, and for the American to be perpetually busy with his affairs, with his automobiles, with his movies, there is no time for unquiet thoughts.

On that day in the office at my factory I looked at myself and laughed. The whole struggle I am trying to describe, and that I am confident will be closer to the understanding of most Americans than anything else I have ever written, was accompanied by a kind of mocking laughter at myself and my own seriousness about it all.

Very well, then, I wanted to go out of the door and never come back. How many Americans want to go! But where do they want to go? I wanted to accept for myself all of the little restless thoughts of which I and the others had been so afraid, and you, who are Americans, will understand the necessity of my continually laughing at myself and at all things dear to me. I must laugh at the thing I love the more intensely because of my love. Any American will understand that.

It was a trying moment for me. There was the woman, my secretary, now looking at me. What did she represent? What did she not represent? Would I dare be honest with her? It was quite apparent to me I would not. I had got to my feet, and we stood looking at each other. "It is now or never," I said to myself, and I remember that I kept smiling. I had stopped dictating to her in the midst of a sentence. "The goods about which you have inquired are the best of their kind made in the—"

I stood, and she sat, and we were looking at each other intently.

"What's the matter?" she asked. She was an intelligent woman, more intelligent, I am sure, than I, just

because she was a woman and good, while I have never been good, do not know how to be good. Could I explain all to her? The words of a fancied explanation marched through my mind.

"My dear young woman, it is all very silly, but I have decided no longer to concern myself with this buying and selling. It may be all right for others, but for me it is poison. There is this factory. You may have it, if it pleases you. It is of little value, I dare say. Perhaps it is money ahead, and then again it may well be it is money behind. I am uncertain about it all and now I am going away. Now, at this moment, with the letter I have been dictating, with the very sentence you have been writing left unfinished, I am going out that door and never come back. What am I going to do? Well, now, that I don't know. I am going to wander about. I am going to sit with people, listen to words, tell tales of people, what they are thinking, what they are feeling. The devil! it may even be I am going forth in search of myself."

The woman was looking into my eyes the while I looked into hers. Perhaps I had grown a little pale, and now she grew pale. "You're sick," she said, and her words gave me an idea. There was wanted a justification of myself not to myself, but to the others. A crafty thought came. Was the thought crafty or was I at the moment a little insane, a "nut," as every American so loves to say of every man who does something a little out of the groove.

I had grown pale, and it may be I was ill, but nevertheless I was laughing, the American laugh. Had I suddenly become a little insane? What a

comfort that thought would be, not to myself, but to the others! My leaving the place I was then in would tear up roots that had gone down a little into the ground. The ground I did not think would support the tree that was myself and that I thought wanted to grow.

My mind dwelt on the matter of roots, and I looked at my feet. The whole question with which I was at the moment concerned became a matter of feet. I had two feet that could take me out of the life I was then in and that, to do so, would need but take three or four steps to a door. When I had reached the door and had stepped out of my little factory office, everything would be quite simplified, I was sure. I had to lift myself out. Others would have to tackle the job of getting me back once I had stepped over that threshold.

Whether at the moment I merely became shrewd and crafty or whether I really became temporarily insane I shall never quite know. What I did was to step very close to the woman and, looking directly into her eyes, I laughed gaily. Others beside herself

would, I knew, hear the words I was now speaking. I looked at my feet.

"I have been wading in a long river, and my feet are wet," I said.

Again I laughed as I walked lightly toward the door and out of a long and tangled phase of my life, out of the door of buying and selling, out of the door of affairs.

"They want me to be a 'nut,' will love to think of me as a 'nut,' and why not? It may just be that 's what I am," I thought gaily, and at the same time turned and said a final confusing sentence to the woman, who now stared at me in speechless amazement. "My feet are cold, wet, and heavy from long wading in a river. Now I shall go walk on dry land," I said, and as I passed out at the door a delicious thought came. "Oh, you little tricky words, you are my brothers. It is you, not myself, have lifted me over this threshold. It is you who have dared give me a hand. For the rest of my life I will be a servant to you," I whispered to myself, as I went along a spur of railroad track, over a bridge, out of a town, and out of that phase of my life.

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

Bennett—Gosse—Birrell—Graham—Anthony Hope

BY WALTER TITTLE

This is the first of a series of three papers in which Mr. Tittle indulges in intimate talks about the men whose portraits he has drawn. In each paper the portraits of the men discussed will be reproduced.—THE EDITOR.

IN October of 1922, at the opening reception of an exhibition of my portraits at the Leicester Galleries in London, I first saw Arnold Bennett. For one whose profession involves a constant study of human physiognomy and character, it is rather disconcerting to find one's judgment utterly in error. Among the things on the walls were twelve lithographic portraits that I had recently produced, and one of the proprietors of the galleries said: "There is Bennett. This is a good chance to add him to your collection." But from my perfunctory glance I felt that I did not care to draw a likeness of him. I imagined I saw in his most unusual face a cock-sureness and conceit that were not pleasing. This impression was a difficult one to reconcile with his excellent product, which I greatly admired, and was the erroneous result of a single glance as he was leaving the place. I comfort myself with the thought that a better view of him would have resulted in a sounder estimate rather than admit to myself the disquieting suspicion that I was merely stupid. In the meantime I

heard many expressions of praise and affection from some of the most distinguished of his confrères, but more than a year passed before I knew how complete had been my mistake.

Mr. Bennett's satisfying house in Cadogan Square is one of the rewards of effort that come all too rarely to artists of great excellence. One finds them dwelling usually in comparatively modest quarters, the mansions being reserved for those whose product has little or nothing to do with art. But justice is not always defeated in that the work of some artists has a general appeal. Mr. Bennett is among the fortunate ones.

Years ago, when I read "Buried Alive," I was impressed by the knowledge of the art of painting displayed by the delineator of *Priam Farll*. Here was a writer who could discuss pictures and painters, knowing well what he was talking about. A glance around, as an attendant took my coat and hat, recalled this impression to me. Everywhere were interesting pictures, and their treatment betrayed a discriminating penchant on the part of their collector for what is usually

described as modernism. Exceedingly well chosen were the examples, largely the work of the younger generation of French and British artists. It was not a dealer's collection. Few of the names represented would rate high in the Lombard Street of art. The pictures were evidently acquired by one who loved them and for that reason wished to possess them. My progress to the study on the second floor of the house was halting because of the many paintings. Once there I found some of the choicest examples of all which their owner had chosen, apparently, to surround him in his working hours. I was promptly confronted by the man himself, and the impression that resulted from this meeting more than made amends for the erroneous one already recorded. He greeted me with an easy and unaffected cordiality that was most agreeable. There was a boyish lightness in his manner; somehow the encounter did not seem at all like a first meeting. I found him natural and modest to a degree greater than my original mistake of judgment in the opposite direction, and though I knew him to be busily occupied at the time with pressing and important work, he wore an air of care-free relaxation and placid leisure during the entire time that he had set aside for me.

At his request I chose the light and pose, and studied my subject a bit before beginning my sketch. His head is unusual for its length, the feature contributing most to this elongation being the chin, which recedes gradually backward from the prominent mouth. His nose starts forward at a most unexpected angle, and is one of the most vigorous features of his vigorously modeled head. His

eyes are of generous size and handsome; I recall Mr. Hugh Walpole remarking on the beauty of Mr. Bennett's eyes. There is a curious lack of synchronism in the ensemble of his features that gives a fresh surprise at each different attitude of his head; the whole affords problems that could not fail to interest any draftsman. From his forehead a large curling lock of hair flares unexpectedly upward, and the same rebellious spirit is noticeable in the unique curl of his mustaches. His voice is rather small and high in pitch.

As I worked, our conversation was mostly about art and artists. He told me of various pictures in his collection, of their creators, and how he came to acquire their work. Several of the artists were entirely unknown when they first attracted his attention, and their pictures were among the best of the lot.

"I started out to be an artist myself before I even thought of writing," he said, "but I knew enough to give it up and turn to an occupation better suited to me. I still dabble at it from time to time." He indicated an aquarelle on the wall. "That's one of my things."

I went over to look at it, and was sincerely astonished at its excellence. It was most bold in handling, and excellent in color. It reminded me of a lovely little Constable that I had seen recently. In answer to my praise he made light of it. I wanted to see other examples, but he had given them all away, he said.

Resting from our task, he showed me some of his choicest possessions.

"I'll wager you cannot tell me who painted this one," he said, covering the signature with his hand. It was a



Amos A. Fenner

slight water-color. I immediately fell into the trap.

"I'm afraid to call it a Whistler," I said, "though it resembles certain things of his very much." He laughed and removed his hand, revealing the signature of Forain, the last artist who would have occurred to me as the possible author of the work.

"It is a very early one. I have had much pleasure in deceiving my visitors with it." Among other things that he showed me were fine examples of the work of Walter Sickert, and a very lovely still life by Roger Fry, much in the spirit of Cézanne.

Mr. Bennett talked most understandingly and with great enthusiasm about the works of the French Impressionists. As my sketch advanced, he evinced much interest in it. The time allotted to me was rapidly being consumed, and I remarked that either my pencil must speed up a bit or I would have to detain him from his work longer than the period to which I had agreed.

"I'm a hard man!" he said laughingly. "I just must work this afternoon."

"Inasmuch as I myself hate posing for a sketch as much as any of my sitters possibly can," I replied, "and find myself in constant wonderment that they will submit to it at all, I will hasten to release you."

The drawing was finished on time.

EDMUND GOSSE

It was at a luncheon at the house of Sir Frederick and Lady Hall that I first met Mr. Edmund Gosse. The interesting company assembled included also Mrs. Gosse, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and General Sir Ian Hamilton, whose face I had long known from

the beautiful portrait by Sargent. The conversation was general during a considerable portion of the time, and from Mr. Gosse's contributions to it, and possibly even more from his appearance, I thought him too scholastic, even pedantic. Mrs. Gosse was my immediate neighbor at table, and was most interesting and charming. Before we parted, I had accepted an invitation to tea at their house for the following Sunday.

Entering a gate of Regent's Park on its western border, one is rather surprised to find an extensive row of dwellings well within the boundaries of that beautiful breathing-space. The windows of these old mansions command an alluring vista of trees and greensward, and one could easily imagine oneself very far indeed from the great City of London. As I was envying the occupants of this favored spot my cab stopped, and I realized that the Gosses were among these fortunate ones.

The portal passed, a most interesting and inviting interior was disclosed. Nothing seemed recent or new; the ensemble was mellow and quiet in tone, and conveyed a feeling of repose and comfort. Around the tea-table in an upper parlor I found my host and hostess, their daughter, and several friends. Sir Martin Conway was among them, and was telling a most weird and enthralling story current among the tenantry of his estate about the supernatural disappearance of some of their number in years gone by. I forget what particular offense against the gods or fairies was necessary to achieve this magic translation. Sir Martin had not seen it demonstrated, as it had not happened since the estate came into his posses-

sion. He said, however, that he was sometimes tempted to prove its efficiency in the cases of certain enemies and boresome friends. It might be developed into a priceless boon.

Before I took my leave, Mr. Gosse showed me many interesting pictures that were on his walls, mostly the gifts to him of their creators. A fine and important example of Rossetti was the *pièce de résistance* of this particular room, and there were examples of other leaders of the same school. Walter Sickert was well represented, and there were several superb caricatures by Max Beerbohm. A particularly laughable one was of Swinburne, in lackadaisical attitude, gazing rapturously at a flower held between thumb and forefinger; but the most important represented Mr. Gosse surrounded by the flower of England's literati and nobility, receiving at their hands some distinguished honor or decoration, the occasion being, if I remember rightly, his retirement as librarian of the House of Lords. The figure of Mr. Gosse himself had little of caricature about it, but many of the peers and writers were excessively funny.

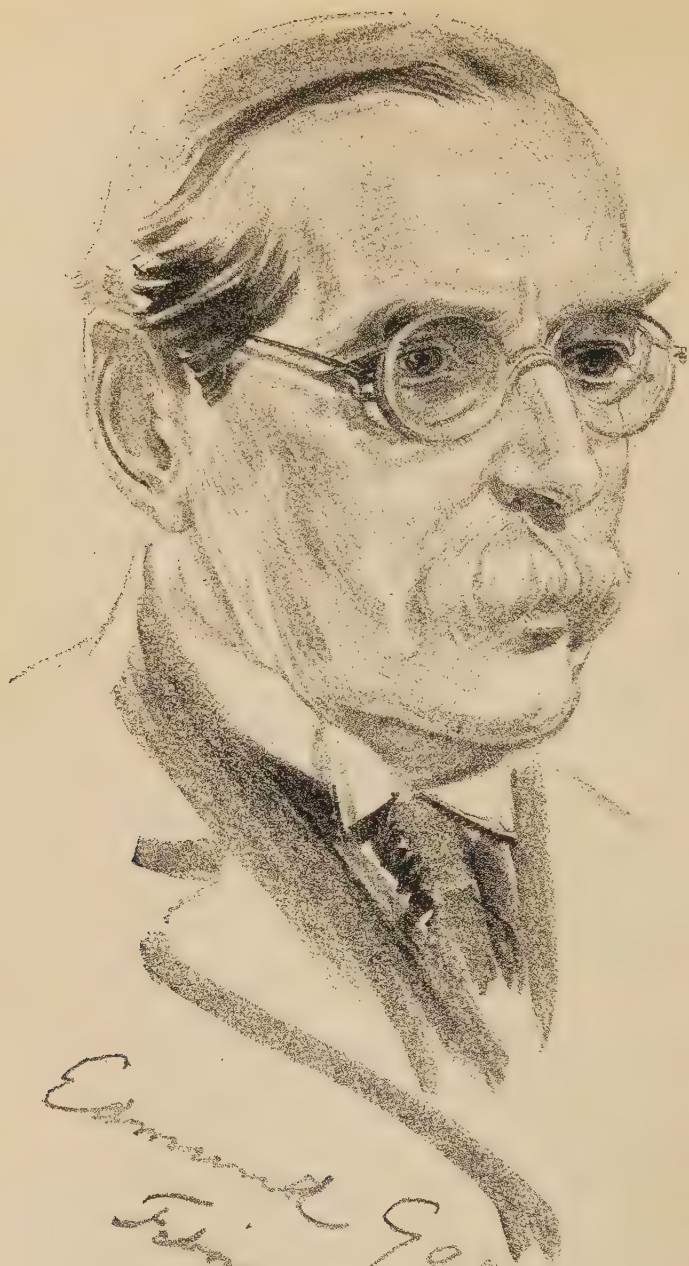
Down-stairs he showed me a fine head of himself painted by Sargent just forty years ago. It was interesting to see how little he had changed in the long period intervening. His freshly colored skin is still smooth, and the features are virtually the same. The present whiteness of his hair and the horn spectacles provided the principal variance. Another interesting work by the same artist was a little sketch of Miss Sylvia Gosse, done in a garden at Broadway when she was a child. She is now an able painter herself, as an example of her work in

the entrance-hall abundantly testified.

There followed some interesting anecdotes of life in the charming Old-World village of Broadway, where in days gone by Henry James, Sargent, Edwin Abbey, and other notable Americans, together with a group of their English confrères, formed a most sympathetic coterie. It was Mr. Gosse who brought Sargent and Coventry Patmore together, hoping that the great portraitist would be inspired by the remarkable head of the poet, and the splendid result now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

"You really should make a sketch of Robert Bridges, our poet laureate, for your series," said Mr. Gosse. "He has a magnificent head, and is a very great man, too, you know. There is no one living to-day who knows so much about the technic of poetry, and his best product is superb. He will be in London in a few days, but for a very short time only. I'll arrange for you to meet him if I can. He is on his way to your country, where he is to spend six months at some little college in—er, let me see—what is the name of the place? Mich-i-gan (the letter *h* most conscientiously pronounced); Ann Arbor, I believe they call it. There is such a place, is there not?" I could not help smiling at this reference to the "little college" in Mich-i-gan, forgiving at the same time this lack of knowledge of my native land, remembering well how, on my first visit to England, I mis-called every third town on the railway because of the signs displayed to advertise a nourishing preparation.

A few days later Mr. Gosse appeared at my studio for a sitting. He described most humorously the difficulty he has in getting about in London,



Edmund Gosse
February 1924

due to serious fault of his vision. As my drawing shows, he has been invested by his oculist with two pairs of spectacles, worn at the same time, in an effort to correct a distressing tendency to see objects in multiple.

"You may imagine that it is a trifle embarrassing when I am trying to cross a street and see two, or even more, taxicabs or motor-lorries descending upon me when I know perfectly well that only one of them exists in reality. It is rather too sporting a thing to have to decide which of these apparitions is the actual car itself, so I keep to the tubes as much as I can and avoid the streets. Less dangerous, but still not without its element of the ridiculous, is the problem that confronts me when I see four or more girls, arm-and-arm, approaching me on the pavement, and I find myself unable to pass, though I know that at most there are only two! This is one of the disadvantages of age, though in other respects I am most fortunate, in view of my seventy-five years. For a very long time I have been served by a barber who is a great comfort to me, as he always does his work well and in utter silence. One day he astonished me by an inclination to talk. Asking me to pardon him for any seeming presumption, he proceeded: 'I merely wanted to remark, sir, that I have been hobservin' your 'air, sir, for a rather longish period. Time was when I thought as 'ow you might lose it, but now, sir, I am sure you will die in your 'air. Yes,' he repeated, 'you will die in your 'air, sir.'"

The number of anecdotes that one hears about Whistler from Englishmen who knew him accumulates as a monument to the amazing personality

of this brilliant man. To me they are always welcome, and Mr. Gosse had several to contribute.

"I went to the opening of one of his exhibitions. He was there, greeting every one with witty sallies, flitting about the room like a diabolical apparition, seeming to be in several places at the same time. He was amusing himself by pinning gold butterflies on all the ladies, and stopped only an instant for a greeting and a few words with me. On leaving the gallery I decided to walk home, and was astonished and rendered a bit uncomfortable by the persistent way in which people stared at me. I thought I must have a smudge on my face, but the application of my handkerchief revealed nothing. Arriving at my house, I discovered the reason. I cannot imagine when or how he achieved it, but pinned to the front of my topper was a gold butterfly!

"On another occasion I accompanied him to a theater. A man occupying a seat near us insisted on going out after each act, and returning a minute or two after the curtain had risen, dragging past us with considerable difficulty and annoyance. Finally, putting his monocle carefully into his eye, in his most acid and exquisite accent Whistler addressed him. 'I hope I am not causing you any inconvenience by keeping my seat,' was his remark."

Mr. Gosse talked a bit about current books. He spoke with much enthusiasm of the works of Arnold Bennett, remarking that in his latest novel he had returned to his highest level of excellence. George Moore is one of his literary idols. As a stylist Mr. Gosse cannot say too much in his

praise. I had the interesting experience a short time later of going to Mr. Moore's house for tea. After hearing an amazing diatribe in which all living writers except Kipling were mercilessly shattered, Mr. Moore decided to save one more from the wreckage—Mr. Gosse. He praised his work very generously indeed, including his review of Moore's newly issued "Conversations in Ebury Street," despite the fact that considerable adverse criticism was included in it.

Mrs. Gosse called me later on the telephone, inviting me to their house for Christmas dinner. Mr. Walter Sickert, she said, was to be their guest, and she thought I might be interested in meeting him. It was a source of keen regret to me that my engagements prevented my accepting this generous invitation. Shortly after, Mr. Gosse had a serious illness from influenza and was confined to his bed for weeks, and though I saw the other members of his family again before my departure, I had from him only a message from the room where he was confined. It was in kindly approval of my drawing of him, regret that he was then unable to receive me, and with good wishes for a pleasant voyage to my home.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

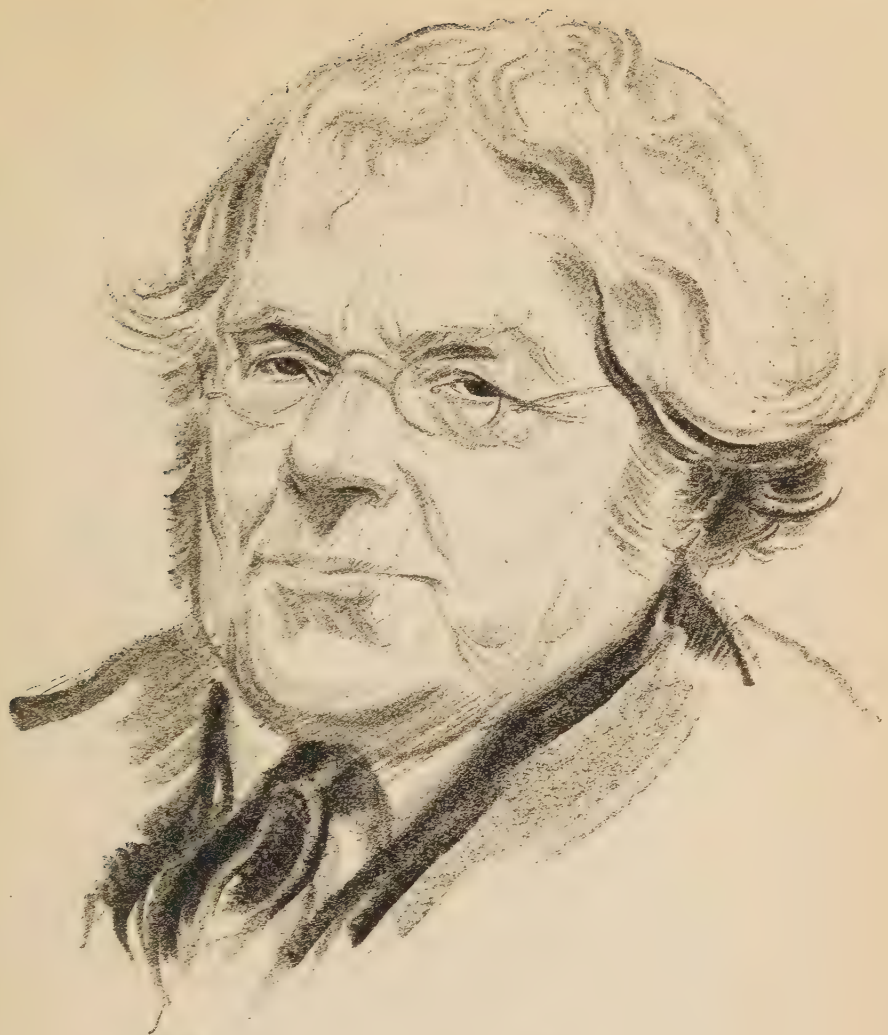
The fame of Mr. Augustine Birrell's leonine head, with recommendations to record it, had reached me several times before the kindly interest of the Hon. Mrs. R. A. Grosvenor made possible my first view of it. She invited us both to her house for tea, plotting deliberately to favor my pencil.

As I entered her drawing-room, she

and her guests surrounded the table. After the presentations my hostess turned to me with her twinkling smile and whispered: "What did I tell you? Isn't he wonderful?" I enthusiastically agreed. It seemed almost impossible that so much character and distinction could be crowded into one countenance, however massive. The broad face, with its handsome eyes, vigorous planes, and rugged lines, one meets in prototype more frequently in old portraits than in the flesh. Above his huge brow was a mass of white, curly hair that seemed to be sculptured from marble, and descended generously at back and sides, forming a sumptuous frame for the impressive face. As he talked, an expression of ironical humor played upon his features, and his utterances were in harmony with it. His resemblance to Thackeray is startling; for a time I was at a loss to place another strong similarity that blends with this one, but at last it occurred to me.

"Our artist is appraising you, Mr. Birrell," said my hostess; "and now I insist on hearing his verdict."

I remarked that I hardly expected him to be in a state of ecstasy over the threat of being delineated by me; he had doubtless suffered often before, and it was quite right that he should, in view of Nature's unreasonable lavishness in endowing his head with distinction. She had really done too much, and this sort of thing was the logical penalty. At first I looked upon him as a physical reincarnation of Thackeray, I continued, but a second glance had carried him considerably beyond, in that I was forced to include John Bright to make up the grand total. He laughed at this, and



Augustine Linell
Feb. 2, 1924 -
Chen -

confessed that he had frequently paid the penalty that I mentioned. Most of the efforts had proved unsuccessful; one by Orpen had really been too successful, in that it made him look like a hanging judge or a despot of some sort. It was painted for the National Gallery of Ireland when he was chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of that country. "That portrait should have been able to put down the recent rebellions over there entirely on its own," he said laughingly. "If they have not burned it, it will not be a bad way to go down to posterity."

A discussion of the politics of the day followed, in which the existing administration came in for some rather sharp criticism, and when the talk turned to current literature, the plays of Barrie suffered a similar fate, on the charge of over-sentimentality. Admitting that there is an occasional excess of this element in his work, I ventured to defend Barrie, blaming our present tendency toward bald realism for causing legitimate sentiment and romance to appear mawkish to us. We are in a state of mind at present similar to the small boy who suddenly becomes ashamed to have other boys see his mother kiss him. A turn away from an excess of realism toward the really more creative and imaginative field in which romance and sentiment have their just part would give us a better estimate of Barrie, I contended. Still, Mr. Birrell would have none of him; he was too much of a syrupy confection for the consumption of the masses. Then he began to qualify a bit, pointing to "The Admirable Crichton" as a good piece of work, and finally, with a chuckle and an admiring shake of his head, said: "He does some things

astonishingly well. One must admit that he is extremely able."

"See," I said, "you like him yourself, don't you?"

"In some respects, yes; but not altogether, by any means," he confessed.

I next met Mr. Birrell at the house of Lady Prothero. When the party broke up, we made a tentative arrangement for a meeting for the purpose of making a portrait of him, he being my near neighbor in Chelsea, but it was fated to indefinite postponement due to the long and serious illness of his son. When he was finally able to appear at my studio, the winter was on the wane and the time for my departure near at hand.

Faced by the splendid problem of his impressive physiognomy, I started my task. I asked him if he had any literary work in hand at the time.

"No, no," he said; "books appear by the thousands these days. Why should I add to the flood? The modern printing-press is doing for literature to-day what it has done for the currency in Russia and Germany. Almost any one can rush into print, and the standard goes constantly downward."

"All the more reason," I replied, "why good books should be written. The others will disappear, while great things will live."

"Curiously enough, it is not always the best that lives. Sometimes it is the sort of thing that a large mass of intelligent or semi-intelligent people understand best. Fitzgerald's 'Omar' exists to-day only by the most amazing chance. A few copies were privately printed, and Fitzgerald died. They were sold to a dealer in second-hand books, who put them on the pavement

in front of his shop with a lot of trash at a penny each. One of the Pre-raphaelites found a copy, bought it, and read a bit of it as he sauntered along, was amazed, and went with it to Swinburne. They returned to the shop and got the copies that remained, and shortly after it received adequate publication. Take Shaw, for instance, a tremendously able man. But he usually has too much to say; people have to think to read him, and in the theater he tires his auditors. Wilde, though greatly his inferior, is more likely to live because his plays gallop along easily, wittily, and entertain without much mental effort being necessary on the part of his audience. Wilde is exceedingly clever without being too profound."

"But," I replied, "the mechanics of his cleverness are so distressingly obvious. I find the constant repetition of the same formula maddening."

"Well," he said, "some of us do, but the mass of the people will prefer him to Shaw. And demand for a thing has a great deal to do with its chance to live."

When my drawing was completed I walked across the studio and produced a book.

"This you will recognize," I said. "It is a copy of your 'Obiter Dicta,' and I would like your autograph in it. I have not had time to read it yet, but it has to be a devilish fine work to be worthy of that head of yours."

Mr. Birrell chuckled as he made the inscription.

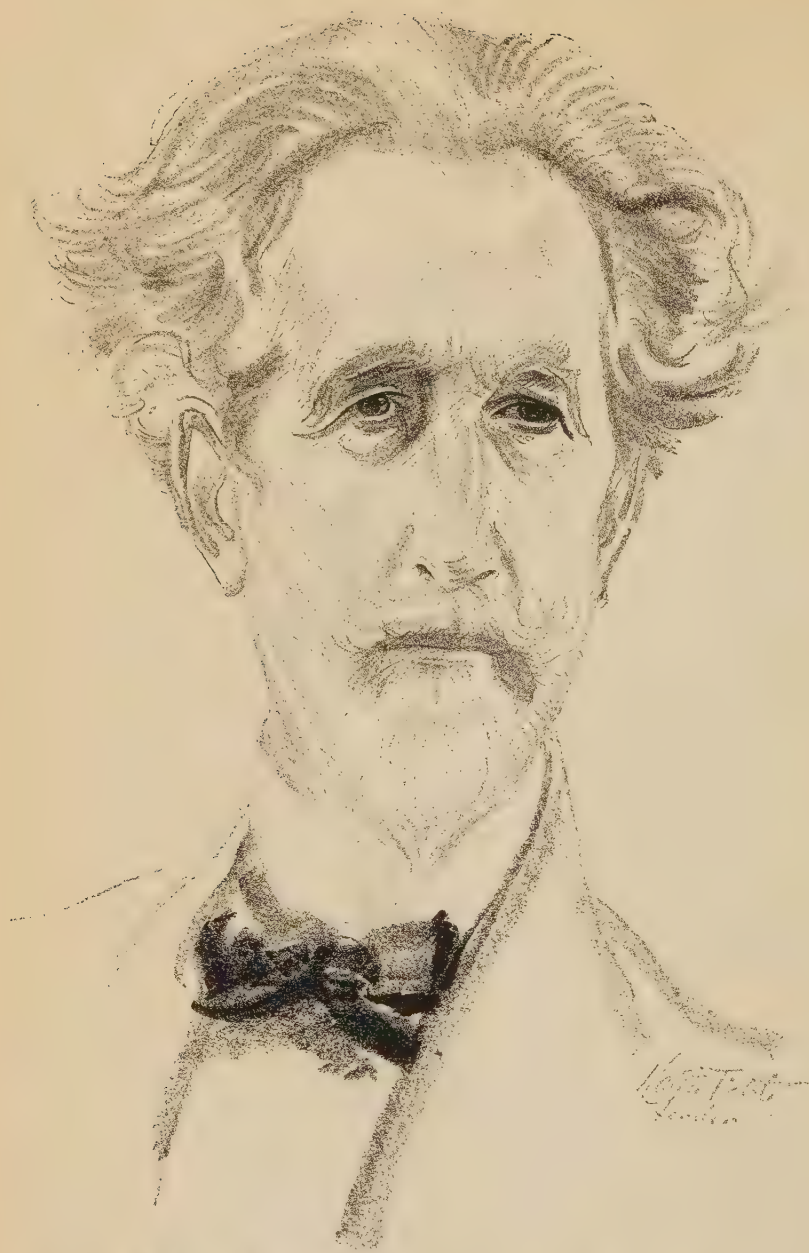
"Never open it," he said.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

On any day when London's constant (I nearly said fickle) weather fails to put forth her most extreme pro-

hibition, one may see in Rotten Row, in the early morning, one of the great capital's most conspicuous personalities. Very tall and slender, with white hair and imperial, he sits his spirited horse as one born to the saddle, and few men have spent a greater portion of their lives on horseback. He has been a cow-boy in the Argentine as well as in our own West, knew Buffalo Bill before he became a showman, and was the close friend of many of our most famous frontier scouts. He became a successful cattleman on the two American continents, and nothing pleases him better to-day than to cook a meal in the open, his only utensils being the tins that contain the materials for his repast. Much of this could be recorded of any cow-boy or cattleman, but one hardly expects it of a man of British birth, known from his youth in the principal drawing-rooms and salons of Great Britain and Europe, who has sat for years in Parliament, and is to-day one of the most excellent of all British writers. In appearance a Spanish grandee, Scotch by birth, and a prince among cosmopolites in experience, at a glance it is almost impossible to put an appraising finger upon Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham.

Spanish he speaks as perfectly as English, and at will he can relapse into a Scotch accent as convincing as that of Sir Harry Lauder. A friend of mine from Paris, who met him in my studio, conversed with him in six languages, but was unable to follow him into Hindustani. To this incomplete list of the many accomplishments of Don Roberto, as his friends call him, I will add one more, and the most important of all, knowing well that his modesty will cause him to writhe



A. B. Cunningham Graham
Jan 11/1874

if this article meets his eye. Excellent as are his written contributions to current art, the living of his life is even a finer one. The broad diversity of his interests and the generosity with which he gives of his enriched self to his many friends are more important than even the most perfectly written shadow of that life can be. Few people have this gift or care to exercise it.

I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Conrad for my acquaintance with him. They told me not only of his personal charm and the beauty of his writing, but also of the splendid visible record that birth, experience, and culture have stamped upon his person.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham lives in a quaint and charming house in Elizabeth Street, near Eaton Square. The dwelling is stamped with the personality of its occupant. Books line the walls, and lie in profusion everywhere. Many of them are Spanish, and daily papers from Spain are always in evidence. Numerous prints and other pictures are there also, some of them the work of his deceased wife, who was Spanish. Horses are a recurrent theme in these works of art, and a most interesting collection of saddles, spurs, and other equine paraphernalia is distributed through the various rooms. A painting in his collection, a great rarity, was entirely different from anything I had ever seen. At a glance it resembled a piece of modern Cubism; the creator of it had apparently obeyed the Bible commandment that forbids a likeness of anything here, in heaven, or below. After my first examination of it, my host produced a mirror in the shape of a half-cylinder, split lengthwise, and, with the painting lying flat on the

table and the mirror standing upright on a certain spot upon it, one could see reflected in the shining convex surface a very creditable portrait of Charles the Martyr. This was a contemporary device to evade a Cromwellian law forbidding the possession by loyal Royalists of portraits of their dead king.

I made two drawings of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, one at his house, and the one herewith, when he called at my studio on New Year's day. I found it impossible to satisfy myself with one sketch only, as from every angle his head presents new and fascinating problems. As I worked I was regaled with delightful talk, comments on current happenings, reminiscences of the old days in the cattle countries, of Parliamentary experiences, of contacts with famous men—Hudson, Hardy, Whistler, and innumerable others.

"The first time I met Mr. Hardy I was on a shooting expedition with a party of friends. I was a bit vague as to our locality until some one mentioned that Dorchester was near by. I promptly deserted for two hours, telling the gamekeeper where I was going. He was utterly disgusted with me, and when my friends inquired about my disappearance, he told them, with unconcealed contempt, that I had gone 'to look up some other writer-chap. And when the birds are risin', too!'"

It may not be in the best of taste usually to divulge the ages of people, but in this case I cannot resist recording what I consider to be one of the glories of this remarkable man. He has recently achieved the allotted threescore years and ten, and is still a youth mentally and physically.

His voice is young and full of enthusiasm. He resembles Mr. Shaw in these respects, and is three years his senior.

"I feel about as well as I ever did. This morning a lady dropped her riding-crop, and I picked it up from the saddle just as I did when I was a boy." A few days later he rang me on the telephone to postpone a luncheon engagement. In his usual cheerful and colorful voice he told me the reason. His horse had stumbled badly the day before, and he had narrowly escaped being thrown. "I sprained my back in an effort to keep my seat. It is nothing. I will be quite all right again in a few days. There is an old Spanish proverb to the effect that 'he who rides a horse dwells on the edge of eternity,' but I have been riding for quite a while, and no real harm has come to me yet."

His mother is alive and in full possession of her faculties at the age of ninety-six. Her house is very near that of her son, and they see each other daily.

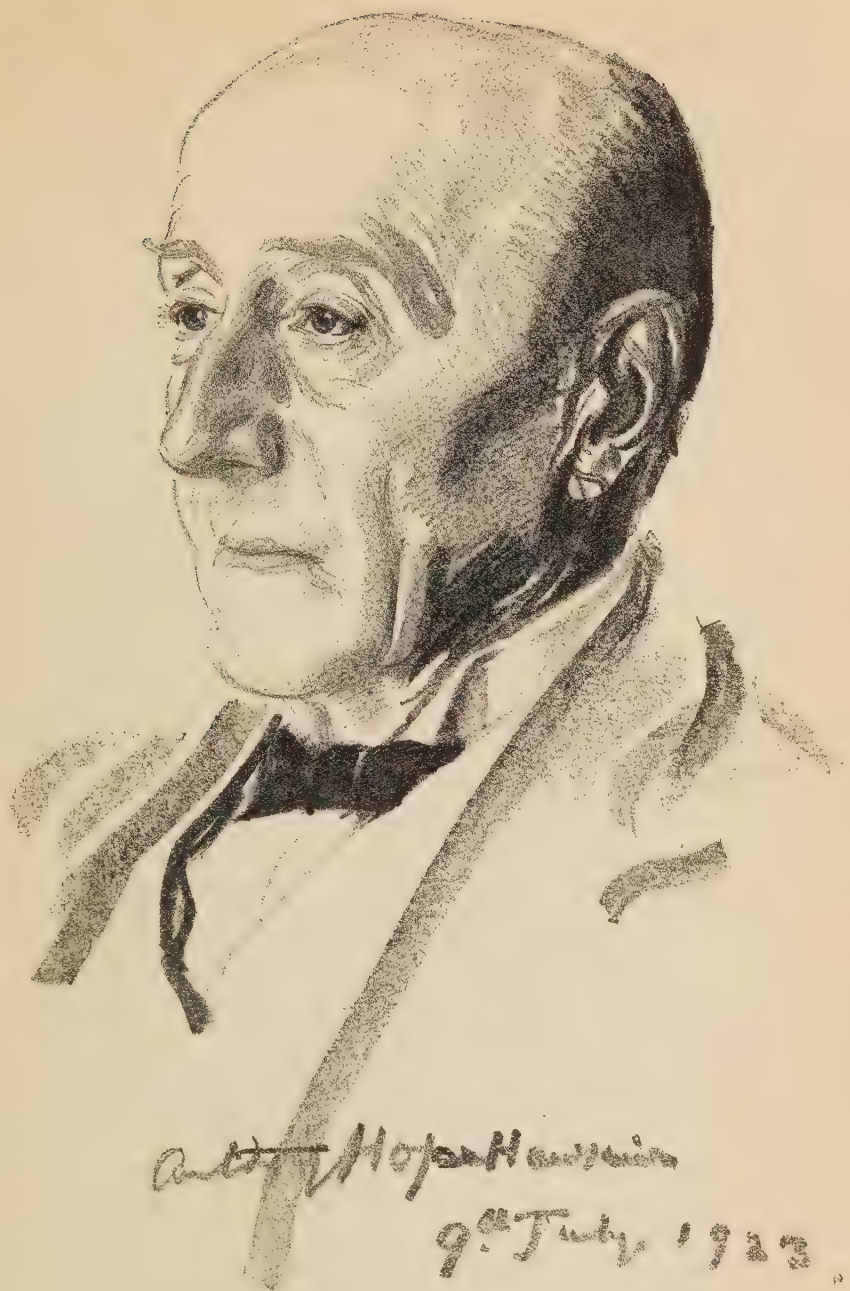
Mr. Cunninghame Graham's attitude toward his own literary product is most amusing. He described himself to me as a mere dilettante in letters. "I'm not a real literary man," he said, "and no one bothers to read my books. My poor publishers are usually left with part of the first editions on their hands. They just cannot sell them," and he laughed. But one hears a different story from the most exalted of his confrères, many of whom place him as second to none among English writers of to-day. Mrs. Conrad told me of a chance meeting between him and a woman, notorious the world over and successful to a shocking degree as the author of innumerable cheap "thrill-

ers" that lean heavily upon the appeal to sex. She was impressed with the conversation of her vis-à-vis, and finally burst out with the compliment: "You should try to write a novel yourself, Mr. Cunninghame Graham. You talk so well on the subject, I am sure you could do it." "Oh, no, no," he modestly replied, "such things are beyond me!" and the famous lady was allowed to remain undisturbed in her blissful ignorance.

SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

I well remember, when I was a youngster, the popularity of "A Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." Their chief interest to me at the time was in the brilliant illustrations by Gibson, romantic and heroic as the text itself, with early representations of the handsome types of young manhood and womanhood that I verily believe were later stamped to a considerable degree upon our race itself. The assiduity with which contemporary youth strove to resemble these gods and goddesses apparently had its effect. It was Mr. Max Eastman, I believe, who made the clever remark that the success of Mr. Gibson's famous girl could be reduced to a law: the attraction of the male to the female is in direct proportion to the distance between the female eye and eyebrow! This vividly recalls the considerable separation of those two features in the earlier Gibson girls. But I must return to Zenda.

Wending one's way along a typical street of the Bloomsbury section of London, one is likely to think it a rather unromantic spot for the domicile of that delightful romancer, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins. As the street opens into an old square it



seems to realize that it is incumbent upon it to make some concessions; suddenly the houses take on the distinction and quaintness of an earlier time. Beyond the square the same thoroughfare takes the name of Gower Street, and the transformation is complete. Romance is here, but not the romance of sword, cuirass, and doublet. Rather of crinoline or even of powdered perukes.

Number fourteen was our destination; on entering the attractive door, one has at once a vista of leafy gardens at the back. This lovely row of dwellings is favored by a private park which, on this sunny summer day, was dotted with a considerable quota of the fortunate residents. The sunshine contrasted sharply with the cozy, somber interior of eighteenth-century flavor.

How well Sir Anthony harmonized with it! He was waiting for me in the back parlor; powdered wig and satin breeches only were lacking to complete the illusion of a picturesque time that has passed. His colorful skin and merry blue eyes are those of the old-fashioned English country gentleman, and an artist wishing to portray this type could not find features better molded for his purpose. The black hair of his early photographs has receded from its former position, and what remains at back and sides is white.

His greeting was most kindly and cordial. As I worked, he asked me about New York, and indulged in reminiscences of times that he had spent there. A recent visit to London of his old friend Dana Gibson had revived pleasant memories.

"I have always loved America, and some of my happiest times were spent there," he said. "My wife is an American, you know. It was so good to see Dana again, and Mrs. Gibson! What a delightful woman she is, the loveliest of the Langhorne girls, I think. Lady Astor gave a party for them, which we attended. It was a treat to see these sisters together."

He talked a bit about recent books, and the effect of the cinema upon current fiction. I asked if he had any new work in hand at the time. He smiled whimsically.

"No," he said, "one must be young to feel and write romance. My romantic days are over, I fear. I have not written a story for a long time. The cinema has come now, and developed a new market. I never write for it, but I live on the cinema rights of my old books. I don't even bother with the adaptation or production of the films. I let the producers do with them what they please."

Lady Hawkins appeared from the garden as I was putting my last touches to the sketch, and made several solicitous suggestions, as wives are wont to do when their husbands are being delineated. She proved to be a most merry and jovial person indeed, and there was much pleasant laughter over the tea-cups. We discovered friends in common in Rutland, Vermont, which was her home. The pretty daughter of the family, slightly over twenty, possesses considerable of her attractive mother's vivacity, and like many girls of her age has ambition to shine in the field of motion pictures.

The Lip-Lazy American

By EDWARD W. BOK

"What a calamity! To take words, beautiful in themselves, and then speak them so that all their beauty is marred."—FRANCIS THOMPSON

SUPPOSE a boy has the desire to make something of his life. He naturally feels that his first step to success is to excel at school. He goes, as do the vast majority of boys, to the public school. He is told that America has "the finest educational system in the world," and that if he does not learn from what his country offers him, it will be his fault. But in truth will it be? He may have studied his alphabet at home, and he knows "some figures," but now he is to study systematically and earnestly. He certainly cannot learn unless he studies. But who will teach him *how* to study? Not what to study, but how to study? And even when he does learn what to study without being told how to study it, who will teach him how to tell others intelligently what he has learned—how to tell it so that others can understand what he says? Who will teach him to open his lips when he recites? Who will teach him to enunciate clearly, to pronounce his words fully and distinctly? Who will tell him how to put the emphasis on the right word? "Oh," is the blithe answer, "the teachers teach that." The teachers? How can they teach an art in which they are never trained and are themselves almost

totally deficient? How many teachers speak distinctly? And if they teach distinct pronunciation and clear enunciation, as some claim, why is it that the American is the lip-laziest person in the world?

"But do you consider that part of an education?" an educator once asked me. I asked him, "Pray, what is education?" We are told that education is supposed to fit the young for life. Is it not a requisite that we should be taught how to arrive at a result, and then shown the method by which we can use it to the best advantage? Are there any two points in education more fundamental?

The most cursory study of our educational system for the purpose of determining the emphasis placed on these two fundamental points will reveal their almost total absence. It makes no difference whether it is the kindergarten, the elementary public school, the high school, the private preparatory school, the college, or the university. All are one in these two respects.

"How can I learn this," said a boy to his instructor, "when I don't know how to learn? Show me how to study, and I'll learn whatever you put before me."

"Ah, my boy," came the enlighten-

ing answer, "that 's exactly the thing for you to learn."

The boy was too young to combat the point with his instructor, but this is the point of view held by the average instructor of our future men and women: they are told what to learn, but not how to learn it.

§ 2

Ask of our educational executives why our boys and girls are not taught to impart what they do learn so that they can be understood and use their knowledge to the best advantage, and a look of bewilderment will come into the face of the executive. Vocal training is about as far removed from his mind as is his own inability to speak distinctly and enunciate clearly.

In one of the largest universities a special course in vocal placement was an outstanding and unusual course. The war came, and the instructor was killed in battle. So was the instructor in English literature. The latter was at once replaced; the other was not, and the course allowed to be dropped.

"Why?" I asked the president.

"Well," was the answer, "come to think of it, I don't know."

The rightful valuation was not placed on the course. That is really why.

I attended an important educational conference in Washington, and during the four days that a friend and I listened to some thirty-odd speakers from the platform and the floor, we decided that not half a dozen could be clearly understood. Yet the speakers included some of the principal educators in the country. The hall was small; it could not have accommodated over six hundred persons. The acoustics seemed excellent, and yet here

were a company of men and women engaged in the important field of education who spoke so indistinctly as to make what they said inaudible to one half of their audience. It was significant, too, that the only speaker, a woman, to whom it was a pleasure to listen for her clear enunciation, was an Englishwoman. Of what use is it to know the most we can know if those to whom we try to tell it cannot understand us when we speak? Go to any play with an English cast of actors, observe the clear and full value which they give to each word spoken, and then listen to the lines of a play spoken by American actors? The contrast is like the force of a blow.

§ 3

An interesting incident happened at the première of a well known play of which much was expected. The leading part was taken by an actor notorious for "mouthing" his words, and his co-star, an actress of some repute, was equally famous for her lack of clear enunciation. The first act of the play had not proceeded for more than fifteen minutes, the star and his co-star were on the stage engaged in a dialogue, when, suddenly, in the fifth row from the front, a man of distinguished appearance, who turned out to be a well known member of the bar, arose, and in a well modulated voice said:

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. —, in your scene, but I think you should know that scarcely any one in the audience, I believe, can understand what Miss — and you are saying. Will you not make it possible for us to enjoy the play?"

The actor flushed, and turning to his co-star, he bowed her off the stage. Then he proceeded to give a tongue-

lashing to his critic and to the audience for the "impertinence of telling an actor how to speak his lines." The curtain was rung down, and some hundred or more of the men in the audience went out into the lobby, sought the manager of the play, and told him they all agreed with the auditor who had shown the courage to rise and speak their thoughts, and that if the lines could not be better spoken, they would demand the money for their tickets and leave the theater. To their surprise, the manager said he heartily agreed with the patrons, and that he was on his way "back stage" so to inform the two principals of the stage; that he himself had been able to understand scarcely a word spoken.

After a few moments, the curtain was rung up, the two principals bowed their thanks to the audience, and the first act was replayed. So carefully did the two actors speak their lines that at the close of the act the applause was thrice repeated, and as the clear speaking and enunciation of the lines of the play continued to the end, the actors received an ovation at the close, and the play became one of the successes of the season.

The rebuke should have been unnecessary, it is true. There should be more and better American schools of acting where our actors should be taught clear speaking and distinct enunciation, as is the practice in England. The stage is a powerful educational influence, and could be a great factor in its influence upon the manner in which we as a people should speak. We have a right to expect that our actors will speak distinctly, and where they do not, the incident I have told is worthy of remembrance and of repetition.

We fail to see the value of distinct speaking, or, if we do, we certainly take no pains to see to it that it is taught to our children. That is the actual truth of the matter. And the fault is with us who are elders. Among American boys there is a feeling that to speak distinctly is something of a pose or is "affected." By some it is considered "effeminate." Is to slur one's words the mark of American masculinity? It would appear so, if one may judge by the average American public speaker. Is it proof of the "finest educational system in the world" to be a lip-lazy nation? If so, then the English educational system is certainly the worst in the world.

It is curious that the American man, with his perceptions always alive to assets, has not sensed the value of a trained speaking voice. There are few possessions more of an asset than the ability to speak distinctly and to know where to put the emphasis, whether a man is a salesman or an executive anxious to make his points effective in speaking to a business conference, before a board of directors, a committee, or a public audience. It is one of the most valuable "selling" qualities a man can possess, whether he is selling a bill of merchandise or making a point in argument. Nothing is of equal value to the lawyer impressing a jury or bench, it is the chief asset of the preacher, it is invaluable to the statesman, it is the instrument of success with the public speaker. Yet apparently we pay not the slightest attention to the almost complete absence of a study of the subject in our schools and colleges, save in two or three colleges, and permit generation after generation to inherit our national lip-laziness. We are known in other coun-

tries for our slurring speech and our carelessness of pronunciation, and yet an era of international relations faces our children for which we should equip them with all the natural qualities necessary for their greatest efficiency.

We cannot expect the young to see the necessity and value in the possession of a gift which only years of experience can prove an asset. But we who have learned and lived and realized, sometimes to our great loss, how much an insistence of parents on a

point obviously obscure to us in our immature period means, should see to it that it shall no longer be true of the American, beyond the present generation, that he cannot speak distinctly the language of his fathers. The place to begin is, naturally, in the home, but home training should be supplemented by the school and the college.

"How well he speaks!" should not be the occasional surprised comment; it should be, as it can be, the nationally accepted hall-mark of the American.

Song for Unbound Hair

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Oh, never marry Ishmael!
Marry another, and prosper well;
But not, but never Ishmael.

What has he ever to buy or sell?
He only owns what his strength can keep,
Only a vanishing knot of sheep,
A goat or two. Does he sow or reap?
In the hanging rocks rings his old ram's bell—
Who would marry Ishmael?

What has he to give to a bride?
Only trouble, little beside;
Only his arm like a little cave
To cover a woman and keep her safe;
A rough, fierce kiss, and the wind and the rain;
A child perhaps, and another again.
Who would marry Ishmael?

The arrogant Lucifer, when he fell,
Bequeathed his wrath to Ishmael.
The hand of every man is set
Against his lad, and this lad's hand
Is cruel and quick. Forget, forget
The nomad boy on his leagues of sand!

Marry another, and prosper well;
But not, but never Ishmael.

Around the World in New York

III—Czechoslovakia

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

UP to the beginning of the war, if any one had asked where Czechoslovakia was in Europe, even the best student of geography would have looked at his questioner doubting his sanity. To-day Czechoslovakia is an independent country, though it originally was only an American invention. Masaryk met President Wilson, and the invention received the finishing touches before going upon the market. There are Czechs and there are Slovaks, but the Czechs and the Slovaks have never lived in close friendship. Only for a brief space while Masaryk and Wilson were planning the liberation of Bohemia from the yoke of Austria did the Slovaks and the Czechs make believe they got on very well, and then merely to carry on their propaganda of liberation in common. It was only the feeling against the common enemy that bound them. Once that enemy was vanquished, the old natural enmity between them again rose to the surface, and the Slovaks are bringing against their friends the Czechs accusations of a similar nature to those they used to bring against the Austrians and the Germans. The Czechs, they cry and thunder, are oppressing them, interfering with their religious liberty, and so on.

The Czechs are natural politicians. Of a higher culture, individually and in mass, than either the Poles or the Slovaks, their perpetual enemies and occasional friends, they have always outwitted them in the long run. There are fewer illiterates among the Czechs than in any other nation in Europe, the French not excepted. What is equally important is that there are fewer illiterates among the women. Because of their national misfortunes, all Czechs have a natural inclination toward the study of history and politics. The average Czech knows more of these two subjects than the average university professor of those branches, either here or abroad. It is this knowledge of history which has won them their independence. It is this knowledge of history which has given them a superiority over the Poles and the Slovaks. It is this knowledge of history, coupled with great organizing talent, that will eventually make the Czechs one of the most powerful nations in Europe. Progressive and cautious, hardy and daring, without being adventurous, they have their most powerful weapons within them. They can think of the future in terms of the past and study the past with an eye to the future. It is a rare educational treat to hear

an every-day Czech working-man discourse on European political history.

The first Czech arrivals in this country were in 1847, when a group of deserters from Mainz, Germany, found their way to New York and settled in the lower part of the East Side, near the East River below Fifth Street, which was then populated mostly by Poles and Ruthenians, who had preceded them in great numbers only a few years before. There is no doubt that the Czechs were received with open arms by the Poles and their brother Ruthenians, for a greater number of them, political refugees, followed the first group, in 1848 and 1850, on the heels of the 48 revolution, which had shaken the whole of Europe. Krikava, Juranek, Korbek, the younger Hubaceks and Mracek, the leaders of the refugees, were received as hospitably by the Poles as by their own people. They fraternized, the Czechs and the Poles, to a great degree. Austria and Russia were the hereditary enemies of both nations. They met in the same halls, had banquets and weddings in the same places, and theatricals and concerts in the Narodni Budova, the National Hall on East Fifth Street.

With their aptitude for organization, the Czechs formed a society, in 1850, to give advice and succor to fellow-countrymen, which did not exclude any of the Slavic peoples under the yoke of the Austrians, Germans, or Russians. Even the Jan Hus Church was frequented as much by the other nations as by the Czechs themselves. In 1861 they formed the Slovenska Lipa, a social and educational club which also included a language school and a circulating library. A short time afterward their first paper, the

"New Yorkske Listy," appeared from the same group, with different organizations springing from it, like the Czech Slavic Sock Benevolent Society, and the Union of Czech Women, and the Union of Catholic Women. There was hardly a Czech in the city who did not belong to several organizations which did their utmost to keep the national aspirations alive. Yet despite their fraternization with the other nations, the Czechs never forgot that their interests, their national interests in Europe, were not wholly the same as those of their friends. The Czech is an extremely practical and methodical person.

§ 2

Like every other nation, the Czechoslovaks have special trades in which they excel and which they have more or less monopolized. For more than sixty years, since the Czechs first came to this country, cigar-making has been their special occupation. The Cigar Makers' Union was one of the first organized industries in this city. But although Czechs have been making cigars more than sixty years, very few, if any, have risen to the rank of great manufacturers among the workers. The Greeks and Armenians are now at the head of the industry. The Czechs have at different times opened coöperative shops, which they organized, especially during strikes against their employers, in order to compete with them. But the Czech is naturally not a business man. Cautious and quiet, without dreams of wealth, he prefers to better his condition as a working-man, bringing his sons up to be working-men like himself, rather than to live in a haphazard way in an unorganized industry, and

hope for his sons that they may be able to earn their living otherwise than by the sweat of their brows.

Another occupation virtually in the hands of the Czechs is pearl-button-making, which has always been a Czech industry even in Europe. The Prague pearl-button-makers are the most renowned in the industry. Piano-making, especially the carpenter's work in that trade, is another industry in which the Czechs excel and in which a great number of them are occupied and have been occupied for generations. Czech trades remain in the family and are transmitted from father to son. Even to-day, among the new generations, one is quite certain to find that the young cigar-maker is the grandson of a cigar-maker, the young piano-maker is the great-great-grandson of a piano-maker, and so with the butcher, the dressmaker, the furrier, and the saloon-keeper. With all the friendship the Czechs have for Poles and Ruthenians, there are no Poles and no Ruthenians in the trades more or less exclusively Czech.

But fraternizing with the Poles ceased at once when the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia came to America in 1871. The Czechs of New York and Chicago sent delegations "to greet our brother Slav." This "act of perfidy" on the part of the Czechs so angered the Poles that they immediately seceded from them and left every organization which the Czechs had had a hand in organizing. For the Poles have always considered the Russian a greater enemy than the Austrian not because they have suffered more under the Russians than under the Austrians, but because they always have considered themselves superior to the Russians and consequently

chafed more under their yoke. As a matter of fact, the Pole considers himself superior to everybody. And so unpleasant did the Poles, who were in greater numbers, make it for the Czechs that the Czechs left the lower East Side and settled along the East River near Fiftieth Street, spreading northward until they have now reached Eightieth Street, always hugging the river.

Of all the surprises New York offers to the New-Yorker, none is as great as the suddenness with which one passes from the center to the rim of the city. There is no gradual change from lofty buildings to hovels, from riches to poverty. There being only one generation from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves, the city is also under the same influence. Twenty-four wonders may rise to-morrow on the place of a tumble-down shack, and a prosperous quarter may suddenly stub its toe and go the way all things of flesh and brick go.

Ivan Opffer and I had just left Fifth Avenue and were descending Fiftieth Street. In a few minutes we were at the East River.

That portion of the river is the most God-forsaken part of our city. The population is a mixed one. It was exclusively Irish until a few years ago. Then the Italians came, and before either of the two nationalities was dislodged the Polacks attempted a stampede and only scattered a few Jewish families westward and southward of the city. It is now Czechoslovak.

And over that part of the city rules Big Pat, who knows where to look and what not to see. And the authority of his club is so much greater than that of the other policemen be-

cause it is seldom used. Some grown-ups skirt Big Pat when they have to pass him by, but the children of the neighborhood are not in the least afraid of him. The lighted cigarette of the barefoot urchin disappears mysteriously into his mouth by a trick the whole neighborhood possesses until the policeman is out of sight (Big Pat is a sworn enemy of the cigarette), but otherwise the youngsters look upon Big Pat as their representative and not their enemy.

While Oppfer was sketching roofs and distant domes, I looked around to find Big Pat, who is an old friend of mine.

I approached one of a group of children with pails and shovels in their hands and asked, "Where is Pat?"

There being only one Pat, the answer was, "Around there, by the candy factory."

"How's Pat?"

"He is mad because of a Polack," was the answer.

"What is the matter?"

The youngsters looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders with the movement which in that region means, "I know, but I won't tell."

I found Pat standing in a sort of niche in a brick wall watching, without being seen, a great stretch of the street opposite him. He motioned to me not to approach him, but to keep on walking to the next corner.

I waited and waited. Something was sure to happen if Pat waved me away so anxiously. His thick mustache bristled with anger, and he had brought his cap well over his ears in preparation for quick action. I decided that the watched place was down near the river, against the wind,

and that Pat was afraid to lose his cap on the run.

The group of children with pails and shovels, having circled the block, passed by me and returned to the foot of the street, where they soon became active at a heap of burned-out coals and picked whatever was not completely worthless for the stock at home.

While the children were busy picking the coals, a huge, blond-mustached, overalled brute emerged from behind a wooden fence and began to steal up nearer to the coal-pile. Big Pat flattened himself completely against the wall. But when the overalled brute was half-way to the children, the policeman crossed sidewalk and street in two noiseless jumps, was himself soon hidden by the bulging irregularities of the broken-down fence, and was gaining on the man who was coming upon the children.

Suddenly there was a loud cry, and the little urchins started to run. But it was too late. The man had his big hands on two of them, the bigger ones, and was holding them both with his left hand to have the right one free for punishment. He lifted his arm high, and the little shoulders of the boys curved in for protection.

But before that hand had been lowered, another arm behind it had gone up and shot down, and there was a horrible yell in an unearthly tongue, a scuffle, and Pat and the man in overalls disappeared behind the fence, whence I soon heard short yelps and long whines and the thud of a fist against flesh and bone.

The whole thing lasted less than a minute. Big Pat was first to come to view again. He put his cap at the proper angle, pulled his coat, wiped

his hands on a handkerchief, and walked slowly away as if nothing had happened.

A little later the other man came out; holding one hand to a bleeding nose and the other to a rumpled ear, and howling like a beaten dog, he limped painfully to the open gate of the old factory, while the children pelted him with pieces of coal and stones.

"Don't talk to me now," said Pat, passing me by; "I am busy."

The following day Pat was talking in a friendly fashion to a badly mussed-up man.

"Rub in some liniment to-night, man, after washing the sore carefully," he advised.

"Thanks," the man said as he walked slowly away.

"Don't forget, Slitzky. *Wash* before you rub in the liniment," Pat called after him.

"Who is that fellow, and why have you beaten him up?" I asked.

"That's the new watchman. I learned him yesterday a lesson. We had a talk, we did. No beating of kids in my district. I got children of me own. And, God knows, coal is high enough this year." It was Slitzky's first lesson in fair play and sportsmanship. He and Pat are great friends to-day.

Given freedom within a limited space for any national group to search for its habitat, it will always look for a spot which resembles as nearly as possible the place it came from. It is why so many rivers and mountains in Europe have names similar to rivers and mountains and hamlets in India. During the great Indo-Slavic migrations the invaders settled near such places as recalled to them their natural habitat. And, in doing so, they called

the river or the mountain or the valley by the same name as the river, the mountain, or the valley whence they came. It is one of the reasons why the group-formation of nations in this city repeats the group-formation of nations in Europe. The fact that their neighbors have always been their enemies counts for little in such settlements. No other factors are taken into consideration.

§ 3

No part of the city could as much resemble old Prague as Fiftieth Street and thereabouts up to Seventieth Street. There are tunnels, and streets to which one must ascend through stone stairs two stories high, crisscrossing one another, cobblestone pavements, old shanties heavy with time upon them. Trellised balconies, vaulted alleys, and vine-covered façades of old brick, with sudden elevations and vistas upon the river; old outlying New York, which has remained behind in the upbuilding of the city, and still resembles Old-World cities.

Given a Czech national holiday, with the sun shining over the people marching in their national costumes with their curiously embroidered flag at the head, with the yellow and black of the women's embroidered white dresses waving freely in the wind, while the band marches before and behind them, such a procession is a never-to-be-forgotten sight on the upper East Side of New York. It is Prague on a national holiday. The national costumes are the dearest possessions of every Czech household. A Czech home in New York, with the walls covered with bits of rugs, and with the celebrated Bohemian colored

glassware on the mantelpiece, is as clearly distinguished from any other home as if it were on the shores of the Moldau River.

The numerous saloons in the Czechoslovak quarter have never given rise to any intemperance among the Czechs. The saloons were merely means for keeping up the numerous meeting-halls in their rears, the saloon-keeper being more often than not an enthusiastic follower, if not the leader of this, that, or the other social or political organization. The Narodni Budova on Fifth Street was such a place. In 1882 a number of organizations which held their meetings there, for which the place had now become too small, bought it out and rebuilt it. The ground floor still remained the saloon, but in the rear the organizations erected a stage on which they had almost weekly performances of plays produced and played by amateurs. On the second floor they had a library, and on the floor above that they had their meeting-halls. When the Czechs moved up town, they took along with them all these organizations; even their club-houses and churches followed them northward.

But no Czech is a real Czech unless he belongs to a Sokol, which is a gymnastic organization similar to the old German *Turn-verein*. The care of the body is as highly developed among the Czechs as it was among the old Greeks. No church organization, no socialistic organization, no political organization, is complete without its own *sokol*. And every *sokol* has also its singing and dramatic clubs. It should be mentioned that when in 1916 eighty-four members of the Blue Sokol marched to Fort Slocum to volunteer, not one was rejected on

physical grounds, although there were many beyond military age.

I shall never forget one evening at the Seventy-first Street Sokol. I came in during the latter part of the evening while gymnastic exercises were in progress. To see the hundreds of perfectly formed bodies go through the callisthenics and more difficult exercises with the utmost mechanical precision was one of the most beautiful sights my eye had ever beheld. The bodies glistening, the muscles rippling smoothly under the perspiring skin of arms and legs, moving with the lightness of sprites to the rhythm of the music and the commands of the leader, they carried out the most intricate and difficult figures. And then came the women, who went through similar exercises while dressed in abbreviated national costumes. They did the movements even more beautifully than the men. What a surprise to me when the exercises were over and I mingled with the people! There were men and women of all ages ranging from twenty to sixty. Yet the muscles and joints of the older men and the women were fully as supple as those of the younger men. There was no desire to wrestle or to box, this not being considered by the Czechs as a physical advantage.

It is largely through these *sokols* that the independence of the country has been won. The *sokols* have been more than "gym" organizations. There soldiers were prepared, ready for all eventualities. The bodies and the spirits were kept healthy and strong. "Be ready," was the watchword of the Czechs for centuries. And they were ready when the hour struck.

The singing of these gymnasts was

as beautiful and precise and as rhythmic as their physical exercises. I have seldom heard more beautiful group singing than that of the Czechs. Indeed, to hear them sing their folk-songs, one would never realize, because of the accent of joy and happiness in them, that they were the folk-songs of an oppressed people. Through all his tribulation, the Czech has not suffered from an inferiority complex, neither has he acquired the arrogance or the whining propensities of other people. The Czech waits. A good Czech knows how to wait. The independence of a country was fought for and won on the upper East Side of New York.

There is a beautiful free and unrestrained relation between men and women in the *sokols* of the Czechs, a charming gallantry which is beautiful without being patronizing. A Czech never raises woman on a high pedestal in order easier to enslave her later on. And in all the Czech organizations the women have always had as much say as the men. And this without any Lucy Stonish show or affectation. Being as strong as the men, they assumed the same duties and had the same privileges.

The Czech American Working-men's Sokol on Seventy-second Street, between Avenue A and the East River, fully rivals the Hungarian Working-men's Association near by with its manifold cultural activities. It is a beautiful building, said to have cost over a quarter of a million dollars, and houses a *sokol*, a dramatic club, a language club, and a lecture-hall in which the ablest lecturers have delivered courses on many topics. The picnics and balls of the Czech American Working-men's Sokol are

probably the most worth-while amusements of any of our foreign populations here.

But their great pride is the National Hall on East Seventy-third Street, which is the central body of all the Czech organizations not only in this city, but in the entire country. It is from this hall that volunteers against the Germans and Austrians were equipped and trained until by the time they reached the battle-field they were the most perfectly drilled soldiers in Europe. I remember meetings in the *sokols* during the war. Those who could not go, gave everything they possessed to alleviate the sufferings of those who were left behind by those who did go. It was pointed out to me that poor working-men who had barely saved anything, fathers of three or four small children, were not only not detained by their wives, but were urged by them to go, regardless of the hardships in store for the family when its only earning member had left, with very little chance that he would return.

§ 4

I remember my friend Riggle, who had very pronounced anarchistic tendencies. I remember him at the beginning of the war thundering against all the governments in the little Czech paper he published weekly; writing it and setting it up himself, although he was by trade a carpenter and worked at his trade daily. Ruddy-cheeked, deep-eyed Riggle, who had thundered against every capitalistic government, began to soften more and more as he came to see a chance for his own country to become an independent state. I remember him suddenly explaining to me that one

cannot be an internationalist unless one belongs to a nation, and that there could be no nation unless it had a government. "And after you have a government," he told me, "you fight against it."

Little by little Riggle's paper changed from an anarchistic one into one of the most rabid national sheets published during the war. And, greatly to my surprise, Riggle began to frequent the *sokol*, neglecting everything, even his family, so as to put his body into condition. I have seen him crying when he was at first refused a soldier's uniform. He returned to gymnastics and training, and succeeded better at his second attempt. How proud he was of his body when I visited him one evening! His wife and his two daughters stood aside and admired him as he went through all the exercises.

"Touch here," he asked them; "touch here," offering his limbs. They had indeed become vigorous and supple.

There was not a tear in Jankzia's eyes six months later when the news came of Riggle's death on the battle-field. Indeed, she called out to me, "You know Riggle's died on the battle-field." It was such a joyful cry that I myself answered it with almost a jubilant greeting. But the two American daughters, born here, were not as enthusiastic as their mother.

"Poor dad!" they said. "Poor dad!"

But Mrs. Riggle exclaimed:

"Poor! Why, he was the happiest man on earth!"

As an example of the Czechs' political activity in favor of their country could be cited the advent of their

first newspaper, the "Lucerna" ("Lantern"). The Czechs all over the country called mass meetings in 1870 to protest against Germany's attack on France. A New York meeting was held at Cooper Union on November 19. All the Czechs of the city crowded into the hall, with several overflow meetings outside it. As a result of that meeting, one of the speakers, Lev J. Palda, from Chicago, remained in New York to edit that paper, entirely written by hand, several copies of which were made by William Jandus of Cleveland and distributed and read at subsequent meetings. It was the only issue of its kind. Copies of that paper sell now for hundreds of dollars and are very rare.

A short time afterward the Slovenska Lipa Society published the "New Yorkske Listy." It was edited by Jan Reindl, a music teacher of distinction, who was also a fine tenor, enjoying great popularity. A short time afterward, under the management of John Capek, of the same family as the present Capek brothers of "R. U. R." fame, the "New Yorkske Listy" became a daily in 1877. It was later absorbed by the "Delnicke Listy," ("Workmen's News,") a radical paper from Chicago, with Palda as its editor.

Indeed, from their very first arrival the Czechs have had one paper after another; the working-men, especially, have always had their own publications, which fought very effectively their cause and at the same time carried valuable articles of information and instruction. The files of these papers are almost encyclopedic in the variety of subjects treated.

One of the things the Poles and

frequently the Slovaks have charged against the Czechs is that more than half of the Czechs who have come here have abandoned their inherited faith. It seems to me this is very far from counting against them. It only shows an inquiring and progressive mind. The Czech is never satisfied with any belief at all. Intensely emotional without being hysterical, he is forever inquiring and delving into his own soul. In this he is vastly superior to his brother Slav, the Russian, who tortures his soul by moving in a narrow groove. The Czech mixes easily with other people without ever losing his national ego. He is an experimentalist, a modernist. Czech art has always been the vanguard of new adventures in color, form, and sound.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. John the Martyr's, the first on Sixty-first Street and the second on Eighty-second Street, both Catholic churches, are as well attended by the Irish as by the Czechs. The Jan Hus Presbyterian Church on Seventy-fourth Street is another Czech church attended by other nationalities as well. Half of the children of the Sunday-school of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church on Seventy-third Street are Czech. And although there are only twenty-five thousand Czechs in New York, and five or six times as many Poles, the cultural influence exerted by them is far intenser and greater than that of their erstwhile friends.

The Webster Branch of the Public Library on Avenue A, which opened in 1906 with fifteen hundred Czech books, has now fifteen thousand in that language. It is the largest Czech library in the country. Additions to it are being made daily. For every

Czech donates his books after he is through reading them. It is a pleasure to examine any of the Czech books. Apart from the fact that they are beautifully printed and beautifully bound, one is pleasantly surprised to see with what respect the readers have handled them. I have frequently looked at books that have been read by forty or fifty people during the first year of their appearance. The pages were still neat and clean. There was no evidence of disrespect toward them. No signs left by moistened thumbs, no dog's-eared pages. The books of a library are the best indication of the character of a nation.

The Webster Branch is not the only Czech library. Every *sokol*, every benevolent society, every lodge, has its own circulating library. Even the library of the "New Yorkske Listy," although used and used again by the staff and the readers who come in, is in the most beautifully preserved condition.

None of the younger generations born here are untaught in the Czech language. Continuing as they do mostly in the trades of their parents, they move in the same circles and are therefore continually in contact with the older members, who among themselves never speak any other language but Czech. One can see members of the younger generations at the *sokols* and the dancing-halls. I have heard American-born Czechs who have never seen their fatherland go up on the platform and speak as fluently as if they had never heard any other language spoken but Czech. And yet they speak English quite as fluently. In all the investigations of child-labor in the city there was never found a single Czech factory in which

Czech children below the legal age were at work. Most Czech children went through high school even before the law was made as strict as it now is. The Czech has facility for learning languages. Indeed, it is said that they have etymological minds. It is the trait that facilitates his learning foreign languages.

Among the Czechs who have become nationally known in this city are the painters, Fabry and Harrison Fisher, who is Czech on his father's side; Joseph Mazek; and Emanuel V. Nadheny, who has for years been on the staff of the "Herald." Rudolf Rujicka is one of the finest etchers in this country. Among sculptors they have men like J. Mario Korbel and Joseph M. Kratina, as well as Rose Krachikova.

But it is in music that they most excel. Rudolf Friml, the pianist and composer; Anica Fabry, the soprano; Anna Faka-Pangrac, the organist and composer; Alois Reiser, the violoncellist and orchestra director; and Josef Stransky, the director of the Philharmonic Orchestra, are a few of the more celebrated ones. And the "New World Symphony," which is perhaps more than any other musical composition of American essence, haunting and powerful, one of the symphonies that will live together with the great ones of Beethoven and Mozart and Tschaikevsky, was composed by Anton Dvořák, the Czech, during the eight years that he lived here. No one before him had seen the great musical values of the negro rhythm and negro spirituals.

Waterfall Sound

BY MARK VAN DOREN

In the middle of the wood it starts,
Then over the wall and the meadow
And into our ears all day. But it departs,
Sometimes, like a shadow.

There is an instant when it grows
Too weak to climb a solid fence,
And creeps to find a crack. But the wind blows,
Scattering it hence

In whimpering fragments like the leaves
That every autumn drives before.
Then rain again in the hills, and the brook receives
It home with a roar!

From the middle of the wood again,
Over the wall and the meadow,
It comes one day to the minds of waiting men
Like a shadow.

Errol's Voice

BY HENRY B. FULLER

AMY JEWETT'S eminent sculptor had sailed on one of the early June liners for Athens, and now poor Amy, in mid-August, was finding out what his absence meant.

"Let *me* read your proofs, Mr. Trent," she had said eagerly, and perhaps rather thoughtlessly. But she had passed proofs, on occasion, for other friends, and even a few times for herself. Besides, Trent's daughters had entertained her rather nicely only last April.

Thus the warm August forenoons found her busy over voluminous type-written sheets badly thumb-marked by compositors, and over galleys whereon emendations fell more numerous than she could have expected. An artist eager to bolt away to Olympia and the Parthenon, and a typist careless beyond wont and reason—well, between them they had raised the humble task of proof-reading almost to the level of research and even of original composition.

Alonzo Trent, besides being prominent himself, was willing to recognize the prominence of other members of the guild. He talked about them in public before the illuminated screen, and often, in a spirit of generous appreciation, he wrote about them in the magazines. Besides giving due prominence to his coevals and peers, he was willing to anticipate prominence for

certain of the younger generation; and it was over a long, fully illustrated magazine article about the "Jeunes" that Amy Jewett was slaving through the tiresome days of midsummer.

"If they were only older!" she murmured amidst the perplexities of many corrections and conjectures. "Then I could go to the books. But when it comes to all these new ones—" Well, hearsay, gossip, recourse to the museums and the studios seemed the only present way. But the museums had not yet given countenance to many of these new-comers, and summer had laid its slow hand on production in several of the ateliers. "I'll never undertake anything like this again," Amy declared.

There was one important point, however: under each of the many illustrations she was supposed to state just where the bust, the figure, the group, the monument stood. Some of these sites were specified on the backs of the photographs that had come to her in a great sheaf, others she knew about, or learned about somehow; but in the end, after all possible corrections had been made and all necessary additions had joined the sum total, one snag remained.

"This is a sticker," said Amy. She mopped her forehead with one hand, while in the other she held a large photograph of a white elegiac group,

properly to be traced to some urban cemetery of quality. Its back bore no inscription beyond a statement that it was the "property of" Such-and-so.

"Dear me!" sighed Amy, "*what* is it, and *where* is it? How proud of 'James C. Cadwallader'!"—thus she slowly deciphered the signature—"and how very careless of Mr. Trent—or his secretary!"

She put down her handkerchief and reached for the telephone directory, hoping that the austere and uncommunicative Cadwallader might really have a studio in town, and that it might not be too far from the publishing-office where she purposed leaving that very day her too familiar batch of proof and accessories.

She ascertained in a moment that Mr. Cadwallader was one of the illuminants of a very well known and picturesque "alley." Amy was gratified. "How perfectly fine!" she said. "I know exactly where it is." And indeed she had been through those purlieus more than once. She snatched up the receiver.

A voice told her that Mr. Cadwallader was out of town, and added that he might perhaps be reached by calling him up at ten next morning.

"Out of town?" said Amy to herself. "Of course he is. So is everybody else. And so should I be if it were n't for this awful—"

Then she forgot her littered desk and her bothersome task and a frustrated week-end to fix her thought on the voice. It was that of a young man, and it was perfect for the telephone. No voice could have been richer, clearer, more vibrant, more sonorous, more resonant. It was a voice poised on tiptoe, so to speak; it poured itself out with all possible ease and insouciance.

"How young it sounded!" she said; "how happy and how self-confident!" Then she added, with a slight grimace, "And how very—brief!" Her own telephone voice, she felt, was a good one, too; its tone invited immediate flight from the over-cursory and the unduly succinct. Yet recognition of it had been sharply curtailed. How account for this, how excuse it? "I was addressing a talent," she decided, "one concentrated on its own precious work. It was in a moment of full poetic creation, and I interrupted. But I shall have more words from that voice: to-morrow at ten. He will answer again, I'm sure."

Amy, being close on twenty-two, decided that her voice was close on twenty-five. And as she was about five feet six, she decided that the voice was about five feet ten. Overcoming instantly all difficulties of time and space, she arranged his costume, his hands, his shoulders, his forehead, his hair. His smock was of gray linen, or, rather, of faded blue denim; his hands, though smeared with clay (or possibly sprinkled with marble-dust), were slender and shapely; his shoulders, even without aid from to-day's vulgarly tailored coats, were broad and well squared; and his hair, a happy medium between the wavy and the curly, tumbled over a high forehead. How plainly she had seen him, at the instrument, use those perfect hands to get that unruly crop out of his no less perfect eyes! Yes, everything about him was flawless—except that he had been so short with her.

"To-morrow at ten I shall call him up again," said Amy, with eyes that looked far beyond the adjacent wall. "Call him up?" She suddenly rounded on herself. "Call him up? Why,

the studio is only four or five streets from our publishers. I shall call, without the 'up'; I shall go in person." And then she almost blushed for her boldness.

Next morning at ten the alley was quite its wonted self, both a little hard and a little gay, rather sunny in a staring fashion, and much occupied with itself behind closed doors, or through doors partly opened. Amy found her number, and knocked at one of the doors that were closed.

A young man took the place of some green and yellow panels. Amy blinked; perhaps the sunlight was too strong. The young man filled the narrow doorway, and, measurably, he filled her expectations. Perhaps he would not have produced the desired effect of height and breadth in a different opening, but his hair was in the requisite tumult, and his fingers, even if slightly besmeared, made a fair show on the door-knob. On the whole she felt that she could accept him, especially as that voice—the voice of voices—was so soon to come into play.

The voice came into play. Under the shock of her disappointment Amy could scarcely believe her ears. Never a voice more dry, more lacking in timbre. It was at once thin, weak, and strident. "Why, he might be f-fifty," Amy stuttered within her mind. And how the voice went on! Before admitting her, it talked to her about the weather and about the state of the little street beyond the doorstep. As it led her through a longish corridor it went on fluently concerning this, that, and the other; it told her to "look out" and to "be careful"; and it introduced the master long before the master came in sight—all with an utter lack of vibrancy and sonority;

thin and dry to the end. And in the dusk of the corridor she fancied her guide as leading the way with shuffling feet and bent shoulders. The sole satisfaction came from such tribute as lay in his general loquacity. "*He* at least can talk," she said to herself.

A final introduction, unnecessarily elaborate, yet lacking the full extreme of voice and action, brought Amy to the matter of her errand. Mr. Cadwallader, a dreadfully uninteresting man well over forty,—"*he's* forty-five, if *he's* a day," said Amy in utter disparagement,—told her what the name of his group was and what cemetery it graced; and then, all too fondly and superfluously, he put her through a large album containing views of similar works. Meanwhile her guide stood deferentially at attention, a little to one side, his head slightly forward, his hands gently rubbing each other before the façade of his blouse, and his facial expression that of one whose fortune, if not his very existence, hung on the favor of some high-placed patron.

The sculptor, looking up from one of his best works, saw him thus.

"Oh, come, Errol," he said, half frowning, half smiling.

The young fellow turned away, altering his carriage. If he altered his general expression, Amy did not see. His back was different, assuredly; but how about his face? He busied himself pretendedly with a small clay figure on a small stand. Perhaps his face had no expression at all. She began to observe, sidewise, his shoulders. They had obviously squared, and his backbone had apparently lengthened and straightened.

The album ended. And just then,

behind a screen, a telephone jingled, and a voice was heard. Amy dropped the album with a crash, for it was *the* voice, rich and resonant, as it had sounded yesterday.

What youth possessed such a splendid organ of speech and was unconsciously reproducing the tones that had first rung in her ear twenty-four hours ago and had contrived, somehow, to keep ringing there ever since? One wing of the screen was pushed aside, and the voice issued from concealment with a message for the master of the place. Another wide discrepancy for poor Amy to adjust! Another shock, not of bewilderment, but of sheer disappointment, for her to withstand. Out came a little fellow of thirty or more, when twenty-five was absolutely her furthest limit. He was thick and squat, when a lithe gracefulness was strictly a *sine qua non*. He was plain of feature, if not positively ugly, when some manifestation of Hellenic divinity would have been so obviously in order. All these things considered, why dwell on his sandy, frizzled hair, already thinning about his temples, and on his knotty hands? Yet his voice rang, and his face was aglow.

Amy's host picked up his album and placed it on a table. "That 's all," his action and his look seemed to say. Amy took her dismissal, in the face of his just belief, as she felt, that she was in no mood for appreciation. She started to pass out, aware only in the most general way of threading a path amidst several bulky works. She felt confused, frustrated. She thought of the old fable, "Not all for one"; it was that of the peacock who possessed all the beauties and the glories except the melodious voice he most desired.

"That 's Secor," said her guide, with

dry sibilance, as he re-convoys her through the corridor. "He 's our near-genius," he added. The young man was rubbing his hands again and seemed to be moving over the tiles with an aged stoop and shuffle still more marked. "He 's just got a commission, and has the idea that will drive it through. To-day he 's soaring."

Amy, dazed and unsettled, emerged into the sunlight. She stood uncertainly for a moment on the uneven paving-stones, and the young man remained on the threshold in the posture and aspect of an ancient servitor. Finally she moved toward the outer street. "Good day, milady," said her attendant, with a quavering voice and a reverential bow.

Amy passed out. The looks in one place, the talent in another; the voice without suitable habitation. It was all so baffling, so dislocating! At the last moment she glanced back briefly. On the door-step the young man, raised to his full height and making the most of chest and shoulders, was stretching out his arms to their widest and venting a loud, resounding, impersonal "Yah-h-h!" that split the heavens.

§ 2

"Why, yes," said Amy's mother, "let her go."

"Why, no," said Amy's father; "she's better at home. Such scenes are a little too gay for our daughter."

Amy went. Her mother's "Oh, fudge!" was decisive.

Amy's affiliations were not narrowly literary, and she felt that her difficult days on Alonzo Trent's article had earned her a week-end with a different interest, if a week-end should present

itself. One did. The artists were holding, on the Connecticut shore, a carnival (high or low, as might turn out) or a pageant or "tableaux" or something of that nature; and for once in a way the sculptors predominated over the painters, and Amy knew enough about armatures and "sculptural color" and such matters to feel reasonably at home. "So glad you can come," wrote her friend and hostess. "And you don't have to take an actual part in it unless you want to. Though of course we could dress you up somehow and work you into one part of the show or another."

Amy found, on arrival, that they were prepared to wrap her up in a weather-beaten breadth of tent-canvas and put her forward as the Spirit of This or of That: it would be so excessively sculptural, those folds, that color!

"Oh, never mind, dear," she had returned, as she bestowed her smaller belongings in the top dresser-drawer; "I shall be quite satisfied to be just one of the audience. Don't worry about me, with so much on your hands and the time so near."

Amy was the last of the arrivals, and after a casual bite she found her place, with an attention virgin of all arrangements and rehearsals, on the grassy amphitheater before whose clump of obliging trees the performance was to transact itself. A hundred other spectators were about her, and from behind certain curtains hung from tree to tree came the unpremeditated sounds that always accompany a spectacle presented once only and in unaccustomed surroundings. One young voice—was it familiar or unfamiliar?—came forth with rather less of care or caution than the others.

A squat little figure that was sliding

into place behind her was intercepted and presented. "Mr. Secor," said their hostess, panting in quick transit to matters of more pressing concern. She briefly tagged him in such terms as may be used without too much embarrassment for the bepraised.

Secor seemed no handsomer than before, and much less happy. Amy decided that his profile could not be bettered by any human means, and that his hair, frizzled and almost grizzled, was hopeless. His eyes seemed to have paled, like dying fires; and his voice—"a glorious organ for the footlights," she declared, from her first recollection of it—fell away, as he spoke, to a subdued monotone. Had she indeed ever heard it before? It seemed unlikely. And his "torso," to employ a word that once enjoyed its vogue, well, was he, or was he not, to put it plainly, yet strictly to oneself, a hunchback?

"Mr. Cadwallader asked me to be present," he said; the implication seemed to be that he was there in some advisory capacity. "Of course I am not taking part." His voice, dimmed, if not dulled, conveyed possibly both longing and disdain.

The program began and continued through many varying items. It mercifully minimized the "pose plastique," and there was less of pale Greece than of multicolored Crete. In few portions was it static, in many kinetic, and now and then more vocal than a spectacle has need. Presently, along came a diversion, framed seemingly on the frescos of Cnossus, with all the abandonment to color and action that the museums, in their *étalage* of Minoan days, have made familiar. Bright new hangings were complicated by all the hues of the rainbow and all

the convolutions of geometric design. Here Amy found her attention taken by an amusing, an amazing, portrayal of acrobatic decrepitude. The figure was like that of an elder out of a Greek chorus, yet was arrayed in the lively, unbridled, presumptuous colors that an older world had so loved and indulged. Nor did the figure confine itself to pantomime; it delivered "lines." You might have been reminded of the old men who shrilled, cicada-like, while discussing Helen upon the walls of Troy, save that instead of a dozen who gave admiring praise of one, there was one who gaily dealt out mock-praise to a dozen.

"It 's Errol," said a voice over her shoulder. And, "Do you find yourself caring for it?" asked Secor, further. His tone was now quite without timbre.

"Why—" began Amy, uncertainly. "What does he mean by it all?" She was thinking not only of this occasion, but of another.

Secor understood.

"He 's been growing old for the past fortnight; he 's been laying his foundations."

"Oh," said our poor Amy, with a first glimmer of comprehension. "And he was—rehearsing? He was—he was practising on me?"

"On all of us; on everybody. James C. almost began to lose patience."

Errol, now holding the center before a frieze of Minoan figurantes, was going through a succession of hieratic poses. They were at once comical and stately; perhaps his senile compliments, addressed in couplets to the gaily clad and freely smiling girls behind him, caused the comical to predominate.

"What *period* is it?" asked Amy, who

never lost sight of chronology in art. "I should have looked for something of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Some seneschal—"

"Fifteenth or sixteenth—that 's what it is. Only his century is not A. D., but B. C."

Amy shrugged. It seemed remote and rather futile. Yet, after all, it was extraordinarily gay and lively and diverting. And people about her were murmuring, "How plastic!" and "How sculpturesque!" and "What sense of form and rhythm!" and what this, what that, and the other! And, "Oh, what a frieze or pediment he will do sometime!" exclaimed one intense young thing just in front. Yet, "What impertinence!" remarked a serious, middle-aged person just behind.

"The new sculpture," said our Amy to herself. The pale white people plated on her recent proofs seemed savorless, inadequate. She must implore Mr. Trent, if ever he expected to enlist her interest in future, to break out into more color and action. "Yet what 's the use? He 's close on sixty." While here was Errol, demonstrably under twenty-five and leading a daring way to something else.

With the last group off the greensward, came cakes and sherbet. Came also, with a modest consciousness of a new thing dexterously done, Louis Arthur Errol. That he was now in a dark-blue coat and flannel trousers helped Amy no whit to composure; nor did it aid her in what she felt to be the obligatory work of classification.

"We meet again," he said brightly.

Amy remained still unoriented—and silent.

"Can I have offended you? The other day, I mean."

"You yawned—behind my back,"

she said finally. "I was almost a block away, but I heard you."

"Oh, yes, yes," he returned. "It was a 'release'—a return to youth. But up to that point I treated you with a great deal of deference; now, did n't I?"

"Why did you trouble to go through all that?"

"Well, you see, there are stages. You have to make yourself old, in a general fashion, before you can go on and treat your old age stylistically. Now, I care next to nothing for representation— Don't you want another cup?"

"No, no," replied Amy, casting about for a place to set down the cup she held.

"Let me have it." He took it from her. "No, not representation; just presentation. Take this cup, for example: simply a round glass thing, with a handle on one side, and a bit of ornamentation, well judged or ill, round the body. Well, what does it mean? Why, nothing; it just *is*. I fully agree with the writer on art who declared that every critic ought to begin with the study of the art of design, and not with any part of the field of art that involves straight imitation."

From somewhere came the sound of a hurdy-gurdy, accompanied by improvisation on a violin.

"Now, dancing, too," he proceeded, "does n't, or need n't, represent anything. Here, again, you have the just *is*. Rhythm and form, rhythm and form—that's the chief rule throughout. Though when you give a performance, people incline to expect a 'subject.' Well, one, two—" And he writhed and twisted her away.

They moved to and fro for a while

in the actions demanded by the practices of their period. Motion was enough; words were few or none. Presently they found an empty garden seat, remote from the lights; and after a little they perceived the stars.

"Well, art demands its exclusions," declared Errol, with an eye tilted toward Arcturus. Nature must take its chances—and often lost.

Amy was unable to reach the firmament.

"I like your voice better—now," she observed.

"You mean you like it the better the less it says? Have n't said much, you know, these last few minutes."

"It's a good voice," insisted Amy, "if you will only let it *be* good." Thus she struggled back to a concretion of her early ideal.

"Art also demands its sacrifices," he continued. "Well, if you don't care for my speaking voice, there still remains my singing voice—my real one. You know the American singing voice is held to be much finer than the American speaking voice. It's so, notably, with women. Why not with men?"

"You sing?"

"I'm beginning lessons. Shall I run you a scale?"

Without waiting for encouragement or permission, he did so. A few passing couples stared. His young baritone soared, carried, woke the echoes. "They assure me it's going to be much admired," he commented. "But of course I'm only second among our *maîtres chanteurs*," he added.

"Who is your first?"

"Secor, beyond doubt. Perhaps it was you he talked with the other morning. He spoke of a 'girl with a good voice.' He enjoys nothing better than

a handsome duet over the 'phone: 'responses' from some other fine vocal organ of high-grade tone and quality."

"He cut it pretty short."

"It was the studio's busy morning. We were lifting; we were boosting. Things have to be moved sometimes, and they're heavy. No light, framed affairs, to be shifted from wall to easel or *vice versa*, but big jobs that try men's muscles, if not their souls."

"You look as if you could lend a hand," ventured Amy.

"Yes, indeed; plenty of physical exercise in sculpture. We are no feeble brush-dabblers in velvet coats. We're husky men of muscle, bone, and sinew."

"You looked rather large in that doorway as I left."

"I'm not likely to shrink."

He ran his graceful fingers through his abundant hair, as if claiming Samsonian attributes.

"Well," said Amy to herself, an hour later, before her dressing-table, "I can accept his voice—with some further cultivation." She made no comment, audible or tacit, on his other characteristics.

§ 3

"Moping," said her mother.

"Mooning," said her father.

They let it go at that. They moved in a middle-aged world and did not mean to reshape their orbits to fit the moods of the youngest of the family.

Alonzo Trent had returned from the Parthenon and had found everything about his deserted task almost to his satisfaction. No use to tell him that his "copy" had been far from perfect. No use, when he lamented a single minor error, to say that he had been saved from a dozen major ones.

Young Quigley and young Akers, too, had no cause for complaint, unless they had looked for double the space he gave them. Amy now set the whole matter aside. She had her own concerns.

Her family knew that, on Saturday, she was at some early fall studio tea, and that, on Sunday, she might be milling with the crowd through the sculpture galleries of the museum. Where she was bodily on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday they were not always precisely sure; but they surmised where her thoughts were.

"Does he really amount to anything?" asked her mother.

"Can it really be called a business?" queried her father.

These were usually the questions they put to each other on occasional evenings, after the hall door had closed and the elevator had started the young man homeward.

Calvin Secor also asked leave to call, and did so. His dark eyes glowed, once again his deep voice rang richly, and his future was more than hopeful: it was assured.

"If he should speak!" thought Amy. "He must n't."

But he did.

However, he began methodically by speaking first, on general topics, to Amy's exacting father. "A fine, solid, intelligent fellow," was this parent's verdict. "Sure to rise in his profession," a profession now being taken as a fair substitute for a business. "Already a good start, and better prospects. And family connections back in New England, he says." Then later, as events seemed to be moving along, "Might be a little taller, though." He had never quite

thought of "giving away" his daughter to a man who stood no higher than herself.

When Secor spoke to Amy he employed "the full organ," as musicians say. There were volume, timbre, resonance, tremor; especially a full measure of the last, with its blend of hope and doubt. But Amy had found that she could listen as well now to another voice; even better.

Errol's turn came on a certain November afternoon, one of the infrequent occasions when Cadwallader permitted a slight degree of social diversion. Amy's parents knew Errol by this time as the flyaway son of a rather erratic family "up State." "That fantastic mother!" they sighed in unison. But the time is by, if it ever existed, when young people entering upon a certain phase of experience can be expected to subordinate individual considerations to those of family.

Errol had provided Amy with a rather poor cup of tea. This thoughtless improvisation, however, was not the prime point.

"Do you know," he said, "they want me to do a pageant—quite a big one, too."

The pair were alone. Cadwallader was busy in his "office" over his correspondence. Secor never gave the slightest heed to tea. The Italians were in the courtyard, floundering about in their plaster of Paris.

"And I shall have all the sculptural decorations," Errol went on. "Only in 'staff,' of course; but that 'll tell. It means money—enough not to be

sneezed at. What 's more, it means recognition. James C. is going to be generous. He 'll give me the time and the room—"

"Fine," said Amy in the most general way, and with exceeding calm, as she balanced her cup. "How about the singing-lessons?"

Errol stared. Was the feminine mind utterly inconsequent?

"They 're going on," he said cursorily; "two new songs last week. There will be eight or ten figures over life-size. They 'll be slightly archaic, of course, but with color and gilding; and several of the girls and fellows will strike the same archaic note—"

"Sing one of them now," said Amy. He stared again.

"Do you see a piano here? Or even a mandolin?" Thus he fell back, in a time of need, on the professional rigors that ruled the place.

"I want your voice back, first and foremost," she insisted.

A gleam of understanding was vouchsafed him. The light grew.

"And after that?"

"Why, after that—well, you know it is n't the best of voices. But it can be improved—"

"And after that?" he repeated. He was standing over her, and seemed to tower and dilate indefinitely.

"Why, after that—" She found no new phrase to add, but affected, with no great originality, to read her tea-grounds.

"After my voice, me myself, perhaps," he suggested humanely.

"You yourself," she acquiesced in glad relief.

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

XII—The Business of Catching Larks

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

THE *fin de siècle* had passed without the ardently expected renaissance of letters that seemed the only appropriate ending of the great period if it was to live up to the deeds of the age with which we had been fond of comparing it—"the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and the new century had brought to this magazine nothing more significant than Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre": it was the fag-end of the mimic pasteboard world of the past that we had been busily and happily recreating. After that

"Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around—
The idle spear and shield were high
up hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood."

In our reaction to that high task of imagination, we published, in the first years of the new century, as serials: Alice Hegan's "Lovey Mary," Lillie Hamilton French's "Old Maids' Corner," Richard Whiteing's "The Yellow Van," Charles Battell Loomis's "Some Americans Abroad," Hamlin Garland's "Her Mountain Lover"—all peacefully lying down together.

The attitude of the editors toward these serials varied according to the

mood that happened to be uppermost at any precise moment. In periods of depression they might, on general principles, let fall opinions adverse to any protracted fiction in a monthly magazine; in more hopeful ones, be warm in praise of the particular novel of the hour. As men who were normally optimistic, and given to accumulative enthusiasms as their conversation progressed, Mr. Gilder and Mr. Johnson were sometimes inclined to run out to catch larks, thinking the sky was falling, while Mr. Buel, with a biting wit that was always delightful to hear, provided one was not the target toward which it was directed, carried on a guerrilla warfare toward all expressed opinions. Of course I am speaking of the general conversation of the office, not of private conferences, of which I knew nothing. As a sort of dependent spinster relative in the editorial family—I have already spoken of the anomalous state—I was, as a rank conservative, characteristically opposed to the idea of dropping all serial novels, though ready enough to pick flaws in the special serial of the moment. At times I must have been a nuisance, though I have nothing but admiration for the patience of the ones who have had to bear the brunt of the spirit.

They have won the martyr's palm. My reward has come in another way; for whenever on the rare occasions that I have felt impelled to go to the editor to express my admiration of any novel or story or article that had been accepted, I have always felt a glow of self-righteousness that is very holy indeed. Now, while I was ready to admit that one's theory of what constituted a perfect work of fiction was merely a hypothetical theory, the practical achievement of which was never to be attained in the work of any one born into this world of imperfections, the matter of truth and plausibility was another story. Truth and plausibility were sacred things, which, in the opinion of my associates, I fear, I appeared to think the good Lord had sent me into the world specially to defend.

The placid days of the first of the new century passed with the group of novels I have mentioned above, when, in the beginning of 1904, we published Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf." It was far from placid. The motive of the tale, that inherent qualities of self-reliance and capacity are developed by necessity, was a good one, but was it well to make the development so phenomenal? I was ready to accept the author's brutal seal-hunter as the earnest student of Shakspeare, Tennyson, Darwin, Tyndall, De Quincey, and even "The Dean's English" that *Wolf Larsen* was depicted as being, but that the shanghaied hero could be so wholly ignorant of practical things that on his first day aboard he threw ashes over the rail to windward and could not even peel potatoes, yet in a few short weeks of desultory and haphazard toil attained so extraordinary a degree of mechanical genius

that, after sailing an open boat for many days through dangerous gales and high seas with perfect safety, he resteped the ridiculously tall masts of the schooner from which he had escaped,—which had fortuitously come his way to the same desolate coast, to make his triumph more complete, —rerigged the schooner, bent her sails, and alone with the heroine proudly set sail for Japan—all this was to me farcical. It was not intended to be farcical; that was the irritating thing. It took the reader's lack of intelligence for granted. One may be unintelligent, but one dislikes to have the fact paraded as a historical truth that no one questions.

"The Sea-Wolf" had come to us on the heels of London's great success, "The Call of the Wild," and in their satisfaction at having obtained the work of the popular author of the hour the editors were somewhat disposed to hold it sacrosanct. Thus, having no practical knowledge of the difficulties of the task even for experienced men, they were not disturbed by the matter of resteping the masts, or disposed to question the author about a detail of his story to which he had given the space and importance that he had to this. He ought to know; he had written it. Indeed, the part of "The Sea-Wolf" to which I had mainly objected held too important a place in the author's motive to think of changing it if one accepted the story itself. If that was unsound, the whole story was unsound, for error that starts at the first premise leaves the conclusion of the syllogism not a leg to stand on. But logic was one thing, and fiction another, and objections that might be fatal in the first were merely hypercritical in the sec-

ond, which was an art, not a science, and had as its chief end the creation of illusion, the appearance of reality. And there you were. Facts were immaterial in fiction; the illusion was everything, and the editors were willing to submit the case to a hundred thousand readers or more to prove their contention. And every sound business man would agree with them. Indeed, our "outer office," the business men of the company, agreed; they were enthusiastic for the story.

But there were the spars, the incredibly tall spars, as I thought. One of my enthusiasms as a boy had been to haunt a famous sail-loft at home, and with the son of the master sail-maker study the draft-books of all the sails that had gone out from the loft. I pored over them with far more diligence and devotion than I ever have over any other mathematical problems that have come my way, and I still remember the dimensions of spars and sails of vessels that long since vanished from the sea. Therefore, when I read the dimension of the *Ghost*, the sealing-schooner of the story, and her spars and sails, I made a draft of her sail plan to scale, took it down to South Street, and after consulting with shipmasters and sail-makers I chanced to know, returned to the office to present my case of over-sparring. With the effective aid of Mr. Buel, who was also a lover of boats and given to the fascination of maps and plans, certain modifications were made that at least glossed the most obvious faults. They were not enough to obliterate them completely, but they made them less conspicuous, and London voiced no objection.

"The Sea-Wolf" failed to awaken the interest that "The Call of the

Wild" had awakened. Indeed, for me it created no illusion; the illusion was in the author's mental picture of himself. A man of strong peculiarities, he was also an egoist, and his little world was bounded by his own individual thoughts and beliefs. Thus he did not envisage the actual world; he envisaged himself moving through a creation of his own habitudes of mind. A dominant creature, he dominated his own thoughts, colored them. One always finds him in his books. Indeed, in "The Sea-Wolf" he divides himself, as it were, into two. In his mental apprehension of himself as intensely masculine, a radical, a protestant, a believer in evolution, and a lover of accepted literature, he created *Wolf Larsen* in the likeness of his own image; *Van Weyden* is the embodiment of his own imagined power to triumph over environment through evolution.

Personally, I think that in his eager haste to catch the advantage of his golden tide of popularity he had rushed his work, paying little heed to details. For literary success is highly stimulating and brings a host of fancies trooping to the brain; but the stimulated brain is abnormal and loses the power of cautious selection. I once knew a sailor of great native force and experience, a naval officer who rose high in his profession, who said that anything impossible was possible at sea, but only those who knew the sea with that exactness with which men mechanically follow the normal routine of their lives, almost unconsciously, without thought, could accurately describe the phenomenon in a book and give it an appearance of reality. Indeed, the calling of the sailor is specialized to the last degree, and all its

activities so rigidly fixed by custom and tradition that it is uncertain ground for the amateur or the careless to tread. To the sailor there is only one way to do a thing; he brooks no fracture of the law. I remember the day long ago when, as a boy aboard-ship eager to have a hand in every activity, I made fast a sheet, but was speedily led back by the mate to the cleat where I had fastened it, ordered to cast it off, and then make it fast again in his way, the only way, the immemorial way. He did not explain why,—they never explained,—and I was left to find out for myself that the initial turn I had thrown over the cleat was made in such fashion that it might jam in a gale or sudden flaw. It was not probable, but it was possible; that was the thing to remember, to have constantly in mind. Seconds might have been lost if it had been necessary to cast it off quickly, and seconds at sea may be the slender threads that divide disaster from safety. A world of doubtful contingencies governed by the constant threat of the unexpected, the improbable!

No wonder that sailors rarely read tales of the sea. In his glib recital, the author is constantly running afoul their esoteric lore. I know a ship-builder of precise habits of mind, who, coming upon an unprofessional detail in the laying of the foundation for the lighthouse in "Caleb West," threw the popular novel across the room and would read no more. I have turned over many of the little boxed libraries that the Seaman's Society used to place on outbound vessels, and have found many books of the sea among them, but few that bore evidence of having ever been read. I myself

never read but one, the life of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, to which I had been drawn by the strong, rugged name, which for some now forgotten reason I thought appropriate for a sailor.

§ 2

It was because I thought that it was a mirror of the sea, a mirror of the sailor's mind, that I took it so deeply to heart that the company had refused to publish Conrad's "Typhoon." I had n't been concerned about its popularity,—I was n't a business man, remember,—but "Typhoon" was truth itself, and I was young enough to believe that truth would prevail in the end. Well, it has prevailed, and Conrad is known to-day. But the company had been eager to publish "The Sea-Wolf." And London is also known. One begins to see the lottery of book-publishing.

I suspect that from the first I took the attitude of the sailor rather than that of the editor in judging the merits of sea-stories. I know that I was critical, though I am not yet convinced that I was not right in being so. Indeed, I believe it might be well to be more critical of all stories, whether of land or sea. It is the easy market that is flooded with the products of cheap labor. Yet I remember how in time I came to dread finding nautical tales among the manuscripts that swamped my desk, so often had I been disappointed in them, so often had felt compelled to be antagonistic to others toward which the editors had been favorably inclined. In my extreme sensitiveness at standing alone, I felt that they must believe me hypercritical and disposed to be arrogant of a smattering ac-

quaintance with technical details that were, after all, only details. I saw clearly enough that if one had a hobby, one was likely to ride it too hard; but if one's hobby was a high standard of excellence of what constituted merit in a manuscript,—I never for a moment admitted that my standard was not high,—was it not one's duty to hold it? To abandon it because others might possibly think it inexplicable was only moral cowardice. Therefore, like Pharaoh, I hardened my heart.

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and one day I came upon a short story, a sea-story, that sent me to Mr. Buel in triumph. And he, too, was delighted; indeed, all were. It was H. Phelps Whitmarsh's "The Mutiny on the 'Jinny Aiken.'" It was a dialect story, and improbable enough, but it had all the air of plausibility—the sort of plausibility that stirs the American sense of humor as it was stirred by "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,"—to give the tale the original full title,—was equally good fun, and a far more finished tale, not a mere anecdote. There were no flaws in its technical details of seamanship, and the recorded atmosphere of the dark and stuffy fore-castle where the story was supposed to be told, with the sea tumbling on the deck overhead and running aft in hissing floods, made me homesick for the far-off days when as a boy I used to slip down into just such places, among the same sort of men, with the proud sensation of tasting life at the full.

But stories of that quality did not make their appearance every day, in every mail, and were not written to order, and one could not wait for

them, for stories were thought of vital importance. To have a rigid theory concerning fiction, proscribing all that does not conform with it, is much like demanding that all men look alike, and all be Apollos; but to ask that a tale present the appearance of reality does not seem to be asking too much. A series of events, artificial and forced, and based upon misconceptions of life or the normal way in which the human mind acts, is not a tale, but a mere exercise in reading or an aid to stupid people to help them through the empty hours of their lives.

Yet at the beginning of the new century we were receiving little else. Indeed, it was the quiet Indian summer of the mind into which we had come, and the creative spirit drowsed. We used Mrs. Rice's "Sandy," Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career," A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water," devoutly praying that they might prove worthy successors of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Robert Elsmere," and "Four Feathers." I doubt if any reader of THE CENTURY remembers to-day what they were all about. The curse of the game of "sight-unseen" lay heavy on all. At times we turned hopefully to the old tradition of the magazine as a miraculous developer of new talent in fiction, and one day Mr. Joseph B. Gilder came to the office with tidings, and presently I heard that a new star had appeared in the East—an undergraduate at Harvard before whom all the instructors in English were bowed down. Not that Mr. Gilder said this; I am only repeating the parched voice of rumor in a thirsty land. But Mr. Gilder brought with him the fruit of Lawrence Mott's avocational stud-

ies, and presently we were publishing them in the magazine—tales of a *coursur de bois*, of Canada. I have not read the stories since I prepared them for the press, and though the impression of them as clever pictures of the hushed winter woods persists in my mind, I have a much clearer recollection of the fact that, true to my characteristic attitude of hunting for the stinging needles of faults in the haystack of merit, I found a certain boyish exuberance and lack of judgment, natural enough in an undergraduate, that marked the stories off as being the work of one who had still far to go. Especially noticeable was the author's liking for onomatopoeic words. A gun was never fired that the pages of the tales were not dotted with "*Bang! bang! bang!*" The bullets went "*Zip! zip! zip!*" Every sound had its italicized material voice. One day I spoke of the matter to the particular editor who had greeted the work with the greatest enthusiasm. I said I was going to use my own judgment in curtailing these evidences of youth. Perhaps I said more; it is more than probable. I usually do when I force myself to say anything critical at all, running on striking like a clock out of order.

Without looking up from his work, the editor said almost tartly, certainly impressively:

"That young man is *the* coming man."

As he had uttered a prophecy rather than voiced a prohibition, I took it for granted that I might follow my declared intention; no one could say that I was forbidden.

But presently young Mott wearied of the road or had reached the limit of his precocity, for the stories came in

no longer. I occasionally saw a tale of his in another magazine, then saw them no more, and presently I read in the newspaper that he had entered upon a romance of his own and had set sail for China. I have heard no word of his return from either adventure.

To me he was more interesting than his work, and certainly more amusing. His scholastic tasks must have suffered while we were issuing his tales, for he was always running down from Cambridge to drop in upon us to see how they fared. A big, boyish-appearing youth, he had a certain charm of frank disingenuousness and extreme good humor. One day I went to Mr. Drake's room. Some drawings that F. E. Schoonover had made for the stories, which we were publishing as a book under the title of "*Jules of the Great Heart*," had come in, and as I entered the door, I saw them propped up against chairs, while prone on the floor before them lay "*Larry*," beaming with joy. He looked up with a smile of greeting as he heard my footsteps.

"Great, are n't they?" he said. "Perfectly great!" He was very large, and as he lay sprawled on the floor, cluttered, of course, with other stacks of drawings and odds and ends of Mr. Drake's collections, he seemed to fill the whole remaining space. I thought of a happy child on a Christmas morning setting up a gift of tin soldiers.

We used other serials that did not set the world aflame. I ought not to be ashamed to confess, or too proud to confess, whichever way one is pleased to look at it, that one was my first work of fiction—"Under Rocking Skies." Mr. Ellsworth discovered it. He discovered "*Hugh Wynne*," as I

have already related, and if he afterward discovered "Under Rocking Skies," only later to regret it, as I have sometimes feared, he must take the bitter with the sweet.

I had never thought of it as a serial for the magazine, and had given it to the publishers as a possible book, and, as he had once done with Dr. Mitchell's famous novel, Mr. Ellsworth took it home over the week-end. As I came into the office Monday morning, he saw me, and hurried down to meet me as I came to the corridor turning toward the editorial rooms. In his enthusiastic way, which many must know well, he began patting me on the shoulder.

"I am going to give it to Gilder to read for the magazine," he told me. He told me other things; and Mr. Gilder accepted it for the magazine.

Like *Mr. Dick*, with the beheading of King Charles, I have had a like idiosyncrasy, and have never for long been able to keep the sea out of my work. "Under Rocking Skies" was in reality a memorial of my father—my recollection of his imperturbability in the face of the wrath of the ocean. A storm, he appeared to think, was just a bit of routine in the ordinary way of life that it was his business to circumvent; there was no occasion to get excited about it. Whatever of life or human interest I otherwise dragged into the tale was mere convention; my heroes were my father and the sea. I gave the book to an old sailor on Cape Cod with whom one summer vacation I "gammed" for hours. Sunday afternoon he came across the lawn to meet me.

"Well, they had a considerable set-to, did n't they?" he said as he told

me he had finished the book. He at least saw the tale with my eyes.

I have always been glad for the impulse that has driven me to attempt many kinds of literary work,—poems, novels, short stories, sketches—and to be in a way jack of all trades in letters. It has given me at least a sympathy with different sorts of work and an appreciation of the difficulties that authors encounter. It was clear enough why I should desire to write of the sea. I was born in a little seaport, in a house on the steep slope of a high hill, with the village in the narrow valley below, between our hill and the long two-mile slope to the west, and the harbor at the foot of the valley, and the sound beyond,—our highway into the world in those days,—always in view from our windows. By day, winter or summer, the pleasant sound of mauls and calking-irons floated up to us from the shipyards, like the alluring voice of that siren, the sea, calling us away; and at night I could see the beam of our lighthouse piercing the darkness in the northwest, and not far away, the North Star, with the Great Dipper slowly revolving about it—with always the thought that my father was somewhere out on the dark waters. Moreover, I was taken to sea when I was six months old, and for the first ten years of my life knew it almost better than my home village, till the rolling deck almost seemed man's natural path, and creaking timbers and the boom of canvas more the voices of nature than the singing of thrushes in our woods on late summer afternoons.

Then for years I fled to it as a refuge. Gradually it was borne in upon me that it was passing—all the life I had known and loved. The old type of sailor was

passing; sail was passing; even memory of them was passing. The world no longer cared, and I wanted it to care.

Fiction in those days had also come to slack water, and it was merely the driftwood of low tide that we picked up for the magazine, the odds and ends of many tides of literary movements: Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rose o' the River," Anne Warner's "Seeing France with Uncle John," Elizabeth Robins's "Come and Find Me," Mrs. Rice's "Mr. Opp," even Dr. Mitchell's "The Red City," William J. Locke's "Stella Maris," and Robert Hichens's "The Dwellers on the Threshold." Not that they were really poor. They were like vessels becalmed, pointing in all directions. The wind of a common impulse, like the local-color movement or the historical-novel period, no longer drove fiction in one direction. Not that that was bad in itself, but no great figure rose at the time.

Near the end of the period we published May Sinclair's "The Creators." It was the coming breath of a new wind—the wind of frank speech blowing over the world, and presently the whole fleet of novelists was bowling along under it. We had come to an end of old traditions in 1913, and the new era had been marked by "The White Linen Nurse," the novel of the author who had a lobe in her brain that was lacking in other mortals, as the enthusiastic admirers in the office declared. Of course the old fogies were shocked,—we have learned to be less easily shocked,—but were exhorted by the novel's defenders to turn our eyes to the future. But a year later the future temporarily withdrew from view, and those of us who were left turned our eyes with vast relief back to the tasks of the

present and "the instant need of things."

Sometimes I feel that the "future" of our friends has turned and come upon us almost unawares. Certainly "Me," the anonymous novel that the magazine published two years after "The White Linen Nurse," was quite as objectionable to old-fashioned people, though we received it with less of the sensation that the skies were falling. Free speech had become the common coin of the republic of letters.

My own reaction to the movement now seems highly amusing to me, and I at least learned that one cannot teach an old dog new tricks. Laughingly, I said that if the world of readers wanted free speech, I, too, would be free. I would write the life of a man and mark down his every thought and action. I would write of the sea, of course. Besides being the one thing of which I desired to write, it gave a wide latitude for undue freedom; for the sailor is popularly thought of as foot-loose in the matter of fidelity, with a wife in every port, and otherwise morally erratic. So taking an incident of my own boyhood as the port of departure of my story, I drifted out of our harbor on a cake of ice while duck-shooting, then gracefully stepped aside to give up my perilous position to an uncle of mine whom I dimly remembered as a romantic figure. He had run away to sea not because it was necessary, but because it appeared the proper way for a boy of high spirit who was bent on adventure. It was rumored that he had been to the slave-coast, made voyages of barratry, and been a gun-runner to revolutionists in South America, though I never knew that any of the rumors were true; for he died at sea while I was still very

young, and I remember him only as a huge figure of a man who patted me on the head and called me "Sonny" and laughed very loudly as he talked. I never asked my father about the rumors, partly because, being romantic myself, I feared that, in case of his denial of their truth, I should be deprived of a family romance of which I was inclined to be secretly proud, and partly because, if they proved to be true, I should appear to be forcing him to admit something of which he himself could not possibly be proud. He had not my feeling for romance.

It was a good enough beginning for a wild blade of the ocean, but I had not counted on my own traditions and prejudices; for I had sailed with many sea-captains and mates, but never with one who was brutal, and I had met many more in far-off ports. They had never appeared to care for the ports, but were always to be found on the water-front, in ship-broker's offices and offices of consignees, talking eternally of the sea. And of all my old school-companions who had gone to sea, I remembered that almost every one had subsequently married the first love of his boyhood, and I could recall seeing them at home, walking proudly to church, with their wives on their arms, both seemingly proud and happy. I thought it impressive and idyllic, the mere landmen of our village not being given to displays of old-fashioned courtesies. In time, too, I had grown to like my hero of "The Middle Passage," whom I had created out of the odds and ends of old memories and traditions, and I had not the heart to send him to the dogs or bring him home a hypocrite. I did force him through all the wild adventures I had planned, it is true, but

always to come out of them with a penitent heart, and I brought him home at last to a happy ending of the tale. If it made him appear like a repentant Sunday-school superintendent who had taken a daring walk on a pleasant Sunday afternoon and had been caught in a violent thunder-storm, it was also true to life if one chose to look at life in the commonplace way, the pleasant way, the way that has no after-regrets. And, then, there was my theory of truth in fiction. I could n't shut my eyes to that for the sake of a new theory.

§ 3

Freedom of speech had gone far, and an almost absolute frankness toward all things under the sun, but presently we were in still more evil case: the novelists went mad over the new psychology. They turned to psychological introspection, and dissected and analyzed the mind or the soul, and proved that it (or they)—they were never quite sure on this point of duality—was (or were) irresponsible. For beneath all human thought or action lay the subconscious mind—its inhibitions, its impulses, the validity of dreams. Dreams, it appeared, were infernal deities, betrayers of free-will, suborners of the conscience. No one, therefore, was responsible for anything, and good and evil were one, especially in novels.

To the editor, provided he was too old to enlist or not subject to the draft, the war came almost as a relief; there was a thing for which some one or something was responsible. Neither was it introspective: it was cruel, barbarous, and as clear and open as the sun. And presently the magazines were filled with the war and heroic

deeds and critical essays on national characteristics, and editors began to dream of the great novels that would follow. The first one we received had little to do with actual combats: it used the war as a *deus ex machina* to set one tortured spirit free.

One day in the spring of 1916 "The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Bottome, was placed in my hands. I read the opening at once:

"Winn Staines respected God, the royal family, and his regiment, but even his respect for these three things was in many ways academic. He respected nothing else.

"His father, Admiral Sir Peter Staines, had never respected anything; he went to church, however, because his wife did n't. They were that kind of family."

Having read thus far, there was nothing to do but to go on to the end, even if one forgot one's luncheon; for here was a fresh note, assured, ironic, keen, almost staccato in the striking portrayals.

One loved the whole family at once: *Sir Peter*, so like Browning's thrush—

"That 's the wise thrush; he sings his song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture"—

the rapture of his choleric outbursts; *Lady Staines*, so palpably thriving on the continuous flow of his unbottled wrath; and *Winn*, worthy of his parents, moving contumaciously through the tingling sharpness of their atmosphere of domestic contentions, thus moving through life. One rather likes bad humor, at least in books, when it is shafted with unconscious wit,—*Mrs. Poyser* has always been one

of my favorite characters in fiction,—and the bad humor of "The Dark Tower" was a string of aphoristic pearls. And the bride of *Winn*, who, with the swift action of the novel, was to enter at once, was worthy of the family: "She looked as soft and innocent as a cream-fed kitten" before marriage, though almost at once the young husband discovered "that however many things you could think of for Estelle's comfort, she could think of more for herself." One scented disaster at once, but disaster so scintillating with keen wit and insight into human character that one was not greatly disturbed.

I felt that we had made one of our early-day discoveries. Indeed, the novel was a success with our readers, and other novels by the author quickly followed "The Dark Tower" through the magazine. All had the same charm of the swift-moving style, the admirable characterizations, the keen wit, but, unhappily, also a growing frankness to treat the doubtful side of life, a deepening tone of pessimism. "The Crystal Heart" was heart-breaking: one could not convince oneself that the tragic sacrifice was necessary. A real meditative genius had brooded too long.

Only once more was I to have something of the same thrill from having taken part in the discovery of a novel of high merit. "Birthright" had come to us in the summer of 1921, and had come unheralded. I think that all those in the office who read it felt something of its strength, its sincerity, its fairness, its insight into character and tradition, and its power in depicting the difficulties that lie in the road over which the negro who seeks higher self-expression must travel; but most

of those also thought that national prejudices would be against our using the book—the prejudices of the South, the North, the negro himself. And the book was both a novel and the study of a problem; that to others appeared an objection.

I could see no objection, and a few more could not, and in the end that hopeful view prevailed. And it was justified by the wide and favorable attention that the book received; many critics spoke of it as epoch-making. To me it was only a strong novel. I did not concern myself with it as the study of a problem. The problem is there—a problem to which I can see no solution any more than I can to the shadow of death, the escape from which can be made only by not being born at all.

"Birthright" virtually ended my reading of manuscripts. Shortly after, a new system came in, and in the division of labor that it brought about, each member of the staff kept to a certain field. The answer that Mr. Gilder had given to me when, nearly forty years ago, I asked what my duties in the office would be, and he replied that all members of the staff read manuscripts and proof and did whatever came to their hands, can no longer be said. General editorial work is gone; we are now specialists in restricted fields.

Two of our recent serials have been significant of a return to simpler ways. Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings" was a strong picture of reality, savage and cruel, with something of the simplicity and directness of Björnson in the relation, but not a completed picture. It was not the rounded illusion of living that the novel should be. Miss Suckow's

"Country People" was not a novel. It struck one as being an extraordinary catalogue of details that had all the appearance of being singularly true to life; but the details, after all, were only colorless beads, all of like size, strung on the thread of sordid, uneventful years. It had all the truth and plausibility of the multiplication table; what it lacked was the creative power to awaken the imagination.

Yet there were moments, all too infrequent and transient, near the close of "Country People," where the bare recital, from which every sympathetic appeal to the emotions had been rigidly suppressed, took on something of the dignity of a poignant revelation of human existence. The narrow, unlovely lives; the suddenly bewildered, but not wholly desolated, widowhood; the gradual approach to contentment, almost an elated contentment—it struck one with the thrill that comes in watching the grim, silent march of armed men going forth to war. It was in itself unemotional, but it brought a flash of emotion, a sense of the futility of living, even of the futility of dying; the world would go on in the old way.

Was the book, one asked oneself, the first-fruit of a new movement in fiction, a Preraphaelite movement, or, better, a monastic movement, which was to be a complete withdrawal from the excesses of the world of letters? One knew that a reaction was coming, but one had not looked for it in just this direction. Though one might not wholly believe in the monastic ideal as the one best fitted for reforming the world, it has a certain inspiring force and dignity, and Heaven knows that dignity is needed in modern

fiction—dignity and living faith. For it is a real faith that has been the one great need since our younger novelists became the enthusiastic followers of the fetishes of the hour, of psycho-analysis and the libido, and as heathen voodooes of strange rites have danced with unclothed minds before their rapt followers. They have scorned old faiths and the well worn roads of literature, and have blazed new trails through strange jungles and called them celestial highways. Some of us who are confessedly old fogies have tried to be resigned, though with much the same sort of resignation, perhaps,

that elderly people turn wearily in bed on Hallowe'en, hearing in village streets the mischievous prowling of wide-awake youngsters busily lifting the gates from their hinges. Well, thank God! it is only for one night in the year! Yet the night had been long, and the youngsters have not yet gone to bed, and some who are old enough to know better have joined them. If "Country People" is really a faint light to betoken that dawn has at last come, we can at least rejoice in its sanity and restraint, and snatch a few last moments of needed sleep before the new day appears.

(The end of the twelfth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

A Deserted Farm

BY GEORGE STERLING

One April, when the harrowed fields were dark,
 Beside the home one set this apple-tree,
 And both grew old together: men could see
 The lichens gathering on roof or bark.
 Other grew old as well, and all could mark
 The gray hairs where the yellow used to be.
 The wind arose, the loosened leaf went free,
 And two there were that heard no more the lark.

Voices were glad by dawn or noon, year long,
 Around the place—hers or the robin's song.
 Things furred or feathered, creatures wild or tame,
 Cried often, and the wild ones still are heard—
 Squirrel and crow and hawk and little bird.
 Theirs and the night-wind's voice are still the same.

America's City Civilization

The Natural Divisions of the United States

BY SHAW DESMOND

AMERICA is making an experiment which is the greatest experiment in the world, only she does not know it. This experiment is of more import to the human race than the breaking of a Bolshevik world-wave or a new world war. It is an experiment which was first begun by the Almighty Hand when history was making, scrapped, and after the Hand had spun the world three and a half millions of times in space and flung it circling the sun for ten thousand; it is an experiment which the Hand has once more begun, but in a new form.

That is the experiment of the city civilization.

It is the oldest story of all—the story of the “ascending spiral,” which is the story of evolution. Man, the homing pigeon, always returns to his old experiments, but on another level.

In the ancient world we have seen the rise and fall of the city civilizations of Babylon and Carthage and of the wondrous Indian cities of legend. Man saw the city civilization that was Rome expand into the empire which destroyed it. We saw the medieval city rise from the melting-pot of evolution in the glowing colors of the guilds, only for it, also, to be flung back into the pot, out of which once more the city civilizations of North

America are lifting themselves starward.

Here is an experiment being made by one hundred million people who are as aware of what they are doing as a man thrown into a marine engine is of the way the engine works; for as imagination is the driving force, so is unconsciousness the stuff of evolution. But there is the engine, and there are the wheels.

Look at them. On the East, haughty, disdainful of one another, Boston and New York and Philadelphia. The queens of the Pacific, nuclei of the coast civilizations and rivals, San Diego and Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. Little fly-wheels, like Washington, District of Columbia, vainly imagining, believing itself the balancing-wheel. Great independent wheels, like Salt Lake City, spinning in lonely majesty amidst the desert snows; or, like Chicago, roaring as they fight with their boundaries. Unheavenly twins, turning against each other and grinding as they turn, like St. Paul and Minneapolis. And all those others: Memphis and St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Baltimore, Detroit and Indianapolis.

Look at them a little more closely. Proud, dirty New York, hard and

glittering and Janus-faced—the city of Jews governed by Irishmen. Boston, with the devil, an Irish devil, hanging on to her Puritan skirts—New England run by old Ireland. Philadelphia, “quaking” on her past, yet fatefully arrogant of her future. The Chicago colossus, sooty, omnivorous, stretching her tentacles over the face of America. Salt Lake City, as beautiful, cruel, and cold as her icy ramparts touched by rosy dawns; Salt Lake City, the city of whispers, where Mormon and Gentile and Jew, working side by side, are sinking all differences, religious and racial, for the sake of the city beloved.

San Diego holding in aerial arms the mastery of the Pacific, and a six-hour motor-jault away, “the City of Angels,” where, in the street called Main, all the devils, yellow and black, white and *café au lait*, seem to have gathered. Still, running up the coast, Frisco, of golden sunsets and yellow shadows. And, northward again, Seattle, scoured from the hillsides, ugly-beautiful Seattle, believing herself Queen of the Pacific, without title admitted, facing the yellow colossus “over there.”

Each country has its genius. Ireland has a genius for religion; England for politics; France for analysis; Germany for organization; and America for individualism. It is out of the individualist genius that is America that her city civilizations have sprung.

But instantly certain questions present themselves. Does all this mean that America can never be a nation? What about the standardization of her *Babbitts* and *Kiwanis* and *Lions* as a set-off against their individualism? Will to-morrow's America have a common Federal army? What about

the trusts? What about Washington? What about everything?

But before we answer these questions, let us glance at one or two facets of the city-civilization experiment.

In the Middle Ages in Europe it was the cathedral which was the nucleus of the city civilization. The Italian city, like the French city and the English city, was intensely jealous of its rights—as jealous as the Carthages and Romes, which lived before them, or as to-day's San Diego or San Francisco or Chicago, which came after them. In our day it is the town hall which is the nucleus.

In New York the Town Hall, for example, is being used to give point and form to the civic sense through the open forum which it has established by New York's citizens for the discussion of their common interests. In the three years of its existence, the Town Hall has held “town-meetings” on various departments of the city's government, including the police department, the fire department, and the department of plant and structures. Local problems such as housing, transit, and schools have also been handled, as have “Federal” problems like strikes, immigration, the Volstead Act, and even the League of Nations, the discussion being always non-partizan.

The New York Town Hall uses four main organizations for the purpose of promoting a better citizenship: the League for Political Education, the Economic Club, the Civic Forum, and the Town Hall Club. The league holds lectures on current events, government, economics, history, philosophy, and literature and, with the other groups, has had as speakers four Presidents of the United States, and

men eminent in their particular branch, whether professors, inventors, merchants, authors, or artists. To the cultivation of the arts particular attention has been given.

Now come the "community trusts" of the different cities, administered upon distinct city-civilization lines. First, the creating of a foundation and a civic center to which all citizens, instead of some single rich citizen, may contribute; as, for example, in the Bethel Center in Detroit, where no heavy subsidies are accepted, the educational work being run on three dollars a year per person. Second, administration by the community; and, third, as it is stated in one of the Western cities, "the recognition of the community itself, that is, of *the city*, as the chief beneficiary."

Gradually, the community, which is really the city civilization, is delegating the administration of such trusts to its law officers, such as the judges of the United States District Court and of the county probate court, and to the mayor of the city. Such boards are honor-boards, serving without reward. The honor of the city is regarded as sufficient recompense, all tending to accentuate the import of the city.

On another side, you find these new civilizations developing, for example, their own city musicians and city orchestras and city opera-houses. Boston is prouder of its symphony orchestra than of Massachusetts, Chicago prouder of its various orchestras than of its pork-packing, declaring frankly that it intends to put Chicago on the United States map as "the City of Music." St. Louis, which has its own opera company at Forest Park, has, through its Municipal Theater

Association, now a large surplus. San Francisco has followed suit, each rivaling the other.

And, let this not be forgotten, all these cities are working for themselves, for the glorification of their own city, not for that of the country, although they are unconsciously serving this purpose.

More and more a dispassionate survey of the history of the last twenty years of the United States' political system will show that the principle of representation by geographical area has been steadily in disintegration.

This disintegration has been brought about partly by the tendency of the big business interests to cut across all lines of mere geographical and even political cleavage by having their own representatives at Washington. (The story of Teapot Dome has done more than expose corruption: it has also shown beyond cavil how far "representation by industry" has gone.) A much more accurate description of some of the congressmen sitting in the House of Representatives would be, instead of representative for such and such a geographical area, to call them representative for oil, representative for railways, or representative for mine-owners, as the case may be. All the main industrial interests maintain their blocs at Washington and in both Houses.

This "occupational" representation is about to receive full and more definite expansion in farmer blocs, labor blocs, etc., and this bloc system, which long ago made its appearance in Europe, is really breaking up the old geographical-area conception of political representation and is rendering easier the formation of independ-

ent nuclei in the shape of the city civilizations.

While all prophecy is dangerous, one would be inclined to imagine that these different occupational blocs will, so far as the city and the country-areas around it are concerned, find their expression in the city-civilization through guilds. Not the old medieval guild, but the guild in its modern form. In England to-day there is a definite trend toward the guild system in connection with the trade-unions, itself an attempt to decentralize.

The battle of our day and generation not only in America, but throughout the world, is that of centralization *versus* decentralization. But it is the New World which is working it out and pioneering in it, because the New World is young and foolish and wonderful, and will experiment even if the bottom drops out of the sky. America will try anything once.

There are men in America who unconsciously are fighting the decentralization of the city civilization. These men, quite sincere in their desire, wish to create a gigantic, benevolent bureaucracy, with an intensively centralized government, men who hope to reduce America's millions to the submissiveness of sheep who will follow the bell-wether. There are others who, small in number, but of a terrible consciousness, mean to fight the centralized concept, having against them both modern democracy and modern autocracy, both standardizers and unconscious allies, for in our day democracy always tends to autocracy. And there is the great indifferent mass, lying between, forming ninety-five per cent. of the population, knowing nothing of these things

and caring less, but who unconsciously, blindly, are working out America's destiny in their rotary clubs, their community schemes, their noonday lunches, and in their city municipalities.

In every country in Europe, and notably in England, the socialists had gradually, up to the war, and especially, since the war, been putting a sort of bureaucratic strangle-hold on society. The ideal of Lenine, as of Ramsay MacDonald, otherwise antitheses, was a strongly centralized autocracy under the mask of democracy. The ideal was a strongly entrenched paternalized government legislating for the millions through a series of official executives.

In America, where the socialist has never gripped, we find certain business strata doing the same thing.

Speaking to men whose names are national names, bankers, lawyers, politicians, merchants, I have over and over again been struck by this. "People have got to do as they are told," the legend runs. The fitting of square pegs into round holes is the daily play of that "benevolent paternalization" which is really the unconscious protest against the new city civilization and its decentralization.

Almost unnoticed, the Prussian ideal has stolen into America by the back door. Mr. Henry Ford is a Prussian, but Mr. Ford does not know it any more than he knows history. "The Old Men of America" have taken the mantle of the Old Men of Europe, where the complete break-up of socialist bureaucracy during the war told the tale of Europe's battle against centralization, as its failure to-day also tells it.

In the new Prussianism, scientist

and churchman and financier have joined hands. Tables are being prepared; questionnaires are being drawn up to determine moral and intellectual standards (in which imagination, the unmeasurable, is omitted). With the great machine civilization that is America's, there is being developed the machine mind—that Prussian mind which always seeks centralization, which means crystallization. It is America's pitfall.

But America is too young to be *corralled*. America's youth is always resurgent and insurgent and still persists toward the city civilization, if for no other reason than that evolution always runs along the line of differentiation. "The higher the type, the greater the differentiation," biologically as sociologically, holds true. Youth is evolution's mainspring. So America differentiates and decentralizes.

§ 2

To the European, one of those queer, staggering paradoxes that are America's is of peculiar interest—the paradox of the standardizing Kiwanis or Lions organizations; the standardization of the Ku Klux Klan; the standardization of the swarming leagues, "uplift," "anti," and otherwise.

Yet all these are individualist in precept and concept. I remember in Toledo, Ohio, being flung into the bosom of a thousand enraged Rotarians, who roared as they rotated to a brass band. No single one of these gentlemen differed in any essential particular from his fellows. All wore the same badge, all wore the same cut of jaw and hair and coat. All were "105 percenters" above proof, and all, as they sat at the same sort of table, ate the same sort of food, smoked the same

brand of cigar, and sang the same song: "Boost Toledo, boost Toledo, that's the place to go. T-O-L-E-D-O—Toledo—Ohio!"

Here was the battle of the two principles with a vengeance and inside the same organization, the battle of standardization and of the city civilization for which the organization primarily stood, the battle of centralization and decentralization.

I found that battle right across the Continent. I found it down to San Diego and the Mexican frontier and up to Seattle in the Northwest. But the city civilization is winning.

There is a most suggestive phenomenon in the revolt of the younger generation in America against its *Babbitts* and "Main Streets," a revolt, however, not necessarily in the "direction of the city civilization, for civic youth" would be something abhorrent in nature.

The break-away from the awful standardization of the "Main-Streeters" and the *Babbitts* is, however, the salient and interesting fact. It is one more protest against the dead-level and against centralization. And it all helps in the trend to organization by city.

But there are other very definite reasons for this series of city-civilization experiments. Such things as distances and climates and differences of nationality, all of them segregators, and the last, contrary to popular opinion, possibly the least important.

So far as race is concerned, in New York, for example, any New-Yorker, whether Anglo-Saxon, Dutchman, Jew, or Irishman, is prepared to swear any hour of the twenty-four that New York is the greatest thing ever, that Chicago is a dirty upstart, and that

Boston, for all her quiet boasting, never was.

Boston, the natural antitoxin to New York, for all that one half of her peoples do not speak to the other half, as a city regards New York as a brazen-faced hussy. In that city where the Cabots talk only with the Lowells and the Lowells talk only with God and the Lodges talk with nobody, there is an aristocratic aloofness, a spiritual hind-leggedness which has no parallel in America unless it be in some of the towns of the Middle West to which Puritanism has fled from Europe. But here, again, any hour of the twenty-four, the Bostonian, Elizabethan or Irish, is prepared to take his oath that Boston is the Queen of the East.

In Salt Lake City, Mormon and Gentile, as I know from residence, may have distinct differences about short cuts to paradise, but they have no doubt whatever about short cuts to hell, as anybody can find out in five minutes if he suggests that Chicago on the east or Los Angeles on the west is any better than it ought to be.

Even religion, that age-long disintegrator and segregator, is impotent in the face of that new force of the city civilization.

Then we have distances and climates. I have yet to meet the first American who realizes what continental distance means. He can't see the landscape for the train.

I remember staying for three days and nights in my room in New York with a filthy cold to watch a tearing hail blizzard threaten to smash in the windows. I remember my eighteen-hour run to the ice-box of America, Terre Haute, known to its inhabitants as "Terry Hut," where the mercury

fell out of the bottom of the thermometer, and then my transition to the wind-tortured city of Chicago.

And then I had boarded the "Continental Limited," and within twenty-four hours had run out of my cold and into the brilliant sunshine; and then, two days farther, I was sweating in the garden of America, a garden in which there are both Eves and snakes, with the difference that the latter warn you of their approach, and the former do not. These coast civilizations are woman civilizations, matriarchates, in which the men tend steadily to become just money-getting machines, while the women, freed from the necessity of labor, do the thinking through their clubs, lectures, political associations, leagues, etc.

How could New York and "Terry Hut" and Chicago and Salt Lake City and San Francisco produce the same civilization? Climate makes character, temperature makes temperament, and decentralization needed America's vast spaces.

But there is an even deeper reason for America's experiment. That is, youth. America is not "set."

The recurrent "These people are not yet part of the soil of America" again and again came to my mind as I traveled some twenty thousand miles over the American landscape. The American peoples have not yet "dug themselves in."

Right across the old Indian trails, from Chicago to Cedar Falls, through Cheyenne and across the Great Divide right into Salt Lake City, and then beyond, through the sage and salt deserts to the coast, this thought ever returned. The Americans are "transients." But it is their fluidity which makes possible the city civilization.

The spirit of the Red Indian still holds America. One could see them, with the eye of the mind, riding and trailing and running alongside the Pullmans, those pachydermatous excrescences upon the desert, still as strange as antediluvian dinosaur. And if there is any type that the North-American continent is developing out of the maelstrom of the nations, it is the North-American Indian type, which looked at the traveler in the streets of Chicago, in North Carolina, and Mississippi, as in the cities of the Pacific. High cheek-bone, piercing eye, strong, sheering nose—all were there.

For America, despite and even because of her city civilizations, is developing a collective type, as she is developing a collective soul. But it is a type and soul loosely knit, a decentralized soul.

§ 3

And now to answer some of our questions which we asked at the beginning. The America of the future will not be a country of isolated communities, as the preceding readily indicates. The city decentralization will give to the United States such a flexibility, such a freeing of individual initiative and genius, such freedom from the shibboleths of democracy which still haunt Europe, that it will place America in a unique position in the world.

No European country will be able to compete successfully with a civilization which cannot suffer from arteriosclerosis, because decentralization will keep its commercial arteries young, a country which will have all the advantages of standardization on the unimportant things and of in-

dividual creation on the vital. A sort of progressive standardization, in fact.

And no country, in those awful chemical wars now, I at least believe, about to break out over the world, will be able to strike effectively at a country which will have no central brain at which to strike, but, instead, a series of lobes. The European and Asiatic battle-planes, now being built in their thousands, might poison New York in a night and lay her skyscrapers in ruins, but, still intact, would remain Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc.

Nor does the city-civilization idea mean that there would be no national army. Personally, I cannot imagine a more deadly dangerous set of fighting-men than men recruited from various cities, with the city pride and the "get-there" touch to drive them forward. How far even regional pride may be exploited for fighting efficiency has already been shown by the territorial method both of England and France.

Efficiency can be got in two ways, either by standardization or by individualization. The Prussians pinned their faith to the former, and found that so long as each cog and bolt in the machine held, all held; but that the moment one part was seriously injured, the whole elaborate machine collapsed.

A Federal army and navy, recruited on the lines of city civilizations, each headed by their city flag, might be a very devoted fighting-machine indeed. No blow directed at any single unit could knock out the group.

Also, in the federated America of city civilizations, there would be in Washington a national executive, with

the President at the head. But in the very nature of such civilizations, with full autonomy, it would be impossible for political concretions to form as to-day.

For the coming of the new experiment means the passing of the old parties. Nothing is more significant in the America of to-day than the impatience with the older parties, especially among the women. The American woman, and especially the American clubwoman, is deeply dissatisfied and even suspicious of the party politician. These rebels are divided into two main types: first, the type who wants a clean-cut "woman's party" free from the taint of the party male, believing, fatuously, that in some miraculous way a woman's party would not play at party politics and would avoid centralization; and, secondly, the type, as that of the League of Women Voters, who believes that the way to counter the party caucus is to bring the influence of the women to bear inside the "G. O. P." or the Democratic parties.

All over America one meets, however, not only women, but men, who, bewildered, indignant, demand a "third party," which shall be free of bureaucratic centralization. One would almost say that this dissatisfaction with party and resultant centralization is the outstanding phenomenon of to-day's political America. The moment the American becomes aware of the meaning of the city civilization and of the decentralization it implies, the parties will vanish in a night, despite all the efforts of the party bosses.

America would seem to the looker-on to be developing three chief group civilizations, loosely linked together.

The Eastern, the Center, and the Pacific.

If I were asked still further to foreshadow the geographical quartering of the new city-civilization areas, I would name them as follows, beginning on the east:

New England States: Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, etc.

Middle Eastern States: New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

East North Central States: Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, etc.

West North Central States: Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, etc.

East South Central States: Kentucky, Mississippi, etc.

West South Central States: Arkansas, Texas, etc.

South Atlantic States: Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, Florida.

Mountain States: Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, etc.

Pacific States: Washington, Oregon, and California.

This is but the roughest possible indication of the possible grouping, which is likely to take the form, first, of organization by city, then by State, and then by group,—that is by profession, calling, etc.,—along the lines of the old world.

To conclude, I believe before the twentieth century has run its course, we shall see a series of city civilizations built up over the face of the North-American continent, with, as their nuclei, the cities. These we shall possibly see loosely federated into an Eastern, a Center, and a Western series of group civilizations. These groups, in their turn, will be federated into the United States of America, where a new and a different white civilization is being reared in what is really the nursery of the gods.

Discovery of Truth in Universities

BY WALTER DILL SCOTT

UNIVERSITIES have never had a monopoly in the discovery of truth. They have, however, in most cases supplied the indispensable preparation for practical discoveries. The results obtained by men trained in scientific methods in the universities have not escaped the attention of the business world. Evidence of this is seen in the fact that the largest laboratories and experimental stations in America are not in the universities, but are in the private industrial organizations and in the governmental bureaus.

The universities justly claim first place as agencies for training men in effective methods of research and for formulating and teaching the principles that form the basis for later discoveries and applications. A survey of the progress of the agencies which promote human welfare reveals the fact that universities through the accomplishments of their teaching and research staffs have formulated principles and made discoveries and applications which have rendered the world a service much greater than is generally known.

Specific illustrations can be drawn most readily from such experimental sciences as physics, chemistry, and geology and their application to engineering; or from such observational sciences as zoölogy, botany, and bac-

teriology and their application to agriculture and to medicine. Illustrations are abundant, but a few random citations are sufficient:

Professor Newton of Cambridge University, England, formulated the three laws of motion which may properly be characterized as being a considerable part of the foundation of all physics and engineering.

Watt, while acting as instrument-maker at the University of Glasgow, invented the separate condenser, the double-acting cylinder, and the governor of the modern engine. This perfection of the engine, developed in a university atmosphere, is the foundation for most of our present manufacturing and transportation systems.

Professor Faraday of London discovered the laws of electro-magnetic induction, and so made possible the experiments resulting in the telephone, the dynamo, and most of our modern electric conveniences.

Professor Bernoulli of the University of Basel developed the Bernoulli Theorem, which is the basis of a large part of modern developments and practical applications in hydraulics.

Professor Maxwell of the University of Cambridge created the entire theory of electro-magnetic waves, which later were realized experimentally by Professor Hertz of the University of Bonn. They are the waves which to-day fill

our entire atmosphere in the service of wireless communication.

Professors Elster and Geitel of Germany started the development of knowledge of thermionic effects. Their researches were carried forward by Professor Thomson of Cambridge University and by Professor Richardson of Kings College, London. This knowledge of thermionic effects has been very extensively applied recently in connection with long-distance telephony and wireless telephony, and is an essential part of their recent development.

Professor Armstrong of Columbia University discovered the "feed-back circuit," and added the last factor necessary to successful experiments in the rapid simplification and spread of radio telegraphy and telephony.

Professor and Mme. Curie discovered radio activity in the laboratories of the University of Paris. Many important applications of their knowledge are being made in various fields.

Professor Moissan of the Sorbonne invented the electric furnace, and thus laid the foundation for the electric metallurgical industries.

Professor Pošepni of the University of Příbram, Bohemia, developed the theory of "The Genesis of Ore Deposits," and Professor Winchell of the University of Michigan and Professor White of the University of Wisconsin formulated "The Anticlinal Theory" regarding the accumulations of oil and gas. These theories provided the essential basis for scientific procedure in mining and in the oil industry.

It is no exaggeration to say that the entire development of our industrial civilization is due to the applications of science. As a result of these applications, one man can now do the work

that once required four, and the length of human life has been so increased that the average years of work are doubled.

The annual earning power of the ten million industrial workers in America is estimated at ten billions of dollars. This is certainly an increase of six billions of dollars annually over the possible earnings of ten million workers not aided by the application of science.

Estimates based on available data for American universities indicate that less than two billions of dollars in gifts and bequests have been given to endowed institutions of higher learning and less than two billions, including appropriations, to tax-supported institutions of higher learning, a total of four billions of dollars to American institutions of higher learning of all classes.

Six billions of dollars may be a rough approximation of the annual increase in the earning power of our ten million industrial workers as a result of the application of science, but we cannot estimate even approximately in billions of dollars how much the earning power of all our other workers is increased by the applications of science. Nor can we estimate how much of this increase in earning power of our total population properly attributed to our universities is more than the total paid by taxpayers and philanthropists for all our universities from the founding of Harvard University to the present moment.

Humanity is receiving in the benefits of applied science a return of certainly one hundred per cent. annually upon all the gifts, bequests, and appropriations made at all times in aid of higher learning.

These citations from the physical

sciences and their applications are less marvelous than the following citations from the biological sciences and their applications:

Charles Darwin, together with Professor Huxley of the School of Mines in London, developed the fundamental ideas of evolution, which led to the biological sciences, with their many practical applications in the improvement of animals and plants by breeding.

Professor Schwann of the University of Louvain established the cell-theory of life. This theory resulted in experimental medicine, with all its significant progress.

Professor Pasteur of the Ecole Normale, Paris, invented serum inoculation. This resulted in experiments in preventive medicine and the discovery of the method of conquering some of the world's worst plagues.

Professor Lister of Glasgow introduced a septic surgery, and so made feasible the marvelous advances of modern surgery.

Professor Walter Reed of George Washington University discovered the nature and the means of transmission of yellow fever and provided the practical knowledge for eliminating that scourge from Cuba and our gulf ports. At the same time these researches gave to General Wood the knowledge necessary for reforming the sanitation of Havana.

Dr. Banting and Professor MacLeod have been working away quietly in the laboratory of the University of Toronto. In 1923 their research was successful in the discovery of insulin, a specific for diabetes.

Every year some university makes a contribution to medical science quite comparable to those here mentioned.

Voltaire said: "Doctors are men who cram medicine about which they know little into bodies about which they know less to cure diseases about which they know nothing at all." But in the last century and a half, by discovering new truths and by training practising physicians, our universities have done much to render Voltaire's definition out of date. The last fifty years alone have seen conquest after conquest in medicine and surgery.

Emil von Behring, a professor of hygiene at Halle, through his discovery of diphtheria serum, made possible a ninety-per cent. reduction in the mortality rate for this disease.

In the Spanish-American War one out of every seventy-one men died of typhoid; in the recent war, as a result of inoculation and sanitation, only one out of every twenty thousand died of typhoid. This alone was a saving to us of over fifty thousand lives.

The death-rate of infants over one month old has been cut in half since 1900.

The average length of life has been increased from twenty years in the sixteenth century to fifty-eight years at the present time. In two decades alone it has been lengthened eight years.

In the last ten years the general mortality rate in the United States has been cut one seventh. In thirty years it has been cut one third. If the death-rate of 1880 prevailed in 1922, the number of deaths would have been 750,000 greater. The record for 1923 was better than that for 1922. The discoveries of 1922 and 1923 will help to reduce even more the mortality rate of 1924. In other words, the medical and sanitary progress of forty years is saving to the United States nearly a million lives a year.

These illustrations of the discovery of truth by educational institutions are cited from the physical and biological sciences because the benefits in these are direct and apparent. Such citations are not exceptional; they are typical of the service which institutions of higher learning are rendering to society in the discovery of truth.

§ 2

Advance in the physical and the biological sciences during future decades will certainly prove as helpful as at any previous time. But the most fruitful researches during the twentieth century will probably be conducted not in the natural sciences, but in the social sciences. We are at last coming to see that the proper study of mankind is man. We are beginning to direct our researches to the whole life of mankind—to the nature of man as a social and political being and to the achievements of man recorded in languages, literature, and institutions. There is recognized a need for a thorough rewriting of all our texts on history, economics, politics, sociology, psychology, esthetics, pedagogy, ethics, and religion. The social sciences are fostering a progress that may be measured not in mere billions of dollars or in millions of human lives, but rather in the finer, though less tangible, terms of appreciation, service, and sacrifice.

Research in the natural sciences has been effective in aiding the race to adjust itself to its physical environments. No such discovery of truth in the social sciences has been made in aiding the race to adjust itself to its human environments. Men are not now working together happily and effectively. There is said to be a lack of control in the home, restlessness in

the school, apathy in the church, shirking in the shops, dishonesty in the counting houses, grafting in politics, crime in the city, and Bolshevism threatening all our institutions.

Experiments now in progress in our universities are already bearing fruitful results, but their greatest benefits depend on further discoveries and applications. A few illustrations taken from experiments being made at Northwestern University will make this clear:

Professors Howard, Hotchkiss, and Todd have been investigating and experimenting on the relation of employer and employees in industrial organizations. They are largely responsible for devising, installing, and supervising a unique system of coöperation between employers and employees. Ten years ago the experiment was begun with a single firm. At the present time the system is in vogue in over eighty plants employing fifty thousand employees. Those most familiar with this experiment believe that it is doing much to eliminate "Bolshevism" and "shirking in the shops."

Professors Jones, Webb, and McConathy have been investigating and experimenting on methods of discovering and training artistic ability. Although the experiment is not local, it does include all the children attending the public schools in the city of Evanston. Progress is being made in discovering children possessing unusual native artistic ability and in providing appropriate instruction for these potential artists. Those most familiar with this experiment believe that it is doing much to eliminate "restlessness in the school."

Professors Stout, Richardson, and

Betts are investigating and experimenting on methods of making Christian truths effective in the lives of the rising generation. Associated with these professors are fifty-two graduate students at the university, in addition to the several thousand parents, day school-teachers, Sunday-school-teachers, and others in many different communities. Training is being conducted under experimental conditions. Those most familiar with these experiments believe that they are doing much to remove "apathy in the church," and are certainly contributing to a reduction of the "lack of control in the home, dishonesty in the counting house, grafting in politics, and crime in the city."

All our human relations will be improved as rapidly as we make progress in the social sciences, and I am convinced that our universities will make as great a contribution in the social sciences during the twentieth century as they did by the discovery of truth in the natural sciences during the nineteenth century.

We may expect the most helpful contributions to the betterment of human relations from universities possessing favorable characteristics:

First, the university must be untrammelled by traditions or superstitions, by politics or cults; but must be animated by a love for truth, and the members of the teaching and research staff must be zealous in their pursuits of truth in their respective fields, and should be sympathetic with research and investigation in fields even quite remote from their own.

Second, the university must sustain a graduate school and a group of professional schools, all in intimate contact with city life.

Third, the university must be inspired with the ideals of religion. The religious interpretation of the universe offers the only possible hope for improvement. Faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God provides the only basis for stable human relations.

The best of our American universities are making distinguished contributions by the discovery of truth in the natural sciences; it is for us to see to it that they possess all the qualifications necessary for effective work in discovering truth in the social sciences.

Very many men of means see the wisdom of supporting research in the physical and the biological sciences. Only a few have caught the vision of the possible service that awaits the development of the social sciences. Funds wisely invested in support of research in the social sciences will yield one hundred per cent. annually for all time. The dividends will not be in terms of billions of dollars of increase in earning power or in the millions of human lives saved annually, but in the even more desirable measures of completeness of life for the individual man; mutual helpfulness for the members of the family; efficient service for the industrial and commercial organization; regard by the city, state, and national governments for the best interests of each citizen; and of international goodwill conducive to permanent world peace.

Archimedes said that if he were only provided with a fulcrum, he could move the earth. The American universities are supplying an effective agency for the discovery of truth, and are thus providing the fulcrum that makes it possible to move the earth and to promote the welfare of all.

Irony in Velvet

The Short Stories of James Branch Cabell

BY CARL VAN DOREN

TWENTY years after the appearance of that first book which might almost as well be thought a century as two decades old, James Branch Cabell, substantially intrenched behind a uniform edition of his works, looks back with a resentful eye upon the early and scattered volumes which are hunted by collectors and bibliographers as the rarer volumes of no other contemporary American are hunted. Like Holofernes, this iconoclastic Virginian would prefer to hack the Cabell of yesterday merrily into pieces and give him to the Cabell of to-morrow for his breakfast. "Were the choice afforded me," the Holofernian Cabell says, "no one of these first editions . . . would to-day exist." Such iconoclasm, however, cannot be permitted, or at least will not be permitted, so long as a single investigator is curious about the steps by which Mr. Cabell, with seldom matched fidelity, has advanced from the region of tentative experiments to the region through which he now manœuvres on surer, more ironic feet. The miracle of his emergence from the world in which he grew up is at once too exciting and too edifying to be forgotten in the stir caused by his arrival in a very different world. Even the most secular scripture need not hesitate

to begin with some kind of Genesis.

Concerning the ardent, absurd youth who wrote "The Eagle's Shadow" the Cabell who wrote "The High Place" speaks disarmingly in a late autobiographic note. "I would like," that youth is made to say, "to write the very nicest sort of books—like Henry Harland's and Justus Miles Forman's and Anthony Hope's. They would be about beautiful, fine girls and really splendid young men, and everything would come out all right in the end. . . . I want to contribute to the best magazines, and write some wholesome . . . entertaining books, that will sell like 'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box' and 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" In 1902, of course, such aspirations were not entirely quaint. Cloaks and masks were in the mode. Approved heroines waited in some Ruritania or Graustark for the dashing heroes who should come from England or the United States and rescue them from the thorns by which they were surrounded. The paths of romance led to the greenwood, to the medieval tournament or pleasance, to the age of periwig and patch and small sword and furbelow, to the more recent drawing-room or terrace where repar-tee glittered over tea-tables. "The Eagle's Shadow," let it be remembered,

appeared as a serial in what was shortly to be the most popular of all the popular magazines, and the brief tales by its author which dressed this weightier dish found their way into periodicals of established reputation, to be illustrated by established illustrators. There was no serious disregard of current fashion in Mr. Cabell's tender reinterpretations of *Falstaff* or *Jaques* or in his heartening discovery that the most frivolous beau and belle had really hearts of gold. Few readers of these stories noticed the hand of irony within the glove of velvet.

The hand, nevertheless, inhabited the glove. Mr. Cabell was already in several respects a scholar and a critic. At William and Mary he had taught French and Greek while still an undergraduate; in his first acknowledged contribution to belles-lettres he had taken Congreve for his theme and had defended that insouciant wit against either moralists or apologists. The infection of maturity had commenced to work. "From the start," the latest Cabell was subsequently to warn the earliest, "will be tugging at your pen a pig-headed imp that will be guiding it his way instead of the way you intended. And with each book he will be growing stronger and more importunate and more cunning, and he will be stealing the pen away from you for longer and longer intervals. And by and by that imp, full grown now and the very devil of a taskmaster, will be dictating your books from beginning to end—not to speak here of his making you sweat blood when you revise, at his orders, all the earlier ones. . . . You will call him the desire to write perfectly of beautiful happenings."

The maturer Cabell has so carefully obliterated his tracks, with what looks, at many points, like an amused mendacity, that it is difficult now to guess just when in his career he selected the design upon which he has finally come to arrange all his material. He himself maintains that the evolution of his scheme goes back to 1901, "when I wrote the first of the stories bound up together as 'The Line of Love.' And the general 'method' followed in that volume—of depicting a decisive event in the lives of two persons, then a similar untying of knots in the life of a child of that couple, and yet afterward in one of the grandchildren's life-history—has been extended, but never altered, in my succeeding volumes. And all traces—pretty clearly now—from Dom Manuel, and the descendants whom he and Alianora left in England, and the other descendants whom he and Niafer left in Poictesme, and from the eleven images that he and Freydis informed with fire from Audela, and set to live as men among mankind." However accurate Mr. Cabell may be in his recollection of the precise year in which he undertook to elaborate his richly colored genealogy, at least he did not, as a careful examination of those anathematized first editions shows, for some time thereafter unmistakably reveal his scheme. The unity of his work lay in his temper, in his comparative disinclination, or inability, to invent, in the gradual drift of his imagination toward two or three settings and two or three sets of characters for which eventually he gave up all others. While this unity was asserting itself, he moved about through medieval France and eighteenth-century England and contemporary Virginia,

searching for episodes worthy to be recounted in his tone of mingled rapture and skepticism.

§ 2

The episodes in his volumes of short stories, "The Line of Love," "Gallantry," "Chivalry," "The Certain Hour," are essentially gestures. With poets and warriors as their almost invariable heroes, and love as their almost invariable theme, they set forth each of them some high moment of valor or renunciation in which much is demanded of the hero, who meets it with even more than is demanded. François Villon, in "In Necessity's Mortar," for the last time sees Catherine de Vaucelles, who has jilted him and shamed him, discovers that she still loves him, but, now that through years of despair he has become a mere "hog with a voice," decides that he must kill her love to save her, and so disavows any preference for her whatever. The Prince de Gâtinais, in "The Scapegoats," having with one dire gesture poisoned his son's low-born sweetheart to give the younger man to his high-born duty and to France, with another tremendous gesture poisons himself in expiation for a deed which he does not in the least regret. At such moments the protagonists of this universe rise above the customary stature of mankind, touching the cold stars with heads full of mad, glorious conceits. Mr. Cabell knows that the gestures are for the most part vain. Villon, crying out in agony over his obligation, finds that his cry suggests a neat ballade. "So, dismissing for the while his misery, he fell to considering, with undried cheeks, what rhymes he needed." Louis de Soyecourt, by his

father's action made Duke of Noumaria, in the end escapes from the boredom of his duty to a happy vagabondage as a piano-tuner. Yet though the conceits are mad, they are glorious. Who would live forever? Who would take love at less than the peak and then, through dwindling years, have nothing supernal to remember? Who would miss the chance once in a lifetime to confound all foes and rivals with a magnanimity which, though bitter, must seem immense? Mr. Cabell has a weakness for these gestures that gives him, as an artist, strength.

The danger which has always hung over Mr. Cabell in his chronicling of such gestures is the danger of sentimentalism. Lovely as a bubble may be, it can be broken by one puff too much, and then nothing is left of its iridescence. The puff too much he occasionally gave in his earlier versions. As "The Housewife," for instance, at present stands, King Edward is content to speak thus of his queen when he hears of her great loyalty: "She waddles now. . . . Still, I am blessed." But once the passage ran more loftily: "Now at last he understood the heart of Philippa. 'Let me live,' the king prayed; 'O Eternal Father, let me live a little while that I may make atonement!'" There was a time, that is to say, when Mr. Cabell blurred the fine edge of his rapture by moments of passion wherein he forgot to be sophisticated. Verbal changes here and there in the revision have been necessary to cut away an earlier softness, particularly when his warriors tended to be poets or orators at dramatic crises. This objection does not arise when his heroes are technically poets, as they are in "The

Certain Hour." Of them it may reasonably be expected that they will bear themselves with an eloquence which would hardly be allowed them, even at the most striking turns of their careers, were they men of some more prosaic calling and language.

But then Mr. Cabell's heroes are all actually, in one degree or another, poets, much like those young men who lift and enliven the plays of Shakspeare. Again and again the Cabellian theme is the conflict between a poet and a warrior for the same lady; and though the poet as a rule has the neater tongue and the quicker intelligence, he has no marked advantage over his rival in goldenness of speech. The poets are warriors and the warriors are poets. To keep such equations credible, Mr. Cabell has been obliged to lay his scenes ordinarily in ages which cherished both valor and poetry and which held them interwoven with delicate codes of honor. With one of his favored ages he associates the cult of Chivalry; with the other, Gallantry. "The cornerstone of Chivalry I take to be the idea of vicarship: for the chivalrous person is, in his own eyes at least, the child of God, and goes about this world as his Father's representative in an alien country. It was very adroitly to human pride, through an assumption of man's responsibility in his tiniest action, that Chivalry made its appeal; and exhorted every man to keep faith, not merely with the arbitrary will of a strong god, but with himself. There is no cause for wonder that the appeal was irresistible, when to each man it was admitted that he himself was the one thing seriously to be considered. . . . So man became a chivalrous animal; and about this flattering

notion of divine vicarship builded his elaborate mediæval code, to which, in essentials, a great number of persons adhere even nowadays." Had Mr. Cabell been less a poet himself, he might have fallen into astringency with such a conception as his starting-point. As it is, the conception merely furnishes the ironic edge which shears away the exuberance to which his love of gestures might have led him. He does not, on account of this comic attitude, take less interest in the chivalrous impulses which his characters exhibit. Bound by their sense of responsibility to an extent which he knows is comic, they yet conduct themselves with a high seriousness which, while it lasts, is the breeder of superb rhetoric and noble actions, and incidentally of admirable drama. Each of them, man or woman, in "Chivalry" and in the allied stories of the other volumes, is ringed round with perils, and each of them bears himself magnificently to the point of death or whatever different reward awaits him.

Mr. Cabell's Gallantry is enough like his Chivalry in its consequences to those who live by it. "Now the essence of Gallantry, I take it, was to accept the pleasures of life leisurely and its inconveniences with a shrug. . . . The gallant person will . . . always bear in mind that in love-affairs success is less the Ultima Thule of desire than its *coup de grâce*, and he will be careful never to admit the fact, especially to himself. . . . He will prink; and he will be at his best after sunset. He will dare to acknowledge the shapeliness of a thief's leg, to contend that the commission of murder does not necessarily impair the agreeableness of the assassin's conversation; and to insist that

God is kindlier than the genteel would regard as rational. He will, in fine, sin on sufficient provocation, and repent within the moment, quite sincerely, and be not unconscionably surprised when he repeats the progression: and he will consider the world with a smile of toleration, and his own doings with a smile of honest amusement, and Heaven with a smile that is not distrustful." Gallantry, indeed, is a sort of frivolous Chivalry, living up to its code on a plane of life where less seems to be involved in the issue of any given event than on the plane of vicarship. But there is for all that a rapier in every ruffled hand which is celebrated in "Gallantry." John Bulmer, Duke of Ormskirk, protagonist of "In the Second April," is the quintessential Cabell hero. Like all his fellows, he reflects often upon the boy he used to be and makes much of an old love, but he knows that he does not too violently regret his past nor too poignantly remember the Alison of his first April. Now seasoned in the world, he matches and overmatches it with a cunning which he cannot forego even in his courtship of Claire de Puyssange. He distresses her, who is half his age, with his persistent lightness on the most desperate occasions, yet at their great occasion he meets his enemies with a courage as unassailable as if he did not accompany it with words of such laughing eloquence as madden her before they convince her. Bulmer cuts the figure that every quick-spirited youth and every full-hearted man would like to cut. He is, to be sure, a dream of gallant perfection, and no more; but he curiously stirs the blood of man and boy alike. And with what art Mr. Cabell constructs the drama of Bul-

mer's wooing and winning: the incognito sustained, yet recognized, the rejection endured with pain, yet with gay fortitude, the magnificent duel on the tower! It is, perhaps, the art of Congreve, but of a Congreve warmed with rich colors and a generous audacity.

§ 3

In the towered cathedral which Mr. Cabell has gradually built, on the level plain of current life, for his undeviating worship of beauty and heroism, the short stories of these four volumes are the smaller chapels braced against the central structure, the ornaments carved boldly on the weather side or tucked away in shadowy corners to tempt the curious. Without, it should be made clear, unparalleled erudition, he has nevertheless ransacked many remote places for his materials and his patterns. His universe in various fashions resembles that of "The Faerie Queene," wherein geographical and chronological boundaries melt and flow, wherein fable encroaches upon history, and the creative mood of the poet re-cuts his shining fabrics as if they were whole cloth intended solely for his purposes. Mr. Cabell has a partiality for the Middle Ages, when the fates of the European nations were tangled with contending dynasties, and for the eighteenth century, but, like Spenser, he draws upon the ancient world and the world of dreams. In choosing those dramatic moments which he has elected to record, he tends to choose occasions about which history is partly silent in the lives of its eminent men and women: a late meeting of *Falstaff* with a boyhood sweetheart, the forced decision of Villon to turn

thief, the final interview of Marlowe with the girl he loves, the apocryphal courtship of Katharine of Valois and Henry V, the philosophical plagiarism of Shakspeare in writing "The Tempest," the mysterious death of Herrick, the marriage of Wycherley to the Countess of Drogheda and of Sheridan to Miss Ogle. Not that Mr. Cabell is confined to history, even thus lightly handled; he has no objection to inventing poets and warriors when he needs them, nor to being as circumstantial about them as about the genuine personages of his tales. But he requires the added glamour which is given to fiction by its association with remembered or rumored facts. Beautiful happenings, he knows, seem more beautiful when they have already been looked upon as memorable.

The temper with which he approaches all these themes is ironic, so much so that he regularly distresses readers who prefer to have their romances entirely romantic. His heroes are not forever heroes. The tide turns with them, and the sun sets, and the flower fades. Perhaps he glories in his disillusionment; at least he never relaxes into credulity. Consequently he does not tell his stories with an abandoned rush of narrative. They move on deliberate feet, their episodes rounded out with a steady-handed art. Always Mr. Cabell interprets the action in the terms of a spectator who knows that though ecstasy is supreme, it is also vain. At the same time, there is that in his constitution which will not let him merely strip and dissect. He must adorn while he analyzes. To this element is due his other essential quality as a story-teller, his silken

texture. There are no angles in his surfaces. His style purrs to a degree that now and then begets monotony; his phrases, ordinarily so felicitous, now and then have a mannered look; he so often avoids the simple way of saying simple things that he overloads his language. It is hard to remember his plots, less hard to remember his characters, because they have been hidden under his suave tapestry. At his best, however, and he is very frequently at his best, he is crystal in his meanings and delicately varied in his rhythms, as in this speech credited to Shakspeare: "Lord, what a deal of ruined life it takes to make a little art! Yes, yes, I know. Under old oaks lovers will mouth my verses, and the acorns are not yet shaped from which those oaks will spring. My adoration and your perfidy, all that I have suffered, all that I have failed in even, has gone toward the building of an enduring monument. All these will be immortal, because youth is immortal, and youth delights in demanding explanations of infinity. And only to this end I have suffered and have catalogued the raving of a perverse disease which has robbed my life of all the normal privileges of life as flame shrivels hair from the arm—that young fools such as I was once might be pleased to murder my rhetoric, and scribblers parody me in their fictions, and schoolboys guess at the date of my death!" Had Mr. Cabell no other gift than to make wisdom thus descant upon the vanity of life, his most persistent and successful theme, he would still deserve a praise as worthy as he is likely to receive in a world which his Shakspeare all too accurately describes.

Three Pillars of Society

A Free University—A Pacific Church—A Realistic State

BY GLENN FRANK

EVERY month, except one, for five and a half years I have written for these columns from three thousand to ten thousand words on what have seemed to me the real issues of contemporary American society. This is the sixty-fifth paper in this series of editorial essays. I am not foolish enough to assume that I have always achieved accuracy of insight and statement, but I have tried to bring to these more than four hundred thousand words of discussion three things upon which it seems to me the social value of journalism depends. And these three things are intellectual honesty, a decent modesty of opinion, and freedom from the tyranny of a set point of view.

I have no interest in a journalism of evasion. I should prefer selling shoe-strings on a street corner to writing editorials under any policy other than finding and following the truth that an honest examination of any given problem reveals. I could not spend a comfortable week-end with myself if I felt that in any one of these sixty-five papers I had consciously softened a necessary sentence or deleted an essential paragraph on account of the suspected prejudice or special interest of any known or imagined reader.

I have tried to avoid the disease of

cock-sureness. It should be possible to express opinions without becoming opinionated. In all of these papers I have set doubts and beliefs side by side, on the assumption that tentative conclusions and suspended judgments are no more out of place in the editorial room than in the laboratory.

In writing these papers I have tried to keep free from any inflexible point of view. That is to say, I have not written as a conservative or a liberal or a radical or a pacifist or a militarist or a Republican or a Democrat or a Socialist. When a man signs himself over, soul and body, to any one of these groups, it seems to me that his point of view ceases to bear any vital relation to the actual facts of the human scene. I have tried to be indifferent to all of these labels, feeling free to adopt the point of view of any one of these groups when, in the consideration of a specific problem, its point of view seemed to me to be nearest the truth. There is an almost irresistible fascination about the artificial consistency that an inflexible point of view brings, but the artificial consistency of either conservatism or radicalism means intellectual stagnation for the citizen and social disaster for the nation. The scientific mind, the only sort of mind worth having, achieves a higher con-

sistency, which may mean conservatism on one issue, liberalism on the next issue, and radicalism on still another issue. Clinging exclusively to any one of these labels or using any one of these labels as a club to swing against the head of an opponent is a symptom of hardening of the intellectual arteries. I have gone on the assumption that the honestest we are and the straightest we think, the more likely we are to be called each and all of these things at one time or another.

Now, from time to time in these columns I have discussed and defended academic freedom, religious pacifism, and political realism. But I have always discussed them as separate issues and in separate papers. This separate treatment has given rise to all sorts of cross-questioning and often to misinterpretation.

A defense of academic freedom has been interpreted by some readers as a brief for the opinions of radicals. A suggestion that the church should declare an uncompromising boycott of war has been interpreted by some readers as a "pernicious pacifism" that is, to them, synonymous with treason to the state. A discussion of political realism has been interpreted by some readers as a defense of unworthy opportunism and compromise.

I want, in this paper, to discuss these three problems in their interrelations.

§ 2

The three most important things in human life are not food, clothing, and shelter. To man as an animal, food, clothing, and shelter may seem to be the most important things in the world; but to man as an intellectual and social being, the three most im-

portant things in life are education, religion, and politics.

I dislike to speak of education, religion, and politics as if they were three distinct fields. They are, or should be, an indivisible unity. Isolate any one of them from the other two, and it is orphaned and ineffective. Certainly it is bad logic and a betrayal of life to separate education and religion. As we have been reminded by L. P. Jacks, the brilliant and provocative editor of "The Hibbert Journal," "all education should be religious . . . all religion should be educational . . . a religious spirit must enter into education . . . an educational spirit must enter into religion. . . . That which begins as primary education should end in religion. That which ends as religion should begin in primary education. . . . Take them apart, think of them as separate, and both will suffer damage. Religion will be a thing for which there has been no preparation; education will be a process that leads on to no definite goal." And certainly we may add, I think, that politics when divorced from education and religion becomes a poor and petty thing. The statesman is more than a juggler of post-office appointments, more than the astute engineer of a party machine. When he rises to the nobler conception of politics, the statesman is the impresario of the collective life of his people. He gives voice to their inarticulate aspirations. He lures all the specialisms of scholars and preachers, bankers and business men, labor leaders and farmers, out of their air-tight compartments and welds them into a fighting fraternity for the common good. Obviously this field of politics in which

all the rich and radiant human forces of a nation meet cannot be considered apart from the fields of education and religion. The professor, the parson, and the politician are at work on the same job, not on three separate jobs. And that job is the achievement of "the good life" for the citizen and for the nation. Here at last is a trinity in unity, and a unity in trinity that we can and must understand. We ignore it at our peril. Now and then the professor, the parson, and the politician can best coöperate by valiantly opposing one another. Times come when only out of a clash between university and church and state can corrected vision and creative policy arise. But even in these hours of necessary opposition, university and church and state are engaged in a common task.

I want to suggest that to-day out of these three fields—education, religion, and politics—are coming three challenges to the men and women of this republic, three challenges that the men and women of Western civilization must meet if we are to change the twilight of a new dark ages into the dawn of a new Renaissance. And these three challenges, as I see it, are:

First, the challenge to make the university free.

Second, the challenge to make the church pacific.

Third, the challenge to make the state realistic.

§ 3

First, the challenge to make the university free. The success or failure of the democratic experiment on this continent will ultimately be decided in our schools. To quote Dr. L. P. Jacks, again, "If the battle of civilization is lost in the schools, who is going to win

it afterwards? If the whole community is set wrong in its education, what chances have the clergy to set it right from the pulpit? What are the chances of legislation? To begin by starting the community on the wrong road, in the plastic period, and then, when it is grown up, to send out the parson and the policeman to bring it back—what fool's enterprise could compare with that?"

But the mere existence of magnificently housed and largely attended universities in a democracy is no guaranty that reason and right will determine its policies and dictate its actions. Democracy may be stabbed to death in its universities. Everything depends upon the kind of universities a democracy develops. Universities that teach their students *what* to think are a danger to a democracy. Universities that teach their students *how* to think and then trust them to decide what to think from year to year in a growing world are democracy's one indispensable safeguard. The university is not a retail store dealing in facts; the university is a temporary retreat from the world where young men and young women may breathe the air of freedom and achieve emancipation from the obsolete dogmas, the unworthy loyalties, the irrational inhibitions, the tribal conformities, and the cowardly cautions that crush and kill the uneducated mind.

The university must do more than furnish the minds of its students; the university must free their minds as well. American democracy needs mental freedom even more than it needs mental furniture. The primary task of the university is to make men free; to make men scholarly is secondary to this. In fact, real scholarship is

impossible until men's minds are freed.

In short, the main business of the university is to rid men's brains of the ancestral ghosts that haunt them. As Halford Luccock has suggested in a stimulating essay on "The Haunted House," our heads are haunted if our houses are not. Belief in haunted houses may rest on superstition, but belief in haunted heads rests on science. In houses men see ghosts that are not there. In heads there are ghosts that men do not see.

Our brain is the house of life in which we live. It is a very old house. Nature has been countless centuries building it. And it is haunted. It is haunted by the ghosts of all the tenants that have lived in it since the beginning of life on this planet, by the ghosts of all the things we have been from the time we were mere animals until we became modern men and women.

We carry around inside our heads all the while a lot of the animal, a lot of the savage, and a lot of the child we once were.

We think we are grown up. We think that all of our actions are the actions of grown men and women. We dislike to admit that in our off-guard moments we act from animal motives or savage motives or childish motives. But we do.

The ghost of the animal in our brain controls us whenever we blindly follow our uncivilized instincts, appetites, and passions instead of holding a tight rein of intelligence over their backs and guiding them to good ends.

The ghost of the savage in our brain controls us whenever we lazily refuse to think for ourselves and weakly surrender our minds, our standards, and

our votes to whatever our social set, our religious sect, or our political party demands. For the savage was the original party man, the original man-who-never-scratched-a-ticket, the original stand-patter. Whatever the tribe decided, he did. It was not safe to differ from the majority among savages. And the temptation is still strong to let "the tribe" do our thinking for us.

The ghost of the child in our brain controls us whenever we try to get things by merely crying for them and whenever we clutch at things we think we want without any clear notion of whether they are good for us or not.

There is a sort of New-England town meeting going on inside our heads all the time. The animal, the savage, and the child are sitting on the benches, eager members of the assembly. They debate every question that arises. Each wants every question settled his way. All sorts of old opinions, dead doctrines, ancient hatred, silly superstitions, unworthy loyalties, and foolish fears are also there.

But the educated man is the chairman of this meeting in his brain. The effectiveness of every man's life depends upon his being a good chairman. He must see to it that the animal, the savage, and the child do not run away with the meeting. He must see to it that the real "order of business" for the day is not upset or set aside by the hatreds, the superstitions, the fears and the outworn opinions that are in the meeting.

He is chairman. He must use his gavel. He must master these ghosts in his brain or be mastered by them. And, let me repeat, the university's first duty is to help him to master

them. But, obviously, the university cannot emancipate the minds of its students unless it is itself free from the sins and surrenders that mark the common mind.

May I repeat that if the university attempts to safeguard popular thought by teaching its students what to think instead of how to think, the university becomes the betrayer instead of the savior of democracy. Trying to run a democracy with a set of changeless doctrines instead of with courageous and creative minds is like sending a child into life equipped with book maxims instead of character. Now, does the university itself to-day possess this freedom which it is its highest function to help its students win for themselves? Only partly, I think. In the field of the natural sciences the university has achieved freedom. As long as scholars in the natural sciences were imprisoned for their impudent investigation of ancient ideas, natural science was held, roughly speaking, at a standstill. Finally, however, the university has won practical freedom in the study and teaching of the natural sciences, and as a result our knowledge and control of natural forces have gone forward by leaps and bounds.

But the plain truth is that the university has not achieved a similar freedom in the study and teaching of the social sciences. And the result is that the knowledge of the natural sciences is to-day in the hands of a society that lacks the intellectual insight and moral power to use them wisely. Until the university completes its battle for freedom, until freedom in the study and teaching of the social sciences is as great as freedom in the study and teaching of the natural sciences, the fate of civiliza-

tion will hang in the balance, and the natural sciences will but perfect our technic of social suicide.

It is to this second half of the battle for the freedom of the university that we of this generation are called.

§ 4

Second, the challenge to make the church pacific. I discussed this challenge at length in last month's issue of this magazine, under the title "Patriotism and Pacifism," a paper which I described as "an attempt to be honest about the church and war." I need do no more here than summarize the main points of that discussion.

I suggested that the church as a distinctive institution professing to represent the religion of Jesus could not, in my judgment, survive many more surrenders to war psychology. I pointed out the way in which in all the nations involved in the World War the church followed the lead of the state and press-agented the war aims of the rival powers. The church in America supported the war aims of the American state; the church in Germany supported the war aims of the German state. Except in the cases of the "despised" conscientious objectors, and in the case of certain small sects, when it became a question of following Jesus or the generals, the church in the main followed the generals. Christian churches, reared as temples of a gospel of peace and love, became hate factories, while American ministers of God, in instance after instance, with flawless efficiency aped the kaiser in his theatrical calling down of God's wrath upon his enemies. I am not thinking about the rightness of American war aims or the wrongness of German war aims; I am think-

ing solely of the fact that in the World War and in all wars, the church everywhere tended to adjourn its real gospel during war-time, to cry with the pack, and surrender to the infection of the shabby and sordid epidemic of hate.

A handful of really "conscientious" objectors huddled in Leavenworth prison give a more courageous and consistent testimony to the power of the gospel of Jesus than the whole church when it ties itself to the cart-tail of the state and merely surrenders to the war psychology of the moment, and contents itself with preaching to wounded soldiers in hospitals a brotherhood in death which its nationalistic perversions have denied to them in life.

And yet, believing all this, I did not suggest, in last month's paper, that the church demand that its members become uncompromising non-resistants. I suggested simply that the church, as an organization, refuse in the future to give its official sanction or blessing to any war, and that the church refuse to lend its pulpits and its ministry to any war service other than acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike, leaving its individual members free to follow their own consciences. Anything less seems to me treason to the gospel of Jesus. Anything less will, it seems to me, sooner or later make the church simply one of our social institutions, preaching a high-minded ethics whenever it can do so without running counter to the dominant mood of the state.

§ 5

Third, the challenge to make the state realistic. I discussed this matter of political realism at length in the April issue of this magazine in a paper on "The Seven Lamps of Politics." I

want here to deal with only one small aspect of the realistic state as it relates to the religious pacifism which I have just touched upon.

In suggesting that the church boycott war, am I to be understood as suggesting that the American state should adopt a pacifist policy of non-resistance, sink its navy, disband its army, and become a martyr nation if attacked? I mean nothing of the kind. It is difficult to say just what I mean without seeming to contradict myself. Let me try to state my position concretely.

If I were a bishop, priest, or pastor, I should refuse to take any part in any war, save in acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike, unless I first unfrocked myself. If I could prevent it, I should not allow my church to take any official part in any war, save in acts of mercy to enemy and ally alike. If it did, I should withdraw from any position of leadership in it.

If I were the responsible head of the American state, I should see to it, if I could, that the American army and the American navy were adequately equipped for the sure defense of the nation. But, even as the responsible head of the state, following a policy of adequate preparedness for defense, I should want the church to hold to its official boycott of war. I should take this seemingly contradictory position for two reasons.

First, I would have no fear that such boycott would rob the state of adequate defense power. We know that there is enough of the primitive left in us to make us respond to the first blast of the bugle. Certainly the world is facile enough in its surrender to war-cries. The task of this generation is not to cultivate a willingness to

fight, but to build dams against the almost resistless habit of combat that has come so near wrecking Western civilization. For years to come we need have no fear that the state will lack soldiers. And the state has in its hands the power of the draft.

Second, I think I should realize, as head of the state, that politics is bankrupt in the face of the problem of war and peace. I see no hope for the conquest of war at the hands of politicians alone. Statesmanship, the world over, has largely ceased to inspire and lead the mind of the world. Politics has become largely a game of futilities played in the suburbs of the real forces that make and mar human life. Machinery will never alone save the world from war. The mind of the world must be changed. As head of the state, I should realize that the state might suffer defeat in war if its army and navy were not kept in adequate preparation, but I should also realize that the state will absolutely go down unless war itself is conquered. And for this reason I should like to see the church make the great and dramatic gesture of an uncompromising official boycott of all war in the hope that it might exert an educational influence toward changing the mind of the world.

The realistic state is society's organ of compromise. In this imperfect world, we may be forced now and again to do what in our hearts we know is contrary to the religion we profess, as when we go out to kill in defense of the state; but if any such compromise must be made with an imperfect world, it is the business of the state to make it. Compromise is not the business of either the church or the university. University and church must give to

the state the raw materials of politics. The university must give to politics pure thought. The church must give to politics uncompromising ideals. Never fear but that the state will pull these pure thoughts and uncompromising ideals down low enough to insure the physical safety of the state. The trouble to-day is that both university and church try to effect a compromise between their thoughts and ideals and what we often so falsely call the "practical" demands of our common life. The result is that the contributions of university and church are pulled down and down from their original purity and power long before they fall into the hands of the state. And then the politician, who has been suckled at the breasts of compromise, pulls them still further down before he uses them. And the final result is the low state of modern politics.

As I see it, the main hope for a moral regeneration of modern politics lies in the university remaining loyal to uncompromising truth and in the church remaining loyal to uncompromising ideals. The moment either university or church becomes concerned with the political task of compromise, the intellectual and moral reservoirs of politics are drained.

With free universities producing the corrective radicalism of scientific truth, with pacific churches dramatically holding the mind of the world to the life-and-death necessity of conquering war, and with realistic states bridging the gap between pure thought and unadulterated idealism, on the one hand, and the enforced necessities of "practical politics" in an imperfect world, on the other, we may look with some confidence to the future.

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

HAWTHORNE, in his brief masterpiece "Ethan Brand," found the unpardonable sin to be the sin of pride which shuts a man away from his human fellows. Edwin Arlington Robinson, in "The Man Who Died Twice" (Macmillan), nearly as brief and even more unmistakably a masterpiece, finds the unpardonable sin to be the sin of sloth which leads a gifted man to bury his divine talent and thus insult the Holy Ghost. The Fernando Nash of the story is a musician of genius, visited by "choral horns out of a star," by a "singing fire" which rouses him to ecstasy, but which cannot drown the malevolent beat of the "drums of death" which call him to lust and drunkenness. After years of infidelity to his gift, Nash is permitted in a delirium one last splendor of sound, only in that moment of radiance to be overtaken by a lesion, after which he has no more music in him than is sufficient to let him beat a drum for the Salvation Army. When later he dies again, his bodily death is but an anticlimax; the essential Nash left his carcass when he was stricken. The theme is congenial to Mr. Robinson: futility repentant, but incapable of cure. The method is congenial: the story is told by a friend of Nash's who has it directly from the

derelict and who subsequently buries him. But in the grasp which the poet has of his conception and in the suppleness and lucidity of his style, he pretty surely goes beyond the point he has reached in any of his previous long narratives. "The Man Who Died Twice" is not, of course, what is called easy reading. The delirium of Fernando Nash is too mad, the ecstasy of music which he has is too exalted, to be rendered in the plainest terms. But less than most of Mr. Robinson's major poems does this one raise the question whether so great a poet would not be much greater if a little simpler. Read twice, it is perfectly clear, and it is worth reading twice, or many times. The blank verse is flexible, yet elevated; deft, yet harmonious; edged, yet charmingly varied in pause and cadence. The poem as a whole is at once shrewd and noble in tone. The parts, however, are so close-knit as almost to defy quotation. To cite this or that detached passage as evidence of the poem's beauty is almost as vain as to exhibit a severed cheek or breast as evidence of the beauty of the woman from whom it came.

C. V. D.

BARESARK IN ARKANSAS

After years of adventure in dangerous corners of the earth, Charles J. Finger has settled down in Arkansas

and turned saga-maker. "Highway-men" (McBride) and "In Lawless Lands" (Kennerley) are not actually his beginnings, for he has put his hand to numerous smaller tasks and to editing "All 's Well." But in these two books he makes his appearance upon a more formal stage. In the first of them he deals for the most part with figures well known in history, from Thomas Blood to Jonathan Wild; and in the second he deals for the most part with rogues less known in any history except his own. The line between fiction and fact Mr. Finger does not take too seriously. He chooses what he needs from either and uses it as he likes. Something robust in him masters his material from whatever source. While he does not resist the temptation, in his case hardly warranted, to permit himself a certain romantic archaism in his historical pieces, he manages almost always to seem to be speaking very much in his own person. His tales generally move in one or another of those margins of life which are outside the established order, and his sympathies are never with the smug. What interests him above all things is courage, the insolence with which a robber, a lover, or a traveler challenges the customs which would tie him down. Toward those customs, too, Mr. Finger is, if not insolent, at least casual. He has lived under too many codes to regard any one of them as infallible. This imparts to his work a certain burliness, a certain spaciousness, which is its principal charm. He is never dull. Though his style is uneven, and occasionally undistinguished, it is energetic. Without remarkable aptitude for humor, he has good humor. Familiar with current ideas, he is not

over-subtle or over-speculative. He thoroughly knows the character of men of action. Less austere and less curt than the original saga-makers, he is nevertheless of their breed. C. V. D.

BYRON REDIVIVUS

The vitality of Byron's fame has been rather unexpectedly emphasized by the rush of books in celebration of his centenary. It is notable that his poems have not been reissued on this occasion, but that his life has been rewritten from several angles. Dora Neill Raymond concerns herself with "The Political Career of Lord Byron" (Holt), quoting in her preface the statement of Mazzini that Byron "led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe." In England, Italy, and Greece the poet played an eminent part which has too often been overlooked. When such eloquence was in the opposition, even the Holy Alliance was bound to suffer. Others have conjectured that if Byron had lived, he would in all likelihood have given himself rather to politics than to poetry, but it has remained for Miss Raymond to make the first careful study of what he actually accomplished. Harold Nicolson in "Byron: The Last Journey" (Houghton Mifflin), devoted to the final year of Byron's life, has selected not so much a phase as a period of that thrilling career for his interpretation. His method puts him with the school of biographers who just now have Lytton Strachey for their most conspicuous master, and Mr. Strachey himself could hardly have chosen a more happy topic. There was Greece, the home of ancient liberty, under the heel of a foreign despot, as Byron's contemporaries would have said; there was the most

gallant and powerful poet of the age determined to be a new Tyrtæus. Every move he made was watched and chronicled; his death was a tragedy that shook two continents. No wonder Mr. Nicolson took kindly to his theme. It is, however, to his credit that he took such advantage of it. His book is strikingly vivid and picturesque. Of a different sort is the learned "Byron in England" (Scribner), by Samuel C. Chew. For some time known to be the chief Byron expert in the United States, Mr. Chew now justifies his reputation with a solid treatise on Byron's reputation, from the first morning of his fame, through all the legends and scandals, down to the present day. Who now cares that Byron posed outrageously in "Childe Harold"? Who now cares that he shocked his generation with "Don Juan"? He was the mighty voice of rebellion in an unendurable time. And nothing has dulled his wit nor tamed his energy. "Don Juan" is still by far the most amusing long poem in the language. Byron is still the English poet who has the largest amount of raw power. C. V. D.

HISTORY WITH A DIFFERENCE

The contemporary scene is not enough for the newer novelists. They are beginning to reach back toward the American past. Thomas Beer in "Sandoval" (Knopf) has turned, like Mrs. Wharton recently, to the seventies in Manhattan, when the money made during the late war was settling down to new channels, and the profiteers were becoming gentlemen. He might have proceeded in any one of many fashions, but he has preferred to be decorative, pungent, and ironical. He has arranged the vulgarities and

monstrosities of the epoch in a brilliant picture, obviously savoring their ugliness with a comic gusto, and urging no esthetic war against the seventies. Sandoval comes from Louisiana to recover money embezzled from Confederates by a New York trader, blabs to the daughter of the man whom he suspects, and loses his life for his impudence. Christian Gaar, who all but murders Sandoval, having been jilted by the girl sets out for California. The melodrama upon which the story impinges, however, cuts but a small figure in it. The business of the story is the picture. All the details are seen through the eyes of Christian's younger brother, Thorold, a boy who is a little dazzled by the city and who studies it through a mist of wonder. His wonder imparts to the story a tenderness which it otherwise might not have, for the outlines are essentially sharp and even cruel. To these qualities the style contributes. Mr. Beer is swift and tense. Images succeed one another with such rapidity and with such neglect of transition that they come near to producing eye-strain in the reader. "I glared at a lout lugging off green glasses in a case and some corded books jogged on a shoulder in blue wool. A baby came to watch me knot my tie and a woman sobbed somewhere. Bright pools lay in a gutter. Then a sailor lifted a brown arm against the sun, and bare feet ran on a plane of painted boards while a tug put up a parasol of curly smoke and a pink ferry languished in its slip filled with peacock water." The strokes of character are equally firm and true. "Sandoval" touches a note as new in American fiction as the same author's "Stephen Crane" touched in American biography. C. V. D.



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CYPRESSES

Elsie and the Child

A sequel to "Riceyman Steps" in three parts. Part I

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ELSIE and her husband Joe were working in the kitchen of Dr. Raste's abode at the corner of Myddelton Square and Cheval Street, Clerkenwell, E. C. 1. Once they possessed a surname, but through disuse it had withered away and existed no more, save in ink on their insurance cards and medical cards. Everybody, high or humble, called them Elsie and Joe. They thought of themselves as Elsie and Joe. Elsie had youth; kind, dark-blue eyes, blue-black hair, a magnificent physique, the stability of a tower. Joe, too, had youth, darkness, but he was thinner and less firm on his pins than his wife.

The obscure, hot kitchen, full of cooking-range, sink, deal table, wind-sor chairs, washing-apparatus, racks with crockery, saucepans, buckets, cloths, coal-bin, and cupboards open and shut, looked up subterraneously into the forbidden and forlorn July garden through an open window from which steam and odors were issuing.

A tremendous metallic clangor shook the air with a deafening and tyrannical summons, and died down reluctantly;

it seemed to die, then revived, and died again.

"Master 's forgot his key," said Elsie, casting off a thick apron and springing to a flimsier and fancier one that hung over a chair-back. Her brow had puckered with conscientiousness; it was the brow of a woman absorbed by the sense of duty.

"That ain't master 's ring," said Joe in his deep voice at the range. Sweat stood on his reddened face.

"Oh, Lor', then!" Elsie muttered in apprehension, throwing apron-strings over her majestic shoulders and fastening them behind.

She vanished through the kitchen doorway. In the space at the foot of the twilight basement steps, whose shabby and stained walls were irregularly striped with all sorts of conduits conveying water, gas, electricity, and bell-wires, the front-door bell was indolently still wagging. She ran up the stairs, putting on a new demeanor as she approached the levels where dwelt the feared, worshiped, and incalculable rulers of her universe. A strange caste; they were unhappy if they could not have a bath every day!

And they would not eat simply; their meals were made as complicated as a church-service, with all sorts of cloths, glasses, cutlery, and silver, which had to be arranged in a very particular way. They could not eat their fill of one dish. Oh, no! They would peck at a dish, and then have it changed for another one, and so on. And if you offered them solid food, you must stand on one side of them; and if liquid, you must stand on the other side of them. And you had to hold the dish with one hand and keep it balanced against their pressures with the spoon or fork while they helped themselves. And up-stairs you must touch nothing with your fingers. Down-stairs you touched everything with your fingers, and they knew you did; but up-stairs you must pretend that the fingers had never touched the food. It was nearly funny enough to give you the giggles; but of course it was all quite proper and right and nice, though a bit incomprehensible. However, there it was!

And though they did n't mind much about their own costume, they fussed terribly about yours. The cap, for instance. Never let them see you without a cap. The sight of your bare head seemed to shock them, and they drummed the cap into you so that after a time you blushed if they caught you capless, and somehow felt as if you had entirely forgotten to dress yourself. You had to wear a blue-print dress in the morning, but not after twelve-thirty. My word, no! After twelve-thirty blue print suddenly became improper. Most girls whom Elsie saw about in the afternoons wore black, but not Elsie. Elsie had to wear a light-purple color: missis had bought it in Upper Street, at one of the

big shops there. It was so odd that, to begin with, Elsie had been ashamed to face the square in it: as bad as a pantomime it was. But she had grown accustomed to it.

Then your voice, the way you had to speak to them! As a charwoman, and even as "general" to the most respectable Earlforward couple in Riceyman Steps,—them as died one after the other the same day, poor things!—Elsie had always used her natural voice. But Mrs. Raste would say so nicely, "H'sh! Not so loud, Elsie!" and, "Elsie you should speak quietly and you should move quietly." So that you actually learned to mince your words! So that you had two voices, one for "them" and their friends and the private patients, and the other for Joe and the tradesmen and the panel patients.

Nevertheless, it was all simply beautiful and superior, and you were proud of it, and you felt that you had gone up in the world. What Elsie deemed not quite nice was the rule against knocking at the dining-room or the drawing-room door. She could not believe her ears when Mrs. Raste first told her of this. Well, the dining-room, perhaps that was all right. But the drawing-room! To burst in on them! To knock was for Elsie the very basis of politeness. She had compromised by coughing for a day or two. But as soon as Mrs. Raste realized that the cough had a purpose, she stopped that, too. And when Elsie had timidly mentioned the matter to her friend in high life, Miss Eva, the child had laughed, and kicked out her long legs.

"Elsie, you are too frightfully comic!"

At the front door was a strange

lady of early middle age. Elsie had to keep her wits together, for she was still new to this portion of a house-parlor-maid's job, which previously had been performed by Joe. She was supposed to judge character and real errand instantly and to act accordingly; not every one could be let into the house, and appearances were deceptive. Anyhow, she felt sure that this visitor was not a patient or a prospective patient.

"Is Mrs. Raste at home?"

The strange lady spoke smilingly, nicely, but commandingly. *She 'd* never stand any nonsense. Now, Elsie, reflect and judge like lightning! Is it to be "Yes 'm" or "I 'll see, 'm" or "What name, 'm?" or "If you 'll step inside, 'm, I 'll—" Sunday morning! No prayer-book in her hand, either! Just on dinner-time! The lady stepped inside of her own accord. Evidently one of those as knew their minds. A bit cool, though. At the same moment Mrs. Raste surged out of the front room, and there was such a clasping and a kissing and a burying of face in face as you never saw.

"I thought it was you, Harriet, but I could n't believe it. How long is it?"

More kissing.

"What an elaborate carved ceiling!" said the visitor, looking up at the ceiling of the hall.

Queer thing to say just then! Well, she was probably a bit nervous, not having seen Mrs. Raste for so long, and they so fond of each other.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Raste. "There 's some remains of greatness about this square. How observant you are, you darling! You 'll stay for dinner."

"Shall I?"

"Yes, you will. Elsie, lay another place, will you please?"

"Oh, certainly, 'm." A slip! It slipped out of her mouth in her agitation. She ought simply to have said, "Yes, 'm." No fancy replies allowed!

From the moment the bell rang she had had a sort of idea that somebody was coming in unexpectedly for dinner. And on that day of all days! No wonder that she was agitated! She felt that she was up against destiny.

§ 2

"Dinner is served, madam."

This was what she had to say, and to say with precision, in the drawing-room doorway. She had once said, "Dinner 's ready, 'm," but that would not pass. Then she had said, "Dinner's served, 'm." And that would not pass either. The discipline reminded her, somehow, of the spirit of the tales of military life recounted to her both by her first husband, Sprickett, and by Joe.

In an hour of expansion one night she had imparted to her sympathetic mistress that her proudest desire had been to be able to wait at table. Strange ambition for a serious young woman with responsibilities, but it was hers, and call it caprice if you will. Soon afterward she had been taken bad, and Joe had cooked a meal. The rulers did not know that Joe could cook, but Elsie knew; for Joe would prepare little snacks for self and missis in the private life of their home in the basement. Joe had the root of the matter deeply in him, whereas Elsie preferred service to cookery, for which she had no instinct. A little while, and nearly the whole of the household work was turned upside down. Most of what had been Elsie's became Joe's,

and *vice versa*. Joe, at any rate, was happier because more withdrawn from the world,—the sheltered secrecy of the kitchen seemed to suit this victim of shell-shock and malaria,—and Elsie, if not actually happier, was more excited. Quite a revolution in Myddelton Square!

Mrs. Raste had taken advantage of the master's occasional absence from meals to instruct Elsie in the complex craft of waiting at table. Mrs. Raste was as ambitious for Elsie as Elsie for herself. Elsie's ambition gave the mistress the opportunity effectually to counter the master's indifference to the spectacular niceties of domestic existence. The master, indeed, clung to the simplicities of his youth; the youth of the mistress had been less humble. Thus Elsie had been made into a political tool. She had already given one or two modest performances in presence of the master, but this very Sunday's dinner had been appointed by the mistress as the occasion of the first full display, and the master had had no notice of the matter. Imagine Elsie's apprehensive nervousness! And then, to cap all, in comes this formidable, if kindly, Miss Harriet Huskinson, C. B. E. Elsie had heard Mrs. Raste half-teasingly congratulate her adored Harriet upon the distinction! Imagine the upset! More plates to be warmed, more silver and cutlery to be got out and rubbed up, and no time for it all. And Joe muttering that the beef would get dry if it had to wait. And did the mistress watch over her, give her moral support? Not a bit. "Elsie, lay another place." No more than that!

The rulers chatted and laughed together in the drawing-room without a care. Stay! Let us be just. Mrs.

Raste did run into the dining-room once. "Oh, Elsie, that won't do. Miss Eva's place must be on the master's left now. Did n't you think?" (Eva had special apparatus.) How could Elsie think of a thing like that?

Now she waited alone in the dining-room for them to come. She looked in the mirror over the sideboard at her cap, apron, dress. She turned round and twisted her head back to see if the shoulder-strings of her apron were twisted. No, everything all right. She glanced anxiously around. Spare bread on the sideboard? Yes. Spoons in the two vegetable dishes? Yes. She would have to "hand" them both at once. Cover on the dish of meat and Yorkshire in front of the master's place. Cork loose in the flagon of Australian burgundy. Water-jug full. Handles of spoons for the sweet to the right, and handles of forks to the left. Yes. She grew more and more nervous. Why did n't they come? Everything getting cold.

They came, gay and careless (except Miss Eva, who looked funny). *They* had only to eat, drink, and enjoy themselves, while for Elsie a soul-racking ordeal was at hand. They never looked at her. The master looked at the vegetable dishes on the sideboard and compressed his lips. His fixed notion was that the vegetables should be in front of the mistress, as the meat was in front of the master. The mistress had defied him, and he would have to lump it. A slight change in the atmosphere, a subtle sniff of disturbance, perceptible enough to Elsie. This, added to Miss Eva's mysterious moodiness, had its distracting effect upon Elsie. And then, blowed if the door was n't pushed open and Jack came nosing in, inquisitive and apolo-

getic! Well, he had no right to be in the dining-room at meals; she would not have him getting under her feet; and she shooed him out, and quick, too! They were all seated. The room, the ceremony, were in Elsie's charge. She lifted the gleaming cover from the meat. ("Aha!" said the master, brightening for the sake of the distinguished guest.) As she lifted the cover, Elsie's fat, red hand trembled with stage fright, just as the elegant pale hand of some Shaksperian *Viola* might tremble in unrolling the parchment of *Orsini's* address to *Olivia* on a first night.

It was with gratitude to God for his great mercy that Elsie left the dining-room with the big, oval japanned tray loaded to its limit at the end of the meat course. She had come through the first course, if not with honors, without any notable disaster. Once or twice the mistress had had to signal to her—signals which Elsie, not instantly understanding, had in an interminable couple of seconds understood with an undignified start unworthy of a perfectly mechanized parlor-maid.

Once she had stretched a hand to remove the C. B. E.'s plate, and the C. B. E. in a comical, supplicatory tone had appealed for further possession of the plate, not having quite finished with it. Sure enough, the lady had not put her knife and fork together to indicate that all was over for that course. A dreadful moment! The mistress had raised eyebrows, and Elsie had offered her a miserable and touching little smile of excuse—a smile entirely unauthorized by the code. Also, in pouring out the master's wine she had spilt three drops from the rim of the flagon, having forgotten to give

the flagon the bit of twist which would have prevented such an accident. Another dreadful moment! For some time afterward she could see nothing but the red stigmata on the white table-cloth, and she could see them even through the mound of salt under which the master buried them.

But the most dreadful moments were those during which she had had to stand unoccupied and moveless by the sideboard, striving to keep in order those unruly vassals, her hands, terrorized by a sickening self-consciousness, and praying that nobody would want any more wine; for if anybody did, she knew she would positively spill not three drops, but thirty.

The dog was at the turn of the hall into the basement steps. He would be! Down he went, head over heels, yelping, and arguing to himself that in a world so unjust there could be no God. She persuaded the heavy tray through the dark incline and round the corners, and deposited it in safety on the kitchen-table. Like beaching a life-boat full of the saved! Populations ought to have cheered.

"Sugar-castor?" Joe queried in the nick of time, as she was about to set forth with cherry-pie, custard sauce, and plates.

God was good, but not too good. Joe dashed to the cupboard. She had the precautionary wit to shake the castor. It was empty, and she could not wrench the top off it. Between them they could not wrench it off. Months, decades, ages passed. The earth stood still. Eternity superseded time. Black shame inclosed Elsie. Tears gathered in her eyes. Joe grew incredibly, horribly blasphemous and obscene. The top flew away. A tremendous metallic clangor shook the

air with a deafening and tyrannical summons—expression of dire wrath from on high! What would *they* say to Elsie when she returned to the dining-room?

They said nothing. They looked nothing. They pretended that nothing untoward had happened, and that the bell had not been rung. Astounding duplicity, and somehow not at all reassuring. Elsie functioned for some minutes in a nightmare of crossing Niagara on a rope. Then, slowly regaining the realities of the meal, she noticed first that Dr. Raste had condoned the method of serving vegetables and was genuinely cheerful and agreeable; and, second, that Miss Eva was crying. Joe's finest hot cherry-pie lay untouched in front of Miss Eva. What had they been talking about during the struggle down-stairs with the sugar-caster? Elsie, being otherwise occupied, had ignored the conversation throughout the meal. She listened now for a clue to Miss Eva's trouble, but did not catch it. The sight of the softly weeping child made Elsie want to cry, too; it dimmed her vision, so that she saw the table as through a steamy pane. Miss Eva, the axis and idol of the household, who, while nominally the sport of autocratic parents, was in fact her parents' queen—Miss Eva tore at Elsie's tender heart. And for a special reason among many. If Elsie was in service at the Rastes', it was solely because the child at their first encounter had taken such a prodigious, inexplicable fancy to her, had forced her parents to engage Elsie, and forced Elsie to accept the situation.

There Miss Eva sat, far more elegant and stylish than either of her parents, fresh, exquisite in contours, sensitive,

proud, defenseless, set apart, so young in her twelve years, childlike, childlike, childlike—broken! The adults were roughened and stained by the world, experience, years; Miss Eva had the divinity of innocence, and rather than that she should lose a particle of it, the whole world ought to be destroyed. Elsie better than any one else in the room felt and comprehended the ineffable difference between Miss Eva and the powerful, hardened, shrewd adults. The adults were at their duplicity again, assiduously pretending that Eva had not outraged the code. But when the child's tears began to dilute the juice of the cherry-pie on her plate, duplicity had to be abandoned.

"Darling," said the mistress, gently, "would n't you like to go and lie down?"

The child nodded meekly, slipped from her chair, and, staggering at first under a weight of woe heavy enough for an adult, scurried out of the room like an animal. (She usually lay down during the day because she was understood to be "outgrowing her strength.")

"Elsie," said the mistress in a casual tone, "have you any idea what 's the matter with Miss Eva?"

Elsie was thunderstruck at this address, this open admission in front of company that she, the maid, the ex-charwoman, might have special knowledge of the aristocratic child's mysterious moods.

"No, 'm. That I have n't!"

The next moment some cord in her snapped, and to her own amazement, horror, and shame she burst into tears with a mighty sob.

"All right, Elsie. I think we sha'n't want you any more for the present," said the mistress, gently.

And Elsie also left the room. Unimaginable end of a meal so creditably and correctly begun! But *they* would smile among themselves calmly; Elsie knew they would.

§ 3

There were strange doings in the afternoon: the adults became children.

It is necessary to explain the geography of the doctor's dwelling. The garden wall ran along the north side of Cheval Street, being a low continuation of the side-wall of the house. There were two doors in the garden wall, close to each other and close to the house. On entering the one nearest to the house you found yourself in a narrow passage with a high wooden fence on your left hand and the back wall of the house, with a little area containing the window of the basement kitchen, on your right. This passage ended just beyond the window; it gave access to the back door of the house and the kitchen window, but no access whatever to the garden, in which the doctor had no part or lot. The next door in the wall gave access to the garden, which consisted of a neglected lawn, with a lead statue in the middle, surrounded by a tiled border of evergreen shrubs, also neglected. Abutting on the house, at the corner farthest from Cheval Street, was raised a most strange, high outhouse, which outhouse contained nothing but a spiral staircase. Like every house without exception in Myddelton Square the doctor's had four stories and a basement. It had been spaciouly built for the prosperous in the very year in which Victoria came to the throne; but now it was divided into two separated houses.

The doctor enjoyed the basement,

ground floor, and first floor. The spiral staircase led to the second and third floors, and had been devised by the landlord, who was a queer fellow, a painter, and had a vast studio in the roof. The doctor now and then saw his name, Batwing, in the papers, but had never seen any of his pictures, and could not comprehend why he should choose to have a habitation in what was, to the doctor, the most prosaic and most respectable of all squares. Mr. Batwing was chiefly an absentee landlord, appearing only in the spring and autumn, when he might be seen sketching in his own garden or in the central garden of the square, by St. Mark's Church. What he could find there to sketch the doctor could not conceive.

Mr. Batwing's existence in Myddelton Square was mysterious, but not so far as anybody could judge scandalous, and never noisy. He had a man-servant as dumb as a eunuch. A charwoman came during his sojourns, equally dumb. Occasionally streams of visitors arrived, some of them radiantly smart, and a row of automobiles occupied Cheval Street. The visitors walked in the garden, and were beheld and criticized from Miss Eva's bedroom or from the bathroom; they could be faintly heard exclaiming or shrieking as they passed up and down the inclosed spiral staircase. The doctor always referred to Mr. Batwing as "my landlord," with a grim, sardonic intonation, suggesting that he had a perfect curiosity and enigma of a landlord in Mr. Batwing. And the doctor's friends and leading private patients would sometimes inquire quizzingly of the doctor about "your landlord." At any rate, the idiosyncrasies of Mr.

Batwing confirmed the doctor and the whole square in their conventional estimate of the race of artists.

Now Elsie, in the kitchen, saw the lower portions of the bodies of the rulers,—that is to say, Dr. and Mrs. Raste and Miss Harriet Huskisson, C. B. E.—in the little passage whose fence separated the domain of the doctor from that of his landlord. She knew that Miss Huskisson had been inspecting the house; the party had emerged from the back door by way of the waiting-room for panel patients. It was a lovely July afternoon, and a serene gaiety was abroad.

"Do you two mean to say that we can't get into the garden at all?" Miss Huskisson demanded.

"We can't," answered the doctor.

"We could if *his* garden-door was unlocked, but it is n't, and he's away," said Mrs. Raste.

"Flo," said Miss Huskisson, challengingly, "you are a poor thing, and chicken-hearted and a slave. I'll show you if we can't get into the garden."

A large galvanized-iron dust-bin stood in the passage, with its round cover leaning against it. Miss Huskisson put the cover on the top, sprang on to it, and overlooked the fence.

"Why, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "It's all bathed in sunshine. It's like a bit of Georgian that some one's left lying about and forgotten." And she lifted herself on to the fence, which trembled beneath her formidable weight. "Oh, it'll be all right. He is n't here. And even if he was, I know old Batwing. He's a friend of mine." In an instant she was on the other side of the fence, safe in the garden. "Come on! Follow! Follow!"

The doctor himself, grinning, but somewhat nervous, stood on the dust-bin and looked over.

"Yes," he said, "but how are you going to get back?"

"Harriet!" cried Mrs. Raste. "You're as bad as you used to be at school."

"Worse, my dear," Harriet admitted.

Mrs. Raste squealed as her husband pushed her over the fence. They had all three vanished out of Elsie's sight into the forbidden garden. Elsie moved away from the window as if ashamed of, and unwilling even to countenance it by watching, the highly strange performance of three grave and responsible adults turned children on a Sunday afternoon. But she admired Miss Harriet Huskisson; she liked her voice and manner, so authoritative and yet jolly. Miss Huskisson gave out initiative, energy, life itself. Joe had said, in one of his rare communications, that he had an idea she was head-mistress of some girls' school somewhere.

A few minutes later Elsie heard a long, repeated cry from the garden:

"E-va! E-va! E-va!"

Then the throwing up of Miss Eva's bedroom window.

"Come down, Eva darling. Come into the garden."

And Eva at length appeared in the passage, prim and hesitant in her white frock, and jumped as gracefully as a cat on to the dust-bin. Elsie approached the kitchen window again.

"Pile those bricks there against the fence, Doctor." Miss Huskisson's bright, shrill voice! "We can get back on them."

The doctor's head and shoulders appeared above the fence, and Eva was hauled over into the garden.

"Oh, my frock, Daddy!" she cried.

Elsie was partly solaced. Cheerfulness invaded her soul despite the devastating memory of her awful behavior at dinner. The trouble among the rulers was over.

But when the garden party returned, guiltily (except Miss Eva, who knew that the trespass was not her affair), over the fence, Elsie in her rough apron was at the side-table under the window cutting bread and butter, and at the sight of her the child again began to cry gently.

"Tea, Elsie, please," Mrs. Raste called out. This unceremoniousness alone showed her how the adventure in the garden had lifted the mistress out of her groove.

"Yes, 'm."

The rulers went into the house.

"Joe," Elsie summoned her young, silent husband, who was in the front room of the basement—"Joe, clean yourself and put your coat on. You must take the tea up. I could n't face it again yet. No, I could n't!"

"But what 'll *she* say?" Joe asked, gazing darkly, ingenuously, and submissively at Elsie. He had heard of the dinner episode, heard with sympathy and distress, seen Elsie's wet eyes, but had made no comment.

"She must say what she's a mind," Elsie answered with firmness. The most conscientious of women, Elsie had nevertheless moments of independence which defied conscience. She would rebel, make a decision, and there you were! No doing anything with her in those moments. Elsie had developed into a woman of the world—her world. She had lived through character-forming hours in the household of the deceased Earl forwards. She had felt the weight of terrific

responsibilities, tested her moral resources, and she could not be treated like a ninny. But fancy the cook taking up the tea to the drawing-room of such a stickler as Mrs. Raste! What *would* the stickler say when the cook appeared before her in the drawing-room? Well, she would n't say anything on the spot, of course, because she was a real lady and treated servants with the respect due to human beings; but she might be very inquisitive and corrective later not merely about the tea, but about dinner, also. And Elsie, with such a name for niceness and sweetness and reliability and so on! That was the line she would take! Well, there you were!

When Joe descended from serving the tea, the news of the drawing-room forced him to talk. Mistress had given not a sign of being disturbed. She had seemed perfectly to understand. (Naturally she would understand, thought Elsie, repenting of her unkind apprehensions, which amounted to injustice against a mistress in a thousand.) The mistress was nursing Miss Eva, the great girl, on her knee. And the three grown-ups were going out for dinner and dancing. And Sunday night, too! Yes, Joe had distinctly heard words about dancing. The master had said that he would back himself to do a fox-trot and to keep both the ladies busy throughout the evening. Miss Huskisson was leaving early in order to dress at her hotel, and Mr. and Mrs. Raste were to join her at the restaurant.

Two dinners in a day! And what about poor Miss Eva, left to herself? Ah! They knew they could trust Miss Eva to Elsie! But still, all the same, it was very odd, what with

Miss Eva being so upset, and it being such fine, hot summer weather. Could you imagine anybody running off to one of those restaurants, all the way to the West End, on a lovely night, when they might have walked in the square garden? However, it was deliverance for Elsie; no special supper to serve for company. But there would be the telephone. A rare ringing! Always was when the master took a night off. And if the poor man did n't have a night-call that night,

might Elsie be blessed! She brewed a needed cup of tea for the kitchen, and Joe took his coat off and put on his apron, and they sat down and drank, and made the same remarks over and over again about the incomprehensible rulers. The clangor once more. That was for the upstairs tea-things to be fetched down. Before he came back, Joe unlocked the panel-patients' door. Some of them would be bound to be calling. No rest in that house, week day or Sunday!

(The end of the first part of "Elsie and the Child.")

The Spinners

BY ANNE WINSLOW

*Araignée du matin, chagrin;
Araignée du soir, espoir.*

Spider, spinning in the sun,
Hope is done;
Why with weary webs of care
And time interminably spun
Still snare
The creeping worm despair?

Spider spinning in the night
Shadows gray,
Weaving threads of dreams and dew
That the low-hung moon shines through,
Ah, pray,
Spider, spinning in the night,
Catch me the wingèd moth delight
That flies no more by day!

The Decline of Western Culture

Oswald Spengler's "Downfall of Western Civilization" Explained

BY W. K. STEWART

FOR several years now Americans have been hearing vaguely of a new German writer named Oswald Spengler who has been setting the intellectuals of his country agog and bedeviling men's minds with a new and none too comforting conception of history. To Germany he is already an old story, while to America he still remains virtually unknown.

Spengler's chief work is called "*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*," which may be somewhat inadequately rendered into English by "*The Decline of Western Culture*." The first volume of it appeared in 1917, a second and concluding volume in 1922. The author leaped into fame shortly after the publication of the first part. Although the book was not the product of war psychology,—it had been planned and begun before the war started,—it nevertheless fitted shrewdly into that psychology. It went through edition after edition, eventually attaining a circulation of a hundred thousand or more copies. It provoked heated discussion. It drew forth partial refutations from specialists and sweeping denunciations from certain self-appointed custodians of the public welfare, like the theologian Adolf von Harnack. That a long and serious philosophy of history

should be so widely read and debated, affords us an index of the seething intellectual life of Germany which is not flattering to other countries in the comparison.

Spengler's main thesis is that human history has not been a continuous development. On the contrary, setting aside pre-history, of which our knowledge is largely inferential, in the six thousand years which the records cover there have emerged *eight* ripe cultures. These are the Chinese, Babylonian, Egyptian, East-Indian, Greco-Roman, Arabian, Maya (in Yucatan and Mexico), and our own Western. Each of these is indigenous, bound to its own soil, and incapable of transplantation. Each has innate in it a number of qualities which must be worked out. It flourishes for approximately a thousand years, developing its own peculiar style to its full possibilities before it begins to decline. But decline it must, sooner or later, for, as in all things organic, decay follows upon growth. Each culture passes through childhood, youth, manhood, old age.

Thus we see that a curve plotted for the course of history would, according to Spengler, present a series of eight rises, or humps, no one of which would necessarily be higher

than the others. We in the Western world have assumed, somewhat lightly perhaps, that the secular trend of the curve was upward. But Spengler will not have it so. There is no "progress," only a rise and fall as of a cosmic rhythm.

The ultimate fate of each culture (for so we must everywhere translate *Kultur*) is to lapse into a petrified civilization, in which condition it may last on indefinitely, like the Chinese or the Egyptian, outwardly enduring, but inwardly dead. The contrast between a culture and a civilization has long been familiar to the Germans, but Spengler is apparently the first to make the distinction a chronological one. A culture is naïve and spontaneous, full of creative energy, and largely a thing of the heart and the will. In a civilization the creative impulse is exhausted, and the intellect becomes dominant; life grows mechanized, it centers in great cities, so that men lose touch with the soil and with their ancestral myths; skepticism supervenes, and the higher life becomes sterile, though bodily comforts are more fully gratified than ever.

Moreover, each culture constitutes a remarkable unity. Its religion, philosophy, science, mathematics, art, and every-day habits are all connected and form its style, its *Weltgefühl*, or way of looking at the world, which is peculiar to it and valid for it alone. Every culture has, then, a different soul from the others. There is no *one* philosophy, there are many philosophies. "We must give up," says Spengler, "all pretense of arriving at final and general truth." There is no *one* mathematics, there are various kinds of mathematics; there is no such thing as number in itself,

there are several worlds of number, precisely because there are several cultures. Our physical theories are so many myths. And, of course, there are as many moralities and religions as there are cultural periods. Spengler will not even allow that time and space mean the same to men of different cultures, a statement which opens up an appalling vista of relativity.

Into this conception of the world process there enters perhaps more philosophy than history. The scientific historian of to-day distrusts sweeping generalizations of ultimate explanations. He shuns metaphysical questions the issues of which are incalculable. He eliminates the notion of a life force, of a superintending Providence, of the Hegelian march of the spirit of liberty through the ages, even of the principle of progress. He is satisfied with the gathering and sifting of facts and the detection of secondary causes. "We are all dullards in divinity. We know nothing." That is, we know nothing ultimately; but we may learn a great deal about men and their institutions, the knowledge of which, as Socrates once said, confers a patent of nobility on the possessor. But Spengler's history is at bottom metaphysics. He discerns with the spiritual eye. Back of all the phenomena of events lies fate, mysterious, ineluctable, awful. We can never know what it is, for it is the ultimate reality, as much as Kant's "Thing-in-itself," or Schopenhauer's "Will to live," or Bergson's "Élan vital." Though we may not understand fate, we may learn experimentally its process of operation. And armed with this knowledge, which constitutes true history, we may affirm

with certainty that fate does not appear in the guise of a "Friend behind Phenomena," but rather that it reckons nothing of human values. It is, in Nietzsche's phrase, "beyond good and evil." The cosmic force which rules the destinies of all cultures operates by the laws of its own inner necessity and is utterly inscrutable to man. Readers of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" will remember that the beating pulse of the universe, the impelling will, is designated as It. There is something similar in the conception of Spengler, though he would withhold even the dim and distant hope of Hardy that the day may perchance come when consciousness will inform this will "Till it fashion all things fair." For Spengler there is not even a God in the making.

§ 2

It has been generally assumed among us that our modern culture is made up of at least three elements: the heritage from classic times, Christianity, and the rather indeterminate racial contribution of Teutons and Celts. In order to refute this idea of history as a continuous process, it is necessary for Spengler to show that our Western culture is not built upon the Greco-Roman, but constitutes a wholly separate organism with an entirely different soul. So different was the Hellenic soul, in his opinion, that time and space themselves meant something quite other to the Greeks than what they mean to us. The classic age ignored the concept of the infinite. For the Greek, the present was everything; he lived for the moment. He was eminently unhistorical. The past melted into myths; the history of Alexander the Great even before his

death began to get mixed with the Dionysus legend. These ephemera seem almost to have had no memory. They left no diaries, memoirs, autobiographies, or confessions. The few devices which they had for measuring time they appropriated from the Babylonians and Egyptians. So, too, the Greeks had little sense of the future and only the dimmest notions of an after-life. The burning of the dead is symbolic of their feeling that death was the end. Their statesmen did not build for the future; their art exhibits no concern for coming generations. Nor can it be said that these things are due to a mere difference of age. The Egyptians, whose culture came earlier, had a preëminent sense of history and an invincible faith in immortality.

And just as time meant for the Greek the present moment, so also space meant for him the immediate surroundings. It is significant that there is no Greek word for space; it has to be designated by the negative circumlocution, "that which is not." His city was his country. All the rest was the vague and the unknown, the thought of which did not attract, but rather oppressed, him. It is significant that Greek artists did not use blue or green, the colors which suggest distance in sky or sea. Greek art has no background; it represents an isolated body, which may be typified by a bare statue or a Doric column. Clearness, immediacy, nearness—all that pertains to the direct expression of body—are there, but no suggestion of depth or distance. Lacking the sense of depth in space, the Greek never realized the psychological implications of the third dimension. He remained, like his art, self-sufficient, complete in

himself. Having no proper notion of direction in time and space, he lacked *will*, for which again he had no word. Greek culture, therefore, as compared with ours, is timeless, spaceless, will-less, and all its manifestations are in accordance with this fundamental character. Euclidean geometry, Greek physics (statics), Greek tragedy, which does not deal with development of character, but with episodes—these and countless other manifestations are all of a piece and express the soul of the culture. In default of so many elements which for us go to make up personality, it is small wonder that Greek art seems to us impersonal. If we but knew it, the Greek mind is perhaps stranger to us than the mind of the ancient Mexican.

Spengler uses the adjective "Apolonian" as a catchword to sum up the characteristics of the Greeks. In contrast, we of the Western world are "Faustian." We are almost everything that the Greek was not. Background, distance, perspective, constitute space for us, and this experience of depth gives us an entirely different inner life. From it come longing, yearning, striving in feelings and thought, and endless exploration in action. Time for us runs into eternity, space stretches to infinity, and will means universal experience and conquering action. It was an intuition of genius which made Goethe put into the mouth of *Faust*, as he sought to amend the gospel of St. John, the words "Im Anfang war die Tat." The Faustian soul finds expression in a mathematics which involves analytical geometry and calculus, where number is treated as a function, not as a limit; in a physics which is dynamics; in tragedy which deals with historical

development; and in portrait-painting where the faces tell their life-stories in contrast with the depersonalized, eyeless Greek statues. Such is *our* soul, the style of *our* culture.

§ 3

The reader will probably have wondered by this time where Christianity and its forerunner Hebraism enter into Spengler's scheme of history. Hebraism hardly comes in at all; it is apparently Spengler's conviction that the Hebrews never developed a full-fledged independent culture. He intimates rather contemptuously in one place that the idea of the Jews that they were the chosen people was a sort of protective device, a defense-mechanism, against an inferiority complex. The Chaldeans and the Persians did not need to make such a claim; they had triumphantly vindicated their superiority in action. But the poor Jews, battered about as they were nationally from pillar to post, had to find some inner counterpoise in order to keep their self-respect.

As for Christianity, that is a totally different story. Christianity is a product of Arabian culture. Spengler claims that the independent existence of such a culture is one of his most original and important discoveries. This Arabian world is overlaid in both time and place by a confused mass of ancient cultures and civilizations and has not been recognized before owing to the specialization of scholarship. But between, roughly speaking, 300 B.C. and A.D., 600, a new soul came into being in western Asia with a new style of existence, to use one of Spengler's stock phrases. It is marked by a welter of religions, which seem superficially to make it diversified, but which

on examination reveal a remarkable unity. Among these religions and their products are a revived Mazdaism, early Christianity yielding the New Testament, the Talmud, the religion of Mani, Gnosticism, and, last of all, Islam. There is a fundamental identity of outlook in all of these, a new mode of envisaging life. As the symbol of Greek culture is the Doric pillar, and of Western culture the fugue, so here in Arabian culture we have the *cave*. The world is a hollow, a vale, it may be a vale of tears, with a superimposing sky. There is a sharp dualism in the minds of these men, which can be conveyed by such concepts as above and beneath, heaven and earth, light and darkness, good and evil, Ormazd and Ahriman, God and Satan. Time for them means a fixed time, a definite beginning of things (creation) or an equally definite end (the judgment day). It is "the appointed time," "the fullness of time," or, in modern phrasing, "the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." The idea of personality is also different. Passive obedience to God and fatalistic trust in Providence bring an attitude of soul wholly alien to our Faustian natures. The world is filled with the atmosphere of the fairy-tale, such as we know it in the Arabian Nights. There are devils and evil spirits, angels and genii; there are amulets, talismans, secret scripts, mysterious lands and beings; there are Solomon's seal and the philosopher's stone. This culture is "Magian" (such is the catchword here), and its most characteristic written expression is to be found in a host of apocalypses. This is the atmosphere breathed by Jesus, whose inner life is really stranger to us than to the pious Moslem of to-

day. We need to know this Magian spirit before we can hope to understand primitive Christianity.

We can now, perhaps, appreciate better the author's attitude toward Christianity. He believes that it is an entirely different thing in our culture from what it was originally. We have taken over the terms, but the meanings have been utterly changed; and necessarily so, for is not our very soul different? In a similar way Buddhism was transformed when it passed over from India to China and Japan. "It is a well known fact," Spengler observes, "that no new religion has ever altered the style of existence." Christianity, in fact, has had two great periods of spiritual activity. The first was from the beginning of our era to A.D. 500 in the East; the second was from A.D. 1000 to 1500 in the West. The first represents Magian culture, the second Faustian culture. But in reality two wholly distinct religions are involved which merely use the same terms. It was not the Christian sermon, but the Christian martyr, who conquered the world, and he owed his power to do this not to his doctrine, but to the example of the Man on the cross.

But what of the Western world? The very title of Spengler's book indicates that it is with *our* fortunes that he is mainly concerned. Western culture, in his opinion, began about the year A.D. 800 and culminated around A.D. 1800. We are therefore already in the winter of our discontent. In order to show that our culture is lapsing, or has already lapsed, into civilization, Spengler undertakes an elaborate disparagement of the nineteenth century. We are now in a stage corresponding to the period from 100 B.C.

to A.D. 300, the period of late Hellenism and of the Roman Empire. We have become critical instead of creative, we rely upon ingenuity rather than upon inspiration, our keen intellectuality runs into a sterilizing skepticism. Beethoven was the last great musician, Kant the last great philosopher, Goethe the last great poet, and even Goethe, in Spengler's opinion, was a dilettante compared to Shakspeare. There were almost no creative thinkers in the nineteenth century except Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Dramatists like Hebbel and Ibsen reproduce better the higher thought of the time, and behold what disintegrating forces they were! Our religion has ceased to be spiritual because it is no longer whole-heartedly believed. It has become humanitarian, philanthropic, interested in social betterment.

In art also the springs of inspiration are exhausted. Rembrandt and Velasquez were the last supremely great painters. The hectic activity of pictorial art in the last fifty years is but further testimony to our substitution of ingenious complication for the broad, simple sweep of the true creator. In all the arts "Style sinks into senescence. We are merely dawdling over dead forms, deluding ourselves with vain phantoms of a living art."

The predominant interest in science which we see to-day is always the mark of the autumn of a culture. It spells utilitarianism and the mechanization of life. Darwinism, Marxian socialism, and the current belief in "progress" are kindred phenomena. The socialist is the dying *Faust*. Among the more select minds there is already a realization of the end of possibilities in the way of great scien-

tific theories. In fact, our scientific myths are even now breaking down. One of the most grandiose of these, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, asserts that energy is never lost, and that the several kinds of energy are convertible into one another. Against this magnificent theory we have to set the dismaying reality that energy *is* running down, that it tends constantly to assume a lower form and become forever unavailable. In similar fashion our other theories are doomed to destruction. Instead of rigid laws, we get a calculation of probabilities; we take refuge in statistics. The cosmopolitanism of our intellectuals, with their ideals of international reconciliation and world-peace, is a further indication of the weakening of our native instincts.

As for politico-social theories, of which we have had God's plenty from Rousseau to Marx, why ask about any of them, whether they are true or false? A senseless question! The point is, are they still effective enough to move men? Such theories are never refuted, they simply become boring with the lapse of time. Rousseau has long since ceased to interest us, and the same fate will presently overtake Marx, for the living faith of socialists has gone.

Meanwhile men are huddling together in big cities and becoming voluntarily sterile. The fall of the birth-rate was noted by Polybius in Greece and is known to have been enormous in later Rome. Wherever you go, it is Berlin, Paris, London, and New York, just as it once was Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome. Imperialism is a sort of outward compensation for our inner deficiencies. We are living under the sign of Cecil Rhodes's motto, "Expan-

sion is Everything." And the end will be, as it was in Rome, a period of Cæsarism.

But, we may protest, the world is growing daily more democratic; surely the on-march of democracy is irresistible. Do not lay that flattering unction to your souls, replies Spengler. Democracy is plutocracy, and the proof thereof is succinct. A democracy is supposed to be governed by public opinion, but public opinion has to be worked up, and that costs money. Public opinion is largely molded by the press, which means owning or controlling newspapers. The instrument of public opinion, the ballot, implies huge campaign funds. The crude bribery of the eighteenth century is no longer necessary; we substitute for it astute manipulation. *Das Geld denkt; das Geld lenkt.* And yet no national constitutions recognize the power of money. Behold, therefore, what a hollow mockery these acknowledged instruments of government are! The German constitution of 1919 shows clearly that democracy is on its last legs. It is reputedly the most democratic of constitutions; but make only a few slight changes in it, and it would place unlimited power in the hands of two or three persons. Outwardly, indeed, we use all the forms of political democracy. Even the Roman Catholic Church does so. Once avowedly aristocratic, it now employs all the devices of democracy more skilfully than any liberal party in any land. But all that is pure theory, a mere show of deference. The actual power resides still, as always, in a small clique. Nor are there any politically endowed nations. Those that are so called are only nations which are in the hands of a ruling minority, and

which feel themselves well off. Even the English, politically the maturest of peoples, are just as destitute of judgment, just as narrow and unpractical, as any other people; they merely possess a tradition of confidence in their rulers.

§ 4

What, then, is ahead of us? As before stated, a period of Cæsarism. And this will bring with it gigantic wars which may last for two centuries. Nor is this to be regretted, for war is the creator of all great things, just as famine is the destroyer. And who would not prefer a hero's death to a death by hunger? For us in the Western world it is the Ragnarök, the Götterdämmerung, the Twilight of the Gods, foreshadowed in our early myths. It is winter, the end, the death of Western culture. "The Western soul, weary of striving, sinks back into its home."

But the cosmic game will be renewed, the sceptre will pass to another culture, and Spengler hints more than once that it will probably pass to Russia. In an interesting foot-note in the second volume he indicates some of the qualities of the Russian soul. The very word for "sky" in Russian is negative. The Russian, in fact, does not look up; he looks out—over the boundless plain. Russian mysticism has nothing of the soaring fervor of the Gothic. The mystic love of these people goes out to their brethren of the steppes in like suffering and like guilt. The Russian conception of will is to be free, not for something, but from something, from the obligation of personal action. What kind of a Christianity, he wonders, will some day arise from this ethnic soul?

People have exclaimed, "Here we have the old familiar German pessimism!" Spengler has been called a defeatist of humanity, and not unnaturally has been accused of preaching despair to a people already sorely buffeted and disheartened. But he would deny that his conclusions are pessimistic. To accept the inevitable, to embrace destiny, is the mark of the highest wisdom. There is much that remains for us to do in the Western world. Creative art is, to be sure, played out, but industry and the practical tasks of administration remain. We may maintain our civilization for centuries on a relatively high level. If we cultivate a Roman hardness, there is no need for us to sink to the fellah civilization of Egypt, which no longer has a history. "We Germans shall never produce another Goethe, but we may another Cæsar." The realist is he who recognizes clearly what can and what cannot be done, who moves contentedly or resignedly within the limits set by fate. There are, he says, two kinds of fatal idealism in a time like to-day, the reactionary and the democratic. The first believes that history can be turned backward; the second, that there is an anthropomorphic purpose in history. There is no purpose; there is only fate. And the whole work closes with the sonorous Latin line,

"Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt."

Spengler's "Decline of Western Culture" has had much the same sort of vogue as Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" enjoyed fifteen or twenty years ago. The historian of German thought will doubtless see in Chamberlain's glorification of the Nordic race the exuber-

ant expression of tribal insolence, and in Spengler's work the dreary disillusionment produced on the German mind by the inexorable march of events. Hybris, as always, is followed by nemesis, intoxication by Katzenjammer. Not that Spengler is altogether chastened and subdued. He is still, in many respects, the truculent German of pre-war days, closer in spirit to Hindenburg than to Ebert. He is, as has been shown, neither pacifist nor internationalist, but monarchist and militarist. But at least the dream of German world hegemony has vanished. National insolence appears rather in the form of overweening personal conceit. Spengler speaks as one whose foible is omniscience, in a tone of imperturbable superiority. He proclaims himself the Copernicus of history and asserts that his book is the last achievement, the swan song, of Western culture, whereby he institutes the study of the comparative morphology of cultures. This study will help light our way to dusty death by enabling us to *know* when we can no longer really *do*.

§ 5

But does our author give us anything except the *ipse dixit* of a dogmatist? Does he offer any convincing evidence for his thesis? In reply it must be acknowledged that he does present an immense amount of material which may be called evidential. It consists of a tissue of analogies and parallelisms, resemblances between the phenomena of one culture and those of another. By detecting these resemblances we may trace the law of rhythmic development that is immanent in all cultures and which impels them through their cycle of changes.

In this network of analogies the meshes are sometimes very closely drawn indeed; nothing, not even the most trivial chance resemblance, seems to escape. There is a superabundance of riches, the total effect of which is a bit bewildering to the reader, especially when the material is taken from India, Egypt, or China. One suspects that Spengler has had a corps of expert assistants to help him in those remoter fields. Yet even his central thesis of the existence of independent cultures had been adumbrated before. To mention only one instance, Professor Flinders Petrie, the distinguished Egyptologist of the University of London, published in 1911 a little book called "The Revolutions of Civilization" in which a similar point of view was put forward. It does indeed seem to be a fact that human civilization has followed a curved line of ups and downs. It is probably Spengler's most secure title to fame that he has brought this fact into strong historical relief. Although he has been convicted by specialists of inaccuracy in details, he is still able to reply that his central contention remains intact.

But it by no means follows that, because civilization has taken such a sinuous course in the past, it is destined to pursue it in the future and forever. Despite Spenglerism, the idea of a continuity running through human experience remains unshaken in the minds of philosophic historians. We do owe a boundless debt to the past, to Greece and to Judea, even though we have made over in our own image what we have inherited or appropriated. The great Renaissance shows us one culture enriching itself from another. By the exigencies of his thesis, Spengler is forced to be-

little the Renaissance as a mere anti-quarian movement, an episode of Florence. The besetting sin of all philosophies of history is to do similar violence to facts in the interest of some pet theory. What Spengler refuses to recognize is that world history has entered upon a totally new stage. World-wide intercourse is an actual fact to-day, and Western culture, which is almost synonymous with white men's culture, is bringing the entire globe under its sway. It is of the very essence of the Faustian nature to expand, to go forth and conquer. In the last fifty years we have seen Japan, a country with a very old native civilization, remodel itself on Western lines.

Spengler would, of course, retort that all this external expansion is without cultural value; that it is a mere spread of the mechanics of civilization. And here we are once more brought up against the distinction between culture and civilization. Is it so sure, after all, that creative energy has entirely gone from us? Are, for example, mathematicians like Gauss and Einstein to be put down as "contemporaries" of Euclid and Archimedes in the old age or winter of culture? Earl Balfour in a lecture on progress delivered a generation ago expressed the opinion that the greatest generalizations of science had already been made, and that in the nature of things no proportionate advance could be expected in the future. Since then we have had such new discoveries or fruitful hypotheses as radio-activity, the break-up of the atom, the quantum theory of energy, the doctrine of relativity, mutation in biology, a new understanding of heredity and its factors, and a wholly new psychology! Neither

the inside nor the outside world looks the same as it did when Earl Balfour uttered that ill fated prophesy. These achievements can hardly be swept lightly aside as the futile puttering of senility. It may even be that the most glorious era of science ever known is now dawning. At least one competent observer, Dr. E. E. Slosson, thinks that it is.

Unfortunately, the case is not so clear in regard to the arts or religion. But if it be a sign of life that endless experimentation is going on, then assuredly there is no lack of vitality here either. What new syntheses may emerge, the future alone can disclose.

Furthermore, it is a conviction of the present writer that criticism is by no means always antithetical and opposed to creation. On the contrary, there is such a thing as creative criticism. To take only one field for illustration: Lessing by his criticism founded modern German literature, and in our own day Georg Brandes, the critic, has been the renovator of Danish literature. In almost every branch of mental or artistic endeavor, criticism can be shown to have a fructifying effect. But it is too aridly intellectual to suit a romanticist like Spengler.

§ 6

Perhaps romanticism is the true key-word for Spengler's ideas. He himself has told how he was roused from his dream of "Darwinian optimism" by the events in Europe during the summer of 1911. It became evident to him then and there that humanity was not making continued progress toward some undefined good, but was heading for a catastrophe. That was the great awakening for

Spengler. It was as if a mystic insight into the heart of things had been vouchsafed to him. Shedding all pacifism, internationalism and sweet reasonableness, he worked out his version of the fate-impelled cycles of human culture. No cause-and-effect philosophy for him any more, but a mystical belief in destiny; history to be hitched to the stars, not to the belly of man! The author's anti-intellectualism, his love of primitive impulses, his admiration for the mythopœic faculties of man, and consequently his belittlement of scientific endeavor, are all of them phases of this romanticism. Analogies, as revealed by intuition, are substituted for causal connections, and all the rest follows.

To call this vast work unconvincing, but immensely stimulating, is not to damn it with faint praise. Some parts of it show such fine insight that it deserves to be carefully studied here in America. The attack on our parochial scheme of history, which divides it up into ancient, medieval and modern, and blandly leaves the rest of the world out of account, ought to help deprovincialize us. The drastic skepticism regarding the achievements of the last hundred years can hardly fail to incline us to a wholesome self-scrutiny. Every philosophy of history is almost necessarily one-sided and arbitrary in its arrangement, but if the writer has the vision of a genius, he will give us suggestions that are of permanent value. Karl Marx's economic interpretation of history has broken down as an exclusive explanation, yet since Marx no serious historian can neglect the economic factor. It remains for the future to reveal the elements of permanent truth in Spenglerism.

On Disgust with Politics

Must Politics be left to Boors and Bumpkins?

BY BENEDETTO CROCE

THERE are few things in the world more tiresome than the talk which is heard, has always been heard, and will always be heard, about "the dreadful way the government is being run"; criticisms of the negligence, laziness, deceit, cheating, thievery, and incompetence of public officials, leading to the conclusion that things are going very badly indeed, that the country is headed straight for the damnation bow-wows.

"Facile criticism" is the name we well apply to such censure. If it is so perpetually recurring and so perpetually enduring, the reason is to be found in the premise which underlies it—the presupposition of a perfect administration, where everybody does his duty with perfect intelligence and perfect scrupulousness. This is a wholly abstract conception, which, being such, can never be found in reality.

In reality, the state is a continuous assertion of "archy" against "anarchy," a continuous struggle between forces of dissolution and forces of integration. Of the two, the former are an immediate and spontaneous manifestation of the vital impulses of a nation and to suppress them to the point of destroying the sources from which they spring would be to destroy

all the rest. Without them, in fact, the state would never be created.

What, after all, are these "forces of dissolution" which fill good citizens (rightfully so, from certain points of view) now with terror and now with loathing? They are persons following their natural inclinations, eager to love, eager to help themselves, their children, their friends, eager to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh and of the mind; to live their lives, in short. Often, if we stop for a close look at the public men who are being thus severely censured, we are seized with a feeling of sympathy, of indulgence, or at least of compassion, and our wrath somehow subsides. We begin to ask less perfection and to expect less perfection, thankful that things are going as well as possible or even that they are no worse than they are.

This is no excuse for a *laissez-faire* attitude toward politics, the refuge of the inept and the cynical, who, like the last of the Medicis in Tuscany, shrug their shoulders and say that "the world takes care of itself." Statesmen who adopt this policy prepare the ground for that violent treatment which a state gives to its own diseases by virtue of the forces lying deep in its organism—for revolution; and ruin or destroy the states

and the nations which it was their duty to rule and to guide. Rather than *laissez-faire*, the duty incumbent upon us is to assume an attitude that will be not impatient, but firm and assertive.

For that matter, politicians themselves do not suffer much from the evils they see about them—evils which they must deflect and divert, which they must deal with and control. These evils are, so to speak, the material with which they work, and the emotions they feel as normal men find an outlet in their daily action as politicians. It is much the case of the artist, who is not dismayed at the difficulties thrown in his way by the rebellious materials offered to his hand, but rather welcomes them as challenges to his skill, and takes keen enjoyment in the triumph he gradually wins over them, incomplete though the victory must ever be. The people who suffer most from the way the world has a habit of going, the people who are downcast at the irregularities, absurdities, injustices they see on every side, are not politicians or statesmen, but poetic or meditative spectators of events, along with men of duty, of justice, of sacrifice, who are good souls devoted to the good.

Particularly acute is the agony such people undergo at viciousness or mismanagement in public affairs; for the state, in the aspect here considered, is an ethical institution, the greatest of all ethical institutions, even, one might say, the sum of them all. That is why violations of duty and justice made in the name of the state are as offensive as crimes committed by people who pose as honest men and are so esteemed in public

opinion. They somehow shake our confidence in the reality and possibility of the good. With a view to the public welfare, we are asked, for example, to succor the poor, the humble, the unfortunate. We are asked to create public offices, to appropriate public moneys, and to elect public servants to manage these. Then we discover that we have been imposed upon. Concern for the public welfare was only a mask. All this public charity was organized and executed only to give profit and luxury to a few rascals. Such masks can be seen in so many departments of public administration that we begin to doubt whether government is anything but mask, falsehood, oppression, made a little more odious, perhaps, because of the rank hypocrisy conjoined with them.

Therefore individual men and political parties protest. They tear off this mask and that mask, and take the government over themselves; and at once political corruption is increased, or at least the graft enjoyed by one group is now passed along to another, and things proceed as they did before, perhaps a little worse than they did before. "All parties are alike," "We were better off when we were worse off"—such are the numberless phrases that political reform inspires. And people are disgusted. They see that things are wrong, they perceive the damage that is being done; but they cannot repair the damage or right the wrong. The torment they feel, whether as contemplative spirits or as virtuous souls, is the torment of impotence. Better not to worry, therefore. Better to forget politics, look the other way, withdraw into one's own pursuits,

keep to the narrow circle of one's own friends, acquaintances, relatives.

§ 2

Times past and present show us many cases of such attitudes, with a corresponding conduct, of indifference to public affairs. But times past and present also show that the motive of moral indignation originally at the bottom of the attitude and the conduct soon changes, and necessarily changes, to a selfish one. People who manifest their moral disdain, their ethical nausea in this way, eventually find themselves members of that numerous, but not very honorable, company recruited from the world's self-seekers, who turn their backs on the interests of their fellow-men to devote themselves exclusively to their own welfare.

In our own day we have the esthetes and the aristocrats who regard politics and war as matters for boors and bumpkins to attend to as they please—affairs for drunken slaves, as an ancient Roman might have put it; while they themselves stand apart in a presumed superiority, smiling contemptuously at the vulgar scramblings of the mob, which quarrels and even lets its throats be cut over pieces of territory, protective tariffs, the form or name a state shall have, as though anything important were involved in such questions, as though a man should give up the pleasure he takes in himself and his own concerns for the sake of helping to answer them!

In centuries gone by it was the "sages" who drew aside from the lives of their peoples to devote themselves to the pursuit of wisdom, content so long as they were left alone in a seclusion favorable to their medita-

tions, ready to accept any peace so long as it was peace, and any despot so long as he would guarantee the leisure they desired.

We know the kind of men produced by the monasteries and ecclesiastical benefices of a later time, when monks and clerics shook the weight of the world from their shoulders. And the figures of this kind we see, whether in the past or in the present, are such that no one could accord them admiration or veneration. They had their excuse, of course, and perhaps the illusion they cherished was sincere. They promoted, so they pretended, the contemplative life, cultivating the arts and the sciences, doing good to a suffering humanity with works of piety and mercy. But we know that the excuse was not valid. Art and science languish when once we cut the vibrant ties that bind them to life. They become vapid, academic, trivial. Charity and loving-kindness themselves degenerate to such meaningless forms that they humiliate and debase the needy instead of comforting them and lifting them to their feet. Alms and bread-lines never bring true and solid and enduring help. This must come from political changes in the conditions of social life, which give men a freer air to breathe and more opportunity for productive labor. In support of these assertions I need hardly trouble to cite examples. The history of my own country is full of them, especially in certain centuries, which furnish startling ones.

Indifference toward public affairs presents, accordingly, a curious anomaly: it seems utterly despicable in practice, and yet solidly motivated in logic. The reason for this is that it is the perversion of a sound principle—

the principle of specification; that is to say, of specialization. Specialization involves limitation. We have to refrain from doing many things we should like to do, but ought not do, since to do them would mean neglecting our own peculiar work to handle the work of others badly or imperfectly. That is why we should control our tempers in judging the work of others, be careful not to lose our heads over things remote from our experience, avoid fighting battles in our imaginations and writhing painfully in reality; and all the more since the notions we conceive and the opinions we utter in such frames of mind are for the most part exaggerated, and unfair as well as bootless, just as our hopes and fears are also for the most part without foundation.

If we exercise such due restraint upon ourselves, the feeling that becomes uppermost in our minds is not one of superiority, but one of humility, or at least of modesty; and the renunciation we make by virtue of it is not contemptuous, but rational, based as it is on a sane concept of fitness and duty. So it is not renunciation in the sense of complete withdrawal, complete detachment, from public concerns. Rather we arrive and stop at a definite point in a definite sphere—the point marked by the limit of our competence in the sphere of our activities. And this sphere is public in that it is part of that universal in which all other spheres of activity unite, vibrate, resound, and from which vibrations and echoes descend into each separate sphere.

A citizen becomes a poet or a philosopher or a saint without, however,

ceasing to be a citizen. On the contrary, the deeper he goes into one of these forms of being, the more strictly he adheres to that form, the better and truer he becomes as a citizen. The poet gives his people their dreams of the human heart. The philosopher sets before them the truths of nature and the lineaments of history. The saint cultivates and imparts the moral virtues. And all these creative forces make their influence felt in the field that is more specifically political. It may happen on occasion that poet, philosopher, or saint becomes statesman or soldier; a political personality; that is, in the narrow sense. Not a few such reorientations or changes of rôle might be counted in the past, though the men who made them were not in the highest rank of their particular vocations; and they had their public careers either before their special callings developed or after they had passed their full maturity and were wearing out. The ideal of the Italian romanticists and patriots of our Independence days was that the poet should "fall between a hymn and a battle"; and in some men the ideal was realized.

However, the exception does not make the rule, and the rule is not a multiplication, but a specialization, of aptitudes, a rule established in the course of history because it has proved valuable to humanity. To secure the union of politics with the other forms of human activity we do not have to depend on rare prodigies and geniuses. That union is already a fact when we do the work for which we are fitted in the best and noblest way, and with a sense of responsibility and service to our fellows.

Pieces of Silver

BY RICHARD CONNELL

ONCE in every seven years Bouloire lives. That is the year the peasants of the village give the Easter play. Every seventh year they have given it since it was written for them by the monk Rutebeuf, author of medieval mysteries, two hundred and more years before Columbus found a new world.

The Easter play is the soul of Bouloire; it is the village's reason for being, and, likewise, its chief source of support. The nine hundred citizens of Bouloire consider the play the most sacred thing in their lives. A part in it, however minor, is to them more precious than the jewels of all the kings. For six years they work quietly in their fields, at their wood-carvers' benches, or at their potters' wheels, and Bouloire, modestly sequestered in a valley well off the main-traveled roads that run to its more splendid neighbors, Avignon, Valence, Nîmes, Tarascon, is little visited. To the few who chance to pass that way it seems like a hundred other hamlets in the south of France. In its small, rough-plastered, red-roofed cottages live simple, kindly folk who love their homes, work hard, and are poor. In those years the world sees little of them, nor they of it.

But the seventh year, that is different. Then the world comes to Bouloire to see the tillers of the fields and

the carvers of wood and the makers of pottery, turned actors now, reenact the old, but never old, story of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane, Golgotha.

In an out-door theater they give their Easter play. All good men, women, and children take part; some few who have not been good are not permitted to act, and that, in the eyes of Bouloire, is the bitterest of disgraces. The important rôles have been handed down from father to son for many generations, and are deemed priceless heritages. Thus, the part of Christus has been played by a Jean Bodel for three hundred years; a member of the Chesnaye family has been Petrus for centuries, and the chief dramatic rôle, Judas, has always been played by a Greban. It was commonly said that Arnoul Greban, the latest Judas, with his spare, sharp-cornered figure, his bold, hawk nose, and his red flame of beard was the greatest Judas of them all.

He was not, of course, much of an actor. None of them was. It was the tradition that the Easter players should not have professional direction or coaching. There was a certain power about the acting of Arnoul Greban, but it was crude power. The play itself was crude. The thirteenth-century monk who wrote it had brought out its religious rather

than its dramatic values. And yet he had not been wholly without dramatic insight, for he had written at least one strong rôle and at least one unusually vivid and moving scene. The rôle was Judas, and the scene the betrayal in the garden of Gethsemane and the remorse of the betrayer.

Hard times, of late, had come to Bouloire. There was a drought. The unrelenting sun of the Midi parched the hillsides, singeing the grass to brown dust. Lambs died. The grape crop was blighted. Fewer visitors than ever came to buy the bowls with peasant figures painted on them that Arnoul Greban made, or the little pine statues of the saints that others carved. The men and women and children of the village began to know hunger.

It was Mrs. Casterbridge who first suggested the idea that shocked Bouloire's people, and yet fascinated them. She had long been a friend of Bouloire. She had attended two Easter plays and was fond of the village and its people. As she went down the long main street of the village that hot, powdery day, it struck her that Bouloire very much needed help; and yet she knew that no gift from her would have been accepted. They were proud, these artisan-actors. They loved their home village too much to let it take a stranger's money. They must be given a chance to help themselves. An idea came to Mrs. Casterbridge.

In his tiny workshop she found Arnoul Greban, putting the last deft touches on a bowl. She had come to him because he was the first man of the village; he was its mayor, and almost as proud of that title as of the fact that he played Judas in the Easter

play. Arnoul Greban greeted her with simple dignity and brought her a low bench to sit on. He was a man nearing fifty. He wore a faded blue smock and wooden shoes, his work clothes; and yet Mrs. Casterbridge noticed, as she had noticed before, that there was something about him that might almost be called a touch of dandyism. Was it because his red hair and beard had been carefully combed and arranged? Was it the fact that he had had his smock cut to show off his erect figure? Or was it the fact that he was the only peasant she had ever seen who shined his wooden shoes?

When Mrs. Casterbridge outlined to him her plan for helping Bouloire, he laid aside his brush, and a look of alarm came into his eyes.

"But, *Madame*, it is impossible," he said, "impossible."

What Mrs. Casterbridge had proposed to him was that he and twenty other important characters in the Easter play should come to New York. There were many pious and interested people there, she said, who had heard of the Easter play, but could not come to France to see it. They would gladly pay to see the men who were actors in the historic play.

"*Madame* is very kind," said Arnoul Greban, "and Bouloire is grateful; but you must not ask Bouloire to give away its soul."

"Americans are rich," said Mrs. Casterbridge. "They would save Bouloire from want."

"Bouloire is rich," replied Arnoul Greban, "so long as it keeps its Easter play. Do you see that box, *Madame*?"

He pointed to a large carved chest in a corner. She nodded.

"It is full of letters from America

offering us great wealth for our play. Only last month a man in New York wrote to say he would pay us a million francs if we would act our play for the pictures that move."

"And what was your answer, *Monsieur Greban*?"

He smiled at her.

"On a very big piece of paper," he said, "I wrote one word — NEVER. Then every one in the village who can write signed his or her name beneath the word."

"What you did was right," Mrs. Casterbridge assured him, "but you have not understood my plan. I do not mean you should come to New York to act your play. I mean you should come merely as wood-carvers and potters to sell your statues and pottery. You sell your handiwork here. Surely there would be no harm in selling it in New York."

He did not speak for many minutes, but sat fingering the unfinished bowl, staring at it, thinking. Finally he said:

"We are poor men, and men most ignorant, *Madame*. Not one of us has ever been more than ten miles from home. America is across a great sea, is it not? We should not know what to do there. To go so far, to be among strangers in a strange land, that would make us very much afraid, *Madame*."

"Afraid, *Monsieur Greban*? Of what? You would be among friends; that I can assure you."

"We are simple men," he said. "We try to live our lives in an unworldly way, to live them plainly as did the great ones whose parts we have the honor to play in the Easter play. Your New York—it might not be good for us."

Mrs. Casterbridge smiled.

"New York can hurt men," she said, "but it could not hurt you and the others. Is there no other reason why you think you should not come? A month in New York would mean large sales of your wares, and food and comforts for your village."

To his eyes that look of alarm returned.

"Forgive me, *Madame*," he said. "The idea makes me a little afraid. You, I trust. But the others—"

"What others, *Monsieur Greban*?"

"There must be men of many kinds in New York," he replied, "good men and bad men. There are the rich men who would see in us only a new way to make money. There are the men who make the pictures that move. There are the police—"

"The police, *Monsieur Greban*?"

"When we are in New York," he said, "with the sea between us and our homes, might not your police make us act our Easter play?"

Mrs. Casterbridge laughed.

"Of course not," she said. "You would be treated as honored guests. Before you left Bouloire, it would be agreed exactly what you are to do in America. You would certainly not be asked to do anything you did not wish to do. You will come to New York as wood-carvers and potters, with your work to sell. In a great hall you would display your wares, and I can promise you that thousands of people would come to see your work and to see you making your bowls and statues. I think I can safely say that a month in New York would mean three or four hundred thousand francs for Bouloire."

His eyes widened. He let them wander to the street, where thin children tried listlessly to play.

"They have not enough milk, those little cabbages," he said. "Our bread it is black, and sometimes it is not at all. I will think about your gracious offer, *Madame*. I will talk it over with the others. To-morrow we shall see—"

Never in its long history had Bouloire been so torn as it was that night. To its fourteenth-century village church came the citizens of Bouloire in stiff, clean blouses and hard, black Sunday hats to debate the question. Sides were taken, speeches made. The hours of the night passed in earnest discussion. Having placed Mrs. Casterbridge's proposal before them, Arnoul Greban declared that he was opposed to it. He would, of course, abide by the vote of the majority. If they decided that they wished to go to America to sell their wares, with Mrs. Casterbridge and other generous New-Yorkers underwriting the cost of the trip, he, too, would go. However, he harbored grave doubts about the wisdom of going.

"The Easter play," he said, "is God's gift to us. It is a holy thing. It would be a sin to let it be seen in strange places by irreverent eyes."

There was a nodding of heads.

"But," interposed Jean Bodel, "we are not to give the play or any part of it over there. We go simply to sell our work."

"You know little of the world, Jean," returned Arnoul Greban. "When we get there, they will try to make us give our play. It is not our poor statues and bowls New York wants to see. It is our play."

"But we need not give it, no matter what they say to us or do to us," argued Jean Bodel. "We are not

children who can be spanked into acting; nor are we puppets who obey when a string is pulled. No one of us need act save he does so of his own free will."

"I have always heard it said," muttered Arnoul Greban in his red beard, "that New York is a city of temptations."

"Have no worries about that," exclaimed Jean Bodel. "I will swear, and so will all the rest of us, an oath most solemn that we will do no acting of any sort in America. Will that end your fears, Arnoul Greban?"

Arnoul Greban shrugged his shoulders.

"We will swear," went on Jean Bodel, "by our love for our homes, that we will do no acting."

"There will be those," said Arnoul Greban, "who will try to make you break your vow."

"We will laugh at them," cried Jean Bodel. "And if any of us should be weak and should forget his pledge, the penalty shall be that that unhappy one shall never return to his home here, but shall henceforth be an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth."

It was on this condition that the Easter players of Bouloire agreed to come to New York.

Before the altar of the bare, white-walled Gothic church, just as the first light of a new day was flowing in a colored stream through the rose windows, the chief actors of the Easter play, their faces set in serious purpose, laid their work-hardened hands on the great, ancient Bible and swore that they would be true to the Easter-play traditions while in America, that no one of them would appear as an actor,

and that if any of them did, that man would be forever a pariah.

§ 2

In New York's most spacious exhibition hall, in a booth made to look like his own tiny plaster cottage in Bouloire, sat Arnoul Greban at his potter's wheel. His smock was worn and clay-stained, but he wore it with an air of distinction. His blazing beard and hair had been carefully dressed; one suspected the use of scent. He was tired, for all day he had sat there making bowls while a curious crowd watched. Now and then they said to one another, "He should be able to act his part well." That was when they looked at his face.

The visitors had nearly all gone home now, for it was closing time. One man remained in the booth of Arnoul Greban, and his sharp, black eyes were not on the potter's busy fingers. It was the face of Arnoul Greban he watched, an articulate face, lean, white, intense, breaking abruptly into a fire of beard. This man who lingered was short, fat, with very good clothes, and in his tie a diamond pin glittered. When no one was near, he came quite close to Arnoul Greban and spoke in a low voice, in halting French:

"May I have the honor of addressing certain words to *Monsieur* Greban?" he asked.

"But certainly," replied Arnoul Greban.

"It is growing late," the man said. "One cannot talk at one's ease here. Will you not come with me to my apartment? It is near by, in Park Avenue."

"But I always go directly to the

hotel with the others," demurred Arnoul Greban.

"*Monsieur* is timid?" suggested the stranger, showing white teeth in a slight smile.

"But no," said Greban, and laughed. He timid?

"It is a matter most important," said the stranger, urgently. "Come; it will take but half an hour to tell you."

"But the nature of your business, *Monsieur*?"

"I cannot tell you here," said the stranger, hastily. "See, they are beginning to turn out the lights. Will you come?"

"But I do not know *Monsieur*," objected Arnoul Greban, hanging up his smock and putting on his best black coat. He noted ruefully that it was shiny and turning green.

Somewhat hesitantly the stranger produced a card from a gold-rimmed card-case and held it out toward Arnoul Greban, but did not give it to him. Arnoul Greban knit his brows and made out the man's name:

"S. IRONSTONE."

In one corner in small type appeared the words,

"The Ironstone Enterprises, Inc.
Broadway and 42d St."

Arnoul Greban was trying to read this when the man with a magician's dexterity, returned the card to the case, and the case to his pocket.

"I am interested in your work, *Monsieur* Greban," he said, "very interested."

"My work?" said Arnoul Greban, pleased. He looked at his array of bowls. They were ordinary bowls; one could have duplicated them in a dozen New York stores.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Ironstone. "That 's what I want to talk to you about."

Arnoul Greban considered. After all, this was a matter of business.

"I could come for a little time," he said, "but I must tell the others."

Far down the hall, now dim, he could see the other Easter players gathering at the front door, waiting for him. He felt Mr. Ironstone's hand on his arm.

"It is not necessary to tell the others," said Mr. Ironstone. "I will detain you but a few moments. Surely *Monsieur* is not so young he needs still a nurse?"

"But—" began Arnoul Greban.

"This way," said Mr. Ironstone, steering the other. "The side door. My car is waiting there. Just a few moments of conversation, *Monsieur* Greban; just a few moments of conversation, that 's all."

There were fresh roses in Mr. Ironstone's deep-cushioned limousine. It slid smoothly along Park Avenue between the bright-lit castles that were hotels and apartment-houses. Arnoul Greban was silent for some blocks, silent and a little overawed. He had been two weeks in New York. At first it had bewildered him; then its magnificence had begun to fascinate him. Presently he said:

"Your city is a city of marvels, *Monsieur* Ironstone. It is a city most beautiful."

Mr. Ironstone, studying the face of his companion, smiled.

"Money made it so," he said. "Money is beauty. Or, perhaps I should say, money is the raw material of which beauty is made. One can do anything if one has money, *Mon-sieur*."

Arnoul Greban reflectively stroked his beard. Suddenly he said:

"This is a very fine automobile, *Monsieur*."

"It is the best car in the world," said Mr. Ironstone.

Arnoul Greban's eyes were like a child's at a Christmas tree. "Such a car must cost a very great deal."

"Twenty-four thousand dollars," Mr. Ironstone told him. "That 's nearly half a million francs to-day."

Arnoul Greban sighed. He was watching the stately panorama of Park Avenue.

"Tell me," said Mr. Ironstone, "do you make much money by your work?"

Arnoul Greban shook his head.

"In the old days," he said, "when many visitors came to Bouloire and I worked very hard at my wheel, I sometimes made fifteen francs in a day."

"Oh, I meant by your acting," said Mr. Ironstone.

"For that," said Arnoul Greban, "I receive nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes. The money goes to the village."

Mr. Ironstone pursed his lips and whistled sadly.

They had reached the vast granite building where Mr. Ironstone had his apartment. Arnoul Greban had never been in so luxurious a place as that apartment. He had never trod on such thick carpets; he had never sat in such soft chairs; he had never drunk such delicious wine as the wine a Japanese servant brought him in a thin crystal glass. Greban stole secret, reproachful glances at his frayed trousers. Mr. Ironstone's eyes were watching Arnoul Greban's eyes. ❀

"You like my little place?" asked Mr. Ironstone.

"It is a place most charming," answered Arnoul Greban. "I thought only kings lived in such places."

"We are all kings, in New York," said Mr. Ironstone—"kings or wise men. Money grows here, you know. One need only learn how to pick it."

"*Monsieur*, then, has learned how?"

Mr. Ironstone chuckled.

"You are intelligent, *Monsieur Greban*," he said. "Almost too intelligent to be a good actor, and yet you are a good actor."

"I?"

"Yes, you are a splendid actor. With training you could be a great one."

Arnoul Greban played with his wine-glass.

"*Monsieur* is too kind," he murmured. "And how does *Monsieur* know?"

"I saw you act Judas in the last Easter play in Bouloire," replied Mr. Ironstone. "That is why I wanted to talk to you to-night. You have a great gift, *Monsieur Greban*."

Arnoul Greban bowed.

"It is a pity," went on Mr. Ironstone, "not to let more of the world enjoy that gift."

"The world can come to Bouloire five years from now," said Arnoul Greban.

"It can't," returned Mr. Ironstone. "That 's too bad, but it 's so. Ah, well, I suppose there 's no help for it. America, with all its love of beauty, with all its wealth, seems fated never to see the great Arnoul Greban play Judas as he alone can play him."

"*Monsieur* is more than flattering," said Arnoul Greban. "His praise warms me even more than this ex-

cellent wine. But, alas! what he says is true. I can only act in Bouloire, and that but once in seven years."

"A pity," remarked Mr. Ironstone. "A great pity. You must like to act, *Monsieur Greban*; you act so well."

"Ah, *Monsieur*, acting is with me a passion, but one should not have passions, I suppose, or, if he has them, one should curb them."

"Some passions," observed Mr. Ironstone, "are good ones. The world is poorer, *Monsieur*, because you can indulge your passion for acting only three or four times in your lifetime, and then in an out-of-the-way place."

Arnoul Greban was gazing at some graceful Viennese vases on the mantel.

"These are lovely vases," he said. "One must be happy who can afford to surround himself with beautiful things in so comfortable a place."

"Five years ago," said Mr. Ironstone, "I had nothing. America has given all this to me. America will give as much, and more, to any man who will give America something she wants."

"But not all men have a something," said Arnoul Greban.

"You have," said Mr. Ironstone, warmly. "Your art as an actor."

Arnoul Greban gazed at the Viennese vases.

"But, that, of course, I could not sell," he said.

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Ironstone. "There 's that oath, for one thing."

"How do you know about that oath?" demanded Arnoul Greban. "Have you talked with Jean Bodel or any of the others?"

"Won't you have another glass of wine?" said Mr. Ironstone. He poured

another glass for Arnoul Greban from an engraved carafe.

"Between us," said Mr. Ironstone, "the others do not interest me. They are not like you. They are not intelligent men. They have the minds of children. They could never understand the sort of world we live in. But you, *Monsieur* Greban, you are a man, and though you have not come much in contact with the world, still you are a man of the world. Your good health and prosperity, *Monsieur*."

Arnoul Greban sipped his wine, and his eyes followed the outlines of the handsome tapestried sofa on which his host sat. Without looking at Mr. Ironstone, he said:

"And actors in America, they are well paid, I suppose?"

"Very well indeed," Mr. Ironstone answered. "I should know, too. You see, *Monsieur* Greban, I am connected with the stage in a business way. In fact, I own a number of theaters. Now, to give your question a concrete answer, let me take your own case. Let us suppose you were interested in acting in America. I know, of course, you are not. But, if I thought you were, I 'd come to you and say: '*Monsieur* Greban, you are a great artist, and America wants to see you play Judas. If you will act the betrayal scene from the Easter play in the American theaters for only twenty minutes, twice a day, I will agree to pay you fifteen hundred dollars a week.' Let 's see—that's about twenty-nine thousand francs a week, or nearly five thousand francs a day."

"Five thousand francs a day," repeated Arnoul Greban.

"And, if that interested you," went on Mr. Ironstone, swiftly, "I 'd give you a five-year contract. Yes, a

five-year contract, calling for"—he scratched figures on the back of an envelop—"more than seven hundred and fifty thousand francs a year."

He held out the envelop so that Arnoul Greban could see the figures.

"But, of course," said Mr. Ironstone, with a sigh, "you would n't be interested." He left the envelop in Arnoul Greban's hand. Arnoul finished his wine and put the envelop into the pocket of his ancient coat.

"I said I would detain you only half an hour," said Mr. Ironstone, briskly. "I 'm a man of my word. Ask anybody in the theatrical world. Well, good night, *Monsieur* Greban. Thank you for coming. I hope I 'll see you again soon. Here 's my telephone number. Drop in any evening for a glass of wine and a chat. My motor-car is waiting down-stairs to take you to your hotel. Good night, *Monsieur* Greban."

The motor-car was waiting. As he sank into the lavender softness of its upholstery, Arnoul Greban stroked the yielding fabric with his calloused hand. It was certainly a very fine automobile.

When the Easter players sailed for home, Arnoul Greban did not sail with them. One would not have known from anything they said that his absence had been noticed. They did not speak of him at all.

§ 3

It was the second week in May in the year of the Easter play. Five years had passed since the Easter players had gone to America and come back, and the money they had made by their sales in New York had dwindled away.

It was Bouloire's year, and yet their

hearts were heavy. Although the weather was kind and the mild spring air was filled with the scent of grape blossoms, few visitors were coming to see the Easter play. The black shadow of failure hung over the village. They did not like to think that it was because the play was poor that no one came to see it. True, the critics who witnessed the Easter play the first day wrote in their papers that the play was flat and spiritless. Monte Carlo and Paris were neither flat nor spiritless; to them the tourists were flocking, but not to Bouloire. They were less pious than their fathers, these visitors; they sought entertainment, thrills. Jean Bodel groaned as he saw row after row of empty benches in the outdoor theater. He knew that if the play failed financially, as seemed inevitable, now, it would mean want in the village, for Bouloire had gone heavily in debt to buy new costumes and scenery and to prepare for the play. And if it failed artistically, he knew it would break Bouloire's heart. Yet that seemed inevitable, too.

The critics had said that the actors played their parts stiffly and without feeling. They said that Jean Bodel seemed at times only a querulous old man. As for Criquet, who now played Judas, he did his best, no doubt, but his best was pitiful. He did not seem to understand his part, they said; he floundered; he was wooden.

"Criquet," wrote one Paris critic, "tries desperately to play Judas, but he convinces no one with his remorse. At best, he seems mildly sorry for what he has done. He betrays his Master as casually as if it were a commonplace matter, like taking a glass of wine. When he returns the

thirty pieces of silver to the high priests, he appears to do so reluctantly, and his remorse is often little more than whimpering or polite regret. And yet one feels that the man, if stirred, could give a performance of the rôle comparable with Arnoul Greban's or some of the other great Judases of the past."

No one was more acutely miserable about his failure than Criquet himself. He had been pressed into service as Judas because he had the only red beard in the village. He was fattish, good-natured, lazy, fond of cognac. He realized that the success of the Easter play depended on him, and he said, again and again: "I do my best, but I do not know how. I was away in the army when the last Easter play was given. I never saw the part played. I do my best."

On the second day of the third week there was a faint show of hope in Bouloire. At least one person from the outside world had arrived to see the Easter play. The stranger was, evidently, a man of wealth. His sleek top-hat bespoke affluence; his well cut clothes on his well fed body sang of success; the diamond pin in his silk tie glittered testimony to his prosperity. His plump, clean-shaven cheeks were bill-boards that advertised that he had lived well. Furthermore, he came into the village not on the rheumatic train from Avignon, but in an impressively powerful motor-car of regal proportions and imperial appointments. This equipage dazzled the youth of Bouloire, who clustered about it as it stood in front of the Hotel Daudet, the modest village inn; with inquisitive eyes they spelled out its name on the hubs.

The rich man bought himself a

whole box at the Easter play, and sat there, watching the play, intently. When Criquet bungled through the betrayal scene, the stranger's face, which was red, became purple. He squirmed in his seat as if in pain. He seemed on the point of leaving the theater; he picked up his hat, gloves, stick. Then he appeared to change his mind, for he slumped down into his box again and chewed his thick lips.

§ 4

When all the village was asleep that night, a rather stout man in silk-stockinged feet, stole down the stairs of the Hotel Daudet, and, displaying a surprising knowledge of the intricate back alleys of the town, made his stealthy way to a small cottage in the outskirts where Criquet tossed in uneasy sleep. The stout man carried in one hand a small leather satchel such as bill-collectors carry. On reaching the home of Criquet, the stout man pushed the door open and went in. A light was lit, and the blinds were closed. There was a rumble of voices in the little house. When the stout man came out at dawn, and hurriedly made his way back to the hotel, he was not impeded by the satchel.

Jean Bodel called Criquet to him that morning. There was excitement in the eyes and voice of Jean Bodel. Criquet did not seem at all well. He seemed to tremble as Jean Bodel addressed him.

"I did not sleep," Criquet explained.

"Jacques Criquet," said Jean Bodel, "I beg you to do your best this day of all days."

"I always do my best," mumbled Criquet.

"Then to-day, in heaven's name, do better than your best."

"To-day? What is to-day?"

"Everything depends on to-day," said Jean Bodel. "To-day, by moving heaven and earth, I have had come here writers from the great papers of Paris and London. I begged them to come, saying: 'Judge again our Easter play. We have improved it since the first day.' They have come. They will see our play. If they can truly write that it is good, Europe will come to see it. If we act poorly, we are lost. Act as you never dreamed you could act to-day, I implore you, Jacques Criquet."

Criquet avoided the other's eyes.

"I'll do my best," he said.

"I wish," cried Jean Bodel, "that you had committed a crime. I wish you had a sense of guilt. If only you had done something more wicked than taking a glass too much of cognac! Are you well, Jacques Criquet? You seem pale."

"I'm all right," muttered Criquet.

"Listen!" exclaimed Jean Bodel.

"The noon bells are striking. In an hour the Easter play starts. It may be the last Easter play Bouloire will ever see. That rests with you. Put your soul into your acting. Oh, Jacques Criquet, if only you would kill some one between now and then so you would really feel remorse!"

Henri Roqueplan of "Le Matin" of Paris, and T. D. A. Hollingshead of the London "Times" sat together in a box at the Easter play.

"I hear it's pretty terrible," whispered Hollingshead.

"I fear so," replied Roqueplan. "Judas is a dummy. A good Judas can make the play, and a poor one—mon Dieu!"

The Easter play moved slowly at first. The little party of visiting journalists looked at one another resignedly and stifled yawns. Jean Bodel and the others were doing the best acting they had ever done, but the play lacked pulse, momentum. Then Judas made his first appearance and spoke his first few lines. The critics ceased looking at one another; they began to watch Judas.

"By Jove!" whispered Hollingshead, "that chap has old Greban's voice."

"Impossible," whispered back Roqueplan. "Greban is in the States. He's an outcast, you know."

"But, look here, that fellow can act."

"What a face!" murmured the Paris critic. "Judas to the life!"

They began to realize, all of them, that not in the Odéon, not in the Comédie Française, or in any playhouse in London or New York, had they ever seen more finished and eloquent acting than they were watching on that rude outdoor stage in an out of the way French village. Judas held them. With every gesture, every look, every intonation of his voice he riveted their attention, and made them live his story with him.

"What an incredible fellow!" exclaimed Roqueplan between scenes. "He is inspired; he must be. He is an amateur, a peasant, and yet he has at his finger-tips every trick of acting Coquelin or Guityry ever had. Such perfection! One would think he had played that rôle every day for the last five years!"

"He has more than skill," said Hollingshead. "He has sincerity. He is not playing that part, Roqueplan. He is living it."

"I saw tears in your eyes, Hollingshead," said Roqueplan.

"I have a cold," growled the English critic. "And so, it seems, have you."

The final scene of the Easter play began.

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders,

"Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that.

"And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

They were not easily moved, these writers for the newspapers. A certain attitude of being blasé was ever part of their stock in trade; but they forgot to be anything but themselves in that last scene when Judas came in with slow and tortured steps to bring back the thirty pieces of silver. Perhaps, for the first time in the lives of any of them, they did not remember that they were in a theater. When Judas, with bent head and anguished voice drew near and addressed the chief priests and the elders, when he pleaded with them to take back the handful of money that was the price of his soul, they knew that it was not acting. It was living. By a magic, they were, all of them, living in another and a distant land, two thousand years away, and the high priests were real high priests and Judas, the real Judas.

They heard the chief priest cry in his great, disdainful bass:

"What is that to us? See thou to that."

Judas turned away, and they saw the face of Judas. They knew that they were seeing a face in hell. They heard his words, dazed, broken, un-

certain, at first, then mounting to a rush of bitterest remorse. They saw him, with one last long wordless cry, rush off. They hardly heard the apostle pronounce the last words of the play:

"The soul of him that betrayed his trust shall never again know peace. Let his habitation be desolate; and let no man dwell therein."

The men from the newspapers sat still in their seats, looking at one another. Each one did not want the others to see how much he had been moved. Then Roqueplan broke the silence.

"What I am going to write will make all Europe come to the Easter play," he cried.

They all nodded absently. They were already sketching out in their own minds what they would say of the art of Judas.

§ 5

Evening was coming down gently on Bouloire. A high-powered motor-car stopped outside the cottage of Criquet. Criquet jumped up to meet the stout, top-hatted man who entered the house.

"I see it now," cried Criquet. "I see the part; I hid and watched how you did it. And I can play it now;

I know remorse. For God's sake, Arnoul, I beg you take this back."

Criquet thrust out a small satchel.

The stout man shook his head.

"No," he said; "you must keep it. You must keep your remorse."

He turned quickly and leaped into the car. It started away like a startled tiger.

At the other end of the village the prosperous man said a word, and the car stopped in front of a cottage, small and plain, like the others in the village, but, unlike the others, empty, with unmended roof and broken window-panes. The children who had been born in that house and had lived there till they had gone to homes of their own, never visited it now; that was clear.

The man in the big car sat looking at the little house a long time. The chauffeur heard the man's voice, saying aloud:

"Let his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein."

"Beg pardon, what did you say, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Nothing," growled the man. "Drive on."

"Where to, sir?"

"Monte Carlo, Paris, the devil. What does it matter?"

Muscle Shoals

What It Is, Who Wants It, and What It Means to the Taxpayer

BY CHARLES MERZ

MUSCLE SHOALS, forever reappearing in the head-lines, belongs with those too numerous problems beginning quietly, gathering speed, and turning out, by the time the aroused householder is aware of their importance, to be so completely beset with technical detail as to put him hopelessly behind the times, with small chance of catching up.

Picture for the moment a broad sweep of the Tennessee River that goes tumbling down a stretch of rips and rapids, shooting it forward for thirty miles, like a Niagara spread out flat. Three great barriers cut the current—concrete structures looking, in their present stage of incompleteness, like giant combs left lying on their backs in the water. There is Dam No. 1, built for navigation purposes, with no hand in the development of power. There is Dam No. 2, the Wilson Dam, which will represent an investment of fifty million dollars when completed, and as great a feat in hydro-electric engineering as history reveals. And there is Dam No. 3, fourteen miles above the others, whose purpose is to back up water for a distance of three counties, and shoot it forward to its elder brother at redoubled speed.

These three concrete walls were

built by war. Cannon-shells need nitrate; Chili was far away, U-boats an ever-present factor, and Congress, with a national defense act passed shortly before our entrance into Europe, authorized the President to designate some site at which an abundance of cheap water-power could be developed for the purpose of extracting nitrogen from the air. It would be confusing to summon a long list of figures here; it is enough to say that the enterprise at Muscle Shoals has cost the country \$135,000,000 in round numbers; that for this sum the three great dams are partly built, and the Government in possession of two nitrate plants, a stone quarry adequate for the limestone needed in the cyanamid production of nitrogen, and an imposing list of incidentals that run from railway cars to carpet tacks. One property purchased at the outset, to furnish motive power before the shoals themselves were harnessed, was a steam-power plant in the small Alabama town of Gorgas. That plant has been sold in recent months. I cite it here for two reasons: first, because it is the only part of the original \$135,000,000 investment which has been disposed of, the rest being left intact; second, because it was sold at a figure of \$3,400,000 after costing a

little less than \$5,000,000, quite a shocking bit of evidence that the Government sometimes gets its money's worth.

We have, then, still on our hands at Muscle Shoals, and representing an investment of \$135,000,000, a battery of three dams, two nitrate plants, and a country-side of incidentals. The question is what to do with this vast property. Would it be best to sell at whatever figure is obtainable, or, having poured so much capital into the adventure, is it possible that by pouring a little more we might reap the advantage of the investment through some public system of control? Is there the third alternative of being able to dispose of the property to private capital on terms that will protect the public treasury and the taxpayers who have paid the bill?

More is at stake in the answers to these questions than a great investment, even though this investment runs above a hundred million dollars. The shoals are actually the axis of a great development in industry throughout a broad tier of Southern and South-central States. For the shoals can be made to furnish 850,000 horse-power, the greatest single natural resource in the United States capable of immediate development.

That power may easily become the central reservoir of energy for all States east of the Mississippi River, and many west of it.

The shoals stand at the head of big steamboat navigation on the Tennessee, with cheap water routes available to the entire Mississippi valley. Within a hundred miles lie the rich deposits of iron ore and coking coal which have made Birmingham one of the greatest metal-working centers in

the world. The shoals stand on inexhaustible beds of high-grade calcium limestone, and within easy haul of ores that will yield zinc, aluminum, copper, and lead, as well as pyrites for making sulphuric acid, and deposits of manganese and sulphur. Surely this is one of the great treasures of a nation all too rapidly burning up its power stores.

§ 2

Henry Ford is the first figure in the post-war story of the shoals—Henry Ford not only because his bid best illustrates the alternatives now before the country, but because the chance that he will win the site is still very much alive. The Ford offer, to be sure, has been side-tracked in the agricultural committee of the Senate; but the present House of Representatives stands behind it by a vote of almost two to one, and there is a militant company of Ford enthusiasts in the Senate who proclaim that they have strength enough to put his program through, once the question comes up for a ballot.

What Ford is planning to do with Muscle Shoals, and what his partizans promise for him, are two very different things. Ford himself, it is fair to say, paints no swift dawn of the millennium; he knows that the shoals would be useful to him in his business, and he believes that he could manage the property so successfully that the public would reap an incidental profit as he went along. But to the real-estate boosters who have plans all laid for a city that will make New York look like a prairie village, and to the stage-struck Southern senators who have a "mash" on Henry Ford as persistent and as heady as the shop-girl's dreams

of Douglas Fairbanks, he leaves the business of proclaiming that the Ford offer guarantees to reduce the cost of fertilizer by one half, pays the Government a high rate of interest on its investment in the dams, and provides for repayment in a period of one hundred years of everything the Government has spent.

The Ford offer actually does none of the things that are listed here. In the matter of fertilizer, for example, and fertilizer is a very major item in an agricultural nation whose bill for nitrates runs to \$100,000,000 every year, it is true that Mr. Ford agrees to operate nitrate plant No. 2 to its full capacity; but there is no promise on his part to sell fertilizer at a fixed price. There is an agreement to limit profits to eight per cent. (on fertilizer operations alone, and not on the rest of the venture), but no agreement that the cost of fertilizer will be reduced to the farmer or to anybody else.

What Mr. Ford proposes, when his offer is written in its simplest terms, is, first, to buy a part of Muscle Shoals and then to rent the rest. He will buy as follows: both nitrate plants, the quarry, and all the property that goes with them.

This property is enormous. It includes railway tracks and tools and cars and locomotives; personal property of every kind, and a stock of platinum worth half a million dollars. It includes houses fully equipped with heating-plants and lighting-fixtures; miles of macadamized streets and cement sidewalks; filtration stations large enough to supply whole towns. It even includes a deposit of \$3,400,000 cash accruing from the sale of the steam-power plant at Gorgas. In

actual cost to the taxpayer the whole investment represents an outlay of more than \$84,000,000.

What does Henry Ford bid for it? \$64,000,000? \$54,000,000? \$44,000,000? No. Henry Ford bids five.

Five million dollars for a property that cost the country eighty-five, a bid of $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to the Government on its investment, a bid of five million dollars for an estate whose absolute scrap value is estimated at eleven.

It is an amazing offer. Mr. Ford could take possession any morning of the week he liked, write the \$3,400,000 cash item into his bank-book, sell on an hour's notice the \$500,000 worth of platinum,—for platinum does not need to hunt a market,—and find himself at the end of the day with an expenditure of \$1,100,000 for an eighty million dollar set of nitrate plants and factories and towns. It is a proposal so little worth accepting on the public's part that if it were made to the occupant of a home for the slow-witted, no guardian in the world would listen to it for a minute.

Nor is that all. For in addition to what Mr. Ford proposes to buy, with a bid so inadequate that it could have been premised only on the theory that the Government had a white elephant on its hands, and must be rid of it without a moment's loss of time, there is also the property which Mr. Ford has expressed his willingness to *lease*. And here, while there is nothing quite so spectacular as buying cash with cash, all incidentals virtually gratis, Mr. Ford's terms are even more disadvantageous than his terms for what he buys.

He proposes first that the Government proceed to complete Dams No. 1 and 2, and then lease them to him for a

hundred years. The public pays for the construction; Mr. Ford, by way of recompense, agrees to pay what on its face appears to be an annual rental of four per cent., but what amounts in fact to 2.85 per cent. (even including amortization payments), when account is taken of the fact that no interest is paid on various amounts which must be appropriated for construction from year to year, and the further fact that the Ford four per cent. does not begin to run until six years after the completion of Dam No. 2, and three years after the completion of Dam No. 3.

What the proposal amounts to, therefore, is that the taxpayers of the country let Mr. Ford use the shoals and finance his corporation for a hundred years at the modest interest rate of 2.85 per cent. on its money. Mr. Ford meantime invests nothing. The risk is borne and the cash supplied by taxpayers lost in a maze of figures and fascinated by the glamour of the Ford career.

Now what do those rates mean? If six per cent. is a fair rate in the commercial world, this cut-rate price for Mr. Ford would amount in a hundred years to a net saving on his part of \$236,000,000. And if you will play with arithmetic for a moment, and compound this sum, as Mr. Ford asks the Government to compound what he pays, the profit to his corporation at the end of the period would be nothing less than \$14,500,000,000. That is a substantial figure. To form an adequate idea of it, note that it is more than half of our total cost of the World War.

It would be difficult to find a parallel for this proposal in the fiscal history of the United States or any other

nation. Mr. Ford's ambition may actually be, as he has said, to operate Muscle Shoals for the national welfare, but on paper he has committed himself to nothing save a bargain, shrewd, calculating, and one-sided.

§ 3

I have simply sketched the outlines of the Ford proposal here. The more it is studied, I believe, the more it seems the work of an inventive genius. For example, it is proposed in this agreement, and proposed for the first time in any matter of water-power administration, that the Government not only lease its dams to Mr. Ford, but keep them in repair. Such a responsibility might entail a small expenditure and it might entail a large one. Remember that the leases run for a hundred years. If a dam were destroyed by an earth-shock, or had a piece blown out of it by an enemy air-bomb in a war, the public would be obliged to repair the damage, and its outlay might run to one, two, or twenty million dollars. This is "putting the Government into business" with a vengeance. Henry Ford is taking out insurance for his hundred years.

It is, in fact, small wonder that as the first thrill of "turning it over to Henry" wears off, and the actual entanglements of the proposal become more generally understood, the Ford bid should meet with rising opposition. Mr. H. W. Seamen, representing the Mississippi Waterways Commission, appears before the Senate Committee to oppose this bid; Mr. C. C. Gilbert comes to oppose it on behalf of ninety per cent. of the organized manufacturers of Tennessee; there is sharp criticism of the plan from Governor

Pinchot, Newton D. Baker, Representative Theodore Burton, and other public men, regardless of party affiliation.

Four bids in addition to Mr. Ford's have been received by the Government. The identity of one of them is not disclosed; Secretary of War Weeks merely remarking that it represents a corporation financially reliable. The other three come first from the Alabama Power Company, which asks a lease for fifty years instead of for a hundred; second, from the Union Carbide Company, which also asks a lease for fifty years, and declares its willingness to pay "a minimum guaranty of \$120,000,000" for the nitrate plants and Dam No. 2; and third, from the White-Atterbury-Hooker interests, which affirm that they will pay \$305,000,000 as against \$136,000,000 for the Alabama Company, and against \$91,000,000 for Ford, and whose proposal has the merit of suggesting what amounts to a profit-sharing partnership with the Treasury.

Now, it can accurately be said that each of these proposals represents a distinct step forward as against the Ford bid; but as against one another comparisons are difficult for the reason that different proposals bid for different pieces of property, and with different emphasis on different ends. Major-General C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance in the War Department, has reported these estimates to the Senate:

From the Ford plan he figures that the Government would receive a return of \$115,906,896 in a span of fifty years; from the Alabama Power plan a return of \$134,909,320; from the White-Atterbury-Hooker plan a return of \$113,274,738; and from the

Union Carbide Company's proposal \$36,574,200, in addition to what might be derived from a large supplementary distribution of electric power. With these estimates there will be some disagreement. They take no account of advantages inherent in different forms of partnership and service. But note that in any case the real difference between these programs and the Ford bid does not lie in a comparison of figures, but in the fact that if the Government deals with Mr. Ford it has nothing left at the end of fifty years except its dams, while under all three of the other offers it still holds the entire property.

Speaking for engineering experts who have no personal interest at stake, the American Engineering Council declares that "from the mass of conflicting testimony and information" it is difficult to sift out sufficient data on which to base a sound engineering recommendation. The council is agreed, however, that until a joint committee of Congress has submitted the whole field to fresh inquiry and examination, "no disposal should be made of any of the Muscle Shoals properties or rights."

§ 4

To these proposals on the part of private capital, there should be added, as a possible alternative to the Ford offer, what is known as the "Norris plan."

For two years, in the Senate committee on agriculture, George W. Norris of Nebraska has carried the fight on the Ford bill with a stubborn conviction that it would ultimately prove possible to capture the public's attention, and a ready flow of words, meantime, to characterize what seemed to him a proposal without merit.

"Why [for example] a warranty deed to the Capitol in Washington is not included in this transfer of Government property has never been explained. Notwithstanding this neglect, the transaction still remains the most wonderful real-estate speculation since Adam and Eve lost title to the Garden of Eden."

Now, at the end of these two years, during most of which his own scheme for Muscle Shoals has had the support of only four members of the committee, Mr. Norris swings a majority with him and reports to the Senate the plan which bears his name.

What he proposes is that Dams No. 2 and 3 be completed by the Government and operated by a publicly owned corporation. In an attempt to keep the shoals out of politics, and politics out of the shoals, he suggests a board of directors to be appointed by the President, holding office not for stated terms, but so long as they perform their duties capably. This board, with a fund of \$25,000,000 as operating capital, would sell at cost to all-comers whatever power was not needed for fertilizer manufacture; fertilizer itself would be produced either by the Department of Agriculture or by a private lessee under the supervision of the department.

Now, it is clear that whatever else it does, this plan of Senator Norris's projects the Government into business, and into a business in which it has had little experience in the past. To be sure, the Government is at the present moment operating nineteen water-power projects in different parts of the country; but it must be said that they are small stations, and that power-development is usually incidental to an irrigation project.

However, the precedent is there, if it is wanted; and Senator Norris has managed to convince a number of exceedingly conservative colleagues on his committee that this is not government ownership in the ordinary sense: first, because the ownership of power on navigable streams has always rested with the public, and never strayed away, like coal and oil; second, because of his contention that, after all, Muscle Shoals is primarily a nitrate station for service in case of war.

It is Senator Norris's proposal that the Government turn a war investment to peace-time profit. "Since it is necessary to keep the nitrate plant in constant readiness, is it not economy that the plant be kept in operation at whatever additional expense would be necessary for the purpose of supplying fertilizer to the farmers?"

§ 5

Government ownership *versus* private ownership is as old an issue as any political debate on record. When Noah and his three sons built the ark they may have argued whether they could float it more effectively if it were coöperatively owned. The issue may be debated now, in consideration of the Norris plan, by posing abstract theory *versus* abstract theory. Or, as seems more profitable, the issue can be met upon the merits of concrete alternatives that actually have existence.

Congress stands adjourned; there is time for those interests which have submitted bids to argue the merits of their claims, and for private capital to prove, with these bids or with others, that private ownership is indeed superior to public ownership *in specific*

guaranties and on specific merits. What we may say of the qualifications of any bid worth preference over the Norris plan is, first, that it shall pay the Government far more nearly dollar for dollar for its property than the Ford proposal does, and, second, that it shall protect the public interest in the distribution of its power.

For, after all, it is power that is most important at the shoals. The nitrate plants are valuable,—they represent, as we have noted, an investment of more than eighty million dollars,—but it is the shoals themselves that matter most. When the needs of the nitrate factories have been taken care of, there remains a tremendous battery of 750,000 horse-power, conservatively valued at \$200,000,000, capable of being shot along high-tension lines to feed the factories and homes of Nashville, Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Chattanooga, and a thousand smaller towns. Either this power of the shoals will be used to fit in ultimately with a super-power project linking the whole Southeast, and carrying its energy on fair terms to every applicant for power; or it will be the plaything of a private corporation subject to no form of governmental regulation, able with this giant toy to stifle competition, block all plans for unity in power-distribution, and grip the Southeast with a hand of steel.

That is the risk which the Ford offer carries with it; for the Ford offer breaks down every safeguard of importance in the Federal Power Act of 1920. It overrides the limiting of leases to fifty years, and doubles that. It rejects control of rates by any governmental authority, and does not guarantee to furnish a single kilowatt

of power. It ignores all provision carried in the Power Act for "expropriation of excessive profits." It scorns all penalties for licensees who do not market their developed energy on fair terms to the consumer. This bid of Henry Ford's would leave him subject to no control, no authority, and no supervision. It would knock the bottom from the Power Act, bring every power corporation in the country clamoring for special favors, and set a precedent which might ultimately strip the public of its power sites.

It is useless to say, as does Mr. Ford's engineer, that the Federal law which his offer so flagrantly abuses is "an absolute failure"; it is so little an absolute failure that since its passage application has been made for six times as much horse-power in three years as in the previous twenty.

It is useless to say that Mr. Ford's intentions are so honorable that he "needs no law"; apart from the criminal folly of setting such a precedent, it is an obvious fact that no one can guarantee the acts of Mr. Ford's successors, that this lease runs for a century, and that not even a miracle man like Mr. Ford can live to the age of 160.

It is no small treasure whose fate is hanging in the balance at the shoals, but a heritage of wealth, a vast industrial power.

There is need for promptness, none for haste. We shall do well, especially at a moment when we are bitterly regretting haste in the disposal of two great oil reserves, to take our own good time in making up our minds.

"Look before you leap," was never a better maxim than when the leap is for a hundred years.

Carib Sonnets

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Nevis

It is impossible to be alone
When the sea whirls its windmill of blue light.
Islands flash foam. The farthest glistens white,
Conspicuous as a gull perched on a stone.
The horizon spins. This wizened crater-cone,
If it should pull like a magnet overnight,
Could tease the world. The dizzy continents might
Swerve close, like ships out of their courses blown.
Then I could see blond Asia from the sea-cliff,
Her sinewy tiger cities striped with heat.
I could see the Horn wearing a cap of weather.
Mexico would shake down ripe mangos if
I turned my head. Brazil, always discreet,
Would beckon me with a bird of paradise feather.

Dominica

This is a little and a lonely land
With purple petals of sea, like passion-flowers,
And at the heart of it sonorous hours
That call to me from bells beyond the sand.
What is it they would have me understand?
I hear them talk about me in the towers,
But I have had no traffic with dark powers,
Nor left my soul in any clutching hand.
I should have come before, the bells insist,
To mountains where the moon is the only snow,
To jungles hollowed out of amethyst,
To the cameo town, to creole-sung Roseau,
Where gipsy schooners keep a casual tryst.
I should have learned this beauty long ago.

Martinique—Le Pays des Revenants

When at first dawn the mocking-birds begin,
As though they had bright mirrors in their throats,
And when small ancient bells worn porcelain-thin
Chuckle to rhythms of the feet of goats,
When I see craters masquerading in
Green satin jungle, like those gorgeous coats
That flower in orchids for some mandarin,
And when the beaches call me, and the boats,
I know it will be hard to go away.
The wind opens and shuts an enameled fan
Over a sea of rose and apricot,
And sunset gilds the breath of far Pelée.
They tell me those come back again who can.
I mean to come whether I can or not.

Martinique—La Pelée

Will the coiled dragon ever stir again
That sleeps within the mountain of black glass?
Shower ships with ashes, lift the toppling mass
Of the whole Caribbean to kill men?
Will all the terraced town be shattered when
The mountain wakes? These streets where people pass
One ruin? Lava blotting out the grass
And gardens? Will the island founder, then?
A curious passion only half concealed
Flickers behind the eyes of this strange sea.
It is too like the soul; an unknown place,
Where any instant, that may be revealed
Which turns the universe to a mockery
And steals the light forever from a face.

The Heavenly City

An Idyll of Aiko-san in Kioto

BY HARRY HERVEY

KIOTO, a cool, crystal pool in which to plunge the tired imagination. In moments of weariness I go back to it, like a tired traveler seeking rest. For always, whether I see it folded in gray beneath a sky cloud-burdened or feathered with flurries of snow or drowsing in the sunset, valleys purple and hills like faded coral, it seems as incredibly clear and brilliant as a sea-garden clarified by tropical water. Its greatest gift is a sense of repose, for centuries have taught it the secret of composure, and imperial masters have left an atmosphere of distinction and dignity, all expressed in cool, templed groves and valleys that deploy into sun-drenched hills. But with all its serenity, its exalted antecedents, Kioto is friendly, a true celestial whose divinity is made secure by communion with men.

My first panoramic view of it was from the dining-room of a hotel that hangs on a hillside overlooking the town. It was dusk, and, below, myriad lights trembled in skeins of mist, like luminous flies trapped in a cobweb. About them circled a dim ridge of hills, a vast, round loom on which the gauzy net was spun. The city lay before me like a challenge. And then, to heighten the fanciful effect, there was Aiko-san,—Aiko-san

whose dreams are bound by hard-crusted rolls and bottles of *tansan*,—that smiling, laughing little *musume* of twelve or thirteen who was my waitress.

Aiko-san, do you remember that I promised to put you into a book? As if that were possible! I could never capture in cold words those tiny dimples that broke the smooth sweep of your cheeks nor the laughter that bubbled from your doll's-lips or your ridiculous little steps as you ran to fetch some such stupid necessity as fried potatoes or boiled fish. You were childishly amused by your Man-Who-Ate-So-Much; and did it never enter your *musume's* brain that he might have consumed more than he wished or could digest properly, simply to hear your laughter, to see your tiny feet go flying kitchen-ward? Little *musume* of laughter, the patter of your feet goes lilting across my memory now. And I find a tragic *leit-motif* in their pygmy echoes. How brief will be your blossoming! For a while you will serve the passing foreigners, and some you will serve more than others; and then you will be given in marriage. To some young poet who will weave fragrant dreams to make you smile? I fear that, instead, your lord will be some fatuous merchant whose

dominance will smother your laughter. And yet, will you be unhappy? I wonder. You, like your country, leave me with a sense of melancholy confusion—a doll moving incongruously through a drama, apparently unaware of its mournful theme.

After dinner, that first night, I answered the challenge of the firefly-lights. Aiko-san had left me in a laughing mood—a mood that demanded irresponsible adventure; and so I set out to find it. As my rickshaw man jogged down the winding road-way he started a conversation in English, speaking with a fluency that was unusual for one of his calling. Indeed, it is rare to find a coolie who knows more than a few words of English.

"I Number One rickshaw man, and you Number One gentleman," he said with genial familiarity. "I take you see Number One sights. Where we go first?"

And I replied, "Anywhere!"

§ 2

Down into the city we go, to its very heart, where it beats with gay sounds and colors—Theater Street. It lies off the main thoroughfare, Gion-matchi, and because of an ordinance excluding vehicles, I follow my coolie on foot. The majority of Oriental streets are shabby in reality. But not so with Theater Street, Kyoto. It is the fulfillment of the most extravagant dreams of Oriental gorgeousness. It blazes with light, with rockets of false stars, with artificial moons of scarlet and gold, all mingling in a luminous confusion as weird as some astral carnival. Banners of crimson, of green and black, all startling with dragon-like ideographs, hang in front of the theaters, and the façades of

restaurants and shops are brilliant with gilt. The people are no less exotic than their surroundings. Little dolls, alabaster-cheeked and carmine-lipped, clatter along behind indifferent, black-cloaked men, their kimonos a motley of soft night-moth shades.

My rickshaw coolie, having appointed himself guide, is leading; and suddenly he dives under a fiber fringe hanging on the left of the narrow street. I follow, stepping from a blazing world into a dim, damp alleyway that, as my eyes become accustomed to the change, resolves into a queer tunnel ribbed with bamboo.

"This Number One restaurant," explains the rickshaw man, who has told me his name is Jen.

"But I don't want food," I protest.

He laughs.

"Oh, you no eat now; just look. Some time you come back, have nice dinner, and geisha sing and dance."

I recall, as he speaks, that I have heard much of the Kyoto geisha, the Gion school; and I ask Jen where they may be seen.

"We go to Number One geisha-house to-night; yes, I know place," he announces with that indrawn hiss peculiar to Japanese.

The tunnel ends in a cool, moist garden where stone lanterns diffuse meager light on dwarf cedars and camelias, and a tiny brook gurgles beneath a Lilliputian bridge. Inclosing this miniature courtyard are fragile verandas and rice-paper shutters. A half-open door reveals several Japanese men sitting on the floor about a low lacquered table. A maid comes out and bows; another; a third. Jen returns their salutations, and addresses them, obviously explaining our presence. The maids make low obeisances,

my coolie responds, and we trace our way through the tunnel.

For nearly an hour I drink in the rich atmosphere of Theater Street, exploring amusement-halls and bazaars and buying much that I do not want simply because the shopkeepers are so delightfully polite. Jen is annoyed, for these are not Number One shops and should not be patronized by Number One gentlemen. My crowning purchase is an *obi*, a flowered satin sash, in color the iridescent purple of a pigeon's throat. Aiko-san will be pleased with it, I am sure.

From Theater Street we rattle back along Gion-matchi, over the Shijobashi, and into a narrow street where geisha, brocaded and powdered and carrying their instruments in black-lacquered boxes, go tottering along on high clogs. This roadway leads to a walled inclosure containing several buildings, which Jen says is the geisha school.

"In spring great cherry-blossom festival here," he explains. "Pretty, very pretty; yes, Number One sight. But now it closed; nothing to see."

We go back to Gion-matchi by the same street, and as we roll along to the accompanying *pad-pad* of Jen's soft-shod feet, he indicates the rows of houses on each side, saying:

"Some geisha-house, some brothel. Geisha's doorway marked with green numbers, prostitutes with red. Very bad street."

He displays a sense of delicacy unusual for a rickshaw man.

The geisha, by way of didactic exposition, are a sect of entertainers that have flourished since 1751. Officially, they are not prostitutes. Indeed, some geisha are most refined and charming, and accomplished in poetry

as well as conversation and music. However, as in all instances where a large number of women are gathered together for the purpose of amusement, there are many who traffic in merchandise other than smiles and songs. "Geisha are as bad as *joro*," was the opinion of Count Okuma. In fact, I found very few Japanese men who held any illusions about the morality of the geisha. As one gentleman pointed out to me, *joro*, or prostitutes, are confined, while geisha are permitted to go among the best people. The *machiai*—literally, waiting-houses—once used as places where lovers could meet or friends gather to discuss current topics, are now turned into brothels by prostituting geisha, he said. The taxes payable by geisha are by no means small; furthermore, many of the officials who could restrict these women are under their influence. Japanese wives rarely attend dinners where geisha entertain, and the result often is that the legal mate is neglected for the soft-winged night-moth. In conclusion, my Japanese friend expressed the opinion that frequently geisha were dangerous because of the information they learn from distinguished political guests.

"A man," he said sagely, "will reveal his secrets to his mistress, an acknowledged equal in immorality, but never to a prostitute, whom he considers his inferior."

The *geisha-matchi*, or amusement quarter, into which Jen takes me lies north of Gion Street, between the river and a canal. Narrow little alleys plunge between lines of houses with latticework fronts, and from behind rice-paper walls comes the melancholy twanging of *samisen* music. Tiny butterfly creatures trip along on wooden

clogs, their faces coins of pallor in the gloom. We halt before a low door, and I follow Jen inside into a sort of vestibule. A maid appears, and my coolie makes the arrangements; then, shoes removed, I am led up-stairs and into a room exquisitely plain and cold. There I sit and wait.

Presently a sliding-panel is pushed back and a gray *nesan*, or old geisha, enters, bowing profoundly. She talks in Japanese for fully a minute, and I do not interrupt. Undoubtedly she is telling me that the Number One lady is making her toilet or is engaged at present. Or, more likely, she informs me that instead of paying fifteen *yen*, as arranged down-stairs, I must add five more for the privilege of being amused by a person so splendid as the Number One dancer. When she has finished, I bow and smile tranquilly, and she prostrates herself and departs, leaving me alone in the frigid room.

I smoke as I wait. In the next house a *samisen* is whining; I hear men's laughter and now and then the trilling crescendo of a feminine voice. It is very annoying to be kept waiting in an ice-box.

At last! The *shoji* flutters open; a girl bows. But can this be the Number One dancer, this homely creature in striped kimono and dark sash?

"*Konban wa*," she squeaks.

I understand that she is telling me "Good evening," and I return the greeting.

Following her is a maid with the expected *sake*. Cups and a thin-necked pitcher of delicate Satsuma ware are placed on the lacquered table, and the geisha sinks down beside me. Filling one of the tiny cups, she hands it to me. I drink the liquor, then wash the cup in a bowl of water there for

that purpose, refill it, and offer it to the geisha. She gulps the rice-wine quite audibly. This, I have been told, is good form. Follows a long silence during which I sit there, shifting uneasily, and she becomes a wooden image. Suddenly I comprehend that this is the geisha always sent to entertain the guest while waiting for the musicians and dancers. I laugh. She, being a well bred person, smiles. And we continue to sit.

After what seems years of arctic silence there comes a patter outside the sliding-panel, and through the doorway, bowing and smiling, enters the Number One lady—a little girl not over twelve! Behind her is a singing-geisha, carrying the usual black-lacquer box filled with the necessary instruments. But she does not interest me; I am charmed with the tiny dancer. A spray of flowers is woven into her exaggerated chignon, and her looped sash is of the very finest brocade. Her long kimono, a marvel of gray silk embroidered with gold and silver cranes and cerise blossoms, clings gracefully to her ankles, parting to reveal an undergarment of cinnabar-red and spreading in a padded train about her dainty feet. She is so very stately and so small!

She bows with the grace of a court lady and kneels opposite me, the singing-geisha beside her. I realize that she desires to be served *sake*, and I feel reluctant to offer that raw rice-liquor to such a child. But I must be polite. She accepts the Satsuma cup with hands of porcelain fineness, and lifts it to lips bright with vermilion paint. I stare, astonished, as she drinks the wine in one swallow. I then serve the singing-geisha, and the initial formalities are over.

From one of her long sleeves the Number One lady, Miss Little Crane, draws a gold-lacquer fan; the other geisha removes the parts of a *samisen* from the black box and assembles them. *Twang, twang!* she tunes the banjo. Miss Little Crane adjusts her *obi*, rises, takes her place in the far end of the room, in an alcove-like space. *Twang, twang!* again. Miss Little Crane looks faintly annoyed. Finally, the *samisen* is properly tuned.

It is a story that Miss Little Crane tells, of an ancient lady of Kioto who sought to charm a lord of the Samurai. In reality, that may not be the tale at all, but it is the story that her quaint little gestures convey to me. One moment she is gentle as April rain, coquetting with her gold-lacquer fan, the next she is stately and scornful, her dragging robes accentuating the pygmy majesty of her sweeping walk. At intervals the singing-geisha raises her falsetto voice in sharp song, explaining the motions of Miss Little Crane. But, even though I could understand, it would be unnecessary: the child's every motion, her every glance, speaks with superb artistry. I sit there, enchanted, beside the wooden image in the striped kimono.

The dance ends with a flutter of the golden fan, a glance of triumph from tiny eyes; and Miss Little Crane bows very low. I doubt that clapping is good form, so I express my appreciation with smiles and an enthusiastic "*Arigato!*" This pleases the Number One lady, and she dances again. While she is going through her graceful pantomime the gray *nesan* enters and kneels behind me.

The dance finished, Miss Little Crane seats herself opposite to me with a delightfully affected sigh of weariness.

I wonder if the entertainment is over or if this is an intermission. The *nesan* answers that question indirectly. She speaks in Japanese, and I listen attentively. When she has finished, I smile politely. A moment passes; the *nesan* looks at me, puzzled. Again she speaks; again I smile. Miss Little Crane blows her tiny nose on a sheet of tissue-paper, which she drops, crushed into a ball, into one of her sleeves. I sense a tension. In English I say, "I do not understand." The *nesan*, evidently comprehending, dips one finger into the *sake* and traces the figure "17" on the table. Ah, now I know! My bill. But why is it seventeen *yen* when it was to be only fifteen? I likewise moisten my finger and write "17," and then deduct "2" from it. The *nesan* shakes her head, and points to each of the girls in turn, then to herself. Of course! They are to receive a present of fifty *sen* apiece.

This mercenary transaction concluded, I rise. Miss Little Crane takes my hand and leads me to the stair and below. Jen is waiting. My shoes are slipped on; laced.

"*Sayonara! Arigato!*" says Miss Little Crane with charming demureness.

"*Sayonara! Arigato!*" echoes the *nesan*.

"*Sayonara!*" I reply.

And I go rattling to the hotel through dim quarters where night-watchmen beat wooden clappers together with annoying persistency.

§ 3

The sheer loveliness of those Kioto mornings! Each day I was awakened by the maid who came very early to make a fire, and from my bed I could look down upon the city, frosty roofs

burning through a cold blue haze. In the distance, like steel melting in a smoky furnace, lay the hills, their summits and slopes seeming liquefied by the moisture, their bases dissolved entirely. The sunlight, sifting through the mist, caught the rich greens of cedar and pine, and photographed them in verdant splashes upon the hazed valleys. And then, exhilarated by that sumptuous view, I would go down into the dining-room, and there, over bacon and eggs, indulge in a delightful flirtation with Aiko-san. That charming *musume*, whose friendship had been made more secure by the gift of the purple sash, invariably laughed at some mistake she was sure to make, and its rippling sweetness stayed with me through the day.

For the first few days Jen insisted that I visit as many temples and palaces as possible. I objected. But it was the thing to do, he said, and everybody who was anybody did it. He was horrified at my lack of interest in the holy and imperial edifices of Kioto; nor did he understand my explanation that the idea of deliberately setting out to "do" the city, to try to absorb it architectually, religiously, and historically, was quite offensive to me. Finally, to satisfy his sense of propriety I had to surrender.

Temples—I saw hundreds of temples. My imagination became stooped and weary from carrying the weight of ponderous places of worship, cavernous halls and cloisters where faded gold-leaf and worn carvings displayed their worm-eaten splendors in musk-freighted gloom. I remember, confusedly, gray, curling roofs and gilt-fretted façades beyond which, in dim oratories, were altars over-ornamented with black and gold and surrounded by age-mottled

lacquer drums and bronze lanterns scaly with verdigris. Dead things; and the must of the tomb hung heavy in them.

Late one afternoon, when I thought all the temples were exhausted, Jen took me up a hill north of Maruyama Park and deposited me below a monster gate that towered from the top of gray stone stairs. This, he informed me, was the largest torii in Japan, and beyond it was a Buddhist monastery occupied by priests of the Jodo sect. Was there, I demanded suspiciously, a temple there also? There was, he admitted, but it was very beautiful, the Number One temple in all Kioto. With a sigh, I mounted the steps and passed under the two-storied gate. Instantly my antagonism dissolved. Beyond naked cherry-trees and feathery evergreens were walls and lyrical roofs whose soft grayness had a quality of warmth unusual in a Japanese temple, and in the background rose a wooded hill, black against the darkening rose-tinged sky. It came to me possessively, that scene, with the force of some old, familiar place rediscovered, and I found rest in the sweeping perspective of dusk-subdued grays and greens.

Two stone lanterns flanked the approach to the temple, around which were the monastery buildings; and close by the pillars that supported the tremendous roof was a sacred basin in which to cleanse the hands before entering. I did not go inside, for I heard the purling murmur of orisons, but from the gallery I caught the glow of dull gold and gleaming columns. As I wandered about the grounds, followed by Jen, a number of priests, gray-robed, moved slowly by, gazing at me abstractedly. Big moths cruised

through the dusk. There was a serenely detached atmosphere about the place: the soft song of temple gongs, the endless drone of prayer, and the perpetual spinning of monastic intrigues.

I climbed the hill to a great bell that hung suspended from heavy scaffolding in a chapel of shrubbery, and from which vantage the temple and adjacent buildings could be seen through the branches. While I was there an aged priest came out of the gloomy woods behind the bell, and Jen spoke to him familiarly, then introduced me. He proved to be a charming old ascetic whose limited English did not prevent him from being extremely hospitable. He insisted that I accompany him to the monastery, and there followed an interesting half-hour of wandering in dim halls and in rooms that smelled faintly of musk. Before I left I had a cup of tea with him, and he made me promise to return. When I departed, twilight had deepened to night, and although the soft grays and greens were dissipated in darkness, the place had lost none of that indefinable charm that lifted it above the other temples I had seen in Kioto.

The day after that first visit to the Chion-in Monastery I explored the bazaars. Those gorgeous shops! Embroideries, silks, and sandalwood, peacock fans, ivory, damascene, and cloisonné! Never shall I forget them—the low, dark rooms, with raw silks in dusky corners or piled in brilliant mountains of color against the somber walls, all swimming in the inevitable odor of musk. Particularly vivid are my recollections of a place in Furmonzen, a certain silk-shop. Whenever I visited this establishment, and I went for the sheer color of the experience,

the proprietor and salesmen, in either black or gray kimonos, greeted me with smiles and bows and conducted me up creaking stairs into a tiny, dim room, and there drew from shelves and chests fabrics that transported my imagination to regions chromatic. Gray silk kimonos, lined with flame-hue and embroidered in gold; bright blue kimonos, woven through with threads of moonlight and dusk; apricot-colored kimonos, heavy with gold-encrusted peacocks and exotic blossoms. On my first visit I saw one that possessed me instantly, a robe of such flawless white that, in the dusky room, it burned my eyes. Across the back was embroidered a white phenix whose beak was delicately shaded into silver and whose feathers were tipped with gold; not the gilt-like temple gold, but a gold as soft as melted sunlight. Its chaste magnificence was more regal than imperial purple, and immediately I determined to own it. After at least twenty minutes of haggling, the proprietor declared that he knew I desired the kimono passionately, and, as it was his wish to please me at any cost, he would sacrifice it for two thirds of the original price. The kimono was wrapped in flowered paper and presented to me with many smiles and lilled words; then I was conducted below and bowed out. And it was all done so politely that I enjoyed being overcharged outrageously.

A few days after my initial visit to the Chion-in Monastery, the old priest whom I had met there sent me a note written in Japanese; a very elaborate affair done in India-ink upon a scroll of rice-paper. Jen, who brought it, could not translate it, for he was able to read only Kana; but he knew the contents, and informed me that there

was to be a very special high mass in the Chion-in temple early the next morning, and that Father Sagata, the old monk, would be honored to have me come.

§ 4

It is four o'clock, and I am awakened by a "boy" knocking on my door. What a dismal hour to rise! From my bed I see the sky, dark and blushed; blue mists sleep on the city. A few lights are lost in that wilderness of roofs below, like strayed and lonely stars, and the hills seem dim as the dreams from which I have been aroused.

I go below, and find Jen waiting. His cheerful smile is rather annoying. Why, I wonder as we squash down the muddy driveway, do men celebrate mass at such an hour? Surely there can be no religion in their souls! I sink deeper into the rickshaw and draw the rug closer about me to shut out the cold.

A few people are astir in the melancholy streets, and their presence in such small numbers seems to accentuate the desertion. Some greet me with a smiling "*Ohayo!*" The air, spirited as champagne, is beginning to exhilarate me despite myself, and I return the salutations almost genially. In the east a diffused gold, like powdered amber, is stirred into the blue; the haze is lifting. We are parallel to a canal. Under the clear water long strips of cloth, made secure by some mysterious means, ripple and waver, left there by the natives who cleanse newly dyed fabrics in that manner.

At last we reach the hill that ascends to the Chion-in. I make the climb on foot, and the exercise distils wine into my blood. Under the great

teakwood gate I pause to drink in the scene, the misty loveliness of evergreens and gray buildings. The trees on the hill seem to dissolve into a verdant waterfall that flows into the courtyard in majestic silence, and there dissipates as if by magic.

I move on, passing a number of Japanese bound for the temple. On the steps of the great building my friend, Father Sagata, is waiting. After we shake hands, I remove my shoes, and we mount with a thin stream of worshipers. We enter through one of the nine doors. Inside, in a dim corner, Father Sagata has arranged a chair for me.

The temple is sunk in mauve gloom. In the center is a huge bronze incense-burner that sends up a heavy dragon of smoke to dissolve near the ceiling and leave the air drunk with an exotic sweetness. The shrines, given a liquid quality by the dusk, melt into a brocade of black and gold, a magic fabric stretched on the fabulous loom of gilded pillars. On the altar are bronze-colored candles; below it, lacquered drums. Outside the chancel-rail kneel the assembling devotees, gray shadows in the vastness of the temple. Many are praying aloud, some striking small red drums as they murmur their orisons, others clasping holy beads. Their voices at times resolve into distinguishable words.

"*Namu-amie-daibutsu! Namu-amie-daibutsu!*"

In how many different tongues, in how many cathedrals, mosques, and temples over the world have I heard that mournful plaint! A prayer of anguish from beings vainly digging at the riddle of life and death! As I listen, a somber reflection steals over me. I, too, have striven to know that

secret, some few times sincerely seeking knowledge, but generally stirred by wretched fears; and, as I realize this, I no longer seem a stranger in the temple, but one of that gathering and a member of a vast faith whose creed is a pathetic confession of abysmal ignorance.

"Namu-amie-daibutsu!"

A gong sounds somewhere in the temple, and the great high-ceilinged hall makes the ring seem swollen. It engulfs me in a giant vibration that sinks slowly, quivering, into aching silence. Father Sagata, with a whispered excuse, drifts away in the dusk, losing himself in a near-by doorway. I wait, expectant, but nothing happens. The devout are still praying.

"Namu-amie-daibutsu!"

How mournful it sounds in the early morning, and rising through incense-soaked gloom! "O God, who art Thou? What art Thou?" These are not their words, yet they are the words that steal from their hearts and grope beyond the frontier of human knowledge. From the grim and obscene gods of the past man's marching intelligence has evolved a more kindly deity, a divine compassion. Yet still the high God is hidden behind altar-cloth, accessible to the laity only through priestly intercession.

Presently I hear the tremor of a drum. Three times it beats, the echoes grumbling faintly among the tops of the pillars. I strain my eyes, watching the dim space beyond the chancel-rail. Now they come, the priests, a long line of robed figures entering through some door invisible to me. I count them. Fifteen, twenty-five; they multiply like gray moths. At last the procession ends. Fifty monks in all, and they divide into a

single-file column on each side and at the front of the altar.

Again three notes of the drum, the echoes mounting to the ceiling. It is the signal for two priests of a higher rank to enter, evidently bishops, for they wear robes of brocade and purple cloaks heavily crusted with gold. Tasseled vermilion cords, looped through amber rings, swing gently as they move toward the altar.

At last, announced by the sacred drum, comes the high priest, magnificent in brocades of crimson and gold, with a miter of the same stiff cloth upon his head.

He seats himself upon a lacquered throne below the altar; the other monks sink cross-legged upon cushions.

A gong is struck, that same gong whose mighty ring swallowed me once before, and a chanting service begins.

How splendidly primeval is this worship! The scene—the deep gloom, the film of incense, and the gorgeously panoplied ecclesiastics—is reminiscent of stirring ceremonies held a thousand years ago in giant temples hewn from natural rock and dedicated to Baal and Ashtoreth. It is the same primitive faith. The deification of an image fashioned in human form instead of the sun or the moon cannot change it.

And now the mass is over. The priests rise. Do I hear a drum, or is it a pounding in my temples caused by the suffocatingly sweet incense? The pontiff in crimson and gold leaves his throne, and, attended by the purple-robed bishops, walks out slowly. The priests follow in long files of gray. The space behind the chancel-rail is deserted but for the dragon of incense coiling heavily on the burdened air.

Presently Father Sagata returns, and we move out into the clear sun-

light. Behind, in the mauve gloom of the temple, the devout were still praying.

"*Namu-amie-daibutsu!*"

§ 5

Kioto, cool, crystal pool. The traveler, having drunk, passes on.

On the last day I made a farewell call upon my friend, Father Sagata, and wandered with him through the evergreen woods behind the Chion-in; I rode along the canals where strips of cloth, newly dyed, floated in the gliding water; and I visited the shops with their little brass gods, their peacock fans, their sandalwood, and other inviting merchandise. I did not forget to buy some trifling gift for Aiko-san, and when I presented it at tiffin, explaining that I was to leave the next day, she assumed great distress. The Man-Who-Ate-So-Much was going away! To Nagasaki? Farther? across the huge sea and home? He would never come back, never; and her heart, like a sparrow shut in a cage, would grieve itself to death. A delightful little comedy she played, set to the music of ill suppressed laughter.

That night I went to the restaurant of the bamboo tunnel, and, sitting in a private dining-room by the garden, with its tiny waterfall and dripping gloom, I was served nameless foods swimming in soy-flavored sauces. Afterward I spent half an hour in the glitter and glow of Theater Street, and then returned to the hotel.

When I entered my room, a tiny figure curled up on a rug by the stove unrolled itself and became a kimonoed doll, whom I recognized as Aiko-san. She blinked at me drowsily, like a kitten aroused suddenly. Her little knot of varnished ebony hair was di-

sheveled, and her *obi*, the purple one I had given her, was wrinkled and out of place. She bowed very low, as if to apologize for having been asleep and discovered in such disarray.

"It is a call of farewell," I said to myself, "and very thoughtful of her."

She had been waiting quite long for the Man-Who-Ate-So-Much, she informed me solemnly.

Indeed! Well, he was sorry he had kept her waiting.

To-morrow the Man-Who-Ate-So-Much was going away, she explained; she would miss him very much; and as he had given her many gifts—

Suddenly a tiny fear pricked me.

Ah, yes, I interrupted; and so she had come to bid him *sayonara*.

Sayonara? she echoed. *Sayonara?*

And then the truth smote me—distressing, quite distressing! And only twelve or thirteen years old! It could not have been her own thought; perhaps one of the older maids—

In sudden agitation I seized her to carry her to the door, and she, misunderstanding, planted a moist kiss on my chin! I set her on her feet in the hall and told her, in my most austere manner, to run as fast as her tiny feet could carry her and jump into her own bed. And I added, by way of being more severe, that it might be well to burn several joss-sticks to Amaterasu Omikami beforehand. With her profoundest bow, and an astonished look from eyes abnormally wide, she went pattering away down the corridor.

"*Wash me clean of all my impurity, O Sun Goddess, as one washes away uncleanness in the river of Kamoi!*"

As I prepared for bed I fancied, extravagantly, that I could hear a little voice intoning that ancient prayer.

Thus ends the idyll of Aiko-san.

Vulgarizing Religion

Reflections on the Vanishing Art of Worship

BY W. J. DAWSON

BEFORE speaking of religion, it may be well to take a little thought on what religion is, for there is a vast amount of what purports to be religion in the world and always has been. The Buddhist is religious, the Mohammedan is religious; so also is the Plymouth Brother, the Particular Baptist, the Roman Catholic, or the Quaker; but the curious thing is that the religion of any one of these believers is almost unintelligible to all the rest, and is not improbably regarded by them as a form of falsehood. Yet there must needs be some factor common to all, and religion remains an unintelligible phenomenon until we discover this common factor.

What is this factor? I suggest that it is the perception of a spiritual universe with which man has authentic relations. The essential cleavage of mankind is not between the pagan and the Christian, but between the materialist and the spiritualist, between the man for whom things seen are the sole realities and the man for whom things unseen have a sublimer authenticity. The essence of the whole thing lies here, for it is manifest that all religions start with the presumption of a spiritual universe, and therefore unless a man can accept this belief, he can be

neither a good Buddhist nor a good Baptist; he is out of relation to anything that calls itself a religion.

Here, then, I find the point of departure for what I want to say. It is that religion belongs to the mysteries, and its essential principle is a belief in and a reverence for things unseen. When Paul was in Athens he found an altar with an inscription to The Unknown God, and his comment was that it was evident that the Athenians were very religious. They revered the unseen, and in the humble agnosticism of such an inscription is more real religion than in all the chop-logic definitions of God found in scholastic theology. In its simplicity and real reverence it is much to be preferred to the lengthy and abstruse inscriptions made upon the same altars by the hard intelligence of Aquinas and Calvin, or so I think.

Now, of course I do not mean that religion is synonymous with agnosticism, which is absurd, since religion has quite definite forms of truth; but it does consist of truths which are discerned less by the rational powers of apprehension than by the discernment of a sixth sense in us, which we vaguely describe as spiritual apprehension. I need not apologize for the word "mystery" as applied to religion, since

Paul uses it of the whole body of doctrine he teaches, when he says "Great is the mystery of godliness"; and Christ Himself speaks of the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." I take this to mean that there is, and necessarily must be, a large element of the inexplicable in religion. It is a realm of unexplored remainders. It invites faith in matters which cannot be rationally apprehended. In this respect it is akin to poetry and the highest forms of art, which appeal to us by channels not marked upon the charts of logic and physiology. For if plain logic be applied to the poetry of Keats, the lovely fabric is instantly destroyed, and there is no easier thing than for a house-painter to prove that the colors Turner used are in no way different from those he himself employs in painting doors and roofs. Yet despite these performances of *Mr. Gradgrind* and his kind, multitudes of men and women feel a glow of ecstasy in reading Keats, and are moved to wonder and adoration by Turner's use of color. My point is, then, that religion cannot be reduced to severely logical terms without the destruction of its finer essences. Its beautiful hues and colors fade when exposed to a wrong atmosphere. Separated from mystery, its secret and compelling charm is lost, and the result is what I have called the vulgarizing of religion.

In this respect the Roman Catholic Church is perfectly right when it presents to the people the mystery of the mass, with no attempt whatever to explain it. It says, "Here is something that lies beyond reason; take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any logical

explanations." And the power of this appeal is witnessed by the fact that to multitudes of Christians the mass, which they do not understand or presume to understand, is the living core of their religion. They submit themselves to the charm of mystery, which draws them out of the world of fact into a world of faith. During Advent I often attended mass at St. Patrick's in New York, and always with a sense of astonishment. Here were hundreds of persons of all ranks of society bowed in impressive silence. There was no music, no exhortation; nothing in fact but a lighted altar at the end of the long nave, before which the celebrating priest bowed, murmuring ancient Latin words, which the distance alone made unintelligible. Yet it was evident that the worshippers were profoundly moved. What moved them? A sense of profound awe in the presence of what to them was a divine mystery.

I may take another instance of the same thing under conditions totally dissimilar. A great many years ago I attended an annual gathering of the Quakers held in the old meeting-house in the woods of Buckinghamshire where William Penn worshiped, and under whose shadow he is buried. They came from far and near, entered the meeting-house, and took their places on the ancient benches. The windows were wide open, for it was summer weather, and through them came the song of birds, the whispering of leaves, and the long sigh of the wind in the woods; there was no other sound, save perhaps the occasional faint rustle of a woman's dress. The service itself was mainly silent. A man rose with a brief word of exhortation; a sweet-voiced woman quoted a pas-

sage of Scripture; and then the silence settled down again like a pool that has been disturbed for a moment by a flung pebble. Presently they rose; there was the soft thud of carriage wheels on the green grass; the quiet, gray-robed women melted like shadows into the silence of the woods, and the meeting-house was closed and locked for another year. I have never known a service more impressive, and again, it owed nothing to anything external. It was the sense of actual communion with the invisible that made it so impressive, and laid a spell upon the spirit.

§ 2

Now, I am not contending that either in the service of the mass or of a Quakers' meeting are to be found the sole expression of the spirit of religion, but I am pointing out that both are the expression of man's awe in the presence of the invisible. And I further think that the chief end of any service which calls itself religious is to produce this emotion. If worship does not create the sense of the presence of God, if it does not withdraw the spirit from a materialistic world into contact with a spiritual world, and, for a time at least, makes that spiritual world more real than the visible world, it fails altogether of its true object. And that brings me to the consideration of our own common ideals of religion and our own modes of worship.

For example, do the buildings in which we worship aid the spirit of reverence, create in any degree the sense of divine mystery? No one has ever entered a great medieval cathedral without being aware of these influences. He feels "the height, the

space, the gloom, the glory," as an invocation to serious and solemn thoughts, and this without any aid from speech or music or the gorgeous spectacle of ritual observance. There are modern churches in America which produce the same impression, no doubt, but they are relatively few. Every abomination of contorted and inharmonious architecture is to be found in our Protestant churches. Colored windows are permitted which have the appearance of the crudest lithographs, or present what appear to be exhibitions of glorified cabbages. These churches are often mere auditoriums; they were never conceived as churches. They are manifestly forums, where everything is designed to give prominence to a public speaker. There is virtually nothing to distinguish them from ordinary lecture-halls except a few texts of Scripture on the walls, often ill chosen and usually crudely emblazoned. Now, such places have a use, but manifestly that use is not worship. They convey not the slightest sense of anything that is mysterious or solemn in religion. A man might frequent them for a lifetime and never once feel what the Catholic feels in the celebration of the mass, or what I felt among the Quakers.

The character of these buildings, forums rather than churches, raises another question. Protestantism is, as the word implies, organized protest, and protest is vocal; hence in a Protestant church the central object is not the altar, but the pulpit, or the rostrum. Truths have to be explained and endlessly explained. Theses have to be defended and endlessly defended. It does not matter in the least that a truth has been adequately stated on one Sunday; the Protestant intellect

is either too feeble or too inattentive to receive such a statement as final, and it must all be made over again the next Sunday, and so on through interminable Sundays. Sydney Smith once complained of Macaulay that he had no "flashes of silence"; there are few flashes of silence in Protestant worship. Nothing is left to meditation; all is subject to argument. Mystery is expelled as a form of superstition. Nothing that cannot be stated in plain terms is worth consideration. The consequence is that after a time a man of sensitive spirit, in search of real communion with the infinite, tires of this atmosphere of controversy. He tires of sermons however eloquent. His soul craves mystery, as flowers crave the dews that fall silently, and presently he seeks a soil less arid. When Reginald Campbell was asked what it was he missed most in Congregationalism, he replied promptly that it was "the altar." In other words, he felt that religion was vulgarized by a form of worship which included no element of sacred mystery.

We may take the present theological controversies as an example of this vulgarization of religion. Here is the doctrine of the Virgin birth, a profound mystery. If a man believes it, he believes in a great miracle; and if he believes in a divine Christ who entered the world by the ordinary processes of generation, he believes in a yet greater miracle. Now there is one thing about this doctrine which is indisputable: it deals with matters of infinite delicacy. The man of fine feeling and true reverence will be content to let it alone, to regard it as a sacred mystery, certainly to shrink from its discussion in the terms of

physiology. But not so our modern disputants, whether Modernists or Fundamentalists. They tear from it its veils of mystery. They discuss it in the language of obstetrics. If they did this in private conclave, it would not be so bad, but they expose it to the glare of a pitiless publicity, publishing their views in newspapers, and flinging them broadcast till even school-boys learn to snigger about it. People who have no conceivable qualification to discuss it think themselves perfectly competent to do so. I was both amazed and startled lately by an abrupt question addressed to me at a social gathering: "Doctor, what is a virgin?" The speaker was a most amiable person whose mind had been disturbed by our current controversies, but knowing the limitations of that mind, I should as little have attempted for its benefit an explanation of the Virgin birth as of Einstein's law of relativity. But apart from these personal considerations, what I felt most keenly was the impropriety of such a question, the extreme inadvisability of reducing so great a mystery to the realm of common gossip.

This is no doubt an extreme instance of misapplied curiosity, but what are we to say of those who deliberately create this curiosity in untrained minds? Do they not see that any service they may do to truth is far outweighed by the disservice they do to reverence? For whether they are right or wrong in their conclusions, it is obvious that those conclusions should not be published in the marketplace. Even though a man shall be persuaded to believe in the Virgin birth who had never before given it his consideration, it is not likely that

his moral conduct will be affected in the least degree by his belief. But, on the other hand, numerous persons will be adversely affected by these discussions. Some will be dismayed by the contradictions which appear to exist in the Gospels themselves; others will suspect that there is much more of myth mixed up in Christianity than they supposed; and all persons in whom natural reverence exists will feel that there is a terrible debasement of religion itself in making so divine a mystery as the birth of Christ the target of newspaper debate. It is like putting the Christ Himself on the dissecting-table as the victim of exploratory surgery.

§ 3

Then, again, there is the question of what a church exists for, and here the tendency to regard the church as in no sense the shrine of sacred mysteries is very wide-spread. On the contrary, it is frequently regarded as an institution differing very little from other human institutions which exist for a common human benefit. It must be elaborately organized, and a minister who is a skilled organizer ranks higher and is more sought for than a prophet. There are few ministers to-day who do not groan under the burden of organization that is laid upon them. They feel themselves entangled in a mesh of intricate machinery, which allows little opportunity for individual action. Every mail brings vast quantities of printed matter, statements, appeals for funds, and often peremptory orders which cannot be disregarded without incurring official disfavor. Days are fixed for certain public appeals; all sorts of movements are

recommended to the advocacy of the pulpit; and were a minister to obey all these directions, he would find himself robbed of any opportunity to speak upon the intimate things of his spiritual life. Here is the forum idea again, the church not as a shrine of worship, but as an auditorium for the advocacy of public causes. Now, these causes are doubtless worthy; there is no question of the benevolence of their intention, but is it the prime work of the church to become the publicity agent of these causes? Is not the weariness they have experienced under the hustling methods of skilled organizers one reason why so many people quietly withdraw from the church, and the disappointment they feel in the lack of anything that invites them to a contemplation of divine things?

Corresponding with this is the extremely dubious methods which many churches and ministers employ to obtain what they call popular success. One man will rack his brains to discover sensational titles to his addresses, and another to invent what he calls "stunts" to attract popular attention. "How to Wash without Soap" was the title of a Sunday evening address I saw advertised on one church, and "Two in a Bed" on another. When his own invention fails, this kind of minister is not above calling in an advertising expert, who proceeds to use the same methods for exploiting a church which he would use to push soaps, safety-razors, and a new brand of chewing-gum. And this is no more than might be expected, for has not the minister often been told that he must run his church as a successful grocery-store is run, with a shrewd eye for what the public

wants? James Russell Lowell once remarked through the lips of Parson Wilbur:

" . . . he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tailed coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife
To git some on 'em office, an' some
on 'em votes."

But that was simply because he did not live long enough. Had he lived to this year of grace 1924, he might have seen worse things than this.

But, of course, if the great end of a church is to win popular favor at all costs, it will very soon arrive at the conclusion that the end justifies the means, and any kind of means. This was an argument I often heard used by persons of undoubted goodness and average sanity in relation to the extraordinary antics of Billy Sunday. They admitted his irreverence, his truculence, the violence of his temper, and the debasement of his language; they were even disposed to criticize his motives and to censure his methods: but their final verdict was that he got the people, and therefore the end justified the means. How he got the people and what he did with them when he got them were matters not considered. And here we surely reach the last stage in the vulgarization of religion. When the German chancellor in 1914 pleaded in extenuation of the invasion of Belgium that "necessity knew no law," all the world was shocked, or professed to be shocked, by a statement which, if believed, made an end of all morality. But not less immoral is the maxim that the end justifies the means. Yet if one should admit that the first necessity

of a church or a ministry is popularity, it is hard to see how one can avoid a debasement of ideals which cannot but lead to a vulgarization of religion.

These are facts known to most of us, though most of us are silent about them. They are, moreover, not altogether facts of our own creation: we have inherited them. Protestantism, as I have said, is organized protest. It began in a courageous protest against forms of religious mystery which had degenerated into superstitions, but in rooting up the tares it destroyed much true wheat. It set itself against all mystery in religion, all symbolism; instead of mystery, it gave us controversy, and instead of symbolism, syllogisms. It deliberately stripped the places where men worshiped of all elements of beauty, it destroyed beauty as a pagan inheritance, and established in men's minds an association between ugliness and piety. Having thus spent several centuries in driving out of the church holy mysteries, it is extremely difficult to reinstate them; yet he is but a poor student of history and a dull observer of human nature who is not aware that the heart of man does crave mystery in worship, and it not satisfied with a temple which is rather a meeting-house for men than a house of God and the vestibule of eternity.

This paper is, then, a plea for the return of mystery in our forms of worship. It is a protest against everything that cheapens religion. It is a protest against over-organization and the common belief that organization can take the place of piety and devotion. It is a protest against the stupid notion that in order to take religion to the people it is necessary to conform to

the lowest tastes of the people rather than to seek to develop these finer tastes and desires which exist in everybody. It is a plea for spirituality, the return of awe, the sense of contact with God and the invisible world we worship. I do not mean by this the pomp of Catholic worship or the silence of the Quaker meeting-house; these are extremes. But I ask is there no midway point between these opposite poles? Cannot we make a fuller use of beauty in our forms of worship? Cannot we make more of silent communion with God and less of public exhortation? Cannot we do much more than we do to cultivate the spirit of reverence in worship? There are many immediate directions in which this reform might begin. We can organize

ourselves as channels of divine grace rather than spend all our time and urgency in organizing our churches into superb machines for the getting and dispensing of money. We can dethrone the forum and rebuild the altar. We set ourselves against all those cheap and vulgar methods of success which do little more than bring together a casual and capricious audience who in their hearts despise the very methods by which they are attracted. Let us rely on spiritual dynamics, and let us once more write over our churches the ancient words, which are the invocation of all true worship:

"God is in this place. This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

Night

BY HAZEL HALL

No one has seen the beauty of the night.
Many have stood under the moon and gone
Through lovely fogs of dusk until the dawn,
Always with blindness folded on their sight.
Many have worshiped there; many have poured
Their being out like water into sands;
Many have lifted timid lover hands,
And none has seen or known what is adored.

The monstrous beauty that is darkness blows
About them in a vapor; like linked steel
It fastens on their languid tread; they feel
Nearness of unimaginable repose
That is no more than a shadow at the heel,
Until there falls the darkness no moon knows.

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

II—Conrad—Locke—Festing Jones—Walpole—Noyes

BY WALTER TITTLE

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

SITTING at breakfast in my hotel in New York, with attention divided between coffee and the morning paper, my listless gaze suddenly became alert. From the drab flatness of the printed page leaped the announcement that the ship bearing Joseph Conrad on his first visit to America was due to dock in half an hour. The coffee was despatched, and soon I was in a taxicab speeding to the North River.

At a cabin door I knocked, and a familiar voice bade me enter. Huddled in a corner of the state-room, wearing a great coat, with a muffler around his throat, was Mr. Conrad.

When the light permitted him to discern my features, he was upon his feet, and came forward with both hands extended. His delightful greeting warmed my heart, but I was concerned, as I could see that he was ill. His hoarse, gasping voice bespoke an attack from his ancient enemy, asthma, but he spoke in his usual rapid, gay manner, nothing daunted. The fatigue of the voyage had brought an attack of lumbago as well, and he moved with difficulty.

I asked if he intended to deliver any lectures during his stay.

"Oh, no," he said; "I have n't the slightest desire to do that sort of thing, and, besides, I could n't, anyway. I don't want to teach anybody anything; I came only to visit, and to see as much of America as I can in a month. This is a holiday, and I want to give myself over to the full enjoyment of it."

I sailed for England within a few days of Mr. Conrad's departure, and next saw him in Bishopsbourne. Evidently his trip had been a great success; he had had a wonderful time, he said. Nearly a week was required to restore him from the condition in which I found him on his arrival, but after that his stay was a continuous round of gaiety. New York, with its structural miracles, was of immense interest to him, "And I met so many nice people," he said. "What a number of bright and lovely young women you have in America! I found them most delightful."

"It must have been good to find yourself on the sea again," I said.

"The sea? I fear the sea has lost its charm for me, it has changed so much since my day. Navigation is too mechanical now to suit me. The ships are huge machines; there is nothing human about them any more.

The sailing-ships were different; they had moods, just like people. I could lie in the cabin of my ship and tell just how many knots we were making by the sound of the wind in the rigging. Now the great ugly engines do it all. I don't care to look at these huge whirling things that turn propellers that are concealed under the water. There is no romance about them at all. The old-fashioned engines, with their overhead shafts, were not so bad; there was some grace and movement about them.

"But the sailing-vessels were real; they were things to be proud of. Captain Bone's ship was the largest on which I had ever been—sixteen thousand tons. I enjoyed the voyage out, though. Occasionally I would go on the bridge with the captain, but most of my time I spent in the chart-room. I found it least changed since my day, and maps are always interesting to me."

"What did you think of the *Majestic*, with her fifty-six thousand tons?" I asked.

"Monstrous!" he replied. "It was bewildering. When I went on board I had a glimpse of the deck, with apparently acres and acres of hatches all painted a glaring white. I hated it. I stayed in my cabin almost the entire time, a three-berth affair not big enough for a single person. It would have been horrible to have shared it with some one else. I had n't the slightest curiosity about exploring the ship. Why, I was told they had *lifts* in the thing! The passengers were not attractive, either. I came out of my room to look at a dance one evening, but I did not stay long. And the sailors! They did not resemble any seamen that I had ever seen: white hands, tall collars, and pale thin faces

like clerks in a counting-house. Seafaring life is a sedentary life these days!"

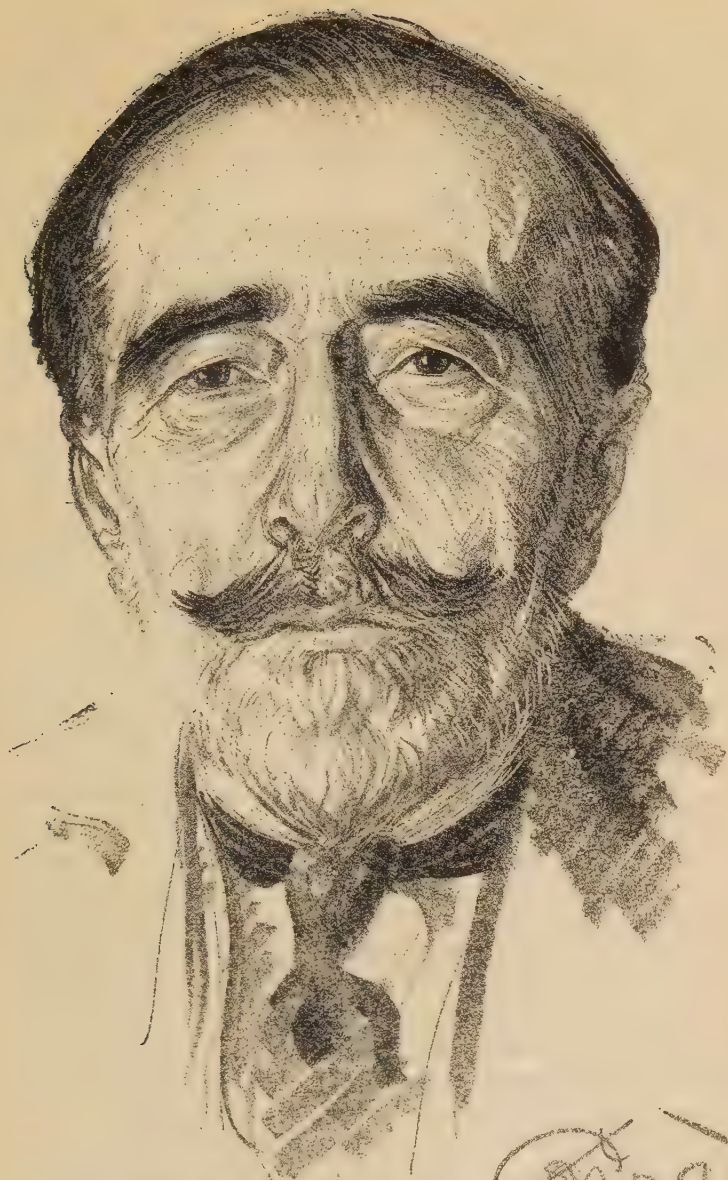
Immediately after luncheon he said:

"My son tells me that you have some paper and pencils with you today. What shall it be this time, a front view?"

I protested that I did not wish to tire him, and would gladly forego the drawing if any such result was likely.

"Not at all, my dear. There is no time like the present. Where do you want me to sit? I am making a vow that after twelve months no artist or photographer will ever be allowed to portray me again. I am getting old and ugly. Of course, after I am ninety or thereabouts, and have more leisure and a sudden burst of beauty, I may sit again. But you have a time-limit of twelve months, so go ahead."

As I worked, he asked about my recent trip through Spain. He has a great love for that country, and was pleased with my enthusiasm over its picturesqueness and that of its people. The impressive austerity of the barren North, the sterile lands of which yield a scanty living only as the reward of bitter toil, which leaves its stamp on the people, stands in sharp contrast to the opulent Mediterranean shore, where nature is most bountiful. He remarked that the poverty that holds the greater part of this land in its grip had inspired a book that is really the national novel of Spain, dealing with the life of a man who was compelled to exercise his great talent, even genius, during his entire life in a futile effort to keep his stomach comfortably filled with food. Mrs. Conrad mentioned the loveliness of the orange-groves around Valencia and the beautiful blue of the Mediterranean.



Joseph Conrad

"It is the bluest water I ever saw," I said, "almost pure ultramarine."

"In my opinion the Mediterranean is terribly overrated," said Mr. Conrad. "It is too blue and too solid, as if it were carved from glass. It is the sort of blue one uses to make clothes white. How is it called? But the light in Spain, is n't it amazing in its intensity? Any shadow that is cast seems nearly black in contrast with it. And you visited Barcelona? A most interesting city and a great seaport. The life there is like that of Marseilles, quite gay, and savoring of the sea. You must go there on your next trip to the Continent. I suppose I love it so well because a great part of my youth was spent there. You have read some of my experiences there in 'The Arrow of Gold.' How gay it was in carnival-time! And then, of course, we were young and full of spirits. We indulged in the most ridiculous of escapades. One night another young officer and I espied a very smart private equipage standing in front of a café filled with masked revellers. A proud and immaculate coachman in livery sat on the box. The devil got into us, and we forced the driver to surrender the reins and sit on the glassy polished top of the cab while we drove it at breakneck speed about the town. It was so comical to see that fashionable flunky clinging to the slippery surface for dear life, imploring us to stop!" Mr. Conrad laughed heartily at the amusing memory.

He leaned forward and looked at my sketch.

"It is coming very well," he said; "the eyes are good. But are n't you going to give me an ear? Are you going to leave me a cripple like that? I insist on having an ear."

"You are entirely at my mercy," I replied. "I am a sort of creator, you know. If I will, I can give you an ear or leave you as deaf as a post." He laughed heartily.

"Don't leave me at the mercy of this man, Jessie," he said to his wife; "he is in a devilish mood. He's dangerous, and he's armed, too. He has a whole box full of wicked-looking tools there. But I'm an old pirate, you know. You had better not start anything with me!"

Frequently in his gayer moments Mr. Conrad indulges in whimsical raillery similar to the above, revealing a quaint imaginative gift for nonsense that rarely appears in his writings. At table he often indulges this lighter mood.

"I wish I were one of those clever people who can keep six plates going. That is an achievement in technic," he remarked.

I will conclude this sketch with another example of similar nature. Some months had passed, during which I had produced two paintings in oils of the great writer, the sittings having occurred both at Bishopsbourne and in my studio in London.

"You have a vast amount of luggage to take back to America with you," Mr. Conrad remarked. "How do you expect to manage it?"

I described the packing-cases I had for my paintings, a strong box for my copper plates, and various other pieces of impedimenta, about nine in all.

"To these I will have to add one more to take care of the inevitable overflow. I am trying to decide which type of bag will hold most and cause me the least trouble." Mrs. Conrad suggested a concertina trunk or a basket one, and finally a Gladstone bag.

"Gladstone bags are not to be had in England any more. I am the last man to use one," Mr. Conrad said. "I'll make a suggestion for you, since so many have been in order. Get a gunny sack! It would be so distinctive! I can see Tittle now, with an important and fashionable air, walking through Gare St. Lazare, followed by a throng of porters carrying his other luggage, while he himself swanks along with the gunny sack! Every one would be much impressed. They would say, 'Who is this important and eccentric original?' No need of long hair and a Windsor tie to appear the artist then!"

W. J. LOCKE

Into the foyer of a London club walked with swinging stride a very tall man, alert, keen, built like a greyhound. The resemblance to that aristocratic animal did not stop with the figure; the attenuation was equally noticeable in the lean head and slender hands. His pink skin was remarkable for a network of fine lines which combined with his features in a multitude of interesting irregularities. As he approached me, his face was suffused with a gleaming and youthful smile, toward the full consummation of which every line was necessary. The twinkling eyes and flashing teeth provided the last delightful touch for the ingratiating ensemble. Here was a Gothic sculpture of the best period. When later I tried to describe to Mr. W. J. Locke the Toledo-blade type of person he appears to be, his laughing reply was, "I assure you that I am the mildest of men."

As we ascended in the elevator to my room, my place of abode brought forth some reminiscences from him.

He had been a member, and had even lived there for a time some years before. The place was quite familiar to him both above-and below-stairs. He even remembered a number of the servants, who, he said, were rarely changed. Some had been there for as long as forty years. He enthused over the broad view afforded from my windows, with the Thames and its bridges, St. Paul's, the Tower, the Crystal Palace, and other landmarks visible in the distance. He told me about the club's beginnings, its architect, and various points in which he had succeeded and failed, the club's service in the war, and an account of some of the famous figures who had been associated with it.

As I prepared the materials for the making of my sketch, Mr. Locke looked through a portfolio of my portraits, recognizing a number of his friends among the subjects. He greeted the likenesses of W. W. Jacobs and Algernon Blackwood with apparent pleasure, and paused over a drawing of Sir Hall Caine with expressions of real affection.

"Hall Caine is a most sincere and kindly person. I really love him. He is a man of rare personal qualities. I first came to know him well during a stay in Egypt some years ago. He has the ability to win the confidence of children without offending their intelligence by indulgence in 'baby-talk' and similar nonsense. On one occasion he sat for two hours with my little girl, seriously discussing the ancient monuments and history of Egypt. The child was completely absorbed, and Sir Hall was equally content and happy. A man who can achieve that with a twelve-year-old child is no common person. He is



W. Locke

accused of being vain. Well, he has something to be vain about."

A portrait of the Countess of Cromer again took him back to Egypt.

"I saw her there when Lord Cromer was governor-general. She was exceedingly beautiful," he said, "and beloved by every one."

Mr. Locke in our conversation revealed a considerable knowledge of painters and their art. French art of the nineteenth century is a particular enthusiasm with him. The excellences of Renoir, Degas, and Manet are precious to him, and he spoke, too, of the beauty of hand and mind of the American Whistler. "He was a genius," he said. He mentioned an outstanding contemporary figure in British art who achieves splendid things when at his best, "but even then his color is nearly always muddy. And a regrettable thing is that all his multitude of students think that their color must be muddy, too! It is the same in the case of so many followers of Cézanne and Renoir. Slavishly their disciples copy the bad drawing without a suspicion of where the beauty in their work really lies."

Mr. Locke has lived at Cannes, in the south of France, for a number of years.

"It is a beautiful country, and you should see it when you go to the Continent again. The Riviera is exquisite, and there are marvelous things to see in architecture all through southern France. The chateaux, the Roman remains, and the buildings erected by the popes at Avignon are all tremendously worth seeing. And you say you plan to go to Spain? I envy you. I have explored it thoroughly, but would love to do it again and again. If you can, be there in the vintage season.

Spain will present to you a series of the most joyous and colorful pictures. It is a gala occasion for the entire country. The peasants celebrate the harvest in their gayest costumes, and the entire country is happy.

"Of course the pictures in the museums will appeal to you, but you must not miss rural Spain. And the bullfights, held sometimes in ancient Roman amphitheaters, make antiquity real again. To see the brilliant colors and activity in those vast structures takes one back to ancient Rome. I would advise you to find an agreeable companion and together buy a little car. You can get one for very little, use it to tour Spain, and sell it when you have finished. The expense will not be great, and there is no other way to get acquainted with the country so well."

Mr. Locke has spent some time in America. He told me of various literary and artistic friends there, some of whom I knew, and of a pleasant experience he had as guest of a well known club of artists and writers similar to the Savage Club of London. Naturally the conversation drifted to prohibition and its many complications, a subject which is of unfailing interest to people of several nationalities who are not at all sure that they may not be the next to suffer—or benefit, as you please, from a similar law. I had quite a shock when I mentioned that great American contribution to civilization, the cocktail. The responsibility, or credit, for this seductive concoction Mr. Locke challenged, informing me that the cocktail is a West-Indian invention. I was loath to give up the honor without a struggle, but the facts seemed to be on his side. As a boy he lived near the

manufactory of the original bitters, and he remembers seeing his father mixing the primitive ancestor of the present extensive family of this popular *apéritif*, the chief ingredient being the famous bitters. The result was achieved without ice or "shaker," the concoction being *frapped* by an instrument spun between the hands called a "swizzle-stick." This method is still used in Barbados. The only comfort for my national pride to which I could cling was that the principal subsequent development of this beverage of great variety was later achieved in America.

My sketch being finished, we descended to the smoking-room, and here, under Mr. Locke's careful direction, cocktails were prepared that were quite effective in healing my wound.

"When you come to the south of France be sure to stop at Cannes," he said. "We have our regular cocktail hour daily, and I'll display to you my prowess. I am known there as the champion mixer of southern France."

HENRY FESTING JONES

As I appeared one day at the house of the Countess of Cromer, in response to a luncheon invitation, my hostess said: "I hope you will not think that I have got you here under false pretenses, but I have decided to take you to an old and very interesting friend of mine who lives near by. I have wanted you to meet him, and this is a good opportunity."

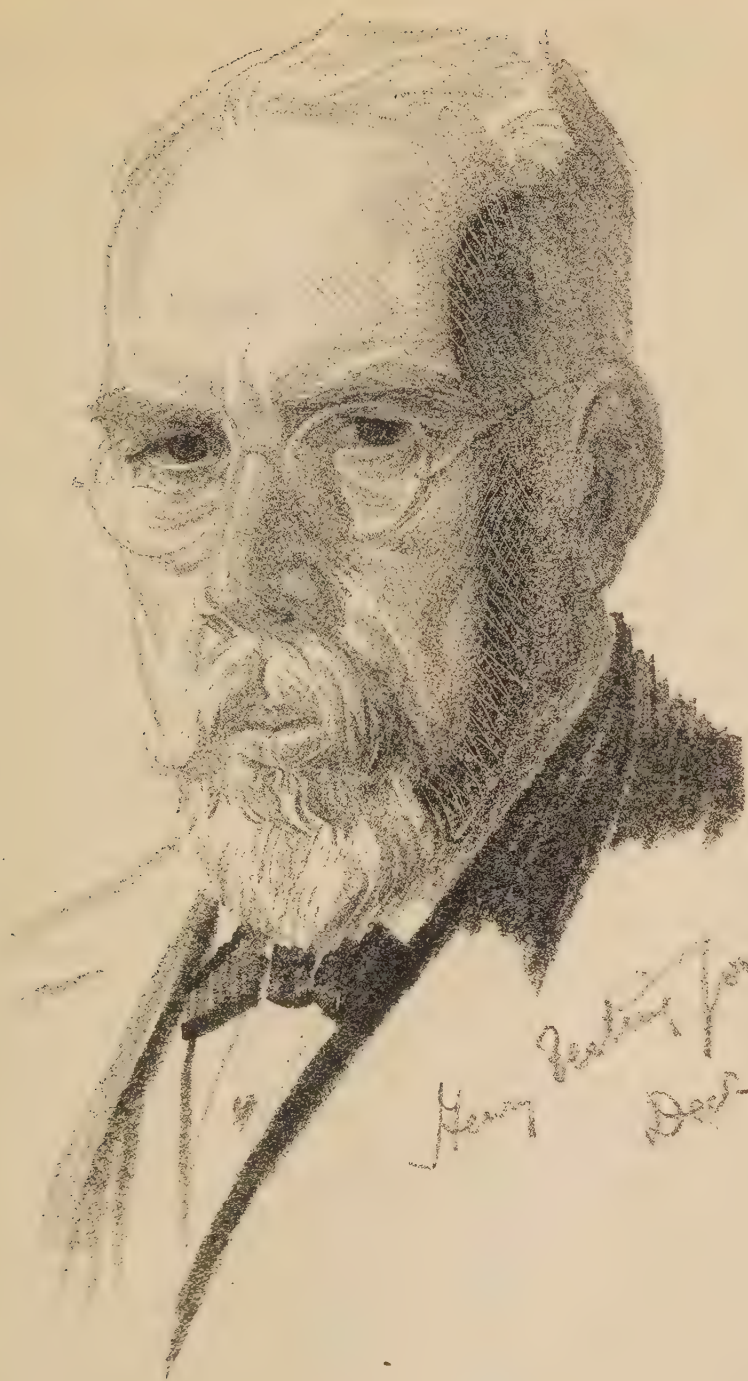
Leaving her house, we walked down Marlborough Road to Maida Vale, and along a row of high-walled gardens to a gate that bore the number one hundred and twenty. Passing this and crossing the pleasant front garden, we rang the bell, and were promptly greeted by our host, a very tall and

strongly built man of about seventy. His face was long and rather solemn, the elongation being stressed somewhat by a white imperial. He had a look of sturdy strength, with good color, and short, vigorous gray hair, and in his greeting the solemnity of his expression was relieved by a pleasant smile that seemed to be achieved almost solely by his eyes. He led us at once to the dining-room, where two ladies were already waiting, and luncheon proceeded immediately.

The lively and entertaining conversation that followed was confined almost entirely to the feminine contingent of the company. Gayest among them was the Honorable Mrs. R. A. Grosvenor, whose kindly friendship has since been a source of much pleasure to me. Mr. Henry Festing Jones, at the table's head, acquitted himself of his hospitable duties almost in silence, save for appreciative chuckles that were brought forth by the clever sallies of the three women. I, at the foot, played a similar rôle, busily accepting hospitality instead of dispensing it. A most enlivening party it proved to be, and at its conclusion I was possessed by that peculiar Nirvana born of good food and wholesome laughter. As I departed with Lady Cromer, Mr. Jones followed us to the door, finding an opportunity for an aside to me:

"Will you dine with me here next Thursday evening? We will have a chance for a bit of talk then."

On the numerous subsequent occasions when I met Mr. Jones in a considerable gathering of people, I found him to be inarticulate in direct proportion, apparently, to the number assembled. He seemed to become more communicative and gayer of spirits as the aggregations diminished, reaching



Henry
J. Jones
Dec. 1923

a most delightful perfection in a *tête-à-tête*. Some of his old friends address him as "Senoj," which is the orthographical reverse of his own name, borrowed from one of the characters of "Erewhon"; the appellation was doubtless coined by Samuel Butler with Mr. Jones in mind, as the two were constant companions for the twenty years previous to Butler's death. I first knew Mr. Jones's name as the editor of the famous "Note-Books," which he compiled ably from a mass of unorganized material left behind by the great writer, and to this inestimable service not only to Butler, but to the world at large, he added his excellent biography, giving to posterity a knowledge of the man who otherwise would have been lost, and hastening a widespread appreciation of his work that might have been delayed for generations. In answer to my remark that Butler was fortunate in having so good a friend in whose hands to leave his unfinished tasks and intrust his fame, Mr. Jones replied, "On the contrary, I am the lucky one to have known him."

When I arrived at his house on the Thursday following our first meeting, Mr. Jones made a comical grimace at my dinner-jacket, as he had not changed.

"You put me quite to shame," he said. "I'm sorry I forgot to tell you not to bother about dressing. There will be only the two of us." Previous experience had taught me caution, which drove me to the refuge of this costume of compromise, I explained, whenever I was in doubt. I begged him to be at his ease, however, and consider himself my equal even though he was not in the costume of a waiter!

Dinner being announced, he led me to a little summer-house in the back

garden; one side of the structure was open, and within the table was spread. I congratulated him on differing from the mass of his countrymen in appreciating the pleasures of eating in the open, adding that the rarity of the practice was easily understood in view of the inclemency of the English climate. Long residence in Italy, he said, had made the custom indispensable to him, though in his native land the seasons for its indulgence were short and fitful.

The dinner was excellent, and out of the common because of several Sicilian dishes that were new to me. We drank Italian wines from quaint mugs, and the signal for the servant was the ringing of an old and curiously wrought cow-bell from Italy. During the repast my host was delightful, his contributions to the conversation being rendered precious by a whimsical restraint both of statement and facial expression that was vastly more effective than the most colorful extremes could possibly have been. His quiet smile appeared like sunshine after the habitual solemnity, and the quality of his spoken humor was of a kindred nature.

We returned to the house at the conclusion of the meal, and here, after coffee and brandy, were many interesting things to be examined. A number of paintings and drawings from the hand of Butler revealed the very considerable amount of skill possessed by him in this, his first chosen medium of expression, and several examples of Mr. Jones's own efforts in this direction disclosed almost equal proficiency. Not content with two arts, both of these men were successful composers of music, separately and in collaboration.

Several portraits on the walls re-

vealed the rugged features of Butler, the best being the work of an Italian who drew illustrations for some of his books. On one of my visits to the house there reposed there a recently completed portrait of Mr. Jones, by Clausen, destined to depart in a few days for its permanent abode in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. A reproduction of this painting is to be used as the frontispiece to one of the volumes of a sumptuous new edition of the collected works of Butler now being issued under Mr. Jones's supervision. The first two volumes were there, fresh from the press, excellent examples of craftsmanship.

Mr. Jones's circle of friends and acquaintances is wide, and beyond that he possesses a most amazing knowledge of families of prominence all over Great Britain. He seems to know all of the ramifications of every line of descent through labyrinthine mazes of cousins and less, and when an American family was mentioned, and he was able to perform for them the same service, I dubbed him the World's Social Register. Quite awed was I with my own neglected memory; task enough it is for me to keep my own cousins in orderly arrangement.

On numerous occasions I enjoyed the endearing personality of this man in his own and other houses and in my studio. On one occasion when he dined with me in the latter place the accompanying sketch was made. Mr. Conrad saw it there during one of his sittings to me, and was much interested in his physiognomy.

"So that is Festing Jones," he said. "An excellent writer. His books on Sicily I enjoyed immensely." At his request I conveyed his greetings to Mr. Jones and reported Mr. Conrad's ap-

preciation of his writings. On Christmas day the three books of his Sicilian series were delivered to my studio. Each was autographed to me, one in Italian.

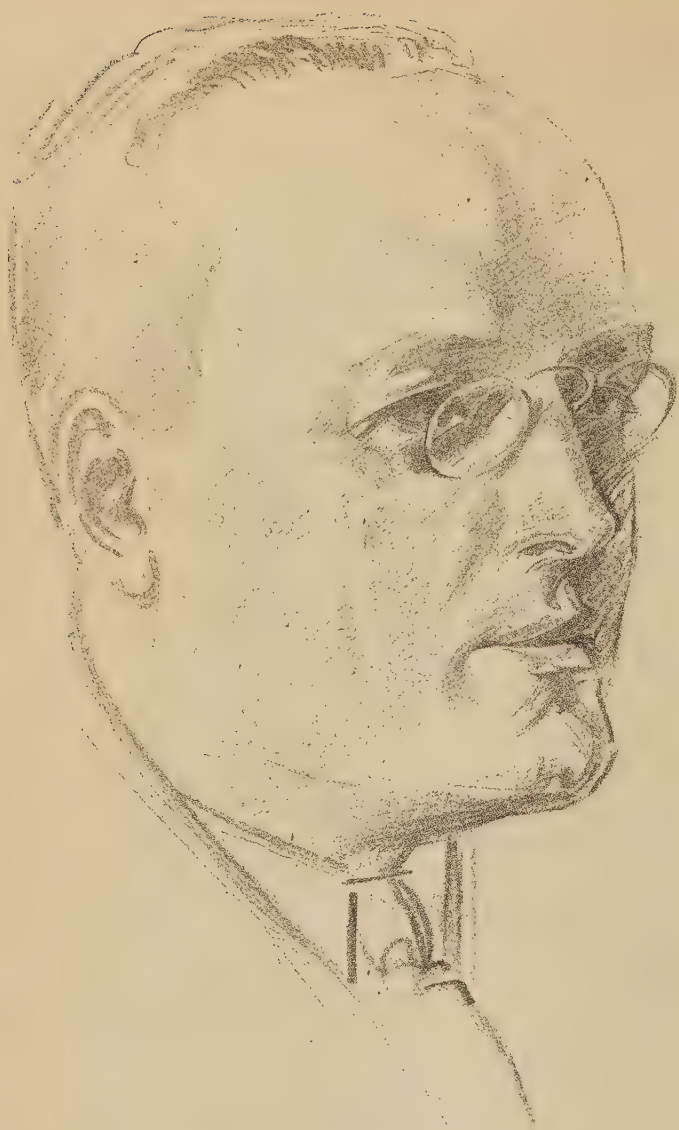
Shortly before my departure from London I received a whimsically worded invitation to dine once more with this interesting man. The message was scrawled upon a post-card, on which was a photograph of Mr. Jones, seemingly seven feet tall, his long legs sprawled far apart, looking with solemn intentness at a tiny baby in very long clothes that he awkwardly held in his arms. The contrast between the huge man and the tiny mite was enough to provoke laughter. Beneath the picture was written, "Wear a white front this time." I did, and the evening was one of especial interest and gaiety, much fun being added to the occasion by the amusing wit of Mr. St. Loe Strachey. Our host was in excellent form, even though we were not alone, the lack of restraint possibly being explained by the presence only of male friends whom he knew well.

His reminiscences of Butler were always interesting to me. Occasionally into the conversation would creep some reference to phases of their life together in Italy and elsewhere. I remarked that it must have been most absorbing to know personally and intimately this great mind that has dictated to so large a degree the trend of modern thought. Mr. Jones pondered a moment before he replied.

"It was my life," he said.

HUGH WALPOLE

In response to a note expressing a desire to add Mr. Hugh Walpole to my gallery of portraits of British literati, I received promptly a very cheery and



Hyatt Balph

cordial reply, written upon the stationery of the American embassy in Brussels. I knew him to be possessed of many American friends; on this occasion he was the guest of some of them in the Belgian capital.

He would be in London for a couple of days only, *en route* to Scotland, and asked me to ring him up on the telephone. I did this on the day of his arrival, and an hour for our meeting was arranged. I found him at the house of a friend in Mayfair. His reception of me was as pleasant as his cordial letter had led me to expect. The day was really an achievement even for London's pitiless climate, with rain descending in torrents and the light at times almost completely obscured. As I remarked to Mr. Walpole at the time, sculpture would have been a better medium for that day than crayon; the sense of touch might have been of some assistance to me in the former.

When the fitful light permitted, I began to appraise my subject. Of medium height and stocky build, with abundance of color in his smooth face, he was a picture of robust health. His blond hair was fast deserting the large dome of his head, and his light blue eyes looked at me through thick lenses. They seemed the overworked eyes of a hard student, and bore considerable likeness to those of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, though here the similarity in the appearance of the two men began and ended. From his broad, high forehead a straight nose descended; the outstanding characteristic of his small mouth being a slight prominence of the lower lip.

As I produced the crayons to start my sketch, Mr. Walpole's interest was at once aroused. My portfolio con-

tained several portrait drawings; one of Arnold Bennett pleased him, and drew forth expressions of admiration and affection for that excellent writer. A drawing of Joseph Conrad had a similar effect, and I recalled hearing the Conrads express a warm regard for Mr. Walpole. A biography of the great novelist was one of the products of the younger man. As a result of his examination of these pictures, the fact developed that my sitter was an ardent collector of prints, and a goodly proportion of the subsequent conversation hung upon the names of Rembrandt, Dürer, Meryon, Whistler, and more recent men such as Muirhead Bone and James McBey. Rare books are also a passion with him, and in these kindred quests he finds pleasant relaxation from his literary labors.

I proceeded with the task in hand as rapidly as the fitful changes from darkness to twilight would permit, and soon Mr. Walpole confided to me that I was not alone in my anxiety about the weather. For many years he and John Drinkwater had attended together the annual football match between Oxford and Cambridge, and that very afternoon was the one for the great event. His eagerness to see this contest was evident, and greatly augmented by a rivalry that existed between him and Mr. Drinkwater, inasmuch as they held allegiance to different sides. Mr. Walpole is a Cambridge man, while his friend's loyalty to Oxford is most intense, as he had attended the high school there. An unlimited amount of "ragging" was in store for the man whose chosen team suffered defeat, but until the battle was concluded, each could indulge himself in alternate boasting and aspersion to his heart's content. The telephone rang as I was

being told of the exciting afternoon that was in store, and an earnest consultation about weather conditions followed, his companion being on the wire. They agreed to chance it, whatever the prospects, agreeing on the hour when Mr. Drinkwater would arrive with his car.

Mr. Walpole is one of the many writers who have sprung from that particularly prolific literary breeding-ground, the manse. He is a son of the Bishop of Edinburgh. I have been told that when he writes a novel he withdraws to some congenial and secluded spot out of reach of social distractions, emerging only when the task in hand is completed. He then devotes an approximately equal length of time to his friends and such amusements as claim his fancy. Golf is a favorite pastime, as well as travel, and being unmarried, he can indulge them without restraint.

He was quite pleased with the sketch upon its completion, saying that I had fortunately chosen the point of view that made him least plain, adding that the darkness of the day had probably been his ally, after all. As I departed, a light in the sky gleaming through the mist across the quiet old square held better promise for his eagerly anticipated excitements of the afternoon.

ALFRED NOYES

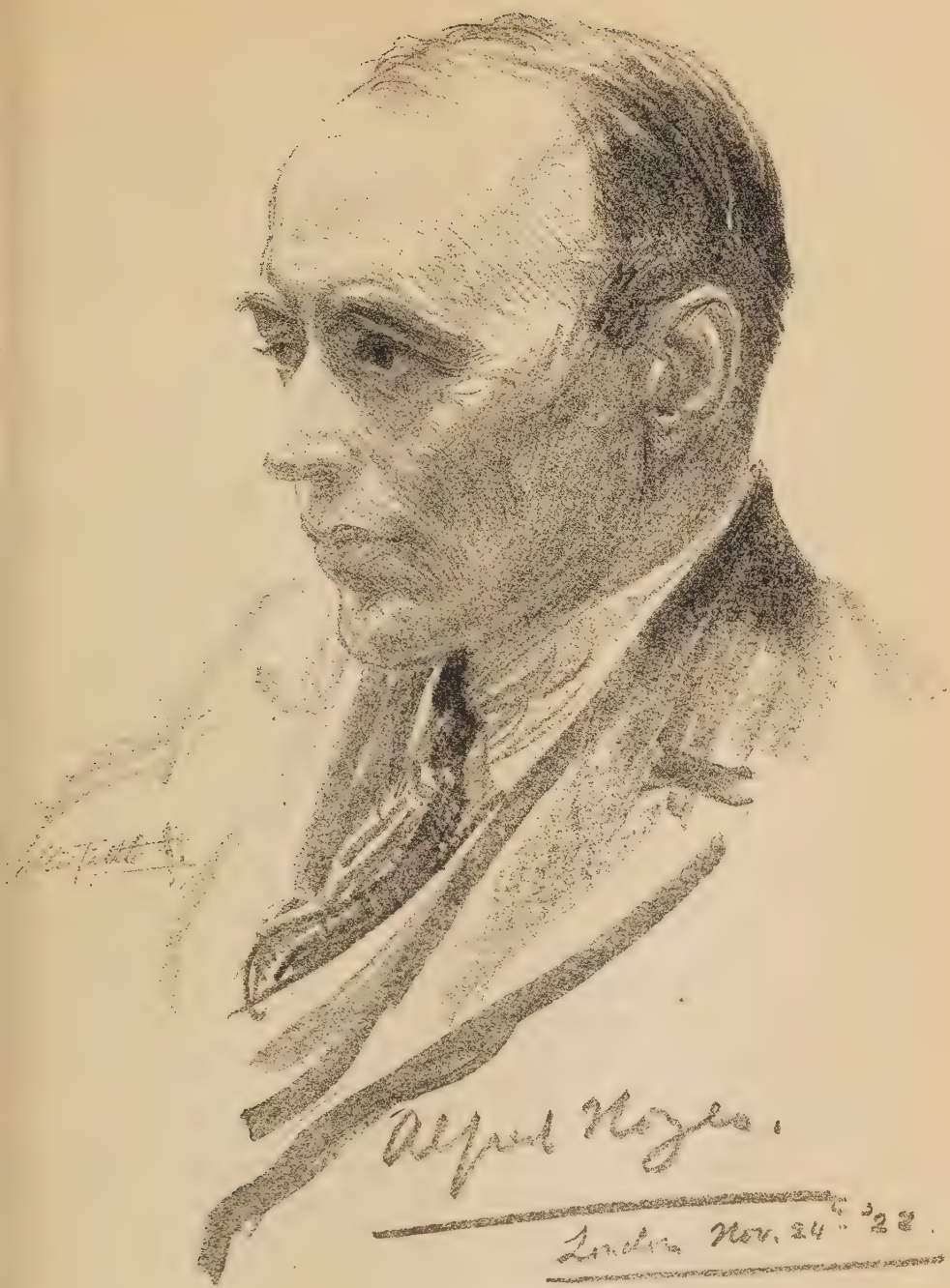
To one unfamiliar with England, the reading of Dickens suggests that it is eminently the land of food and drink. "A meal and a glass to every page," is an expression that I have heard applied. As a growing child of ravenous appetite I gloried in this abundance of cozy collations where roast beef was the brawny hero and the heroine

foaming ale or bitter beer, and was sure that England would suit me as the "eatin'est" country, to revert to my slang of that period, on this terrestrial globe. In later experience, my growth being achieved and the consequent insatiate condition abated, I found myself unequal to the heavy fare that chill Albion demands. "Roast Beef of Old England" is more attractive to me as a bit of melody than as a constantly recurrent viand.

So, if one chooses to deduct a gastronomic obsession from the writings of the great novelist, I fear that these humble essays will betray in their creator one almost equally strong founded upon Great Britain's justly famed climate. Allusions to it just will creep in. Suffice it to say in amends, however, that I love the country so well that I consider it a privilege to nibble at the Gargantuan joints and battle with the elements for the joy of the multiplicity of compensations that the place affords.

I now feel at liberty to divulge the fact that it was a shockingly inclement night when Walter Jerrold and I fared forth from my club in quest of number eighty-five Cadogan Gardens. So violent was the downpour that it leaked through the top of our taxi, and we sat in strained attitudes in our fruitless efforts to dodge the drops. With some delay and difficulty our driver finally discerned the desired number, and the cheery comfort of Mr. Alfred Noyes's flat was most grateful.

I found our host tall, of broad, athletic build, his face suggesting the capable man of business rather than the poet. His jolly manner and merry eyes added warmth to the welcome shelter of his house. Having disposed of our coats, we proceeded to the draw-



ing-room, where Mrs. Noyes awaited us. She was rather small, of bright blond color, and exceedingly pretty. Nor did her attractiveness stop here, for during the excellent dinner (not of the "Roast Beef of Old England" type) her animated conversation and pleasant humor added much to the prevailing gaiety of the occasion. It developed that she is an American, and we had the pleasant experience of discovering some friends in common. Mr. Noyes's activities at Princeton had afforded her considerable recent contact with the land of her birth. At the time of our meeting he was devoting a year's leave of absence to the clearing up of an accumulation of literary work the completion of which his duties in America had retarded.

Jerrold, an inveterate and skilful punster, was irrepressibly prolific on this occasion, and, though we applied the conventional discouragement of derisive groans, he was only spurred on to outdo himself, and finally emerged a complete victor with two double ones that were veritable masterpieces. So in merriment the meal was concluded, and we retired from the table to see our host's collection of autographed books. Most interesting they were, as well as the discussion that attended their examination. Some had inscriptions of a personal nature that rivaled in cleverness the contents of the volumes.

A number of paintings next claimed our attention. One was a portrait of Mr. Noyes, and in the same room were some marines of much beauty. An aquarelle by Charles Sims, an allegorical figure group, demonstrated that

artist's remarkable skill in this medium. Most important of all was a painting that Mr. Noyes thought to be a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Goldsmith, but from its richness and excellence I was inclined to credit it as a replica from the hand of the master himself. Its owner was not in possession of the history of the canvas; to me it was a case meriting careful investigation.

Later in the evening, as I made a sketch, he and Jerrold discussed a biography of the poet that our irrepressible punster had in hand. The talk then turned to an anthology of living poets proceeding from the same source, but the author of these works, exuberant small boy that he is, could not be serious for long on this occasion. Several puns appeared again, and his levity found quick response from my sitter. The latest product of a famous contemporary bard became the target for their excess of spirits, and they vied with each other in finding passages from it to blast with their ridicule. It was a pretty bad poem, and the whole idea of it was worse; great was the amusement afforded me when they turned from criticism to burlesque. First one added an imaginary stanza to the poem, followed quickly by the other, the rhythm of the original being carefully preserved, with a result that was laughable in the extreme.

"It's easy," said Mr. Noyes, "we could keep it up all night." And the night was quite advanced before our delightful party came to an end. I can look back upon it as one of the most pleasant I spent in London.

A Mountain Munchhausen¹

VI—Si Crooker's Fast Fertilizer; VII—The Flea-Huntin'dest Night; VIII—The Inverted Teepee

BY PERCY MACKEYE

SI CROOKER'S FAST FERTILIZER

NOWADAYS, chilluns, this world is a-gittin' too all-fired fast and eenventioned. Folks is fastenin' beyand their wind-power.

The Lord takes His own time, but yit they 's some folks 'low they kin outleg Him on His green pastur's. Well, sirs, I tells 'em, if ary feller aims to borrrer God's grindstone for to whet his brains, he 'd better watch how he don't sharp his own haid off.

Ole Si Crooker he war jist sech a feller. He were one o' these-yere sharp-witters what they calls their-selves eenventioners.

He 'lowed he 'd git ahead o' God on the seasons. He clean fergitted what the Lord Hissself said to Noay next mornin' arter the flood:

"While the airth remaineth, Noay," he says, "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, they sha'n't never nowise cease."

But ole Si he aimed he 'd 'bolish 'em all with one crack of his wits. Well, and mebbe he done hit, too. I 'll give ye the fac's. You kin moral 'em for yerselves.

Si Crooker war a gunsmith by trade. His prime eenvention were his

gret coon rifle-gun. Hit aimed to shoot a coon round and up a tree. Hits barrel were six cubits and a span long, crookled same 's a cork-puller, and hits bore wimble-grooved. Si mounted hit on a gum stump and aimed hit to shoot all Pine Mount'in clean o' coons. *Did* hit shoot 'em? I said Si *aimed* hit thataway.

Well, Si neebored me down the branch, a smart leetle ways above Greasy. Me and my ole woman knewed him when us was fust tied in wedlock. In them days the signs of the ole Injun plantation was plainerer thar in the bottom than now they is. The runnin' trails was woreed down slick whar the Black Hawks rid their racin' ponies fer oncountless years at their game-follerin' powwows. Si hisself claimed Injun blood, and he builded his cabin thar, one o' the first half-whiters, and he traded in the last racin' pony for a boodget of liquor.

That-thar pony war a leetle pided stallion quick-leggeder than a chinch-weevil. He war one packed ball o' thunder and slick lightnin'. Mazin'-dest hoof-critter ever I seed! Outwing a swaller, he would, and plumb beat a honey-bee on the home stretch. Dad-blazin'-dest fastest racer in the Kain-

tuck ridges! They war n't nary nag-owner was fool enough for to race his horseflesh agin Akalúga.

Yan was rightly his Injun name, Akalúga, which hit bein' interpreted was Windstorm. I allers Englished him, the little deevil, but Si in general stuck to Injun.

Well, fust when I knewed him, little Windstorm was gittin' most ancients than Abraham and gray-whiter than Chakorny bloom.

But that did n't nohow trouble Si. Si still kep' him in stud, lettin' on, I reckon, he 'd mate him yit with some angel-winged mare o' paradise from the happy huntin'-grounds, and repopulate the county with the old Injun racers. Meanwhiles he studied to use him for one of his eenventionin's. I found Si one day to his cabin, whar he told me about hit.

"Sol," says he, "yan pony o' mine is onmortal. His life 'll outrun the livin'dest on airth. Why would n't hit? Thousands o' years of racin' is bred into his bones. His forebears has ben fertilized with fastness ever sence Ham left ole Shem and Japheth for to start the Injun tribe. Yea, feller," says he, "my Akalúga is onmortally fast bred in the bone. And that 's how he perfectures my brandest new eenvention."

"Which brandest new?" I axes. "What is hit?"

"Well, I calls hit 'Akalúga Junior, the World's Fastest Fertilizer.' "

And Si he turned him and bended over a gret black kittle-pot.

"Dad gumption!" I whistles. "Air ye aimin' to bile down yan pony fer bone manure?"

"No, sir!" he quicked back at me. "I 's aimin' to powder his hooves." Then he pierted up through his long-

hangin'd haar and p'inted in the kittle. "Look-a-thar!"

Well, I overed my haid and peaked in. Hit were nigh half full of a yaller dust; looked like ash dirt.

"Hit 's file scrapin's," says he. "I files off his hooves ary time I shoes him, and I saves the file-dustin's thar."

"But that 'll jist nacherly make glue," says I.

"Shore 't will," says he, "ef you leaves hit jist nacheral. But I mixes hit!"

"What with?" I axes.

"Yea, now, that 's my own meestical secret process," says he. Then he chisted out and chucked to hisself pierter than a rooster. "All the same, Sol, I 'll go ye halves with the meestery and the proceeds ef be you 'll help me out fer witness on the fust expeerimint. For between me and you, I 's dud-dratted to go hit alone."

"Why fer?" says I, gittin' cur'ouser.

"Well, Solomon," he stambered, "I suspicion I 's kindly discovered sech an onhuly combination what 's li'ble to topsyturn the etarnal laws o' Ginesis."

"Hold on!" I begun for to cough out.

"Oh, I see! Hold *back*, ye mean," he slied at me. "I guess you hain't the sand to go shares in my glory. Stumped at the stand-in, ain't ye, Sol?"

"No, sirree!" I rips back. "I hain't never stood no stumpin' yit. I war n't holdin' back on myself. I were jist easin' off on my ole woman. She 's moughty ticklesome crossin' the will o' scriptur'. But ef be you 'll leave *her* plumb outen this consarn, I 'll resk to go ye hull hog, huly or onhuly. And thar 's my hand on 't, Sol."

"All right, partner." He winks to me. "We leaves your ole woman

plumb out of hit. This-yer business consarn will operate jist—*Sol and Si.*”

Then he rummages in a cornder and sets a pail-bucket over nigh the kittle-pot, and squats hisself down betwixt 'em.

“Well, Si, and what-all is your secret meexture?” I plumps at him.

“Jest a jiffy, Sol,” says he. “Master eenventions is founded in the meestery of reason. My brandest new un plumbs moughty deep in the mind. I'll give ye the rationability of hit.”

So he retched round amid his gun-gearin's and picked out an ole powder horn.

“Yere 's what give me the foundation idee: horn-bone and gunpowder. I jist puts two and two togethier. First-offly with the horn-bone.

“What 's the fastest racin' critter ever raised in the world? My Injun pony Akalúga. Whar at is his fastness located in? In his laigs. What 's the fastest locality in his laigs? His hooves. What 's the fastest part of his hooves? Why the horn-bone tip-ses, o' course. Well, yander kittle is half full of 'em! Git that fur, do ye?”

“Shore!” I answers him.

“Now, then, second-offly: What 's the fastest powder in the world? Gunpowder. Whar at is *hits* fastness located in? In hits saltpeter. And whar in is the fastest saltpeter located at? At Si Crooker's peter-mine. Thar, Sol! Yander 's a bushel-pail o' peter I fetched from the mine this mornin'.”

Si riz, and picked up the pail and held hit over the kittle—still rattlin' on of his tongue:

“Now ag'in, next-offly. Puttin' two and two togethier, I fertilizes thot-thar fastness with this-yere fastness and jines the combination. So what-

all the mind of eenvention hath jined, let no man put asunder till death or disruption do him part!”

“Amen!” I prays up.

Then Si pours out the pail in the kittle, and stirs the mixin' with a poke-stick, with me peekin' on, half balanct to jump fer an explosion.

“Last-offly,” hollers Si, raisin' his both arms like a preacher. “Lo, now! Beholt the offspring of this-here wed-lock is cradled a'riddy in the kittle-pot, and hereby I christens thee, in the name o' thy ole sire, 'Akalúga Junior,' the fastest fertilizer yit borned!”

Well, rounders, I aimed my eye in that kittle-cradle for to sight the offspring.

“Si,” I says, “'pears like hit 's a shame to oncompliment the new-borned, but this-yere Junior 'pears to favor plain yaller dirt.”

“By their fruitses they shall be be-knownst,” he answers me. “This-yere yaller dirt shall yit abolish the nach-eral seasons.”

“How will hit?” I axes.

“By hits fast manureness,” says he, uppin' his voice. “One handful of hit sprinkled on a gyardin patch shall fertilize fifty craps to one moon operation. Yan kittleful shall reevolution the county.”

“How do you know hit shall?” I axes ag'in.

“Fust by rationability, and last by expeerimint!” yells back Si, gittin' hotted. “And seein' you hain't none o' the fust, Sol, come along now and help me pack this kittle-pot. Hit 's too moughty a fortune to leave ary pickin's behind fer robber-thiefs.”

“Shore!” says I. “But whar will us pack hit to?”

“To your dadburned turnip-patch!”

he hollers. "And mind ye, I goes halves on the crap."

"That were agreed, partner," I humble-pies him.

And so us starts up the trail, packin' the kittle-pot between us.

THE FLEA-HUNTIN'DEST NIGHT

Now, thar, leetle rounders, I 'low that 's enough gab for one settin'. I 's a-gittin' too cracky. Let that I limber my knee-j'int, Hank! You 's got me coiled like a scrooged copperhaid. Peg off to bed, now! "No-o, sirree, Uncle Sol!" Heigh?

Aim to hear whar we tuck that kittle-pot, do ye? Death, or deliver up! Now what chanct has poor ole Sol Goliah agin a hull cabinful of leetle Davidses tongue-slingin' him? Stiddy, thar! I delivers up!

Well, so me and Si Crooker us tuck a cross-cut, by the old Injun trail, up towards my turnip-patch. But afore we had n't clumb furdere than a long sang-call, that kittle-pot was a-gittin' heavy 's a full coal-tipple, and the sun-down hit cloudin' up darkish under one o' these-yere black thunder-bonnets which the goldy lightnin's was needlin' hit with their prickly p'int.

So thar us sagged that kittle down and buttocked ourselves on the rim-bench.

"Si," I says, "hit 's onlucky for to start out a new-borned business consarn at the dyin' of daylight. If we uns is huntin' fer glory, us 'll find hit on the aidge of sun-up in the middle o' my turnip-patch. Meanwhiles my ole woman has supper to home and snug a night lodgin'. That 's her a-hollerin' now. What say we turn in fer supper?"

"I says hit," spoke Si. And so we done.

"Now massiful sakes, Solomon Shell," squeals up my ole woman, "what likes of a supper mess air you fellers bringin' here in yan kittle iron?"

"Windstorm and peter," I says. "Hit looks like hit 'll weather yeasty afore mornin', Suke." (Dadfetch me, chilluns! I did n't know what-all I was prophesyin'!)

"Akalúga Junior," pipes up Si. "Hit 's the brand-newest, fastest—"

"Shet up, Si!" I ristles him, winkin' towards the ole woman. "You hain't fergittin' our shake-hand on jist *Sol and Si*, air ye?"

Then I pulls a quilt-kivver offen the bed and throws hit over the kittle, and talks up louderer. "Git ye a cheer, Si, and take a sop with usns."

"Seecrets as usual!" my woman she humps out, sarcasticky. "Whar ye ben dodgin' at all day, Sol? You 's shore the ontellin'dest critter in your times and seasons."

"They won't be no more times and seasons," bumbles Si, soppin' his corn-pone in the bean coffee.

"No-o-o?" eckers my Suke, curvin' up her eyebrow haars like two kitten-backs. "No times and seasons no more? How won't they?"

"Not 'cordin' to the *ancient* almanack they won't be," says Si, chawin' easy.

But I were chawin' moughty on-easy. I was studyin' how to change the argymint graceful afore he broke with scriptur'.

"Cause ye see, fellers," raised up Si agin, "my brandest newest eenvention—"

"Lorsy, Suke!" I busts out. "Whar in the name o' homelikeness is ole Chinkapin at?"

"Now whar in the name o' suckin' shoats would she be at, the ole sow?

Out in the back palin', where her belongs to."

"Needs n't bite my haid off, ole woman! 'T ain't socianable to neebors, lackin' her comp'ny fer supper. I 'll pime-blank have her in—ole Chinky."

So I jist hollers "Sooeey, here!" and in she come on the run-grunt, wallerin' her piggies with her.

Well, childers, that gratesomely changed the argymint; and seein' how night was darkin' down, and hit thunder growlin', us was soon all nosin' fer sleep.

"I 'low," says I, "we won't tetch a light afore turnin' in. Take yan bed in the cornder, Si. Me and my ole woman doubles in this-here."

Si straddled over Chinkapin, and tuck three turns round the kivvered-up kittle, spittin' on hit three times fer luck. Then us all turned in the goose-feathers.

Next thing, though, my ole woman heaves out her laigs ag'in, and she calls over:

"Hold a minute, Si Crooker! Hit 's a-gittin' moughty wind-drafty. You 'll be wantin' yan quilt-kivver afore dayrise—and consarn my ole man for pullin' hit offen your bed!"

"Much obleeged for hit, ma'am," peeps up Si.

"Nohow he hain't obleeged for hit!" I hollers. "You leave hit lay over the kittle, ole woman!"

Dud drat her! She teeters round that kittle in the shadder dark, a-yan-kin' back that quilt-kivver, and tucks up ole Si with hit in his bed, same 's a two-year-old. Then she plumps into our feathers ag'in and rumbles in my right ear: "What-all is that tarnal smellin' pizen powder you 's hev in the kittle-pot?"

"No consarn o' womankind!" I grouches her back.

"Well, Sol," she says, "I shook out a good fist of hit in yan quilt-kivver for a prime flea-pizen. I hopes Si kin stand his nose in hit."

"Si's nose is nacherly used to hit," says I. "But don't you go robbin' no more fistfuls. Hit 's w'uth hits weight in a thousand of goldin craps."

"Don't *you* go crappin' my ears with no sech nonsetty! You go to sleep, Sol!"

Well, childers, who would n't in sech a pinch? So I did.

Yea, Tyre and Sidon! what a nightmare I rid in that dream slumber! Hit shore were the buckin'dest nag o' midnight what man ever grabbed the tail of, and hit rairin' hind-end to the roarin' of jedgment, pitchin' and neighin' and bellerin' with the prayer-meetin' voice of ole Si Crooker:

"O Lor' g'amighty!" hit were hollerin', "I did n't nohow never aimed to 'bolish your seasons with live stock. I were purely aimin' at agriculture. Jist only hit were lilies and turnips o' the field I was studyin' to fertilize with fastness. But O Lord of moughty eenventions! you works in a meesteerious way your lightnin' transmigrations to perform. Lo, now, behold you has converted my bed of turnips to this-yere burrer of hedgehoggers!"

And right then that night-nag o' mine kick-busted me clare on to the middle o' my ole woman, the both of us settin' bang-up on the bolster, starin' at a lit pine torch in the blood-drippin' hand of ole Si Crooker in his shirty-tail.

Thunder hit were boomin' from the ridge-beam; murder wereshoat-squealin' from the cornders; and thar in the

trickly shadders Si was a-God-prayin', baar-shanked, in the middist of an onhuly congregation of six-leggid hedgehoggy critters scramblin' the quilt-kivver and the floor.

Ary critter had a long pole-snout like a prunin'-hook, and one train-band was aimin' theirs plumb at ole Si, like a ambush o' bristlin' bay'net-knives; and anither ribbel battalion was slaughter-housin' the leetle shoats, jab-stabbin' ole Capt'in Chinkapin, which she stood squallin' in a red wamble o' blood, fitted to fury.

"Rivelation!" scriatched my ole woman. "They 's riz from the flea-pizen."

"Pizen!" I yells. "'T ain't pizen! Hit 's Fast Fertilizer! They 's the fleas of the Apocalysm!"

Well, right thar ary one o' that fertilized fightin'-squad tetched the trigger of hits six-barrel laigs and comminced jumpin'. Dadswoggle me! Yan racketin' was like a rigimint o' steel traps firin' blank charges in a holler log.

Them critters, their shankses was triple-swivveled to clamp-springs what 'u'd raise Lazarus ninety foot a second; so, chilluns, you kin jedge how fast them jiggerin' flea-hogs hitted the ceilin'. Loose banged all the punch-eons of my cabin-loft, they did, drappin' down the swing-shelfs, so here come cookin'-pans, reel yarn, piggins, gourds, beanses, cardin'-combs, pants, bonnets, quiltn'-frames, and bottle glass, jamblin' down together in one mess o' mankind and hog variety!

Indoors that shore doused Si and his pine-lamp, but outside the wind blewed in a wild rain flood through the open door, whar the sheet lightnin's blazed like shutterin' daylight, so us

could see prime to start yan flea-hog huntin'.

"Yere 's my britch-pistol, ole woman!" I hollers to Suke.

She grabs hit. I grips up my rifle-gun. Si collared a broad-ax, but he like to drap hit. He jist p'inted and groaned.

"Oooh, Godfrey, look-a-thar, Sol! They 's one landed in the kittle-pot!"

Yea, shore enough! Most horri-blest sight in my life. Hit was settin' thar, right thar in the kittle hitself, hits rump plumb rooted in Akalúga Junior, thunderin' big of a hog-bellied flea-critter! Right thar, in the face of us, hit veesibly sprouted and swole, hits eyes growin' same 's green taters, bristles shootin' like bog-grass, and hitself bulgin' and biggin' to the swoleness of a gourd-necked, purply wild boar. Faster and fasterer hit swole and fertilized! Hits dadburned long beak was a-retchin' hits reap-sickle for to harvest Si's shirty-tail; and poor Si hisself stood a-gapin' thar, froze stounded with the remorse of eenvention, when jist in the nick my ole woman she blazed away with my britch-pistol.

Dad-bless her for onc't! Yan bullet cut the spell. That-thar Apocalypter busted like a glass demijohn. The flea-splinders flewed same 's hail-grit, but they jist peppered poor Si to courage and conquerdom. From that minute on, us swung into the skarmish, all three, like we was franzy-'spired.

I banged my rifle-gun and bottle-busted five at one aim. Si broad-axed seven in the air between the quilt-kivver and the loft. Suke never pondered to reload the pistol, but she grabbed her churn battlin'-stick and jist descended to the rescue of them yit onmurdered shoats under the bed-

posters. One-handed in the dark she entered to that squealin' blood-splutter. Thar she salvaged two thirds of Chinkapin's litter, and delivered the balanct outen the beaks of the flea Philistines to the ole sow capt'in. My Chinky never did fergit that han'someness of a feller shemale. In after days, hit kindly healed a breach between her and the ole woman.

Well, rounders, that were the pin-nacle of the battle! From thar for'ard, the fightin'-ground shifted to the back yard; for them jumpin' scions of Akalúga, Junior, felt their old ancient racin'-blood and tuck outdoors for the Injun trails. Yea, but us tuck after 'em!

Si loaded then, and I popped. Rain and thunder roared back from the mount'in dark. Spells o' jag-lightnin' claired up the palin' tops o' my cabin-yard and yan rout of the Fast Fertilized flea-hoppin' for the high timber.

Thar I sighted 'em against the thunder-balls, and some I busted *spang* on the high-jump. For 't war n't no use tryin' to herd 'em in the palin'. Them spring-triggers would clare a gum-tree with one shoot o' their shankses. Some landed up in crows' nests and sot the ole crow-birds squawkin'. Some raced fer to jine the coon tribe and some the wild cats. Yea, sirs! In the meestery of their fastness, they-all tuck to the hills.

In forty seconds my cabin yard was clean of 'em. But hit were forty days later afore my creek-neebors could muster out a flea-hunt party big enough to clean out Pine Mount'in.

Varmints of eenvention! Us war a moughty bleedin' trinity of humans what gazed ag'in at our goose-feathers!

My ole woman was stuck fearsome

in the stummick; and me, I were reaphooked fore and hind. Ole Si—they war n't much more than courage left of his shirty-tail, but the balanct were triumphant. He jist stood thar, bumblin' to hisself:

"Windstorm and peter done hit! But O Lord, never ag'in!"

As fer me, chilluns, whenever I lays eyes on a quilt-kivver, I thanks God Amighty for *onfastness* and *oneeven-tion*. Dadswither me! if that war n't the flea-huntin'dest night in all my days!

THE INVERTED TEEPEE

Shore, shore, Aunt Sal! I 's trapsin' off now. Only, 'fore I quits, I 'low these childers are aimin' to hear what behappened to yan kittle-pot.

So thar come dayrise! That flea-huntin'dest night was done departed. I peeked to the cornder.

"Heigh, ole woman, whar 's Si? His bed 's plumb impty!"

"Well, which ole woman be I, Solomon, yourn, or hisn?"

That shore did me dumb. I riz and clumb over that hodgemuddle o' mid-night. I hunted the premises. Outdoors, the survivin' shoats was duckin' in the rain-puddles; and thar indoors stood the kittle-pot; but nare Si, and no Chinkapin.

Dares n't tackle my ole woman ag'in, so us jist breakfasted gab-shet. Passed a long settin' spell; sun slanted over the doorsill, and us still glummin' thar. Suddent here come two shadders, Si and ole Chinky, snoutin' his shins, both lookin' bashfaced. Si kep' one hand in his poke.

"Whar you ben at, you fellers?"

Si whistled a leetle grain of a speritual.

"Tuck a turn in your turnip-patch, Sol."

"Hark a-here, Si Crooker, who prayed to God in the night time—'never ag'in'?"

"Me, Sol. And I lives by prayer hinceforthly. I prays ye to help me tote this-yere kittle-pot."

"Whar to, I 'm axin' ye?"

"Up yonders, to the middle of yan rock heap on Graveslab Ridge. Yander is the eternal cimitery of my een-ventionin'."

"That 's the fust word o' gospel conversion he 's outed," says my ole woman. "Holp him to keep hit, Solomon!"

Well, my night wounds was jest scabbin' over, so I answered Si's prayer quick-off. Si tuck a hoe, and me a mattock.

By noontime me and him was a-standin' on the midmost peak of Grave-slab Ridge, lowerin' down Akalúga Junior, in his kittle-coffin to his lastiest rest. Ole Chinkapin war the only witness.

Mattock and hoe done the balanct. Us scraped in the aidge of the rock heap and evened hit over, tarryin' one minute for silentful tears. Then us started home for the bottom, all three. But right the fust turn o' the trail, Si he retches one hand in his poke and starts back a ways.

"What-all ye doin' now?" I hollers after him.

"Jist leavin' one leetle bloom fer remembrance, Solomon. I pulled hit in your patch."

Then outen his poke he tuck what hit 'peared like a yaller-topped turnip, and he throwed hit to the middle of the rock heap, wavin' one hand while he turned ag'in.

So us footed hit back home'ards, moughty solid-faced the hull trail. In the bottom Si tuck the down crick, and

me the up, and soon I walks in on my ole woman, buryin' the leavin's of the shoat murder in our back yard.

"Howdy!" I says.

"Howdy, yourself!—Whar 's Chinkapin? The livin'd orphants is squealin' for her."

"Chinky? Dadburn the ole sow, I thought her was at my heels. Last night must o' kindly onmothered her sperrit. I 'low I 's better climb back and git her for the orphants."

"I 'low you 's better had," she says.

Goshhooks! I war hongry for dinner then. The noon flies was pesterin' my flea-sores, and I jist dadburned the hull blazin' train back up Graveslab Mount'in.

"Ef only I plumb had you now, ole Chinky!" I were growlin'. "Whar the deevil is yan rock heap, anyhow? Heigh, thar! what-all of a timber acre is this-here a-growin'?"

Chilluns o' goodness! jest listen me! I gives you my gospel word I were standin' ag'in on the midmost peak of ole Graveslab, right nigh whar us buried that kittle-pot. Only now, right thar, I were standin' in the cool, dark shadder of the dadwonderest, spreadin'dest palm-tree which ever overshadowed creation. The rocks theirselves to my feet was a-growin' the greenest, dew-drippin'dest moss, with scarletty wax-berries, and hit deep saft as lamb's wool. Over hit I treaded same 's on pided kiver patterns. In thar funder and funder, hided from the day, till lastly, right outen the darkish middle of yan rock heap, riz up thar the towerin' trunk hitself of that palm-tree, and hit bot-tomed on a thunderin' big knob same 's a beehive ridge-comb.

Well, thar I were jist gapin' up'ards, when I slips on a moss rock, and down

I topples over in a gret groundhog's hole. *Slip-whizz!* I slides down hit, slantin' pint-blank in the mid-root o' that palm-tree, and *bim!* I lands on the back o' yan groundhog hitself, plumb straddle o' my ole Chinkapin.

Me or her—I dunno which-a-one squallt the louderest. But jist I were rubbin' the slickery mash from my eyelids, when here come a light-dawzzle which hit half shet-blinded me, and my yeres dingin' with the yell of ole Si Crooker bawlin' of me:

"Heigh, thar, Solomon Shell! Ye're moughty welcome to our diggin's, but next time watch out to wear your gum-boots down the back stairs."

Now thar stood Si, swingin' a baar-oil lamp. Seemed like hit were lightin' up a gret goldin cave, and us in the bottom.

"Whar be I, Si?"

"In my turned-down teepee, Sol. Hit 's my brandest last eenvention—leastways mine and Chinky's. Sence last night the ole sow 's ben huntin' a new home, more funder removed from the perils of domeestic live-stock. So she helped me to holler out this-yere underground retreat, and we 's jist moved in."

"But what *are* this-here retreat, Si?"

"Hit 's the compassionate bowels of that turnip bulb which I throwed behind on the rock heap. Hit tuck fast root in the grave of Akalúga Junior, which hits fertilizin' fastness has growed this accommodatin' vegetable. This-here is the scooped-out middle of hit. Account of hits nacheral figger and the callin' of my ole Injun blood, I calls hit my eenverted teepee. Yea, Solomon! You 's landed plumb down in the inmost shrine of eenvention, and here we 's a-settin' now sheltered from the wrath o' God."

"Si Crooker! hev you ben timpde-fyin' the God o' Ginesis *ag'in!*"

"Why, yis," says he, "jest one last lick at his agreecultur'! Ye know how I aimed I 'd take to turnips and 'bolish the nacheral seasons. So I 's done hit. But now I rests in remorse. I 's a-leavin' the world, Sol—for releegious reasons. Hinceforthly my eternal diggin's is here."

"Here! Why-fer, Si?"

"Why-fer not, Sol? Here all my worldish wants is supplied. Downstairs, here is allers fresh turnip meat, and up-stairs, eternal palm-shade. So ri'chere, bein' hided from the out'ard eyes of jedgment, I 's free to instil the in'ard life jist purely with sperritual consolations agin the ole wrath to come."

"Yea, now!" says I. "Hit 's a-git-tin' clairer why ye located this-yere plant in the grave-tomb. All the same, Si, the ole wrath to come maht yit raise up and go walkin' the roof in the cool o' your palm shade. Yea, massy! and his eyes o' jedgment snoop-in' down your back stairs, he maht be. How-all, then, will ye answer him, Si, ef ye hears him hollerin' up yander, 'Adam, whar be ye?'"

"Me answer him? I 's jist axe him the password! How about hit, Solomon; will ye jine me and the ole sow, and I 'll pass hit to ye?"

"Si Crooker," I says, "I shore craves to jine sech a life of in'ard blessedness. But out thar in the valley ole Sol has a waitin' widder, and the ole sow a litter of orphants. So now me and her must be peggin' off. Yit afore us leaves this grave-timple, Si, I *will* jest jine ye in one pass o' the ancient meestery; for speakin of sperritual consolations, I *hev* heern tell how turnip mash makes prime moonshine."

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

XIII—Himalayas and Valleys of Visions

BY FRANK L. TOOKER

THE War Series spoiled us, as a momentary prosperity has spoiled many a man to whom a return to quieter ways no longer thereafter appears tolerable. In his lukewarm attitude toward the scheme, Mr. Roswell Smith had been theoretically right in thinking that the magazine had reached its potential growth, and would not be materially aided by it, though he had not taken into reckoning the gifts of the gods, which is the pleasantly human way of speaking of the incalculable. For brilliant as was the conception of the idea, the propitious hour was also needed to make it an extraordinary success, and that no man could know.

But in 1884 the Civil War lay almost twenty years away, and those who had fought in it had lost the hot blood of youth and had come to the time of life when thought begins to turn naturally to the past; resentments and old hurts and jealousies, too, had become weakened. The steady growth of the South toward a new and more soundly based prosperity, which THE CENTURY itself had foreseen and encouraged, had become marked; and, above all,—and this no man could have foretold,—the time was ripe for one of those periods of sustained enthusiasms that come only at long in-

tervals. It was not a religious enthusiasm, like that of the Great Awakening in Jonathan Edwards's time, or like the united fervor of the people to rear the Cathedral of Notre-Dame at Chartres, though it had something remotely akin to the mental attitude of those movements—the American's emotional love of country, his somewhat provincial and traditional love. This the reminiscences of the war had aroused.

The War Series came to its official close in the autumn of 1886, and was followed in November by "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. In the confident eyes of the editors, in the eyes of the whole company, the happy purchase of the monumental work—the serial rights had cost them fifty thousand dollars—was an assurance that the rising tide of the magazine's popularity would continue unabated. It was a natural belief, for the life of Lincoln was not only the logical sequel of the war papers, but was in addition an exhaustive study of the one man who had caught the imagination of the whole people, the most picturesque figure to spring from the national soil, its one great martyr, "the first American."

The natural belief, then, was reasonable, and founded on the soundest

judgment; but reason and judgment, unhappily, have little to do with that mysterious thing, the public's predilection in reading. The normal circulation of the magazine at the beginning of the War Series in November, 1884, was 125,000, but in the month that contained the first chapter of the Lincoln (November, 1886), there were issued 250,000 copies, sound ground for the opinion that the interest of the public had not become less, the editors believed.

From that hour, however, the circulation steadily went down. Throughout the three years and four months that the life of Lincoln appeared in the magazine, it continued to fall, though never so rapidly as it had risen, and never by many thousands to the point that Mr. Roswell Smith had considered the limit of its potential number in 1884.

The truth was that the reading public had already begun to tire, and what it had needed was not a sequel allied to the War Series, recalling its strifes at every step, yet wholly different in character. The War Series had been discursive, chatty, thrilling, instructive, but always varied, and in its separate papers laudably brief. But the Lincoln was ponderous, limitless in detail, and apparently faced eternity. Above all, it never was fitted to be a serial. When it had first been brought to the attention of the magazine in 1880, Dr. Holland had thought it too long and detailed for that purpose. The editors of 1886 in all probability would have agreed with his opinion had not the amazing success of the war reminiscences warped their judgment. Granted that the people were beginning to tire, as some had begun to suspect, or at least had begun to contemplate

with concern the day when they would tire, a work like the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" would have been a happier choice for a sequel, a relief from a long-continued strain.

But the passing of the glorious period when we had dwelt on a pinnacle was all that mattered to us then, and it was not a pleasant sensation. There was, we felt, no reason in it; we knew that the magazine was as good as ever, could prove that it was as good. But there was that slow, disheartening slipping back. It was like the steady rise of water in a leaking vessel in calm weather, something ominous, terrifying. It was not that the slow fall toward the circulation of the magazine in the days before the war papers was terrifying in itself; we had not called it terrifying then: it had been eminently satisfactory. It was the thought of retrogression, a mysterious something that did not comport with our idea of the magazine as the symbol of triumphing advance. It had been fortunate from its beginning. Mr. Roswell Smith had conceived the Great South papers; the new Southern school of letters had arisen through the sympathetic aid of the editors; Mr. Drake had revolutionized the process of wood engraving, which had made THE CENTURY the leader of artistic illustration; sitting under a chestnut-tree in Chautauqua County, Mr. Buel had mentally evolved the latest and greatest success: but now the Lincoln had checked the upward march.

What we wanted was another great idea. I think that for years we were all, little and great, seeking, like so many Buddhas, pondering under the sacred bo-tree, for the great thought that was to transform the nation into a vast concourse of people going up and

down the streets with CENTURY MAGAZINES in their hands. When in November, 1886, the circulation for the month touched 250,000, an editorial, calling attention to the fact, declared that, on the modest assumption of eight readers for every copy, this indicated that the magazine was an intellectual stimulant for two million people. That was satisfying, but why not the whole race? We had come to think of the magazine as distinctly national.

I fear that I had no initiative; besides, I was not of the inner circle of editors, and therefore hesitated to present the subjects over which I myself moiled. Once or twice, indeed, I made a suggestion, but as it aroused no startling emotion of joy, I afterward forbore, and confined myself to my own particular tasks, permitting my "great ideas" to pass unseen, like flowing water under the ice. Perhaps it was as well; they might not have been great. Great ideas have an unaccountable way of coming to the surface even through ice. "Mute, inglorious Miltons" are rare, except by poetic license in country churchyards, where serenely they lie, their greatness forever beyond proof.

§ 2

Initiative, of course, came mainly from the several editors themselves, for large subjects were always their joy. Biography was especially attractive to them, and even as early as 1880, in the beginning of the eleventh year of the life of the magazine, Eugene Schuyler's picturesque "Peter the Great" was used. From that day they continued to pass through our pages in long and stately procession, always dignified, sometimes almost great, with here and

there one that was ponderously dull, the labored toil of a dry-as-dust seeker after truth, with his nose in musty old books. Two to which I was particularly drawn not so much by their excellence, though that was great, as by the charm of the authors themselves were Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography" and Maurice Francis Egan's "Everybody's St. Francis."

Indeed, both these men were peculiarly lovable and friendly souls, torch-bearers lighting up their little world. I have always taken an unusual delight in the charm of elderly people, men and women, who have retained the freshness of youth in spirit while growing old in serenity, still keenly alive to the wonder and illusion of the world. Jefferson was one. He had hesitated long over the proposal to use the long story of his life as a serial, but his last doubt gone, he had kept back no reservations or doubts. Over the progress of the book through the magazine he was as naively pleased as a boy with his first published poem. I can see him rushing into the editorial rooms, hear his vibrantly clear, high-pitched voice, his unmistakable voice in any throng, as he bent over his proofs, making suggestions and receiving them with diffident eagerness. His mind was a storehouse of many memories, ready to pour forth in a new channel at every turn in his quickly moving thoughts. Speak of an incident or story in his book, and straightway it called up another, equally good, perhaps better. Tell him so, and he would put his fingers to his lips thoughtfully, and ask if it was possibly too late to make the addition. Well, he would ask Gilder; he would decide. For Mr. Gilder he clearly bore a strong love and admiration. Indeed, he was

a lover of his fellow-creatures, one saw. His large heart had no room for smaller emotions.

One bitterly cold twilight, in crossing the river by the long Erie ferry from the foot of West Twenty-third Street, I stood outside on the rear deck, as was my wont, when I saw him hurrying down the gangway to the boat. As he caught sight of me, as was usual with him, he spoke to me and stretched out his hand while yet well away, as though his speech and kindly courtesy outran mere space. No, he would not go inside, he said in answer to my anxious query, for I feared that the deck might be too cold for him; and that was all the thought he would expend on the weather, that fruitful topic of conversation with less agile-minded men. At that he plunged into the subject of his book, the generosity and kindness of the whole company in speeding it on its way; to turn swiftly to speak of the lights of the city as they began to glow through the gathering dusk, of the city itself and the changes he had seen; then back to his book again, the beloved child of his old age. All the twenty-minute sail down the river, indeed, was packed with his swiftly changing thoughts, while always there would be the old far-away look in his eyes, alternating with his sudden, keen-eyed glances into one's own eyes. Though brightly witty at times, and of course not without a humorous, an almost naïvely humorous, outlook on life, his talk was mainly serious, I think. Above all, it was never without dignity; for dignity was an essential element of his character, the groundwork of his exquisite courtesy toward all men.

Egan I had long known in a way, and though only a little older than I, I al-

ways thought of him as much older, so perfectly assured and poised was his manner, so conversant was he with the world of letters, with the world itself, in fact. Only age, it seemed, could have molded that *savoir-faire*. Born of an Irish father and a French mother, he had the characteristic high qualities of both races: he possessed the artistic integrity and clarity of the French, the devoutness and open-heartedness of the Irish. If he was Irish, too, in his proneness to employ a somewhat alluring flattery of manner and speech, it was a beguiling personal characteristic, and did not enter into his artistic judgement. There he could be as rigidly conscientious as though art were his chosen god, whom nothing could move him to offend.

We had by chance begun to write for the magazine in the same year, and on that ground, when we met shortly after I entered the office, he at once claimed me as an artistic brother. Indeed, he did more, for in the exercise of his blarneying manner he appeared ready to give the impression that he had joyfully assisted at my literary birth; for on coming to the office one day, he said, he had found Mr. Gilder transported by the discovery of a new poet. He had thus been really my first reader, for Mr. Gilder had given him my poems to read then and there. He gave me to understand that they had made high holiday upon that fortunate natal hour. All that was his manifestation of purely national characteristics so exuberant that one was always able to take it with a grain of salt. When he spoke seriously of one's work, he could be as critical as one's chastened soul could wish.

Yet French or Irish, he always made bright the hour in which one met

him. I saw him for a short time before his last long illness. He was then ill, indeed had been ill for a long time, but nothing of this appeared in his manner. One could but think hopefully of a state that the sufferer treated with such lightness. Meeting him only by chance in general intercourse, and noting his outward characteristics as a man of the world, one might be disposed to think of his "Everybody's St. Francis," which the magazine had used as a foil to its life of Martin Luther, as merely the exercise of a pretty, but somewhat artificial, sentiment disporting itself in a proscribed task, so childlike did the book appear in its simple faith. On the contrary, it was the expression of a remarkably devout and reverent nature, and the faith was its own.

The editorial concern at the sharp retrogression following the beginning of the life of Lincoln was only a momentary shadow crossing the glass, and with their faith in large enterprises unshaken, the editors doggedly piled Ossa on Pelion. Thus the magazine for November, 1889, presented an unparalleled array of serial articles: the life of Lincoln, "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System," Amelia E. Barr's "Friend Olivia," Frank R. Stockton's "Merry Chanter," Timothy Cole's "Italian Old Masters," and a series of sociological studies on "The Problems of Modern Society." Here was no room for frivolity.

The mere announcement of Kennan's attack on Russian oppression had created wide comment, and we had a vision of ourselves as the righters of great wrongs. It was thrilling to see the blacked-out pages of Kennan's

story, which the censors of Russia had thus, as they thought, made harmless, facsimiles of which we published in the magazine in order that readers might share the thrill with us, and really perceive how world-rocking we were. But nothing happened; Russia went on in its old way. The mills of the gods grind slowly.

Kennan and Frost, his accompanying illustrator, came back in the end like the ghosts of men, the shadow of their long, racking months in the country of many terrors like a black pall on their spirits not easily to be shaken off. Seeing the return, I had a moment of remorse. In reading Kennan's word-pictures of their toilsome advance across the desolate steppes in their long road into Siberia, I had from time to time been irritated by the way they emphasized the small discomforts of the journey—the jolting carts, the pest of insects, the sleepless nights, the wretched food, the heat and the cold. All that, I told myself, and probably told others in the office, was an understood part of adventure; it appeared to be childish to dwell on such matters. But when Kennan came back, and I saw his face, I understood for the first time how all his small, querulous complaints had been only the safety-valves, the relieving safety-valves, that had helped him to bear the overwhelming weight of apprehension and danger that he could not see, but knew lay all about him.

Toiling assiduously to find a worthy successor to the War Series, it was Mr. Johnson who planned the long and romantic story of the discovery of gold in California. For a year or more they were picturesque and interesting features of the magazine, but they did not possess that golden and mysterious

something, no editorial instinct can tell what, that stirs the imagination of readers, and they failed to justify our hopes.

Almost dogged was the persistence with which the editors continued to present all sides of the Lincoln legend: "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," "Lincoln as a Lawyer," and reminiscences of all sorts that gave no strikingly new or salient aspects of his character. We had all been proud of the reputation of the magazine for the thorough manner in which it treated the subjects that it elected to spread before the public, but was it not possible to glean an apparently harvested field too closely? Great as Lincoln was, and matchlessly romantic as was his career, the public had tired. That was unmistakable. Personally, I heard on all sides the sharp or scornful belief that the magazine was joined to its idol. It appeared incredible that the editors had not also heard it. They thus took on the aspect of advocates of a cause rather than that of editors—advocates of a cause that needed no arguing. It irritated readers, drove them away.

Near the end of 1899 we published a long serial after my own heart—"Sailing Alone around the World," by Captain Joshua Slocum. One of the things in the sprightly and amusing narrative that appealed to me was the casualness with which the good captain prepared for his long voyage: he could not swim, and his only chronometer was a cheap kitchen clock that had lost the glass covering of its face. It brought vividly to mind my first long cruise, which with a boy companion I had made in a cabinless cat-boat. We had no compass, side-lights, lead-line, or watch, but optimistically de-

cided that they were not needed, since we did not possess them, they being expensive luxuries. That on the same grounds the former master of a clipper-ship went to sea without a chronometer raised me in my own estimation as a careful seaman.

The captain's story attracted much attention, and was well written. I remember that I had great difficulty in convincing an old friend, a ship-builder of wide reading and a collector of books of old voyages, that the narrative was not reconstructed in the office from Captain Slocum's log-book or mere notes. It was not. Except for the minor typographical changes that all manuscripts undergo, "Sailing Alone around the World" passed through our hands with scarcely the revision of a phrase, so direct and clear was it in the expression of the thoughts and experiences of the author. Indeed, this instinct for a fitting literary form is not unique in men who have had no training in the supposedly fine art of writing—training that too frequently awakens an ambition for "fine writing" instead, which has no art about it. "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" possessed the same high quality. The explanation is logical enough in both cases. Jefferson and Slocum had real stories to tell, and, being men of simple and direct character, told them without circumlocution or pretense. Moreover, all the previous training of their lives had been a happy preparation for these new tasks. Long preoccupation with plays that fitted his character, and versed in all the art of his profession to transmit his thoughts clearly to his audiences, in essaying to write the story of his long career Jefferson stood on firm and familiar ground.

As a master of ships, of a class, therefore, little given to circumlocution or vagueness, Captain Slocum stood with him.

While his book was passing through the magazine, Captain Slocum frequently came to the office. In his outward appearance, for some reason, I think of him as suggesting the farmer rather than the sailor. He had a dry, whimsical humor. I knew many sailors who could not swim, and once I asked him why he had not learned. With an exaggerated shrug of his shoulders he replied:

"Water too cold where I grew up as a boy—in Nova Scotia." He added philosophically that, anyway, the knowledge was of little use at sea. He had never expected to go tumbling overboard in dock, and out in the middle of the Atlantic or in the Indian Ocean where was one to swim to? There one might as well drown first as last.

Once when the *Spray* was lying in Brooklyn, I went over with him to see her. She was a sturdy little craft, and well planned to be worked single-handed. The cabin was cleverly arranged, too, but, oh, what a huddle it was in! Perhaps it was from seeing it that I had gained an impression of the captain as a farmer-like person—a farmer of the sort who leaves his mowing-machine in the field, and his plows and binders to weather in the rain. One was glad to return to the deck.

Well, the *Spray* sailed her last voyage, and the captain with her, and no bit of wreckage ever returned, and no clue to the disaster. In a little room that I call my "sea room" I have screwed fast above a door her far-off beginning—the builder's working

model from which she was planned. Near it hangs a large framed picture of her under sail, with Captain Slocum at the wheel, looking back. On the white margin of the picture is the autograph: "Joshua Slocum New York April 27th 1900." Looking up at these, I dream of like voyages, but not of the same end. There have been too many of that sort among my people to chance another in this season of the world.

Though the magazine for November, 1889, had devoted to continued articles an amount of its space that I do not remember as ever again having been equaled (not even excepting the magazine for May, 1899, which contained, under the general head of "The Story of the Captains," the account of the several commanders of ships of the American fleet that destroyed the Spanish squadron at the Battle of Santiago), the tendency to concentrate attention on large features continued. In a way the magazine appeared to have gone over to the policy of "thorough." It appeared to be the beautiful theory of the editors that if they could only attract the attention of readers to the beginnings of their several interlocking series of continued papers, readers would never give up their subscriptions until they had come to the end of the papers they had begun. Thus, by the overlapping, the cycle of eternity was completed.

Naturally, however, variety was lost. Turning over old copies of the magazine of the period of the War Series, I have always been struck by their wide diversity of contents and the skill with which other portions of the magazine were made to soften the note of war and resolutely refused to become subordinate. No careless throwing

together of the material nearest at hand had compassed this well balanced whole. Indeed, the special features for each magazine were always selected far in advance of actual publication. The proper ingredients that were to be fused together for the traditionally perfect magazine of the day—so much exploiting of the picturesque corners of the earth; so much art; so much religion, science, or politics; so much fiction and verse—were compounded as carefully as the chemist pours into his graduated glass the various elements that make up his tonic elixir—or sleeping-potion. Dr. Holland had tried to present in every number some article of spiritual significance. He wanted more, of course, but that was his foundation. Mr. Gilder wanted art. Mr. Johnson wanted everything. Periodically, he would settle himself to the task of making up the magazine many months in advance,—it was the duty that fell to him whenever he was present,—setting down for each month the articles that would make the most diversified and seasonable whole, with a careful estimate of the length of each. With certain continued articles and novels in the list, there were always a number of “musts” to go in, and theoretically a number of pages were always reserved for possible “timely” articles that the unexpected happenings of the future might demand. But the reserved space was usually non-existent, for with his normally unrestrained enthusiasm to make each number excel its predecessor, Mr. Johnson usually found himself confronted with the problem of making his selected material of one hundred and eighty pages or moreshrink to the absolutely restricted number of one hundred and sixty,

which was the quota of the magazine. Thus for a day or two Miss Demarest would be kept running back and forth with possibly shorter substitute material or busy reestimating “lengths,” while the rest of us would hear above our own labors the tumult of the gathering forces. The fine old days!

And always the magazine remained good. Above all, it kept its old dignity. Though the world had changed in many ways since its founding in 1870, and the class of readers to which Dr. Holland had appealed had changed with it, the class was still reasonably loyal to the magazine. A new class interested in art and the serious discussion of large problems had been drawn in with the years. To the art-lovers the long series of papers like Mrs. Van Rensselaer’s “English Cathedrals” and Mrs. Pennell’s “French Cathedrals,” both illustrated by Pennell’s beautiful work, appeared invaluable. General readers were at least pleased with the sumptuous quality of the lovely scenes portrayed, while deriving a certain satisfaction from the possession of the reading matter as something that could be comfortably laid aside for perusal at a more leisurely time. It was the same with Cole’s engravings of the old masters. They were the sort of thing one expected of THE CENTURY. They gave one a certain dignity merely by being the subscriber of the magazine that contained them.

But there was the problem of a new class of readers so numerous that it gave tremendous weight to the sort of thing that it was eager to devour. Yet to label the reading of the class was difficult; it was catholic, but erratic: “Helen’s Babies,” “Robert Elsmere,” “Ben Hur,” “Marie Bashkirtseff,”

Kidd's "Social Evolution," "David Harum," the muck-raking magazines, "The Simple Life." You could not put your finger on any one of these, on all of them, and say that you knew what they wanted. They possessed the sort of madness in their passion for certain books that was like the madness of thirty-five or more years ago when people were wildly concerned with the problem of the red-haired girl and the white horse. To meet a red-haired girl on the street was to see a white horse immediately after—that was a theory that the whole nation set about proving. The passing of a red-haired girl in the streets of our supposedly grim and money-mad city progressively blocked them with the people who paused to gaze up and down the roadway to catch sight of the inevitable white horse. They knew it was near, but they wanted to view it. I crossed the river by ferry in those days, and I have seen men and boys catching sight of a red psyche knot or chignon, or whatever name was used at the time, laughingly or slyly rise and go out to the wagon runway of the boat to find the second half of the linked mystery. The red-haired wife of a friend of mine told me that she did not go out of the house for many weeks; she had not the courage. It was like, to be more modern, the madness of the false "Armistice Day" in New York.

But this class of readers was not static; unhappily, it was not even understandable. The rise and fall of the muck-raking magazines proved that. It had a way of passing on to new fields, like a flock of starlings, here to-day and there to-morrow. That was annoying, but when it did read, how it read, and how many there were of

them! Even with all these uncertainties, publishers were eager to reach them. Some of us were eager. Long before we had had our great hour, but in having it, we had given the feather to the arrow that shot us, for we had taught the world that magazines might be immensely popular and profitable. Thus hosts of new magazines had arisen to make greater the problem: syndicated magazines; muck-raking magazines; art magazines; the magazine of special interests, like the tired business man and the woman who wanted her home to be beautiful; the illustrated Sunday supplement. And most of these were cheap, and could be thrown aside after hasty reading, like a newspaper. And with all this mad clutter, we were being left behind in the race for the pinnacle that still lured. We stood as one among many, distinguished only, with a few others, by our dignity. We were all just magazines; there was none that was national in the true sense of the word, the interpreter of the American spirit. Indeed, there was no national spirit. There was no longer a standard of excellence.

§ 3

In 1909 Mr. Gilder died, and in the shock of that seemingly irreparable loss, our little world stood still for a moment. For Mr. Gilder had been more than a great editor; he had been the unifying force that bound together our various contending partizans. He had not dominated; he was tactful. And then there had been his purity of character, the loveliness of nature that drew the hearts of all men from firemen, who knew his courage, to Presidents, who knew his wisdom. And poet as he was, almost an emotional poet, a poet of the heart rather

than of the mind, his critical instinct was as restrained and unemotional as the binomial theorem. If as an editor he possessed the shadow of a personal prejudice, I never discovered it.

After his death, the magazine displayed no easily appreciable change. It kept to the old standards, was initiative. Trained in the same school, in which they had passed nearly the whole of their working lives, Mr. Gilder and Mr. Johnson had absorbed the same ideals. The task was to make them felt in changed conditions.

And shortly we took up again the problem of the hour—the problem of the disintegration of the great new reading public that would not permit us to be as dignified as we pleased and still mount to pinnacles, and our ignorance of what this public really wanted. Should we stay where we were, dignified to the end, or go boldly forth to meet them, bearing gifts? But just what gifts? No one could tell, for the reading public, as I have said, was not understandable.

Mr. Johnson desired the magazine to remain static; that is, cling to its standard. That was due to the traditions of the magazine as well as to its own public. If we desired a new public, he suggested, the thing to do was to start a new magazine that might be as antic as it pleased, while retaining the old magazine as it was. The new magazine would have nothing to lose, and it might be interesting to watch. To the other partizans that seemed impossible. There was nothing to do but to part.

The new problem, then, was to secure the right editor; but who could tell what a right editor was like? Naturally, no one; for inasmuch as all men think themselves qualified for

that anomalous estate, there is wide diversity of opinion as to its heaven-born gifts. Editorships, like Presidential elections, have been won by aspirants who were “a hundred per cent. American,” and others by those with an eagerness to “turn their eyes to the future.” It was all puzzling.

The idea came to some that perhaps the thing needed was not a trained magazine man, but a fresh mind. The suggestion was alluring. The trained mind was likely to be conservative, as they had learned. That was the beauty of the fresh mind; it could not well be conservative about the things of which it knew nothing. And the fresh mind would naturally be progressive. If one did not know where it would progress, that was more than could be said of the trained mind, which apparently was content to stand still with its standards and go nowhere. Well, we “turned our eyes to the future.”

The new era came in with the beating of drums and tom-toms. The new editor was to have *carte blanche*. He was installed in his room, with glittering, massive, up-to-date mahogany furniture; the editorial rooms were freshly carpeted. We had had rugs and waxed floors before—too colonial.

A troop of young men came in, serious-faced young men, with mysterious powers. No one knew exactly what they did, what they were expected to do, but all felt vaguely that it was to be important. Perhaps their delay in showing their hand was due to the fact that they were exploring the future, blazing fresh trails. Obscurely, we knew that they belonged to it.

Meanwhile new life stirred in the office. The leading men lunched together for a time every Monday—lunched, looked wise, and made

speeches. We had an afternoon tea in the office, welcoming receptions to new men, farewell receptions to others who were leaving. We had a great dinner at a club at which virtually every one in the office was present, and sat about the great table and ate and talked. Afterward there were many speeches. I knew they were great speeches, because every one cheered wildly. Unhappily, deafness assails me in large rooms, and I never knew what they were all about. The future, I suppose.

Then winter came, and every one was whispering behind closed doors. While they whispered, my own work was more than doubled. Spring came, and suddenly there was whispering everywhere; even I learned that the magazine might be sold. Suddenly, one by one, the serious-faced young men vanished, and it was evident that the future had temporarily retired from view.

The past appeared ready to retire with it when, shortly after, newspapers reported that the magazine had been sold. A week later it became known that the report was untrue. It could not be sold in that casual, offhand manner, as certain astute stockholders, possibly biding their time, all the while knew.

With relief, like men who were exhausted with running a vain race for an unknown goal in an impenetrable fog, we found ourselves back at our starting-point—at the end of the old régime. It was good to be there; it was like coming home—home again after long journeying.

But a state of mind like that was not provocative of any inordinate desire to climb new pinnacles. We had no initiative; we were content to wait for

something to happen. Well, something happened. The World War came, and, after that, initiative was no longer possible: the war had it all. It had burst upon the world like an unseen flame, and that was the end of all bettering of the world, or amusing it. There was only the question of saving it.

Meanwhile the war obsessed us; we could fight in it, glorify it as the war that was to end all wars, or bitterly denounce it; it was all one. Nothing else mattered.

And presently the world was in ashes, materially or morally or spiritually, and out of the ashes men began to creep, and mentally take stock of what was left. But men do not rise from ashes quite sane; they go too far ahead or go back: it was soon a question whether we were to be barbarians or radicals. Men were mad for something quite different from the things they had always known and cherished. Governments changed, morals changed, literary standards changed. The new thing! The unheard-of thing!

The mood is passing, and slowly the common sense of the world is beginning to reassert itself. But the essence of common sense is sobriety. New thoughts and aspirations are stirring in the minds of men, but they are no longer the frenzied emotions of the years immediately succeeding the war. As Mr. Joseph H. Odell eloquently says: "Very few, and those only the people who have an inebriated radicalism, wish to go beyond the frontiers of anything. But there are multitudes who, in matters of faith and emotion, wish to come to the frontier of religion without being pushed out into the wilderness in which there is no Moses to strike the rock and no heaven to

rain down manna. Also, there are multitudes in politics who desire to pass out of the citadel of partizan safety and cultivate the land beyond the walls, but have no desire to found a utopian kingdom beyond the horizon. The case is true of the many who are studying such confused movements as we are having in psychology, sociology, and literature."

It was with an acute perception of this new stirring of soberer thoughts in the minds of people that many months ago led Mr. Frank to begin his series of papers on the new renaissance. This magazine is not radical. It has no desire to take its readers beyond the frontiers of which Mr. Odell speaks, but it ardently desires to act as the interpreter of the common mind of thinking people, moving forward the frontiers of thought as the people themselves move with it; to make articulate, without sentimentality or emotional excess, the swing of mankind from crass materialism to a more spiritual conception of human affairs.

The old problems are still with us—

the problems of standards and traditions and a reading public that has no common meeting-ground. But has the pendulum begun to swing back? Indeed, to our minds, the situation is not unlike that which confronted Dr. Holland when the magazine was new. A great war then lay just behind, and it was for the vast multitude of people, weary of war, who craved national unity that he desired the magazine to be a sympathetic spokesman. A few weeks ago, in the absence of the editor, the manuscripts personally addressed to him came to me. For years I had not read such manuscripts in a body. What struck me now as a revelation of an amazing change was the fact that a large part of these unsolicited contributions, the larger part indeed, related to subjects that bore on the spiritual growth and moral integrity of the nation. It did not appear over-optimistic to believe that a part of our dreams was coming true, and that we were again to have a common meeting-ground for the national mind.

(The end of the thirteenth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

Aftermath

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

DONALD HYDE sat uneasily in the Fullers' front parlor, and as he was alone for a moment, he glanced nervously at his watch. It was fifteen minutes before noon. A baby's cry came waveringly down from an upper room. Donald looked at the ceiling in quick apprehension, fidgeted, half rose in his chair, and then sank back, stretching his long legs out in front of him. The Sabbath sunlight filtered through the dusty windows and fell brightly upon a red shawl that was lying across the back of a horse-hair sofa. Dust specks danced in the sunlight shaft. For the hundredth time Donald thought to himself that this was an utterly horrible room. It was crowded with stuffed furniture that sat heavily upon a turkey-red carpet; on the imitation marble mantelpiece, over the fireplace that enshrined a gas-log, a clock cunningly contrived of colored sea-shells ticked away the hours. This clock was one of Mrs. Fuller's most cherished possessions: she had brought it with her from Bournemouth, England; she had purchased it on the same day that she and Tom Fuller had been photographed against the background of the Alps, in mountaineering costumes furnished by a surprisingly equipped portrait studio. The photograph now stood beside the clock. More than once Donald had heard from Mrs. Fuller's lips the story

of this sea-shell clock and that amazing photograph. The two objects invariably recalled to Jenny Fuller the days of her honeymoon, and they stood where they could not be overlooked for long. Donald stared indifferently at the specimen of seaside camera art. Mrs. Fuller had been thinner then; Donald wondered what her honeymoon could have been like.

He wondered, too, how Elsie could have looked against the background of this room. He had never seen her in it, and he could not picture her here; but she had told him about it, moved by the same spring of honesty that had made her carry the name of Fuller on to the stage, instead of shedding it at the stage door in exchange for some more romantic *nom de danse*. She had tried to tell him about this room and about her mother and her father; and, as he remembered it now, her view had been admirably objective and frank. But their days together had been filled with something better than explanations of their respective families, and he had paid little more attention to her account of this house and family in Mount Vernon than she had paid to his account of a stiff, coldly polite father in a lonely house on Commonwealth Avenue.

During those weeks that he and Elsie had been together there had been no other people in the world for them;

no people who could possibly impinge upon their lives, no people whom they need consider. They had possessed a world that was all theirs, in which things and other persons were seen dimly through a misty veil of happiness. Donald could remember now incidents of their honeymoon in Asheville; he could parcel out the time into days and hours, into drives and meals and evenings spent in their own rooms. But they had lived those weeks with no consciousness of time; life had moved in a rhythm unbroken by cross lines of duration or of space. Surroundings, beautiful or sordid, had meant little to them. From Pisgah they had watched the sun go down, and from the top of Sunset Mountain they had seen it rise, and they had been divinely happy; but they had stood in the ugly, noisy main street of Asheville, with raucous horns beating at their ears, and dirty people elbowing them, and there they had been divinely happy, too. He remembered now, almost with surprise, that they had laughed at everything. They had laughed at the shambling mountaineers who were frightened by the little city's traffic; they had laughed to find that they both liked their eggs fried on one side only; the earnestness of golfers had made them laugh as one laughs at puppets; the sun and clouds, the mountains and the moon, had all been cause for common mirth. And when Elsie had danced across the small flat clearing on the top of Sunset Mountain, dancing for him alone with the same abandon as on that night when they first met, Donald, watching her, had laughed in uncontrollable delight.

Donald Hyde, at the age of twenty-six, remembered these things as an old

man recalls his youth—recalled them with perfect clarity, but from a great distance. He remembered that night early in September, 1917, when he had arrived in New York on leave from Canada. Less than three weeks' leave, and then overseas. He had been deeply lonely, but he had, too, been exhilarated by a sense of freedom. He knew people in New York, but he was aware that they would make a fuss over him because of the uniform he wore, because of the pilot's wings on his left breast, and because he was going to fight the Germans. Such a fuss would annoy him. It pleased him to have unknown girls look after his lithe figure as he walked down the street, but a more personal, more intimate demonstration would distress him keenly. So he had telephoned to no one. He had dined in solitary state, where his Royal Flying Corps uniform proved a pale planet close to the brilliant galaxy of a French military mission. After dinner he would go to see a show, but he had made no choice; he would let luck guide him. And luck had guided him to the second row of the Carlton Theater, where there was a great review in which a host of pretty girls displayed themselves in almost all degrees of nakedness against a shifting paradise of scenic art. He had enjoyed it all, fully, uncritically; enjoyed it eagerly as youth, aware of the chance of early death, enjoys many things, with a little swagger, with a sense of deserving the best that life can give. The chorus had come and gone in a dozen flimsy costumes, the comedians had convulsed the audience a score of times, the scenic sets had changed as though some capricious Aladdin had rubbed a magic lamp. And then the curtain

had gone up to show a stage on which a great broad flight of silver stairs swept back to meet a sky of indigo. The orchestra slid into a slow, throbbing march. Two girls deliberately picked their way out across the topmost step, in sharp relief against the sky. They turned and marched together down the middle of the stairs, lifting their feet high. More girls followed them, two endless lines of girls, until the silver flight was thronged. Then the many colored host parted and crowded back to each side. The topmost step was deserted, an empty lane stretched down toward the center of the stage. For an instant the music paused; then, with a blare of brass and a mighty, leaping cry of strings, it burst into a hymn of joy. As though by magic, a slender figure stood poised against the sky of indigo, a slender figure clad in a silver tunic that seemed only a narrow band around a gleaming body. The girl's slim hands were clasped behind a mass of bobbed black hair, one bare knee was raised straight before her, one slippered foot was pointed like a silver arrow. So she had stood for a moment, the sculptured image of youth restrained. Then plastic beauty had melted into rhythmic lines; the black hair was tossed forward in quick abandon, the limbs found life, the silver torso claimed a new significance. The girl slipped down the silver stairs as flame slips across the grass. Elsie Fuller had begun to dance.

Donald Hyde, watching her, felt as though life and beauty were revealed to him for the first time; and the revelation seemed almost too poignant to bear; the cutting edge of pleasure left behind it exquisite pain. Around the figure of Elsie Fuller he wrapped

the tissue of all his youthful dreams, and she wore them as a garment that was hers by divine right. This, the boy thought, was the woman who had made all other women seem somehow insufficient, the woman he had always known of without knowing. When the curtain fell to hide the prostrate girl, the boy had been unable to move his hands to applause. He had known then that, for the first time, he was face to face with his own destiny. And he had opened his arms with the glad fearlessness of youth.

That night Donald Hyde and Elsie Fuller had sat upon a roof that overlooked the glaring chasm of Broadway. They had done scant justice to expensive food; as he remembered it now, they had not talked greatly. But there had been no constraint; they had met as people who were predestined to meet, and they had clung to each other as people destined not to part. It was war-time, and Donald Hyde, clad in a well cut uniform, was going overseas; but it would have been the same had there been a life of peace before them. They were married at the Municipal Building on the following morning. A few hours after their marriage they were on the train for Asheville.

§ 2

With a start Donald realized that his eyes were staring at the red shawl draped across the back of Mrs. Fuller's horsehair sofa, and it was the voice of Jenny Fuller herself that brought this realization.

"Still dreaming, are you, Donald? Well, I expect you 'll wake up enough to eat your dinner. I've observed that most men can eat at most times. Ella says it 'll be ready in five minutes now. Where 's Tom Fuller?"

Mrs. Fuller sat heavily down on the horsehair sofa, almost blotting out the shawl. She was panting.

"Tinkering with that car, I suppose," she went on, answering herself. "If he 'd get a decent car, like other people have, he would n't have to spend all his time in the garage when he 's needed in the house. But he seems to like to muck about with it well enough. I 've been at him to get a real car for two years now, but you might as well talk into a pillar-box for all the good talking to that man ever does any one."

Mrs. Fuller was a large woman; she had obviously just come from some unusual exertion, and as she spoke she kept visibly catching her breath.

Donald appeared politely interested in her observations, but he remained silent. He was thinking, as he could never help thinking afresh when he looked at her, that this was Elsie Fuller's mother. This was the mother of his dead wife, and the grandmother of Dick Hyde, who lay up-stairs, aged ten months. It was with an effort, as always, that he realized these things—realized that he was visiting his child and Elsie's parents, as he had visited them every Sunday since his return from the other side. This room was real, the woman in front of him was real, it was all real. The woman on the sofa, the woman in the bulging black silk dress that twinkled with innumerable slivers of jet, the woman with two gold bracelets on each fat arm and a string of imitation pearls around her thickly powdered throat was Elsie's mother.

Mrs. Fuller smoothed her dress down on each side of her, and sighed profoundly.

"Well, I suppose Sunday is a day of

rest for most people, but if it is, they don't have a baby to look after the way I do. If it is n't one thing, it 's another, and there 's no end to it, what with bottles and baking special potatoes and orange juice one hour and beef juice the next, and changing them and sitting them down when they have n't sense enough to sit down by themselves instead of hanging to the sides of their cribs, and picking them up when they yell to be picked up, why, there 's no end to it. I expect you don't know much about what it means to be taking care of a baby, Donald Hyde."

Mrs. Fuller looked at the father of Dick Hyde with more than her usual hostility.

"I know that it 's a very great responsibility, Mrs. Fuller, and I am sure that I could arrange to relieve you of it, if you would let me. Of course I can't have Dick at the 'drome, and I 'm afraid that just now he would n't fit into my father's scheme of life; but I could certainly arrange to have him cared for in one way or another, if you 'd only give me the chance."

Donald had spoken this same speech many times, and now he knew it by rote. The reply that it met with was never greatly varied.

"Certainly not, certainly not. I 'm no woman to be shirking my duty to my dead daughter, however much of a little fool she may have been, nor however much of a mess she may have made of her life, when it might have been a bed of roses for herself and for me, too. But you can't expect me to be thanking you, Donald Hyde, for what you made her do and for what you did to her. I can't help thinking that she might be riding in her limou-

sine now instead of lying cold in her grave, and then I would n't be living in this house with a girl like Ella and a car that no amount of tinkering can ever set right. Elsie was a dear girl and she was a great dancer, as I was told by many who should know; but when I think of what she gave up for a two-weeks' lark—"

"Mrs. Fuller, please!"

Donald interrupted the woman abruptly. He could n't listen when she talked of the time that he and Elsie had been together; and she talked of it on every possible occasion, invariably referring to that lifetime of happiness in Asheville as a "two-weeks' lark." Donald had dreaded to meet this woman because he had felt that her sympathy would be too much to bear. He remembered how he had approached the Fullers' house for the first time, fearful, yet glad, that Elsie's mother would speak to him of Elsie and of their love with a comprehension almost equal to his own.

Mrs. Fuller had quickly checked her tongue; there was a certain expression in Donald's brown eyes that made her somewhat afraid of him even in her most unrestrained moments. Now she patted the dark hair that rose from her forehead in an edifice of incredible curls; then she smoothed out her skirt again.

The servant Ella appeared at the door of the room, refusing to cross the threshold, and muttered:

"Dinner 's waiting, and has been."

Jenny Fuller turned cumbrously.

"Call Tom Fuller out of the garage, and tell him to be quick about it."

Ella sullenly disappeared. Donald pulled his long body out of his chair and stood up. Mrs. Fuller, as she

lifted herself to her feet, found occasion to observe:

"I thought you 'd be ready enough to eat."

They went down a narrow hall and turned into a dining-room filled with mission furniture that represented a later development in Jenny Fuller's taste than did the parlor. As they entered, Tom Fuller appeared through the door that led into the kitchen. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his hands were smeared with grease. His wife eyed him.

"Wash your hands, Tom Fuller, and put on your coat and then come to the table. You 're a sight."

The little man quickly disappeared through the door behind him.

The Sunday-noon dinner at the Fullers' was a very slightly variable feast. Whatever else there might be, there was always roast beef, boiled potatoes, and cabbage. Donald had learned to eat at least a representative fraction of Ella's miserably cooked food but the meal itself was more than a gastronomic ordeal. It forced him to sit with Elsie's father and mother for a certain length of time, and it offered Mrs. Fuller an admirable opportunity for one-sided conversation. After dinner Donald could take Dick outside on the lawn and sit in the sunlight and tell him about Elsie, but this was Mrs. Fuller's hour.

Donald's father-in-law slipped unobtrusively into the room and slid into his chair. He was a little Englishman who had been transplanted twenty years before and who looked as though he must have dried up even earlier. A sharp nose jutted out between round, close-set eyes that seemed everlastingly apologetic; his face was very red and wizened; his movements were

as quick as a bird's, and seemed always prompted by some sudden fear. In his youth he had had a nice little business renting beach umbrellas at Bournemouth, and it was there that he had met his future wife. Mr. Fuller seldom referred to this period of his life. Indeed, when his wife was present, he seldom spoke at all except in answer to a question. But for fifteen years his Mount Vernon customers had found him a satisfactory grocer.

Mr. Fuller began to carve the roast beef, furtively. Mrs. Fuller settled herself more easily in her chair and patted her skirt. Donald tried to look through the closely curtained windows that faced on the White Plains trolley line. Ella, having deposited on the table the whole repast once for all, had vanished.

It occurred to Donald that he might ask Mr. Fuller how the car was running, but he refrained, knowing that it would provoke the lady of the house to lengthy comment. Had Donald talked of what was in his mind, he would have talked of Dick; but he dreaded to speak of him, for mention of the baby would lead naturally to mention of Elsie, and that was unbearable. These were Elsie's parents, but he could talk of her to any other people in the world with less pain than he could talk of her to them. His father had been impossible, but he had made Donald suffer less. His father simply knew nothing about it: his knowledge and his opinion were all summed up in the judgment that his son had got mixed up with some chorus girl and that he would get over it.

Donald ventured to remark that it was growing warmer.

"It is," agreed his mother-in-law.

"And it'll be a hot summer beyond any doubt; but while we're sweating on the ground, I suppose you'll be cooling yourself off nicely in the air."

Donald smiled amiably.

"Yes, I suppose I shall. But there's always the chance, you know, of finding oneself on the ground quite suddenly. We're not doing much flying now, though,—it seems a joke after the war,—just enough to keep our hands in."

"It looks to me like an easy enough way of earning a living," remarked Mrs. Fuller, spearing a small boiled potato with her fork.

"Oh, yes, it's easy enough," agreed Donald. "That is, so long as your engine does n't konk out—go back on you," he explained.

Mrs. Fuller sniffed.

"Well, flying about in the sky seems a grand, easy way of life to me. And you must have had a fine time of it in France, for I noticed you were in no great hurry to be coming back to us even after you'd had our cable telling about poor Elsie and all."

Donald had heard this same remark several times before, and at first he had attempted to reply to it; but now, refusing to reply, he stared steadily into the plate before him. His first meeting with Mrs. Fuller had not been five-minutes old when he realized that he could never tell her, as he had longed and dreaded to tell her, what that brief cablegram, announcing life and death, had meant to him. The date of its arrival was stamped on his memory. Gazing steadily at the plate, he remembered.

§ 3

The cable had come to him on June 27, 1918. It had been handed to him

on the aërodrome at Sainte-Marie Cappel, as he climbed out of his *Dolphin* after a particularly disagreeable offensive patrol. Standing on the *tarmac* he had read it, and his flight sergeant had caught him when he stumbled. Then he had straightened up and thrust the paper into his tunic. Mechanics were wheeling his bus into the hangar; he stopped them, and had the plane trundled out on to the 'drome again. Painfully he clambered into the fuselage, and felt for the switch. A man had jumped forward to swing the prop. The engine caught with an uneven explosion, then, as he pushed the throttle forward, it surged into a steady roar. Noise swept about him in a soothing flood. He throttled back, and waved his hand; men pulled away the chocks that held the wheels. Evenly he pushed the throttle open; his stick thrust against the instrument board; the tail came up. He eased the joystick back; the nose lifted. And then the 'drome fled away beneath him. Cassel Hill loomed ahead. In a vicious vertical bank Donald pulled the plane back across the hangars, leveled out, then rose again in an appalling climbing turn. Level again, a mighty zoom, then over in a fast half-roll. Under his hands the *Dolphin* began to act like a mad thing. Action numbed the pilot's brain; every movement was mechanical. He swung into a full roll with the abandon of a man plunging into a breaking wave; losing height in a low loop, he missed the hangars by a breath. Then he flattened out, and the *Dolphin* scudded like a frightened gull straight toward the line, climbing, climbing. Hasebrouck fell away on the right, Poperinghe rushed up on the left, and

then the ruin of Bailleul swept under him. Climbing! climbing! He could not think, but three words kept pounding in his brain, in rhythm with the engine's roar: *Elsie is dead! Elsie is dead!* Armentières came sweeping toward him, the skeleton of Armentières; he was five thousand feet off the floor. Ahead of him black Archie bursts were drifting across the evening sky. His own balloon line was well behind him. Over Armentières he swung his plane around in a steady bank, and circled like a bird that seeks a resting-place. Around and around he turned, gazing over the cockpit's edge at the dead city that sprawled beneath him. It was a fitting ending. Into the heart of that dead city he would take his grief—five thousand feet in a vertical dive, with engine wide! Elsie was dead! Then, as he circled there, the other half of that message forced itself into his brain. He had a son, Elsie's child; the child she had so rapturously anticipated in long letters to him, the child who was to live for him if he did not come back.

These things he remembered as he sat gazing straight into the plate before him. The pattern on the china grew into a flat, map-like expanse of fields and woods and shattered towns; he saw the forest of Nieppe and Dickeybusch and Ypres, the dreadful belt of shell-holes, and the graveyard of the tanks. The roaring of an unleashed Hispano Suiza sounded in his ears; he felt the cablegram crushed inside his tunic pocket. He thought of the son he had not seen.

§ 4

And then he raised his eyes to realize that he was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, with Elsie's father and mother.

He was sitting in the dining-room of a small frame-house in Mount Vernon. The uniform he wore was not British; for a moment he fumbled for a necktie that was not there; and then he recalled that he was in the American Air Service, that he had managed to transfer after reaching Cologne, that he had succeeded in returning home immediately, and that he was now stationed on Long Island. It was startling to remember these things, to be suddenly called back from the Flanders front that he knew so well to this room and these people who were strangers to him.

Mr. Fuller had finished eating; Mrs. Fuller was finishing. Donald hastily made a few inroads on his plate, and then attacked the rice pudding that stood beside it. His mother-in-law had been strangely silent; his father-in-law had not spoken a word.

"Babies are expensive things," observed Mrs. Fuller, unexpectedly.

Tom Fuller brought his head up with a jerk.

"Yes, they're very expensive things," went on Mrs. Fuller, steadily. "What with one thing and another, it's a fearful lot of money they eat into. Not that I begrudge Elsie's child the best there is, but it does seem a pity that she could n't have stayed to take care of him, though it's a sure thing she could never have wanted him, and it's probably better for her that she's out of the way as she is."

"She did want him!" Donald spoke quickly and angrily. "You must know that she wanted him, that she wanted him most terribly in case I did n't—" He broke off, sharply realizing that he was speaking to Mrs. Fuller. Then he went on quietly: "And as for not begrudging the child

the best, why it seems to me that I take care of that."

Mrs. Fuller attempted what resulted in something nearly a smile, and answered hastily:

"Of course, of course you do take care of that, Donald. Don't ever think for a moment now I was speaking of the big things. It's the little things I was thinking of, the little things; and it's a miracle the way the pennies count up without any one ever knowing where they've made off to. When I think of the money poor Elsie was earning and of all the grand chances she had for the taking, and what a different life it might have been for all of us, I don't blame her; but I can't help thinking what a foolish bit of a child she was, and how things might have been for her if she had n't gone and done what she did. There's a little matter I might talk to you about before you go, Donald Hyde, but now I'll get the boy for you, and you can take him out in the air for a while." Mrs. Fuller rose from her chair and walked to the door, announcing, as she passed through it, "You'll spend the afternoon in the house, Tom Fuller, not in the garage."

The two men listened to her steps as she went up the stairs.

Then Tom Fuller cocked his head toward Donald, and asked abruptly:

"Did ye ever go into the Blue Bull at Bristol, Mr. Hyde?"

Donald answered regretfully, as he had answered regretfully to other similar questions, that he had not.

"It was a fine pub, a fine pub," announced Mr. Fuller, shaking his head sadly.

"I'm sure it was," agreed Donald, with a show of heartiness; "but perhaps it was before my time."

"Perhaps it was, now; perhaps it was," assented Mr. Fuller, amiably. "But it was a champion pub, a champion pub."

Mr. Fuller relapsed into silence. He was casting about, thought Donald, for recollection of another champion pub. Donald's conversation with Elsie's father had moved in one well defined groove. Shortly after meeting him, Donald had endeavored to talk to the little Englishman about England, and he had found his father-in-law responsive only within strict limitations. Mr. Fuller's memories of his mother land seemed to be exclusively clustered around an amazing variety of public houses; he had shown a pathetic eagerness that Donald should display a familiarity with at least one of them, and he had shaken his head sorrowfully when Donald had failed him. So far Donald had failed him in every instance. But the wizened grocer's resources were not yet exhausted.

During that first Sunday of discovery with his family-in-law, Donald had ventured to speak to Mr. Fuller of Elsie, and her father had replied in a tone much the same as that with which he greeted ignorance of a cherished pub. Shaking his head, he had observed:

"She was a proper queer 'un, a proper queer 'un."

It was as though he referred to a puzzling stranger who had baffled his speculation for a time and then vanished. After that Donald did not speak of his wife to his wife's father.

The sunlight fell upon a narrow strip of lawn that lay between the Fullers' house and the Fullers' garage. Sun-

day afternoon was nearly over. Donald had been telling Dick about Elsie, and now the father stood watching his son, who was resting quietly, sleepy at last, in his hooded perambulator. There were white clouds in the sky. Donald raised his head, and noted absently that the heavy ones must be about ten thousand feet up. The calculation was instinctive, a habit fixed on many aërodromes. About ten thousand feet. Donald thought of other skies, remembering them as men remember streets through which they have walked once. There had been no clouds the day the cable came, no clouds below the high whips of wind-shredded cirrus. But there had been black Archie bursts. It was over Armentières that he had first realized he had a son. He looked at Dick. The baby seemed asleep.

Tom Fuller slipped past them on his way from the back door to the garage, and a moment later Mrs. Fuller's voice sounded from the house, calling, "Donald Hyde!"

Donald started, looked toward the house, then back at Dick. The afternoon was nearly ended. But there would be more Sundays like this, many more. He would sit in the front parlor with Jenny Fuller, with the clock and the photograph, and the shawl across the horsehair sofa; he would sit at dinner with Mrs. Fuller and her husband, and Tom Fuller would remember more unfamiliar pubs. As he thought, he saw a procession of such Sundays stretching before him; he did not try to count them. Donald Hyde bent over Dick Hyde for a moment. Then he returned to the house to talk with Mrs. Fuller.

Can Journalism Be a Profession?

A Study of Conflicting Tendencies

BY ERNEST GRUENING

THE number of newspapers in the United States is steadily diminishing. New York to-day has five fewer metropolitan dailies than eight years ago. Four of these have disappeared within the last year. To replace the "Press," the "Herald," the "Globe," the "Call" (which continued briefly as the "Leader"), the "Mail," and the "Sun," only one new paper, an illustrated "tabloid," the "News," has come into the field.¹

A similar process of elimination has occurred in virtually every other American city.

A generation ago Chicago had five morning and five evening papers. To-day it has two morning and four evening dailies. The three million persons in the immediately metropolitan territory have every morning only the choice of the Chicago "Tribune" and Hearst's "Herald-Examiner." This last represents the fusion of no fewer than six newspapers—the "Chronicle," the "Times," the "Inter-Ocean," the "Record," the "Herald," and the "Examiner." Labeled merely by conventional standards, Chicago, with its large number of Democratic voters, has no morning paper of their political faith. The "Tribune" is Republican. The "Herald-Examiner" calls itself Independent, and repre-

sents the non-partizan and unattached views of its owner, familiar to readers in other cities where Mr. Hearst owns newspapers.

Detroit, now the fourth American city in size, has but one morning paper and two evening. The same situation obtains in Cleveland, with its solitary "Plain Dealer" as breakfast fare, its "Press" and "News" as competitors for the supper-table. St. Louis, with over 800,000 souls in its metropolitan radius, has but one morning paper. Cities as large and important as New Orleans, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Minneapolis, Richmond, and Atlanta have but one morning paper. Philadelphia, our third city, still has four morning papers, but the evening field has shrunk to two.

Many cities of over 50,000 inhabitants have no morning paper at all, but depend on the nearest great city daily.

The reason given for this tendency is tersely summarized in the words "rising costs." But a somewhat more complete explanation is found in the great changes that the industrial sweep has wrought in America. Three generations ago the business side of journalism was much like any other retail business; that is to say, it could be started in a small way and gradually

¹ Since this paper has been in type, the "New York Bulletin," an evening paper, has been launched.

expanded as it became profitable. A newspaper could start in one room, with a small press run by one man, and with the entire work of writing, editing, composing, printing, and even of distribution in the hands of a very few persons. In those days the chief revenue came from circulation. The price of each copy more than covered the mechanical costs of producing it. And each copy was a commodity for sale differing from other manufactured products chiefly in that it was highly perishable. If the editorial policies achieved any degree of popularity, the result was immediately translated into augmented revenues through increased sales. And the paper was thus enabled to expand steadily and to pay its way as it went. Advertising was a helpful, but a relatively unimportant, by-product.

To-day the situation has been largely reversed. Mechanical costs, especially the cost of news-print paper, have so greatly increased that frequently each copy of a large edition of a daily newspaper is sold below the net cost of the raw materials it contains. The newspaper has come to depend increasingly on its advertising revenue. Now, to-day advertising comes, if at all, only after a newspaper has achieved and maintained a certain definite and fairly considerable body of circulation. Hence not only are new newspaper ventures tremendously costly and involve a period of time in which the financial losses will necessarily be staggering, but a situation is created after a time where the intrenched power of existing newspapers is so great that new competition is almost impossible. To launch and to carry to financial success a new morning newspaper in New York or Chicago to-day might

easily require a capital reaching into eight figures.

With the increasing amounts of capital necessary to conduct the great institutions that newspapers have become, the business part of the enterprise naturally looms increasingly large at the expense of the editorial side. And when newspapers disappear, the individual opportunities for men engaged in the news and editorial sides are proportionately diminished. There are in New York to-day, for instance, five fewer managing editors, five fewer news editors, five fewer city, sporting, telegraph, financial, society editors than before recent consolidations. Five dramatic, five literary, and five musical critics are no more. About a score of editorial writers, two-score of copy-desk editors, and perhaps a hundred reporters are "out." Add the remaining miscellaneous activities, the "make-up" men, "column" conductors, district men, Albany, Washington, and foreign correspondents, and at least another hundred or more of journalists have fallen by the wayside. (This is apart from the men in the mechanical departments—compositors, stereotypers, pressmen—and in the business departments—advertising, circulation, and bookkeeping.) That the persons affected often suffer great hardship admits of no question. Men who have given their lives to the service of an institution at salaries that made "laying by" almost out of the question have found themselves in middle life or beyond jobless and with a very limited opportunity to resume the only vocation for which they were trained. But we are less concerned for the moment with the individual tragedies than with the larger implications of this process.

In many cases the disappearance of newspapers has had little, if any, relation to their journalistic excellence. Tastes may differ, but it was generally conceded that the New York "Globe" was an excellent newspaper. Even with the great means at the disposal of the rival "Sun," it could not draw readers away from the "Globe." By the test of circulation the "Globe" was at least as good a newspaper. But the "Sun" "bought" the "Globe." Excepting for the addition to the "Sun" of the excellent humorous column, "The Globe-Trotter," conducted by Mr. H. I. Phillips, the resultant newspaper differed in no essential respect from the "Sun" before amalgamation. That is, it differed in no wise journalistically; but it was bulkier, because of the increased advertising.

Most newspaper "amalgamations" or "consolidations" are nothing more than the destruction of a competitor by purchase by the business management of another paper. The surviving management invariably proclaims a better and greater paper in which the joint energies and abilities of the two staffs are pictured as working with added enthusiasm. Actually nothing of the kind happens. The joint names appear for a time over the first page as a lure for the readers of the vanished paper. A star man or two and a few salient features are taken over for a time, but the combined paper is little different and little better than before. Thus far at least consolidations have never made a great newspaper. Into the present "Herald-Tribune" have gone Mr. Dana's one-time brilliant "Sun," Mr. Bennett's whilom "Herald," pioneer among the great international news-gatherers, the

"Press," which in its day achieved new excellence for its sporting pages. But the quintessence that remains is little more than Mr. Ogden Reid's "Tribune" as it has been for years.

In Philadelphia, the "Evening Ledger" not long ago bought the "Evening Telegraph." But the "Ledger's" evening competitor, the "Bulletin," is steadily drawing away in circulation and in power. In Boston, the "Traveler" and "Evening Herald" amalgamated a decade ago; the morning "Herald" purchased the "Journal" seven years back. Yet three other newspapers, the "Post," "Globe," and "American," without the ingestion of any competitors, surpass the "Herald" and the "Traveler" in circulation. On the other hand, the business of these papers has been enormously helped by the consolidations. In Chicago, the "Herald-Examiner" is a vigorously growing Hearst newspaper. But it is not better for its deglutition of five other dailies. It does not differ materially from, and is no better than, the morning Hearst papers in New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the elimination of papers tends to make poorer newspapers. Obviously, where a lone newspaper occupies a field, the pursuit of excellence will be carried on with less zest than under stimulating competition.

Indeed, a study of newspapers in fields from which the competition has been removed generally reveals a deterioration in the quality of news and editorial craftsmanship. Few will dissent from the view that the "Chicago Tribune" is not the newspaper that it was when it was battling against several competitors, and draw-

ing readers away from them by its vigor and its general superiority as a newspaper. On the other hand, it has never been a greater *business* institution than to-day. In no newspaper institution has the merchandizing of its wares, the space it sells to advertisers, been more scientifically and more energetically carried out. Where other newspapers advertise their selling potency with half and full pages, the "Chicago Tribune" buys four-page sections in the leading newspapers of other cities. What does this signify? Merely that while the news and editorial competition have been largely eliminated, business competition has not. There is the active business competition not only of the rival morning "Herald-Examiner," but of the evening newspapers, headed by the "Chicago Daily News," which is leading in Chicago the fight waged in every city to swing advertising from the morning to evening newspapers and to secure "coverage" without reader duplication in that manner. There is also the competition of the national magazines, such as the "Saturday Evening Post" and the various women's monthlies.

This phenomenon is repeated in every large city to-day. What is the big newspaper problem in Cleveland to-day? Why, nothing more than to convince advertisers that the best way to reach the northeastern Ohio territory is by taking space in the lone morning "Plain Dealer" or, *vice versa* by taking both "Press" and "News" in the evening. In other cities the names change, but the issue is identical. The comparison between papers, upon which their managements concentrate, is a *business* comparison.

It may be urged in rebuttal that circulation must be obtained to get and hold advertising, and that circulation is dependent on merit, but that is true to only a limited extent. In Boston, for instance, the "Herald" and "Traveler," morning and evening papers under one roof, whose combined circulation is sold to national advertisers, has succeeded through sheer salesmanship in leading all its competitors in this field although it hovers between third and fourth place in circulation. Unable to add appreciably to its readership it maintained its circulation for a time by the use of premiums—hot-water bottles, fountain-pens, silver services, and what-not. Clearly, where a maximum of advertising can be obtained with a minimum of circulation, and even that maintained by methods utterly unrelated to journalistic excellence, what incentive is there to the business management to attempt to improve its news and editorial columns?

§ 2

A survey of American newspapers to-day leads to the inevitable conclusion that two tendencies more or less antagonistic are molding the destinies of our press. In the conflict of the *profession of journalism versus the newspaper business*, the latter is romping to victory.

The "Chicago Tribune," which calls itself "the world's greatest newspaper," at the same time boasts that it is "a commercial institution."

Take that newspaper Herod, Mr. Frank A. Munsey. While his views carry a somewhat personal note, he expresses bluntly what many other owners feel. "My work of amalgamating newspapers in the evening

field in New York," he wrote recently, "has been as sound a piece of economics as the amalgamation of competing lines of railroads or banks or manufactures."

Mr. Munsey's record, while unique, illustrates the present dominance of the business and financial element in journalism and whither it leads. Of the seventeen newspapers which he has owned ten have died, five have passed into other hands, and only two remain in his. In over a generation of dealing with newspapers he has not made a single outstanding contribution to journalism.

How could it be otherwise? He regards his newspapers little differently except as to size from the merchandise that passes across the counters of his successful chain of grocery stores. To him, apparently, the newspaper differs in no essential respect from a can of peas in which the editors, writers, and reporters are as of little significance as the individual pea in the can, to be bought, sold, used, or discarded at the owner's will and pleasure. When Mr. Munsey extinguished the "Globe," the men who had made the oldest daily in New York what it had become, a human, progressive, and intelligent newspaper, had neither warning of nor voice in their fate. It was of no concern whatever to the business management that sold and to the business management that bought the "Globe," except when a few of the "slaves," as one of the "Globe's" editors humorously called himself and his fellows, decided not to be "sold with the plantation." That attempt to escape aroused Mr. Munsey's ire, for he had not yet decided what disposition to make of his new property and its human addenda.

This same attitude prevails in his

newspaper shop in those latent periods when Mr. Munsey is not actually engaged in buying or selling newspapers. It destroys individual initiative and enthusiasm and tends to transform his editorial writers into hired men who, within the narrow limits assigned to them and the still narrower limits inspired by their fear of making a mistake, pound out expressions of what they believe he wants. Except for the somewhat wider range of knowledge which such an editorial writer must possess, his work is as little the expression of himself and his person as that of the linotyper on another floor who sets the same matter. He has become a journeyman, not a journalist.

In such an atmosphere and under such, or analogous, conditions, the profession of journalism reaches the vanishing-point. Allowing for differences of degree, this condition prevails widely.

I am not here thinking at all of the relative merits of various policies; whether a paper is conservative, progressive, or radical, Republican, Democratic, or Independent, is not germane to this discussion, except that I believe that every considerable group in a community should be represented by a newspaper of corresponding faith, a condition that consolidations are making impossible. Nor am I here attempting any discussion of the failings, alleged or real, with which the press has been charged. They relate to this thesis only in so far as—if and where they exist—the present purely physical shrinkage of newspaperdom makes their correction increasingly unlikely.

§ 3

Along with the shrinkage in the number of newspapers has been launched a

counterbalancing effort to "professionalize" journalism. The first school was founded at the University of Missouri sixteen years ago. To-day seven full-fledged schools, departments in a score of universities, and courses in two hundred colleges teach journalism. To them young men and women eager for a career flock in increasing numbers. The attempt to professionalize journalism follows, perhaps naturally, the professionalizing of law, medicine, architecture, engineering. Now, the idea of a profession, it seems to me, is predicated on a certain spiritual desire for self-expression, for service, for personal independence. In a sense the man or woman seeking a professional career stipulates these things in exchange possibly for greater material success.

But in all these professions there is likewise a fairly definite predication of economic self-sufficiency in return for the years of time invested in special study and preparation. Failures there are of course. But in general, one who is moderately intelligent and zealous may feel assured that a livelihood is ahead of him. If it turn out otherwise, it is largely his own inadequacy which is to blame. In these callings, moreover, professional opportunity bears a constant ratio to the growth of population.

Not so in journalism. For not only is the remuneration in journalism exceptionally low, but to this is added the great factor of uncertainty, because in journalism, through no fault of their own, and wholly regardless of the excellence of their work, men are turned loose through changes of ownership and management. What happens in the increasing number of consolidations has already been referred to.

When Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis bought the "New York Evening Post," virtually the entire staff, including some of its best men, who had served the paper in the days when it was a national institution, was turned out. There was no relation between their abilities, which in many cases were not even tested by the new management, and their dismissal. Mr. Curtis was merely following a well recognized, though a wholly unnecessary and unjustifiable, newspaper practice.

Another essential distinction between the profession of journalism and the others is that professional training in journalism—even one of the new degrees of master or bachelor of science in journalism—carries with it only a highly theoretical advantage. No one can practise medicine or law without passing state examinations, which require years of highly specialized and intricate study. But the bachelor of journalism finds himself in competition with a bright youth fresh from college, an itinerant clergyman, an ex-school teacher. Moreover, there is a tendency, perfectly natural indeed, on the part of newspapers to select experts outside of journalism to "cover" certain specialties. An astronomer from the nearest university reports the eclipse; a chess master, the international chess tournament; an ex-football star, the big game; a banker, an economic conference; a popular historian, a "lame-duck" politician, or a humorist, the national political conventions. This may be an excellent procedure and distinctly a step above the unskilful reporting which in the past characterized many newspapers; but, paradoxically, it is a blow at the profession of journalism. In what other profession could an outsider be

temporarily called in to do an important and special piece of work?

These economic questions cannot be blinked. Over no other profession hangs, as over this one of the pen, the mightier Damoclean sword of dismissal. It is not merely an economic question. It is doubtful whether earnest and ambitious men, men with family responsibilities, will and should submit to the uncertainties and indignities from which even unskilled labor is finding a way to protect itself.

But there is still another aspect of the question whether journalism can be a profession. This relates to the difficulty, if not the impossibility, under present conditions of maintaining any consistent standard of ethics.

"There are two distinct conceptions of the schools of journalism," writes Nelson Antrim Crawford in his excellent "The Ethics of Journalism," the first book on the subject. One emphasizes above everything else newspaper technique. This is the trade school method, and it turns out graduates who have the competency which a trade school gives.

The other conception, Mr. Crawford points out; is that "journalism is a profession and that the school of journalism is a professional school. It admits that the school must give technical training . . . but maintains that this . . . could be obtained in a very brief course" and that the school ought "rather give the student such an intellectual and ethical training and background as will best enable him to serve the public through the press."

A fine conception, surely. But is it realizable?

Journalism has had no associations

such as the national, state, and county bar associations, the national, state, and county medical associations and societies, or the American Institute of Architects, where the lights of each profession gather to discuss its progress and bring to it an eager scientific interest. No such associations have been possible among journalists.

Of course there is the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, which meets annually and discusses the price of news-print paper, postal rates, and wage scales in the mechanical departments. But it is essentially a trade organization, like the National Paint, Oil, and Varnish Association. It deals chiefly with the problems of the *newspaper business*.

There are, to be sure, certain associations of journalists, but thus far their influence on the profession has been utterly negligible. Last year was formed the American Society of Newspaper Editors, with the aim "to promote acquaintance among members, to develop a stronger professional *esprit de corps*, to maintain the dignity and rights of the profession, to consider and perhaps establish ethical standards of professional conduct, to interchange ideas for the advancement of professional ideals, and for the more effective application of professional labors, and to work collectively for the solution of common problems." With an initial membership of 124 editors-in-chief and executive editors of papers in cities of over 100,000, this group met in Washington and adopted a set of "Canons of Journalism" prepared by Mr. H. J. Wright, at that time editor of the New York "Globe." Excellent! But without wishing to prejudge the utility of such a body, the creation of which is surely a step in the right

direction, it is significant that membership belongs not to the man, but to the job! Unlike an association of other professional men, physicians or lawyers, its personnel will constantly change—changed by dismissal or the abolition of the office according to processes uniquely confined to journalism. It is ironic and significant that the author of this code is no longer in a position to enforce its practice, and that several who took prominent parts in the proceedings are no longer eligible to meet with this gathering to discuss how “to maintain the dignity and rights of the profession.”

Other signs point toward the effort to erect ethical and professional standards. In recent years codes of ethics for journalism have sprouted freely.

In the Oregon Code, written by Mr. C. V. Dymont of the University of Oregon, and adopted two years ago by the Oregon State Editorial Association, we find *inter alia*:

“There is no place in journalism for the dissembler; the distorter; the prevaricator; the suppresser; or the dishonest thinker.” And also: “We will resist outside control in every phase of our practice, believing that the best interests of society require intellectual freedom in journalism.”

Says the code adopted by the Missouri Press Association in 1921:

“A newspaper does not belong solely to its owner and is not fulfilling its highest functions if devoted selfishly.”

And no finer expression of what should be the journalist's part in our society exists than “The Journalist's Creed,” composed by Dean Walter Williams of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, which says in part:

“I believe in the profession of journalism.

“I believe that the public journal is a public trust; that all connected with it are to the full measure of their responsibility, trustees for the public; that acceptance of lesser service is betrayal of this trust.

“I believe that clear thinking, and clear statement, accuracy, and fairness are fundamental to good journalism.

“I believe that a journalist should write only what he holds in his heart to be true.

“I believe that suppression of the news for any consideration other than the public welfare of society is indefensible.

“I believe . . . that bribery by one's own pocket-book is as much to be avoided as bribery by the pocket-book of another; that individual responsibility may not be escaped by pleading another's instructions or another's dividends.”

This is as it should be, but, unfortunately, not as it is. It is an expression of an ideal which has been attained only in rare instances. It is a stimulating vision, but is it not a mirage?

The tendency is all the other way. In how many sancta is there an editor who, responsible only to his conscience, is free to live up to Dean Williams's splendid creed?

§ 4

Take our metropolis. The “Globe” is no more. There *was* a paper whose editorial page reflected the views of its editors—Mr. Wright and his assistants, an able group of journalists, William L. Chenery, Bruce Bliven, Robert L. Duffus, Frank Hill. Its masthead carried the names of the editor, asso-

ciate editor, managing editor, and city editor. But what was the explanation of this phenomenon? The unique situation of a totally uninterested absentee owner, accidentally an heir to this newspaper property and seeking to sell it. When he did so, there perished one rarely conspicuous exemplification of the journalistic ideal.

There is likewise the morning "World," steadfast in the principles of its founder, Joseph Pulitzer, for which the late Frank Cobb created the most notable editorial page in America. He was wholly untrammelled, as is his successor, Walter Lippmann. I knew of one recent instance when an editorial writer, seeking to consult one of the owners on a national issue, was told by the latter that he preferred not to discuss it, as his material interest was deeply involved. He wanted the "World's" policy to be wholly objective. In its news columns, too, the "World" is responsive only to the conscience and purpose of its editors. What finer proof of its sincere devotion to the journalistic professional ideal than its printing on the first page the news of the divorce of one member of the owning family?

The "Times" is undoubtedly our greatest newspaper. Its covering of events in all parts of the globe, its judgment in the display of news, are unexcelled, and, if possible, growing better day by day. From the news point of view every copy of the "Times" is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. And it is gratifying to record that it is as much the creation of the profession of journalism as may be found in New York to-day. Here the average of salaries is as high as on any paper. Here discharges for reasons of economy and except for cause are unknown.

Here the managing editor knows only one assignment—to make what in his judgment is the best possible newspaper. The same material conditions exist in regard to the editorial page, though I am aware of a spiritual difference. Here, obviously, able and distinguished men who have made their mark in American journalism are editing a page often not representing their views. Witness that recently one was conducting a page on a newspaper of very different policy. This is not intended as an aspersion. They perhaps write nothing that they do not believe, but they cannot pen what they would and could were they truly editing their paper, and were the control not as almost everywhere that of a publisher rather than an editor, of the *business* rather than of the *profession*. The distinction may appear a subtle one, and is perhaps, particularly so in the case of the "Times," than which no newspaper in the country is freer from *outside* control, none more wholly divorced from other business enterprises, none with publishing standards of greater integrity. Yet I believe that in the difference in degree of independence between the managing editorship and the editorship of the "Times" lies the difference in the relative merit and effectiveness of its news and its editorial columns.

It will be asserted in refutation, as often in recent years, that newspapers have become great institutions, no longer to be dominated by individual man. Mr. Rollo Ogden ably presented this view by saying:

"The real defense of impersonal journalism lies in the conception of a newspaper not as an individual organ, but as a public institution. . . . The paper represents not one man's

thought, but a body of opinion. Behind what is said each day stands a long tradition. Writers, reviewers, correspondents, clientele, add their mite, but it is little more than Burns's snowflake falling into the river. The great stream flows on."

Now, the picture here conjured up of a carefully wrought out program arrived at by the consultation of many minds would be impressive were it anything like the rule in these "great institutions" instead of the exception. A certain amount of consultation probably goes on in every metropolitan editorial writing office. But in the great majority the editorial is drawn from the news of the day by a writer who is aware of the ideas, prejudices, and taboos of the owner or owners, and kicks up his heels carefully within the confines which he knows full well exist. His liberties vary with the subject and with the newspaper. But generally it is not an elaborately wrought product of many minds that is brought forth, but the determination of onementality—that of the ownership—clad in the vestments given it by one of the editorial employees.

That is more or less the case with the rest of the New York press. There the editorials represent the views of the owners, sometimes absentee, sometimes very much in evidence. I know a splendid and extraordinarily able young man whom consolidation swept into the editorial sanctum of one of these papers. He could not conscientiously write into an editorial the owner's views on the advantages of child labor. He followed Dean Williams's fourth credo. He resigned. To his credit,—and there are many others like him,—he kept the faith, and he is out. Thus paradoxically the

truest journalists may be no longer journalists in fact. They are assembled in a sort of fourth dimension of the fourth estate.

In Boston and Pittsburgh it is much the same: ownership rules, editorship bends the neck. Only in these two cities and in some others is the situation far graver in that it involves the integrity of the news columns, which in New York are on the whole free from advertisers' and other privileged pressure. Well, then, some one may ask, what are the rights of ownership? The shading of the answer depends largely on one's point of view toward journalism. If journalism is a profession then the sole business of the "business side" of a newspaper is to nourish the "editorial side." In the long run it is as necessary for a newspaper to become at least self-supporting as for any professional man to earn enough to live decently. And just as he could not do his best work were he undernourished so journalism and the professional ideal cannot reach their fullest fruition on impecunious newspapers. Yet they can far more nearly do so even in the face of constant financial stringency than on those great and prosperous "institutions" where the advertising tail wags the editorial dog. If journalism is a profession then its members are entitled to approximately the amount of spiritual freedom granted the physicians on the staff of a hospital, who, operating under a well recognized code, are directly responsible only to their fellow professional men. If journalism is a profession, then its editors and managing editors and its preëminent writers are the leaders of that profession and entitled to something of the same standing that

the leaders in medicine, the law, and the ministry are accorded in theirs. But how few and far between are the editors conspicuous in their communities as editors? William Allen White is the shining example. In Columbus, Georgia, Julian Harris, struggling bravely with his "Enquirer-Sun," bids fair to become for the South what "Bill" White is for the prairies. But to speak of editor-ownership, which both these men exemplify, is in a sense dodging the issue here raised. Obviously, that is the ideal condition, but it is scarcely attainable in metropolitan journalism. It works exceedingly well in smaller cities, such as Springfield, Massachusetts, where the "Republican" and the "Union" furnish two excellent illustrations.

Leave New York, and in what large American city is there anything approaching editorship in the full sense? On the coast there is Fremont Older, lone survivor of a bygone epoch, who by virtue of his character, repute, and personal following maintains an exceptional autonomy under Hearst ownership. There are the Scripps-Howard papers, a notable chain of twenty-six dailies in large and medium-sized cities where the central editorial control is the slightest, and the editor of each paper is the captain of his craft not only over the editorial and news columns, but over the advertising columns as well. These papers, though successful financially, in the face, let it be noted, of this fine attitude, have still to be heard from in an editorial way. To date they have lacked distinction and force, and their influence has been negligible in comparison with what they could wield. Their invasion of the journalistic desert of Pittsburgh will be worth watch-

ing; the new oasis there is already growing fruit. And finally there are the Baltimore "Suns."

The "Suns," morning and evening, represent a venture unique in American journalism. They result from the purpose of several public-spirited and enlightened Baltimoreans to give their community a newspaper of which it may justly be proud. In consequence, Baltimore has two papers that are run by their editors, and the result has more than vindicated the splendid and correct attitude of its owners. There one finds the finest flowering of the newspaper instinct, of the art and craft of newspaper-making. There one finds security of tenure, with greater resulting effort and enthusiasm. On the Baltimore "Suns" journalism is a profession, and an honorable and distinguished one. And *it has paid*; a deficit running well into six figures has been wiped out, and a rapidly growing surplus established.

The Baltimore "Suns" represent the antithesis to the tendency which makes the possibility of professionalizing journalism and its elevation to a plane of dignity and worth difficult, if not impossible. A very large part of that tendency lies in the control or ownership of newspapers by men who are in no sense journalists, but rather business men who view their property precisely as they would a factory or a department store. Of course lip service will usually be paid by even such ownership to the public service and public trust ideals of the newspaper. And the effort is made to give the public such appearance of self-disinterestedness and devotion to the common weal, and to the reader the particular notion that the paper is written for him. This impression

must be maintained, if possible, in order not to lose readers.

Until recently it was more necessary to maintain this attitude because of the possibility that some more courageous new-comer in the field would start up a newspaper essentially for its readers, and in the course of this effort "spill a few beans," which the already intrenched competitors leave severely unspilled. But with the gradual development of a great property, the essentials which distinguished this new-comer disappear. And to-day, when advertising increasingly falls into trodden paths and the costs of starting a paper have mounted into hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars, the danger of this new kind of competition has almost ceased to exist. The cycle was well described by Professor E. A. Ross.

"Now and then, to be sure, in some betrayed and misgoverned city, a man of force takes some little sheet, prints all the news, ventilates the local situation, arouses the community, builds up a huge circulation and proves that truth-telling still pays. But such exploits do not counteract the economic developments which have brought on the glacial epoch in journalism. Note what happens to such a newspaper. It is now a valuable property and as such it will be treated. The editor need not repeat the bold strokes that won public confidence; he has only to avoid anything that will forfeit it. Unconsciously he becomes, perhaps, less a newspaper man, more a business man. He may make investments which muzzle his paper here, form social connections which silence it there. He may tire and want to 'cash in.' In any case when his newspaper falls into the hands of

others, it will be run as a business." This is not theory. It is the precise history of a number of our metropolitan newspaper institutions. Clearly the increasing business or publisher-domination generally works havoc with the journalistic ideal. Mr. Munsey took occasion to point out in one of his recent statements that the New York newspapers were now in the hands of "very rich" men. *Per se* there is nothing whatever against and much to be said for ownership by men of great wealth. It is only now that it has become virtually impossible for newspaper ownership to become *other* than plutocratic that the danger to the community becomes real. For as the newspaper becomes a great institution, and that means a great profitable investment, to quote Professor Ross again, "detachable from the editor's personality, it may come into the hands of those who will hold it in bondage to other and bigger investments. The magnate-owner may find it to his advantage not to run it as a newspaper pure and simple, but to make it—on the sly—an instrument for coloring certain kinds of news, diffusing certain misinformation, or fostering certain impressions or prejudices in its clientele. In a word, he may shape its policy by non-journalistic considerations. By making his paper help his other schemes, or further his political or social ambitions, he will hurt it as a money-maker, no doubt, but he may contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. Aside from such thralldom, newspapers are subject to the tendency of diverse businesses to become tied together by the cross-investment of their owners. But naturally, when the shares of a newspaper lie in the safe-deposit box

cheek by jowl with gas, telephone, and pipe-line stock, a tenderness for these collateral interests is likely to affect the news columns."

A newspaper man of my acquaintance recently was offered the managing editorship of an important newspaper in a large Eastern city. While highly prosperous, the paper needed circulation to offset the encroachments of its competitors. Early in the interview the publisher stated flatly that no "crusades" against any of the owners' interests would be tolerated, and city traction, telephone, gas, and electric light were included in the list. The publisher also announced that the dramatic department would have to "stay under the business office," which means that extravagant puffing would continue to displace that branch of the journalistic profession known as dramatic criticism. In the matter of mentioning the names of department stores in stories involving mishaps within them he could see no reason why a newspaper should "bite the hand that feeds it." I mention this merely because some newspapers like the New York "World" or "Times" being entirely free from such subserviency, many persons doubt that these conditions still exist in the newspaper world. Needless to say, neither muck-raking nor "crusades" are essential to make a great newspaper, though a newspaper that pretends to serve the public welfare, as all do, must be free to expose corruption wherever found. But in an atmosphere of "keep-outs," "must-nots," "musts," and "sacred cows," dictated not even by editorial convictions, but by purely ax-grinding considerations, or to propitiate advertisers, the profession of journalism can scarcely flourish.

There are still other factors which emphasize that journalism is a dwindling profession. What new papers have come into our larger cities of late are "illustrated tabloids," which furnish new opportunities for the photographer, but few for the newspaper man. Country newspapers are also diminishing in number. Their increasing use of "patent insides," "boiler plate," and other syndicated matter, which is prepared in one city and sent to thousands of small dailies and weeklies not only rob the local journalist of the possibility of creating an individual and characteristic paper, but enable one man to do the work of hundreds. Under this new dispensation, the chief task of the country editor becomes the collection of "personals," unimportant items of local gossip. It will at once be suggested that the small-town editor is under no compulsion to accept the stereotyped service. The fact is he is under the most direct economic compulsion, for aside from the greater cost of creating his own material in a small community, the revenue producing advertising is definitely linked up with these ready-made services. On the other hand, it should be noted that syndication has offered the leaders in their specialties financial rewards undreamed of a generation ago. As for the effect on the character of the country paper, it is probable that all in all the advantage of obtaining syndicated material outweighs its evils.

Indeed, it is somewhat paradoxical that the newspaper-chain ownership customarily hailed as one of the "menaces" to modern journalism may prove, because of its very financial strength, an offset to the business domination under discussion. In the first place

the chain ownership permits, through the strength of the financial reserves in the common treasury and the use of its national organization, both editorial and business, the launching of a new paper, or the revivification of a moribund daily, in a city where a purely local enterprise would probably fail. The acquisition by the Scripps-Howard papers of the Pittsburgh "Press" is a case in point. Moreover, where the shrinkage in the number of newspapers has become so serious that journalistic competition has ceased to exist, *any* new arrival should be welcomed, especially if it presents a point of view different from those already existing. For it is out of contrast and divergence that real progress comes. It has become less a matter of what the attitude of the new paper would be than that news and views should not become the monopoly of like-minded groups.

§ 5

It should be stated that many of those associated with schools of journalism do not share the view that the profession is dwindling, although others do. One director of a Mid-Western school of journalism sees hope in the small-town and country weeklies whose consolidation, he believes, "is not accompanied by the sinister features which characterize it in the larger city." An eminent teacher of journalism expressed to me the thought that as newspapers become more prosperous through virtual monopoly of their fields, they might pay better salaries and strive to make their papers better. "I am afraid," he added, "that this is but a pious wish on my part."

On the other hand, the deans of two important Mid-Western schools of

journalism report that thus far the demand for the male graduates has exceeded the supply, although the women have some difficulty in finding work. One of them writes:

"I do not regard the present tendency toward consolidation of newspapers as limiting the scope of opportunities in journalism. . . . Where there are fewer newspapers, they will of necessity have to be better edited in order to be maintained. Where the great daily newspapers are limited in numbers, smaller newspapers—weeklies and others—to serve special constituencies will, in my opinion, appear. . . . There will always be abundant room for the real journalist."

The other writes:

"The real difficulty does not lie in the consolidation of newspapers, but in the failure of the average newspaper to pay sufficiently good salaries to hold graduates of schools of journalism, when they receive more attractive offers for publicity work, advertising, and business. . . . Personally, I feel that it is not the consolidation of newspapers, but the unorganized state of the profession and the complete subordination of the news and editorial sides of the newspaper to the business of newspaper publishing (which results in the inadequate salaries for all men on the news and editorial staffs) that is the greatest difficulty in present-day journalism."

There is much food for thought in these comments. Organization, of the kind that would obviate the drawbacks in the profession is in my judgment impracticable, even if it were desirable. And what is more revealing than the frequency with which newspaper men go into other work? "A good game

to get out of," is a definition current among journalists. And yet to no calling do young men throng with a deeper enthusiasm, a larger loyalty, a more burning conviction of service. In journalism it is often from beneath that the flames of idealism are replenished. Older men, battered by years of disillusion, sometimes weary, sometimes cynical, lose the fire of their earlier years or get out. For the majority of "cubs," and I have seen many of them, training in ethics and ideals is little needed. And there are some men on every city newspaper whose one-time journalistic ideals and aspirations, deadened under years of repression and economic struggle, would need but the spark of leadership to quicken them into life. It is for this spirit, latent or active, that journalism should be given the bulwarks of a profession. These bulwarks, as I have tried to point out, are of two kinds, material and spiritual.

The hub of every newspaper office is the generally semicircular or horse-shoe shaped copy-desk. Around it sit the copy-readers or copy-desk editors, taking the raw material of news as it comes in from the reporters, or as it has been relayed over the telephone to the "rewrite men," or over the telegraph and cable wires from foreign correspondents or news services. It is the copy-readers who must condense it, whip it into shape, clear up the obscure, correct errors, and write the "heads," itself something of an art. The copy-reader must know the correct spelling of the name of the new Bulgarian premier, the correct totals of national debts, the topography of a distant country through which armies are marching (and not, as did the "Evening Post" recently, confuse the

names of Mexican generals and cities), the middle initial of every man prominent in American business or public life. He must not only be a walking encyclopedia, but in sufficient touch with foreign affairs in every portion of the globe to detect at a glance an error, exaggeration, or bias in an item that comes to him. His is the function of strainer, purifier, retoucher. What gets by him, usually gets into the newspaper. One would suppose that somewhere some newspaper, realizing the need for highly educated men would make the personnel of its copy-desk of such a character. None has. At the first meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors several editors stressed the difficulty of getting good copy-readers. But the solution is simple: make the copy-desk a post of honor, with a salary corresponding to its requirements. For metropolitan papers this should be not less than \$150 a week instead of the half of that sum which is paid in New York, and the third in other cities.

Teachers of journalism to the contrary, notwithstanding, it is my belief that the technical part of journalism requires no long and special study. Any intelligent person can learn the *technical* elements of reporting, copy-reading, head-writing, and "make-up" in a fortnight. A few weeks' practice thereafter will bring reasonable proficiency, though real preëminence, as in other professions, results largely from qualifications that are innate. The best preparation for journalism is still, in my judgment, a general education, especially in English, history, political science, and economics. All knowledge is grist to the journalists' mill, be he reporter, copy-reader, or executive. But for such preparation

adequate compensation does not exist generally in the newspaper world. For not merely the rank and file are wretchedly underpaid. The editor of a newspaper should be rated at least as important as a bank or railroad president, the managing editor, as their first vice-president, and be salaried as well as they.

But is there any economic compulsion to bring newspaper managements to such an understanding? The most prosperous of them show little willingness to pay for higher training. Stories like that of the reporter who interviewed John Burroughs, thinking him the inventor of the adding-machine, are common knowledge. I recall being interviewed by an Associated Press reporter upon my return from the senatorial investigation of Haiti and Santo Domingo two years ago. He looked somewhat blank when I began to outline what had happened, and so I asked him whether he was familiar with the background of the American occupation of those two republics.

"I don't know much about Haiti, except that it's in the Pacific," he answered, "but I know we got Santo Domingo out of the Spanish War."

An analysis of the occupations of the 277 graduates during the first ten years of the Columbia School of Journalism showed that out of 203 replies received, 95 were on newspapers (four as free-lances), 25 on magazines, 20 in publicity, 17 in advertising, 17 making further studies, 6 were instructors in journalism, and 23 in "non-journalistic work." Of course, strictly speaking, neither advertising nor publicity

are journalistic, so that roughly one fourth of the graduates of a school of journalism in the center of greatest opportunity are not engaged in journalism. Now, inducements in newspaper work are relatively high at the start, and both in point of valuable experience and financial remuneration offer much more in proportion to later returns than does almost any other calling. Those records, moreover, antedate the recent epidemic of consolidation. They are highly suggestive.

If the issue involved merely concerned the bettering of opportunity in a given calling for a few thousand persons, it would not be worth setting to paper. The answer would be simple: "Get into something else." Some other callings are extremely limited in their scope or may be suddenly wiped out for one reason or another. But journalism is important because in the evolution of our complex problems of democracy, public opinion is the vital factor. In the formation of this opinion the essential element is the press. It is to-day in many ways better than it has ever been. Physically it has kept pace with the mechanical improvements of the age. Yet it may fail in its crucial rôle through circumstances which are in a sense external to it—circumstances which reduce the quantity and variety of news and editorial presentations below the safety-line of a healthy conflict of points of view and diverging political and social doctrines. Here is the issue which makes the question whether journalism can become a profession with the responsibilities and opportunities that properly belong to it of transcendent importance.

In the Banana Country

BY BLAIR NILES

IT was the hour when the half-dozen Anglo-Saxons of the banana plantations at Sevilla were accustomed to gather on the veranda for smoke; for the mixing of drinks; for play with Andy, the ocelot-kitten; and for talk.

We talked of bananas, as though the acres which surrounded us took precedence over the limited human interests of those four little bungalows of the fruit company. And while we talked, night descended.

The bananas live in a great green stillness. Grassy lanes intersect the plantations. There is an occasional cart-road, and that too is green. The lanes branch off at right angles to the roads, stretching away straight and narrow under green arches of banana-leaves, stretching straight and endless into the converging perspective of distance—deserted green lanes upon which, in light and shadow, trunk and leaf and drooping bunch are patterned.

On each side of the lanes is the forest of bananas, the plants spaced twelve by fifteen feet apart, and rising twenty, thirty, forty feet high.

Here and there in this deep jungle of bananas the old stalks that have borne their single bunch of fruit stand up a yard from the ground, as they were left after the harvesting—stalks now dry and dead and brown, their sap having flowed back to help nourish the sturdy young “followers” sent up

from the roots. The leaves of once lofty heads carpet the ground, where they lie rotting, fertilizing the land that it may bring forth more; other leaves, bent or broken, hang from the plants, some still green, some yellowing into the brown of death. While above droops the green roof of fresh and vital leaves; tender young leaves, and mature leaves fringed and frayed with wind and age. Among them, hung high, are the great green bunches of bananas.

Animal life within the plantations is soft-pedaled in harmony with the surrounding stillness.

There is a procession of ants leading from a tunnel of their own excavation to a green-leafed vine many yards away. There the ants are busy cutting from the leaves semicircular fragments with which they hurry back to the tunnel; pouring into its entrances, bearing their fragments, and emerging unburdened, to return to the vine for more. They go and come over a six-inch-wide trail, worn as smooth as the track of a cart-wheel by the countless passing of their myriad feet. And it is possible to hear the infinitesimal rustle of their passing, for in the hush of the plantations the smallest sound becomes important.

There are lizards, too, in the bananas; everywhere slender, tiny lizards scuttling over and under the leaves, banana-green lizards with heads yel-

low, like the yellow of the drying leaves, and tails as brown as the dead stalks. There are also dark-blue lizards, with turquoise tails; so many lizards that there is constant rustling among the leaves.

To them as to us every movement, every noise, in the quiet of the plantations becomes significant. When I turn the page of my note-book they dart terrified from one hiding-place to another. Even the strident buzz of mosquitos is here subdued, and gauzy dragon-flies and great tobacco-brown butterflies drift on silent wings in the patches of sunlight sifted down through the roof. There are invisible, whispered chirpings, and everywhere is the soft whir of humming birds, poised vibrant before the blossoms of the banana.

Then it is that we become aware of the rhythmic life-cycle of the banana—of the full-grown plants whose huge leaves roof in the stillness, and of their descendants, the "followers," those tender shoots that will in ten months be ready to produce fruit for Europe and America, taking the place of those whose heads will have been cut off with the harvesting of their bunches.

And the fruit-bearing plants go through a similar youth-to-maturity cycle. Plants the purple tips of whose buds are just beginning to show above the sheathed green leaves which compose their trunks stand beside older plants whose fruit is ready for cutting. In others the bud at the end of its long stalk has come up through the trunk, and hangs drooping from its own weight.

As there are "followers" in all stages of unfolding their young leaves, so there are buds in all gradations of development—buds like colossal ears

of corn still in the husk, heavy pinkish-purple buds at the end of long flower-stalks. And there are buds in which the thick, tough sheaths have begun to unroll, unrolling so slowly that to our dull eyes their movements are invisible; unrolling without sound audible to our ears, which must stoop low to catch the rustle of tramping ants.

As the sheaths of the buds unroll, they reveal clusters of palest yellow blossoms, each blossom depending from a possible banana—two and a half inches of blossom and an inch of embryonic banana.

Such a cluster is destined, if all goes well, to become what the trade calls a "hand," made up of from ten to twenty-five bananas, which are the "fingers" of the "hand."

The sheath curls back and upward into a tight roll, leaving just enough of itself to act as a sunshade over the tiny flowering "hand," which at this stage of its development points downward. It is before these flowers that the brilliant blue-backed humming-birds poise on softly whirring wings, blurred and vibrant.

One by one the purple sheaths roll back, disclosing similar fruit-clusters arranged spirally about the flower-stalk, each cluster shaded by its overhanging sheath. But the young fruit soon outgrows this sunshade of babyhood, and the sheath, having served its purpose, falls with a little thud to the ground, bequeathing its task to the parasol leaf, which began life simultaneously with the bud and which has all this time been busily growing. It has developed into a leaf different in character from the regular banana-leaves; a short, broad leaf whose function is to shade the bunch as the bud sheaths have shaded the individual

clusters. Instinctively this parasol leaf has located the point of greatest sun, and there it remains until the bunch is strong enough to dispense with protection, when the poor parasol dries up and is forgotten.

Slowly the "fingers" of the "hands" have been increasing in length and thickness, drawing sustenance from the stem; their number determined by the supply of available nourishment. The possible "hands" always exceed those which mature, for all clusters far from the source of the sap must starve, drying up and falling to the ground, where lie the sheaths which in vain guarded their infancy.

As the "hands" develop, they gradually stand out from the stem. Thus the "hands" move, but by such infinitesimal degrees that we see nothing. We infer movement because here the fingers point downward; there they stand out ever so slightly from the stalk; here they are stiff green bristles at right angles; there they have begun to point upward, more and more upward until at last the blossom end, which once faced the ground, is pointed skyward. And so skilfully placed around the stalk are the "hands" that, as they increase in size and turn upward, they neatly overlap, no one cluster interfering with another.

In these bunches of sky-pointing fruit gradations of growth are as evident as in the plant and in the bud, for there are bunches whose fruit is still too thin to cut, bunches sufficiently developed for European shipment, and bunches of fuller fruit ready for the shorter voyage of the American boats.

Here is life as the banana lives it, the epic of the banana, of which at night the frogs in the irrigation-ditches seem to pipe.

There is life and movement, but we never see the process; only the results are apparent. We see the complete bud, see it in the various stages of its unfolding. Everywhere are the embryonic clusters of fruit, on this bunch pointing in one direction, on another at a different angle. All about are the bunches, thin bunches and full bunches. There is the forest of adult plants, and the young shoots of the future, while upon the ground dead bud-sheaths and dead leaves disintegrate, fertilizing the soil.

Although we thus see what has come to pass, we never see it happen; but without stirring from a given spot we may observe each stage in this life cycle, and, mentally telescoping the stages, we may construct in our minds a moving-picture of this miracle of the banana, of whose living we may not detect so much as a whisper.

With the heat of noon the great stillness in which bananas dwell grows more intense. There is less often the whirl of wings; fewer lizards scuttle over crackling leaves; there are no longer chirpings or the tiny solo tinkle of a frog. With the death of the breeze fewer sheaths seem to fall, and there remain only the inexhaustible ants whose rustle one must stoop to catch—the ants and a drowsy, droning bee; while all about, by silent miracle, bunches of bananas come into being, miles of great green bunches, always green, for the fruit is never permitted to ripen in the plantations.

The hushed expectancy of afternoon follows upon this dormant midday, and again there is whirl and chirp. But there is now a sense of hurry, a conviction of something impending in nature, as in Cartagena we have felt a presentiment of something new

that was about to happen among men.

The air of this expectancy is hot, humid, oppressive until a little breeze comes to stir the leaves with a sound as of pattering raindrops. And there is far-off, muffled thunder.

Up in the mountains we know that a deluge falls, but in the flat country of the bananas only a gentle shower follows upon the pattering breeze and the muffled thunder, for it is not yet October.

And with the falling of that brief shower we discover that the long graceful, silky, soft leaves are provided with a system of irrigation, as the fruit company has laid down an elaborate network of trenches leading into ditches. Thus the leaf of the banana has tiny trenches which feed a larger trench, for the great length of the leaf is ribbed with little troughs three quarters of an inch apart; little channels leading from the outer edge of the leaf to the mid-rib, which is a deeper channel. This central channel leads down to the base of the leaf, where it joins the trunk. It is along the lines of the smaller channels that the wind whips the banana leaf into its characteristic fringe, cutting the leaf along the lines of these drains.

The rain falls, and we watch this irrigation system in action. The rain, striking the leaf, flows into the many lesser channels, is conducted to the middle channel, and so down into the heart of the plant.

§ 2

Even with the harvesting the stillness of the bananas is scarcely broken. We expected it to be an occasion of trampling noise, for five thousand bunches had been ordered from that section of the plantation adjacent to

the bungalows, and the cutting, collecting, and loading was to be completed in the course of one day, for, as the men had said, "You can't wait with bananas." All over the district, therefore, the cutting would proceed simultaneously; 5000 bunches from one section; 10,000 from another; 2500 from another, and so on until the entire quota was assembled and ready to be hurried down by train over the ninety-seven miles of banana railroad to the wharf at Santa Marta and to the waiting ship.

We rose early on this day of harvesting, and by seven o'clock we were in the bananas. There were raindrops still glittering on the graceful beauty of the long, drooping leaves. In sunlight and shadow the pattern of plant and bunch trembled on the grassy lanes; and there was the same vast hush, broken by rustle and timid, invisible chirping. We must have made a mistake, we must be in the wrong part of the plantations, for here was no shouting activity.

Wandering puzzled up and down the lanes and along the cart-road, we came here and there upon a bunch lying by the roadside, where some one had carefully placed it upon a great banana leaf and covered it with another; for "you can't be too careful with bananas."

Two men on horseback cantered along the road and out of sight before we could question them. An ox-cart moved off in the same direction. The cart had its floor and sides padded with the thick, twisted fiber of dead banana-stalks. Wherever there lay a bunch by the roadside, the cart stopped, collected it, and went on.

"Oh, yes," the driver told us, "they are cutting all over the district."

"But where?" we questioned.

"Oh, everywhere," vaguely inclusive.

The cart passed, jolting slowly along and stopping to pick up bunches lying under their leaves on the right and left of the road. And with its passing the plantation was left as quiet as upon the deserted days preceding the telephoned order to cut.

In the green lanes there was nowhere any one to be seen. A humming-bird whirred very close, and there was the sudden intermittent crackle of scampering lizards.

We jumped into a second cart, headed in the opposite direction from the first. As we jounced along we peered down all the lanes. Sometimes there would be a cart in the lane, driving slowly along and collecting those bunches which had mysteriously been placed by the roadside—mysteriously, for we saw none in the act of being placed.

We sat in the back of the cart, swinging our feet in careless abandon as we bounced over the little log bridges that span the irrigation-ditches; over the track of a railroad siding run down into the plantations to the various sheds where the fruit is stacked awaiting collection.

Occasionally we passed a freight-car which had already been backed down the siding and was being loaded with the great green bunches, after having first been lined with protecting banana-leaves.

We bumped over these sidings and splashed through flooded areas where the sluice-gates had been opened, letting that water which had come down from the snows of the Sierra flow about the roots of whole districts; and we remembered that the banana grows

best when its head is hot and its feet are wet.

We jolted thus for long distances, often with never so much as another cart in sight, and only the occasional bunches lying by the roadside to suggest that we were to supply five thousand "stems" to the American boat just then docking in Santa Marta. We moved under a blazing sun, for the cart-road does not share the green shade of the lanes, until we came to a receiving-shack on the main line of the road. There we would wait, hoping to board one of the trains of "empties" and so return to the bungalow at Savilla for lunch. Meanwhile there was shade in the shack.

A cart was being unloaded, the oxen panting in the heat; but they would be rewarded later by a feast of bunches which had been discarded as not measuring up to the rigid standard set by the fruit company.

We watched the men stack the bunches close together, standing them on the thick end of their stems, the fruit thus pointed downward as in the days of its infancy before the "hands" turned slowly upward.

Like the freight-cars and the ox-carts, the shack had been prepared to receive the fruit, its earth floor carpeted with leaves and its sides padded with fiber twisted into thick ropes. All along the line of this banana railroad and on the arms which it extends into the plantations are just such little shacks.

We sat on the leaves arranged for the bananas and waited for a train. A workman lay on his back on the leaves and sang, his bare toes wriggling in rhythm with the tune. From time to time a cart came in to be unloaded.

While we waited, he talked to me

about conservatism and liberalism, the two great issues, he said, which were before his country.

The laborer lying upon his back on the carpet of banana-leaves sang and wriggled his toes; while the overseer spoke passionately about liberalism—so passionately that I found myself pleading that revolution was not the way.

"No, *señora*," he assented, "revolution is not the way."

It was not until afternoon that we finally saw the process of cutting, which all day had been going on throughout the plantations up and down the line. The men, we discovered, go out by twos, the "cutter" and the "backer." The "cutter's" tools are a twelve-foot pointed stick and a sharp machete. Thus in couples they go through the sections apportioned them, their trained eyes marking at once the bunches ready for shipment by British or American boats. The "cutter" then sticks the plant a few feet below the bunch, twisting the point, and slowly letting the bunch down within the reach of the "backer," who grasps the bud end of the fruit-stalk, carefully adjusting the bunch to his shoulder: while the "cutter" with swift, sure blows of the machete severs the bunch, strikes off the excess length of the stem, cuts two fresh, long leaves, which he places in the "backer's" left hand, and finally cuts the trunk of the plant down to about a yard from the ground. The "backer" then trots off with his burden to the roadside, depositing it there upon one of his leaves and covering it with the other as a protection against the sun. All is accomplished quickly, dexterously, and so quietly that scarcely is the vast green stillness disturbed even

by the cutting of 96,000 bunches.

Once more it is night on the veranda. Empty glasses stand about on window-ledges, on the railing, and on the floor. It is midnight, and we have been waked by the sound of a train, a freight-train being assembled with much backing and shifting; a train made up of those locked and loaded cars which all day smaller engines have been bringing in from the branch lines which tap the plantations. Although the train is but a stone's throw from the veranda, the outline of the cars is lost in the pall of night. How many cars there are, each with its cargo of four hundred bunches, we cannot guess, but the train is long, for the distance between the red glow under the locomotive and the green lights marking the last car is great. Hung here and there, without regularity, are the lanterns which the men have been using; and as the train moves off down the line these lanterns swing against the side of the cars. There are men lying on top of the cars who, although they have worked hard all day in the sun, sing as the train moves out. And what a pity it will be when they have become too civilized to sing!

The swinging lanterns and the green lights disappear; the red glow of the rear light comes into view and vanishes. The first of the banana trains has gone, carrying the bunches down to the wharf at Santa Marta, forty miles away, where on the shoulders of men they will pass in continuous dizzy stream from freight-cars to revolving-conveyers; carried as green leaf-fragments are borne aloft by ants in tireless procession, passing thus into the ship on the shoulders of men who toil like ants.

Barbara

BY CARL VAN DOREN

NOT if Barbara were ten times the boy that she was once hopefully expected to turn out, could she exhibit more of the two-fisted virtues which might have gone with another sex. From the moment when she first showed herself to the eyes of this world, with her mane of dark hair and her deep-throated cry, she has borne herself with something of a swagger, determined and pugnacious. Attacked by the whooping-cough at a bare five months, she was less overcome by it than excited to fiery rages, like the young Hercules with the serpents in his cradle. Once she had found her feet, she ventured wherever feet would take her. Her sisters might tremble away from dogs and cats, but Barbara pounced upon them with shouts of recognition. Her sisters might shudder at the water, but Barbara walked into it as into a native element. "I like to drown," she told me at her present age of three, meaning that she liked to go under and come up, blinking for a second and then shouting at the bystanders to admire her deed. I shall not soon forget the day, a few months ago, when I was called from my study to the garden by enormous sounds of battle, and found Barbara fighting a boy of about her age and size who had come to visit her. Tearless as a pirate, her round face absurdly grim, she was cuffing and striking as well as being cuffed and

struck, falling down and scrambling up again, rolling with her antagonist, before I could reach them, over and over upon a paved walk, two animated roundities bent on mutual destruction. There was no quarter and no chivalry. When I got my hands on the young gladiators to separate them, Barbara was clutching the boy's hair and pounding his head against a brick, as he, it may in justice be explained, had just been doing to her. Even after the separation they struggled to be at each other. I could feel their hot hearts pumping with rage, girl's no less than boy's.

Barbara's pugnacity, however, goes with circumspection. Toward strangers of the human race she is watchfully reserved. She bides her time, and saves her strength for necessary occasions. I think no small part of this caution is due to her tardiness in the matter of speech. Precocious in most physical activities, she has only just begun to pronounce her words so that any one not in her own family can make out her meaning. Certainly this delay has affected her in her relations with the other children in her class at school. They may play together as much as they like, but Barbara holds aloof, planning and carrying out her own schemes. Experience has doubtless taught her that she is handicapped by her slow and difficult tongue, and she is not willing

to compete on grounds whereon she is bound to be at a disadvantage, since she is not permitted to offset her unintelligible words with intelligible violence. Without her knowing it, this handicap, in and out of school, must have rankled in her. It might have made her quarrelsome were she not naturally so self-sufficient. As it is, she gets along as well as she can with her delaying vocabulary, which is profuse, if not exact, and tries everything at least once. There is not an adventure within the range of her imagination which she has not undertaken. Just at present she has set her mind, for some reason which she does not make clear, upon shooting a cow with a bow and arrow. She keeps, indeed, at a careful distance from all such animals, and she has never yet been able to shoot an arrow farther than she could throw it, but she is loyal to her idea, and stalks her prey with a solemn patience which amuses me as blasphemy must amuse the gods.

Nothing is more characteristic of her than this same patience. Now and then it deserts her, and she disturbs the echoes with her fury when she is thwarted, as if unable to comprehend the fate which could so misuse her. But usually she is as patient as grass in a garden. She asks to be allowed to drive motors, light matches, play with razors, taste adult dishes, wear party frocks to picnics, swim across lakes, feed lions, pick flowers from train windows, or take the goldfish to bed with her, and she rarely rises from her lunch without suggesting that she be excused from her nap. When these privileges are withheld, she ordinarily shows no sign of disappointment, but inventively thinks of something else to ask for. Her policy seems to be almost deliber-

ate. She grasps at everything in sight, apparently disposed to think that this is a better way to fill the hands than the way of fixing upon a few desires and pressing them unduly. No one ever wept less than Barbara over spilled milk or plans defeated. The world is always before her, full and tempting. She shoulders a cheerful way through it, perfectly undeterred by bad weather or metaphysical prohibitions.

§ 2

I scarcely know whether it is a contradiction or a corollary of Barbara's violence that she is also such a well, such a flame, such a hurricane of tenderness. She croons over her dolls with a voice that rises almost to a cry, as if she were defending them against tigers. With pets she is still more ardent. When I watch her playing, as she does hours each day, with her gray cat, Friar Tuck, I marvel that he has ever grown to such robust dimensions and such mandarin poise. Up and down stairs, round and round the house, back and forth through lawn and orchard, she carries him in her hot arms, babbling to him. Together they wallow on the ground or before the fire, now one, now the other uppermost. She tells him good night in the accents of a soul speaking an eternal farewell, and greets him in the morning with the rapture of a mother who has just met a lost child at the resurrection. If I warn her that she is rough with Friar Tuck, and likely to hurt him, she falls upon him with such an agony of penitence that he may fare more sadly than before. He is safe from her passion only when he takes himself off, as he does at prudent intervals, to a refuge up a tree or under the veranda. Yet there are limits to her interest in him.

When, occasionally, he finds his way to her bed at night, she wakes the household with a shout, less of terror at those bright eyes in the dark, or at that rumbling purr in the silence, than of resentment that he should claim part of the space over which she likes to sprawl unhindered.

Toward pain she is magnificently, absurdly tender. I came in this summer from the garden with a bleeding hand which I had hurt in work on a stone wall. What violent sympathy from Barbara! She hovered about me while the wound was being dressed as if this were my final hour. And when afterward I sat down for a few minutes before going back to my occupation, she clung to me until I laughed out at her solicitude. She threw her arms about my neck in bursts of pity. She held my hand to her bosom and fondled it. From some hoard of racial memory she fished up baby talk and brooded over me. Yet the preposterous child was fresh, it happened, from a loud altercation with her sisters, and returned to the conflict when she believed she had comforted me.

There is further evidence as to her tenderness in the rôle she plays in the Robin Hood Club which has lately been the principal amusement of Barbara and those sisters. She is neither the crafty Robin nor the valiant Little John, but the broken-hearted Allan-a-Dale who has lost his sweetheart. When the stage is set for her entry, in wanders Barbara from behind the blackberry bushes, strumming on a harp which at other times is her bow, and loudly repining over her bereavement. She is full of the deepest concern over Allan's sad plight, which she reports with a sincerity no less convincing than that which she shows the

next instant when plans begin to be laid by the helpful Robin and Little John for the defeat of the elderly plot which has set an obstacle between the lovers. I think, however, that Barbara becomes rather more genuinely herself when the avenging crew start off to undo the threatened damage, and the harp turns into the bow which it was originally meant to be. Her forte is action, not lamentation.

A constant activity of all her muscles and faculties is, I suppose, her normal mode of life. From the moment she wakes till the moment she goes to sleep again she is quite incapable of languor. Tall and heavy for her age, she is not awkward. On slim feet, in moccasins or sandals, she wades through deep meadows or scrambles over rough pastures with no more than half the spills which any onlooker would prophesy. Much as she is addicted to violence, she only rarely hurts herself, being singularly alert in self-preservation. Moreover, she remembers her mishaps. Once she blundered into the ashes of a bonfire which had smoldered from the day before, and burned herself. No child in a proverb ever cherished a keener recollection. She now skirts all fires at almost as safe a distance as the earth keeps from the sun. She dons strange costumes and acts up to them with a steady consciousness of what they oblige her to do. At this instant, in fact, she is strutting through the orchard in a belted tunic of bright green, a clumsy applewood bow over one shoulder and a brown canvas quiver over the other, engaged apparently in some concern of Robin Hood's meiny. That she is not unconscious of her own identity appears from frequent cries to her elder sisters to wait for her; but when she catches up with them, she is

once more Allan-a-Dale or whoever it is that she imagines she is to-day.

§ 3

Is it solely because Barbara is so young, still so incompleated by any degree of maturity, that she appears to have a mere caricature of a character, to be only a child out of a farce? I come increasingly to believe that as she grows up hour by hour. In her three years she has had time to find within herself but a few of the qualities which she will probably some day find there and employ. She meets with a surprising aptness the demands which are made upon her. This past spring, when she was very ill, through six weeks of persistent fever which wore her to a wraith of her own robust self, she discovered a fortitude and an endurance which no one dreamed she had. Even when the fever was upon her at its fiercest, and a dreadful thirst consumed her, she would frolic between the climaxes of her distress. She was content to be diverted by games that would have bored her a month before. Finding it difficult to make herself understood by the new nurse who was attending her, Barbara put forth conscientious efforts to improve her speech, and impressively succeeded. Not till the very end of her convalescence did her old tumult of energy revive and cause her to be fretful at delays. There was an episode of her illness which added several strokes of reality to the caricature which is Barbara. Because she could not be persuaded to stay under the blankets of her bed, she had been wearing gay sweaters, orange or henna or blue or apricot, and had taken much pleasure each day in choosing which she should wear. Then strange surgeons came to perform an operation.

She first screamed with terror at the sight of them, but when she learned that there was no avoiding whatever it was that they had come to do, she called for her favorite orange sweater and afterward gave herself courageously into their hands. If she was to be a victim, I imagine she obscurely thought, she would at least be a victim on something like her own terms.

It is at such moments that Barbara gives most joy to those who watch her unfolding career. I cannot get over the impression, as I watch, that she or some anonymous sculptor is modeling a human being before my eyes. All the materials are throbbing with vitality, but so far they have not taken unmistakable shape. Any of a hundred traits may appear to disappoint my present expectations. There can, however, be no doubt as to the bold beginnings which have been made. The hands which build her do not fumble. As they have chosen for her the colors of a rich vitality, so they have chosen for her the strong preliminary outlines of passion and tenderness, courage and prudence. Barbara will never sulk away from experience, I think, but will meet it always in the middle of the lists. I do not imagine that she will go hunting it very far, being too much a creature of the tangible world to follow in the dim path of visions. I cannot imagine her ever becoming fanatic, redoubling her efforts because she has forgotten her aim. She will not forget her aim, for its object will be on the solid earth, and she will calculate the way to it without frenzy; and if she misses it, she will not torture herself with agonies of regret. Nor need she torture herself, since she has in her such gusto for a multitude of pleasures and satisfactions that there will always be

a world of them for her to fall back on. Perhaps, indeed, she is of an earthiness which the lovers of pure spirit will reject. To them I ask: Have the temperate beasts no charm or beauty? Have trees no splendor for the reason that their roots burrow through the soil to take hold of substantial rock? Have men and women who put out generous arms and draw to themselves all they can hold of desirable things, and then walk with them along a widening highway of ordered days—have they no elements which can cause them to be ranked among the triumphs of nature? When I am tired of saints whining in dingy corners, I turn to Barbara,

fighting and forgiving in the bright sun. When I am sick of too pallid beauties, I am made well again by watching Barbara, dirt-smudged and grass-stained from crown to toe, patiently trying to eat every strawberry or pluck every devil's paint-brush on a windy hillside. When I am done with heroes, I renew my interest in the race from the sound of Barbara howling in a panic because a wasp has come too near her. Brown Barbara, tumultuous and sure-footed, tucks the universe under her arm as if it were a foot-ball, and plows along in the blithe knowledge that there is a goal at either end of the field.

Saturday's Child

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

Some are teethed on a silver spoon,
With the stars strung for a rattle;
I cut my teeth as the black raccoon,
For implements of battle.

Some are swaddled in silk and down,
And heralded by a star;
They swathed my limbs in a sackcloth gown
On a night that was black as tar.

For some godfather and goddame
The opulent fairies be;
Dame Poverty gave me my name,
And Pain godfathered me.

For I was born on Saturday.
"Bad time for planting a seed,"
Was all my father had to say,
And, "One mouth more to feed."

Death cut the strings that gave me life,
And handed me to Sorrow,
The only kind of middle wife
My folks could beg or borrow.

The Decadence of American Politics

Some Campaign Observations

BY GLENN FRANK

ONE sultry afternoon in early July my wife took our son—five and a half years old—to a session of the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden.

From the press-stand, in wide-eyed silence, he watched delegates march riotously around the hall wigwagging their state standards with all the abandon of a savage snake dance. He stood up to catch better sight of Governor Brandon when, to the guy-ing accompaniment of the whole convention, he shouted in drawling recitative, "Al-a-baa-maaa casts twenty fooooour votes for Un-der-woood." He looked for a time at a little group of women crusaders who, in a tired attempt to display enthusiasm, waved gaudy flags at every mention of their favorite candidate's name. He turned this way and that to see and hear the organized hooliganism of the galleries.

At the end of five mute minutes he turned to his mother and said, "Why, Mother, it is n't even sensible, and I thought it 'u'd be so wonderful."

I do not wish literally to confirm this naïve verdict or to suggest that the penetrative simplicity of a child mind might not as easily have said this of any other party convention. Certainly I do not wish to suggest that

there were not many highly intelligent and statesmanlike minds in this convention. Few of the men and women who make up our national conventions would think and act individually as they think and act *en masse*. Conventions give rise to that interlocking insanity, that compound irresponsibility, of which we have heard so much from the psychopathologists. But the horse-play that has come to characterize our national party conventions is not in itself greatly important one way or the other. There is, in fact, much to be said in favor of doing a serious job gaily if the serious job is really done. Our national political conventions are "good shows," and we should greatly miss them for their diversion-value if they should suddenly take on the dignity of a college of cardinals. I confess that I am not greatly interested in a mere reform of the rules of party conventions. I am interested rather in the kind of politics that makes these conventions what they are.

I mention the party convention only in order to extract from it the elements of symptom and symbolism it truthfully contains. I begin with the impression that one convention made upon even a child-mind not because I think these national houses

of confusion are in themselves greatly important, but because I think the tragi-comic inefficiency of these quadrennial field-meets of prejudice, passion, and log-rolling symbolizes the decadence of American politics in general.

Now that the radio has made it possible for the whole nation to eavesdrop even the whispers of national conventions, it may prove wise to exclude the public from the actual sessions, restricting attendance to accredited delegates, their alternates, convention officials, and working representatives of the press. This would enable parties to hold their conventions in halls small enough to make sessions more nearly manageable. This would eliminate the distracting influence of the mob-minded gallery that has about destroyed the possibility of a deliberative assembly. Heretofore press reports did not carry enough of the inanities and inefficiencies of the conventions to give the people at large any real sense of their ramshackle condition. The politicians who captured the head-lines remained to the masses of voters Olympian figures. But now millions of voters, as they turn the knob on their radios, are gaining a sense of the chaos and confusion of conventions even more vivid than the impression made on the men and women actually in attendance. If no man remains a hero to his valet, certainly conventions will not remain statesmanlike assemblies to listeners at the radio.

But the party convention has inherited all of its sins from the party system. It is the party system that needs diagnosis and treatment more than the party convention. It is not the political manners of the party con-

ventions, but the political morals of the party system, that cry aloud for regeneration. At fairly frequent intervals the intelligent man goes to his doctor for a complete physical examination in order to find out whether his system is functioning normally. The American people have been unduly neglectful about periodic examinations of their political system. We need a sort of political life-extension institute to check up the atrophied organs and the sluggish processes of our politics.

I came away from the national conventions this year more than ever convinced that the permanent political party is an obsolete instrument; that it is impossible for any party to survive the specific issue or set of issues that called it into existence and maintain itself as a permanent organization without sooner or later becoming a hodgepodge of warring factions held together in a delusive and artificial union by the social pressure for conformity and the lure of the advantages of office. It is all very well to say that we have a Republican party and a Democratic party, but these labels cannot disguise even to the half-blind the utter absence of common ideas and common aspirations in both parties. And aside from the cohesive power of a common contemporary protest, the same may be said of the variegated forces that are for the time behind the La Follette candidacy. I have never been able to muster great enthusiasm for the "third party" movements that have arisen since I became a voter save as a means of protest against specific derelictions of the older parties, for I think it is pretty certain that any new party, if it achieves permanence, will repeat

every one of the performances of the old parties when it has been in power as many years as they have been.

The root evil of the party system is the *permanence* of the parties. Neither political intelligence nor basic justice is possible until men are grouped about issues, but the permanent political party, with the possible exception of its first campaign, must group issues about men. Obviously, party platforms are produced by a search for the sort of statement that will serve as the lowest common denominator of the divergent opinions of the party membership, that will hold together the various groups within the party that do not think alike, and that will snare the largest number of voters. I am sure that no one could sit through the national conventions this year and come away believing that the platform-makers were guided primarily by a desire to say the straightforward, sincere, baldly honest, and statesman-like thing about the Ku Klux Klan, the League of Nations, prohibition, and so on. "But this would split the party" was the rock on which intellectual honesty, moral courage, and statesmanship smashed. But why should men group themselves together politically for any reason other than their like-mindedness? Here, I repeat, lies the explanation of the decadence of American politics. The permanent parties have outlived their initial impulse. They are not animated by any common ideas or common aspirations. They have become organizations that "must be kept going" by hook or crook. The limits of their courage and the boundaries of their statesmanship are the things that can be said and done without splitting the party.

There is to-day just as great difference of opinion within our political parties as there is between them. Our elephants, our donkeys, and our moose are afflicted with split souls and divided minds. The day of coherent and stable party majorities is gone. The existing system of permanent political parties is collapsing. The best that any party that has outlived the unity of its initial impulse has to offer is disorder, paralysis, and corruption in government. Save in moments of spasmodic reform, this is as true of one party as of the other.

Entirely aside from agreement or disagreement with the specific opinions or issues involved, I think it is a happy sign that Democratic conventions parade their deep differences of opinion openly and frankly and hurl their dissension through the radio into millions of homes; I think it is a happy sign that the Couzens, the Brookharts, the La Follettes, the Wheelers, and others, whether running for office inside or outside their parties, refuse to hand over their minds as blank checks to their parties. I think it is a happy sign because such incidents are dramatizing the hollow unreality of all permanent political parties. The low state of our political morals is illustrated by the fact that the simple refusal of a man like Senator Couzens to make a "total deposit of his personality in the common stock" of his party is looked upon as a magnificent display of courage. The permanent party system has made simple independence of mind an exotic virtue. The permanent political party is, will remain, and cannot be made other than organized insincerity.

A Presidential campaign, with its discussion of issues, should be a vast

school, a national institute of politics, in which the voters are eager pupils. Under our system of permanent political parties it cannot be.

The candidate has behind him a motley crowd of men and women who, for one reason or another, belong to his party. He must hold them together or suffer defeat. Some of them are members of the Ku Klux Klan; some of them are its bitter enemies. Some of them think we should go at once into the League of Nations; some of them think such a move would be national suicide. Some of them worship at the shrine of Saint Volstead; some of them long for a moister régime. And so on and so on. I do not charge the distinguished bidders for the Presidential office with conscious insincerity. I do not charge them with saying what they do not believe; I suggest only that they do not say half they do believe. I am saying only that, under such conditions, any man who "plays the game" can indulge in little more than the show or shadow of intellectual honesty and moral courage. He must, to adapt a figure from John Bright, produce like a conjurer port, champagne, milk, and water out of the same bottle.

Here, then, as I see it, is the most important political question of our time. Is the permanent political party system an adequate instrument for the administration of the American Government? I think we must answer that it is not. The permanence of parties seems to me the root from which the disorder, paralysis, and corruption of government stems. When a political party passes the point in its life at which its members are in ardent agreement on the issue

or issues with which it is dealing, and when the major part of the time of its councils is taken up with considering whether an honest and intelligent pronouncement will "split the party," it seems obvious that the party in question ceases to be a worthy instrument for an enlightened people. It becomes thereafter merely a "vested interest" that must spend more time and energy in saving itself than in serving the nation.

In a modern state, with its swiftly changing problems and its growing complexity of interests, a permanent party is an anachronism. It is no longer possible to think there can be such a thing as "a political creed that should be a permanent source of inspiration." This is not a static world. Politics must be approached in the spirit of the scientist, not in the spirit of the creed-maker. And I can see very little in the repeated cry for a permanent political division between a conservative party and a liberal party. These labels mean exactly nothing except in terms of specific problems and specific groups at specific times. The major task of the new politics is, as I see it, to make it possible to group men in terms of issues instead of determining issues in terms of permanent groups of men. Every year men less and less willingly divide on parties; they tend more and more to divide on issues. If men are to be organized in parties, I think political effectiveness demands that they be *temporary* parties that enter the field on a specific set of issues, and leave the field when these issues have been met and mastered. But this introduces a subject that must be discussed at another time.

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

Fools of God and Doctors of the Church

IT is nonsense to say that Bernard Shaw's prefaces are better than his plays. The prefaces may make the plays at some point more intelligible to stupid readers, but even they, if they would read with what minds they have instead of with what prejudices they think they ought to have, could get the gist of the matter without the commentary. This is particularly true in the case of "Saint Joan" (Brentano's), brilliant as the preface actually is. It does no more than point a critic finger at certain ideas and aspects of the masterpiece which are already as plain as wisdom and wit can make them. Nor is there anything, as has been tediously alleged, to lead any one to feel that Mr. Shaw has recanted his satiric heresies or been converted to romantic tenderness. The Joan of his tragicomedy is only another version of his favorite character: a creature so simple and direct, so steady in will and so undivided in action, that she attains her ends by what to slower minds has to seem a kind of miracle. Being a comic dramatist, Mr. Shaw makes the most of the fact that Joan puts to confusion a good many persons who think they are better fit than she to manage the affairs of France, and better able to interpret the will of

God in that connection. Being an ironic observer of the race of man, Mr. Shaw realizes that genius always struggles in this world against the tough, blind, fierce jealousy of the inferior beings who crowd the planet. The story of Joan is the story, then, of a genius who accomplishes certain remarkable deeds without being patient or prudent or articulate enough to explain to her gaping beneficiaries what it is that she is about. The result is that they instinctively turn against her, overpower her by force of numbers, and burn her at the stake. Later, they or their descendants, to prove that they are human, rehabilitate and canonize her. Surely this plot is no more "romantically edifying," as some idiot has called it, than any of the conspicuous blunders of history which have from time to time attracted playwrights.

Pathos, indeed, is imparted to the drama by the fact that Joan is a young, innocent girl, full of ingenuous ardor, and bewildered both by the supineness of those whom she has to rouse and by the subtlety of those who accuse her of crimes she has never dreamed of. But Mr. Shaw introduces no tremolo on this account, much as he must have been tempted to. His Joan is no mere flower of the field, no

mere doll in a niche. She is not beautiful, but blunt; not feminine, but soldierly; not beguiling, but emphatic. She has a common sense with which she could defeat her opponents if she could take them single-handed. That common sense, however, does not avail her when she is opposed by the combined casuistries of a great institution like the church. It might have been romantic for Mr. Shaw to argue that, since Joan is guiltless and yet is worsted in her trial, her accusers must be men of malice. He argues no such thing. Her defeat is due, as he sees it, in part to her inability to meet learned sophistication on its own ground. Her defeat, that is to say, is more or less natural. The fools of God, be they as useful as they may be in emergencies, are no match for the shrewd lawyers and theologians and soldiers who govern mankind in the long run. To this ironical conclusion the play commits itself.

The irony is the more arresting since it is so little partizan. Mr. Shaw lacks the disposition, which Mark Twain, for instance, had, to dance upon the graves of Joan's persecutors. Nothing in the play bites deeper than Ladvenu's contrast of the trial and the rehabilitation. At the trial, "the truth was told; the law was upheld; mercy was shown beyond all custom; no wrong was done but the final and dreadful wrong of the lying sentence and the pitiless fire." At the rehabilitation, "there was shameless perjury, courtly corruption, calumny of the dead who did their duty according to their lights, cowardly evasion of the issue, testimony made of idle tales that could not impose on a ploughboy. Yet out of this insult to justice, this defamation of the church, this orgy

of lying and foolishness, the truth is set in the noonday sun on the hilltop; the white robe of innocence is cleansed from the smoke of burning fagots; the holy life is sanctified; the true heart that lived through the fire is consecrated; a great lie is silenced forever; and a great wrong is set right before all men." In "Saint Joan" Mr. Shaw raises and answers the question, terrifying to all petty intelligences, whether the world is large enough to contain at once two forces which are irreconcilably opposed and yet both righteous, or at least both honorable and justifiable. He does not hesitate to answer yes. Nor does he answer by contending merely that the human race is trivial and ignorant and damned. With immense dramatic impartiality and effectiveness, he represents Cauchon and the inquisitor as full of mercy, tireless in their efforts to save Joan from the consequences of her own simplicity, bound to go as far in her behalf as they can possibly go without endangering the great fabric of civilization which they see based upon the elaborated authority of the church. With no less dramatic impartiality and effectiveness, Mr. Shaw exhibits Joan as naïve to the point almost of perversity in her insistence that her visions too are of divine origin. Between two such forces of conservation and creation a clash was of course unavoidable, as unavoidable as the pain when a woman bears a child. But how wasteful, if not imbecile, the process by which genius comes to birth!

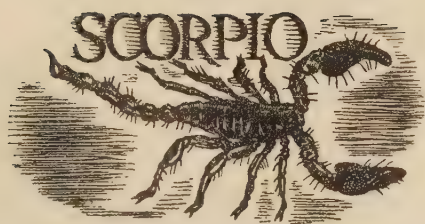
In the reading of life thus presented by "Saint Joan," the epilogue, to which so much exception has been taken, is as essential as any of the six scenes which precede it. True, it is

deliberately fantastic: all the characters of the play, as ghosts or spirits strayed out of their proper bodies, meet in the bedroom of the dauphin, now Charles VII, after the rehabilitation and discuss the fate of Joan. True, their final homage to her has a touch of rhetoric in the litany which they improvise. True, there are strokes of broad comedy even in these throbbing moments. But Shaw is not Shaw without his broad comedy and his fantasy; and only with the aid of them could he have clinched the argument. "As to the epilogue," he says in his preface, "I could hardly be expected to stultify myself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution, instead of beginning there." It is not the mere fact of the girl's martyrdom which prompted the writing of this play; it is the fact that after her death she lived more vividly than ever, despite all that had been done to rid Christendom of her perilous example. She is thus, as Mr. Shaw sees her, the eternal symbol of genius and simplicity, forever sacrificed and yet obstinately reborn. The symbolical elements in her he had to stress no less than the real and personal.

The proof of the epilogue is, unquestionably, in the reading or the hearing. No one who, at the production of "Saint Joan," thought that the play ended in an anticlimax, had been following the curve of emotion which the drama indicated. No one who, reading the book, has the same thought, can have got at the central idea, which is still at loose ends when the executioner reports that Joan is dead. For the action is continuous

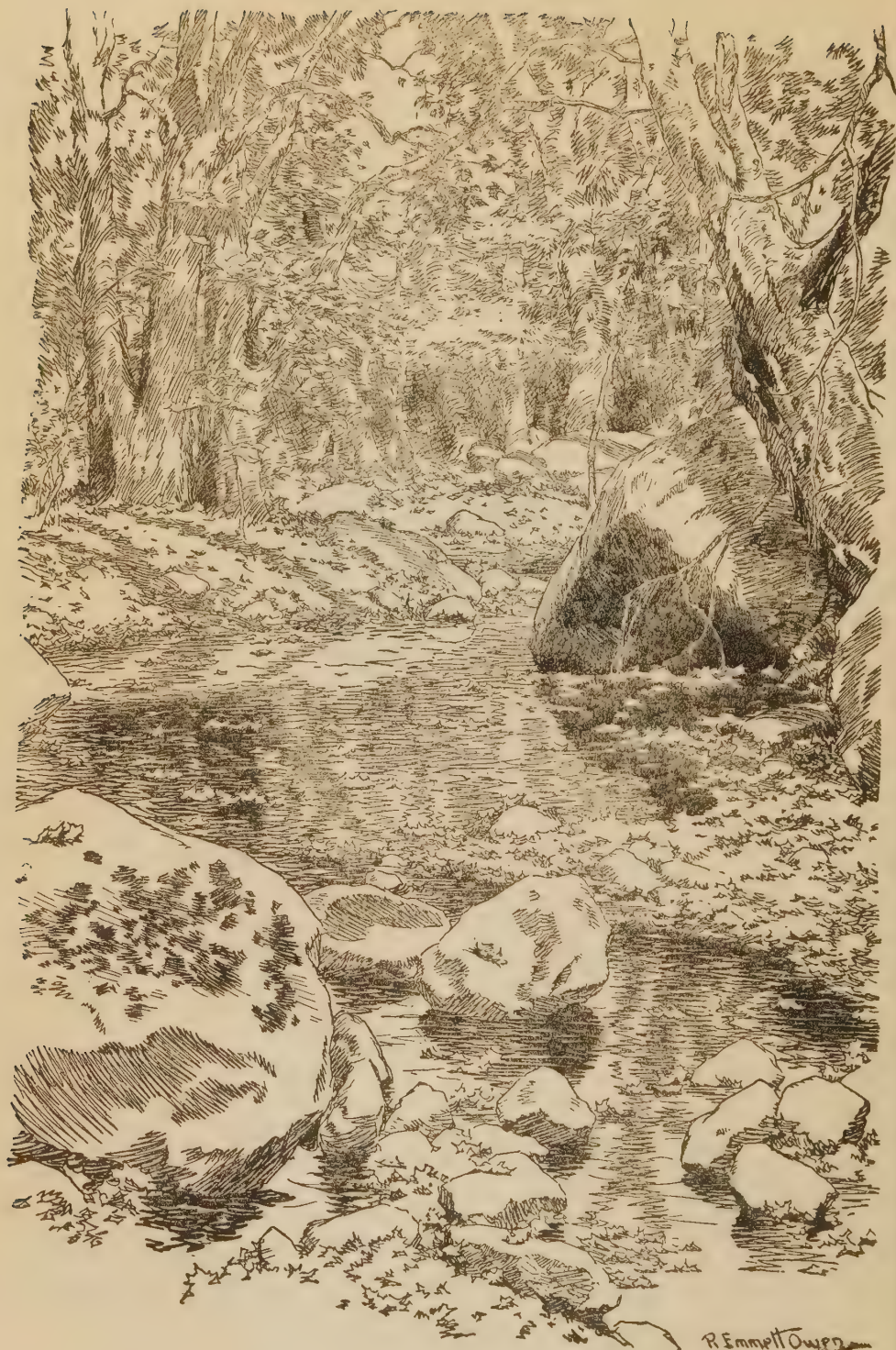
from the time when Joan is admitted to an audience with Robert de Baudricourt to the time when she is admitted to the communion of the church triumphant. Her death is but an episode. Technically, the structure of the play is adapted to the theme. It moves steadily and easily, without any pomp of paraphernalia or any affectation of being "constructed," through scenes of varying length and weight. Mr. Shaw attempts no archaism and fears no anachronism. The Earl of Warwick is sufficiently like any modern man of affairs in the Shavian universe. Warwick's chaplain, John de Stogumber, is another Britannus, as insular and unimaginative as Cæsar's secretary. Divinity does not hedge the dauphin, who is a sugar-sucking mediocrity, with, however, flashes of craftiness and determination. Between laugh and laugh there is never a long interval. But for all the seeming informality of "Saint Joan," it keeps a straight course. The scene in which Joan is examined by the inquisitor, amid a gale of noisy interruptions from his associates, is a triumph of dialectic hardly equaled and certainly never surpassed upon the English stage. And always there is that mastery of language in which Mr. Shaw outdoes every dramatist of his tongue since the seventeenth century. In play and preface his words are like arrows, accurate and barbed. Now and then they appear to sing as they take their swift way from his hand to the center of the target. But it is hardly their singing by which they are remembered. It is the glittering lines they trace through the clear air.

C. V. D.



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Richard Kane Goes to College

Are American College Teachers Corrupters of Youth?

BY IRWIN EDMAN

IN the college where I happen to be teaching there drift into my office between April and June of each year a dozen or more young men who come in varying degrees of depression and confusion to ask advice about a career. The only things they are clear about are the things they do not wish to do. In most instances these are precisely the things their families had intended them to do when they came to college. They are the sons of middle-class parents who look upon a college education, which, perhaps, they have not had, as a vestibule to one of the genteel professions or to a business career, who see the baccalaureate as a passport to law or journalism or business administration. They come expecting to be, and expected to be, pillars of society. They end by not wishing to be pillars of society at all. What do they want, and what has happened to them in the interval between their college entrance examinations and their college diplomas?

Let us follow Richard Kane through the transformation. Richard came to college from the bosom of a family

living within commuting distance of New York. His father was a cotton merchant of adequate income and success, and there was nothing of distinction in his life, his interests, his ancestry, or his career. Time-tables absorbed him more than Titians, and, aside from a weekly journal of current events and an occasional novel from the book club, he read nothing. Mrs. Kane's life was bounded by bridge in the winter and plans for the summer; his own horizons had latterly extended to golf. Richard was sent to college in due course to fill in, as did every one who got through the college entrance examinations, the four years between high school and a career. Every one, including Richard, supposed Richard was going to be a lawyer. Even if he did not actually practice, law was a good thing to know in business. College was a natural and harmless step toward law school.

At college something unaccountable happened to Richard. And in the light of all the comic and caustic things said wholesale about and against the contemporary undergraduate, it may be well to go on record with the docu-

mented belief that that unaccountable thing has happened to many. His education began to take. Richard came to love poetry. By some simple, old-fashioned magic, an English professor managed to communicate the secret to him, and by his sophomore year he was reading Chaucer for pleasure. A little later a course in fine art, even through the pale incitement of black-and-white reproductions and the billing refrigeration of a card-catalogue lecture, gave him a pair of wide and eager eyes with which to look out upon the shapes and colors of the world. In his junior year he came in contact with philosophy, and though a lot of it was mere lingo and a lot more mere mystery, these vast and picturesque guesses as to the nature of things began to move his adolescent heart. He was stirred in a way not unlike that in which he was electrified by those incomprehensible moving masses of sound that at concerts in Symphony Hall were to him real, though vague, rhapsodies.

Richard ran into others at college to whom all these things spoke and mattered. College became for him, all the comic weeklies to the contrary notwithstanding, a place of intellectual wonder and refreshment and delight; not all of it, to be sure. He hardly ever went near the fraternity into which his prepossessing face and well pressed clothes had rushed him when he was a freshman. By the time the Junior Prom came per schedule into sight, he did n't go.

Something else, or perhaps it was only a consequence of this first mentioned, happened to Richard. During his Christmas and Easter vacations at home he found himself bored terribly, far more than, in his desire to be affec-

tionate, he cared or dared to admit even to himself. He found there and likewise at the resorts to which he and his family went for the summer a blank and somewhat contemptuous uncomprehendingness of the things he had come most to care about. He was a little tired trying to explain to his father just what philosophy was, or why any one should take a course in entomology; he was a little wearied by the gibes at high-brows; a little terrified at discovering that he was an alien in his dull and kindly home.

In his second summer home Richard worked in a law office for the summer, and by the end of it he knew he did n't want to be a lawyer. Insurance and bond salesmanship appealed to him even less. He had read "Babbitt" and "Main Street." He did n't want to be the one or live on the other. About April of his junior year he drifted in for advice.

Now, in many ways he is the kind of student who makes teaching the self-rewarding joy it is cracked up to be by the Rotarians that a college professor runs into on an occasional trip across the Atlantic. Richard has been obviously touched by intellectual things, his imagination has been quickened, and his pulse has been stirred. Incredible as it may seem, the course in accounting which his father has urged him to take because it was practical has moved him much less than the course in Renaissance art which he has smuggled in because it was good for nothing. It is n't that he loves the academic atmosphere. There are many things about it he hates, its formalism, its foolish precisions, the extra-curricular idolatries of the students, and the curricular idolatries of the faculty. But he has become per-

manently attached to the things touched on, though heavily, in his courses, and in the characteristic conversation among that thin, but steady, stream of undergraduates who really love books and ideas. And remembering his Christmas vacations, the church sociables, and the country club, he has come to think that it is on the college campus, if anywhere, that he can find these things talked about with intimacy and brightness and passion; find on the actual globe a spot where to a few goodness, beauty, and truth have become the daily bread of life.

From the point of view of the teacher and humanist, Richard is a fairly clear justification of our college system in so far as we still wish to have a college of liberal arts. He has become a citizen of the world of thought and imagination. He has lost most of the idols; the shibboleths and slogans, the insistent, meaningless noises of the tribe, inside college or out, are not for him. He is emancipated from Babbittism, and, what is more, he has gone beyond emancipation. There are positive and specific things he loves and values. He has come into his inheritance, the cumulation of the beauty and truths that have been heaped up by the race.

And yet, as he sits in my office, touchingly convinced that I can solve his problem, I know that we who have taught him have done him a very grave disservice. We have unprepared him for life. His maiden aunt is right; college has unsettled him. And his father is right, too. If he had gone into an office when he was sixteen, these confusions would never have arisen. I am beginning to understand why, from the burghers of Athens to bourgeois of the present, the teacher has always

been, in a profoundly just sense, regarded as a corrupter of youth.

The problem of giving Richard advice would have been simplified if he were a genius. He is n't. He is simply one of a constant group who come to college and become genuinely attached to what its defamers call the higher life. He is, if you will, living beyond his intellectual income. He is a dilettante, an amateur, what he once ruefully called himself, a "Nearly." He knows good prose when he sees it, memorable bits of it haunt him, and if you walk half an hour with him, he will at some point be certain to break into delighted quotation. But he has neither the flair nor the facility of a writer. He loves poetry without being in the least a poet. He "gets" philosophy without being technically expert or agile or spiritually profound. He admires scholarship truly, and yet has not the patience or the exactness of the scholar.

The simple fact of the matter is that, if one may be forgiven the ancient parlance, Richard is trying to save his soul. Facing him is the world, in which, had he not been sickened of it in advance, Richard would have done very well. His obvious honesty and clarity and grace have as much cash value as any course in salesmanship. Except for this quixotic fact of taking his education seriously, twenty-five years from now, on some lovely April afternoon like this, his own son might be drifting in, a son of a more successful father, for advice as to what to do in a too imminent June.

§ 2

I have taken at random the case of Richard Kane. I could substitute twenty-five or thirty others at random.

In some cases the father is a lawyer, sometimes a broker, sometimes a salesman. Sometimes the family is very poor or very rich. Sometimes the boy is really gifted, could he find himself. Sometimes he is swimming too long in waters altogether too deep for him. But the story is the same, and the moral, if any, equivalent. The commencement orators may talk as they will about the call to service, and the colleges may be, as they are, sincerely trying to prepare students for citizenship, but those who are interested in facing the realities of our educational situation must face this fact: in all our colleges, every year, a large group of students, among them the most sensitive and responsive who go through the educational mill, toward the close of their college careers are unprepared for life.

Part of the trouble with Richard (keeping him as a symbol for his type) part of his disgust with the world, is the natural rebelliousness of a sensitive youth to a civilization in which sensitiveness is at a discount. In the Middle Ages he might have fled to a desert or to a monastery; if he or his father could afford it, in this generation he would flee, in vain, to Europe.

His difficulty arises in no small measure from his fervor to live always in an atmosphere where subtle and beautiful things are a passion and a life. That is an ideal which with time and wisdom he will perhaps modify. He will learn what, if we had really been good teachers, we should have succeeded in teaching him, that the spirit suffers by the mere fact of being incarnate in a body and living in a world, and the waters of the spirit do not flow altogether limpidly, even from these so-called fountains of culture.

For part of Richard's dilemma his teachers are in some cases directly, and in some cases by indirection, responsible. Richard has undoubtedly detected in the lectures of some of his favorite professors an implied or explicit *contemptus mundi*, something between a shudder and a shrug in contemplation of the usual career or success, and something between a sneer and a sigh at hopes of reforming the world. It is natural enough for men of academic leanings to sniff at the cults of materialism, of efficiency, of mediocrity, and of standardization. Some of Richard's teachers are fond of reading *Babbitt's* speech to the Rotarians along with the funeral oration of Pericles, in which the latter celebrates the virtues of Athens. Richard gets the point. And Richard has learned to take the phrase "eternal things" and its associations seriously enough to be careless of the transient glories of the world. Nor is it for nothing that Richard has been following the history of post-war disillusion, and the call to service that could have roused him and his friends of a decade ago seems altogether too thin and tinkling now. He reads the liberal weeklies mostly for their amusing revelations of current stupidity, not for their utopias. Utopias are for him additional chapters in the history of optimistic folk-lore. In his young heart he knows, not altogether happily, that there is nothing in it. Just as a course in proposed roads to freedom is awakening him to hopes of bettering the world, a political convention meets, and he retreats to the poems of Emily Dickinson.

A third source of Richard's disillusion and dilemma lies in his amused and terrified acquaintance with the

sophisticates, Aldous Huxley in England, Paul Morand in France, H. L. Mencken in this country and, towering above them like Pike's Peak against a foot-hill, Anatole France. He feels the cruelty and truths of the futilities which these men reveal with varying degrees of sympathy and insight or disdain. He recognizes their devastating precision. But he is not hard-boiled enough to be indifferent. He is having the growing pains of sophistication.

The middle-aged readers of this article undoubtedly will jump at me with the retort that Richard Kane and his cronies will get over it, that, as a matter of fact, they regularly do get over it. Five years hence, I shall be told, Richard will be in the bond business, buying commutation tickets to Westwood, Long Island, and patting his first-born proudly on the head. That is as real as it is a comfortable possibility. A home is for many a man a hiding-place from a heartache. The fact is, however, that the Richard of this and other stories does not get over it. I have watched these careers of the first five years out of college, and they fall into two general classes. Sometimes the boy, in the face of obvious incapacities on his own part or opposition on the part of his family, persists in going into some suburb of scholarship or art. He teaches in a preparatory school or becomes a press agent for a tire. There are a great number of young men who have tried in this strange fashion to flee the world. More often the pressure of family expectation and the expectation of a family of their own send them into business of some sort. If, as is often the case, they are completely dilettante, and at college simply liked

the labels and perfumes of spiritual things, the eagerness dies, and there is no crucifixion of spirit. A subscription to a symphony orchestra and a subscription to a magazine like that in which this article appears suffice to heal the wounds. But in many more cases there is real unhappiness. They are living, to mutilate Matthew Arnold's phrase, in two worlds, one dead and one powerless to be borne. They drift from one job to another; they come back on haunting, wistful visits to the campus. They are failures practically and spiritually, and omens to their families and to the enemies of higher education of what damage a college training can do.

I am not defending these young men, though knowing some of its causes, I understand their asperity toward the vanities of this wicked world. I am trying simply to describe their (it will readily be admitted) unfortunate condition, and to suggest some possible light their maladjustment may throw on the fruitful modification of our college system and ideals.

I do not think, in the first place, that these young men can be dismissed simply as sick souls, hopeless sentimentalists indulging in dubious *Weltschmerz*. There is in most of them, though they are not soaring geniuses, the genuine possibility of a fine and inspiring contribution to our public life and to the enrichment of its private quality. There is about their absorption in what I have roughly defined as the things of the spirit an encouraging symptom. It is a sign that with these not altogether unrepresentative young men a preoccupation with cultural values has become not simply a pose or a pedantry, but a passion. Their intellectual adolescence is perhaps a symptom of

the adolescence of a native and national culture. Among these few, at least, foot-ball and the side-show fandangoes of college life, gin and sex and jamborees, have actually come to mean less than the main tent. And there is, further, about their refusal at twenty to make the ultimate compromise without a struggle, something that makes me think, given the stimulus and the opportunity, they would make regenerate and useful citizens. What is to be done for them or with them?

It would be foolish to suggest that the whole of our society should be re-ordered to meet the needs of these temperamental young men. Most of them do not belong by vocation to the strictly intellectual and academic pursuits, nor, if they did, would it be possible in the present stage of development of our intellectual industries to absorb them all. Nor is it suggested that they should be endowed simply because they love to read Wordsworth, listen to Beethoven, or look upon Cézanne. Even if it were generously granted that they are intellectual aristocrats, as I doubt not a few of them would n't mind being called, they cannot by virtue of that Olympian title enter into a leisure class. With very few exceptions, I do not think they would even want to. They have watched too many loafing exquisites lounge into decay.

The first thing, perhaps also the last, that can be done to help them can and must be done by the colleges themselves.

There is at present in higher education in this country a sharp cleft between cultural and professional education. On the one hand, the liberal arts college lingers, from the inertia of

habit and tradition. It is maintained also by the deliberate and passionate conviction of those who have the old-fashioned and seductive belief that in their four years at college, the most—and it is a very great deal—that young men can be expected to get is a *précis* of and a lifelong devotion to the best that has been known and thought in the world. Add, perhaps, the capacity for recognizing the best that is being and will be thought and discovered during their lifetime.

The devotees of this old-fashioned cultural education look with increasing apprehension and contempt on the rising tide of professionalism in our universities. They still cannot be converted to the presence of a school of business under the ægis and banner of a university dedicated to the fostering of the arts and sciences and their appreciation. They point with hysterical glee to the professorships of hog-raising in some of our Middle-Western universities, and they point out with despair that men who could have been psychologists probing into the secret places of the mind are now perverting their talents and dissipating their energies in teaching the ignoble arts of salesmanship and ad-writing. With the kind of lyric loyalty that regularly accompanies lost causes, they remain the pleading defenders of eternal things, finding a place to lecture on Plotinus even in Babbitt Hall. They teach with the same abstract irrelevance as if they were teaching young men living the lives of independent English aristocrats in an Arcadia forever free from the demands of time and space and money. Even to the students to whom they appeal most, their vision seems as blind as it is beautiful. With kindness or cynicism their jun-

iors observe their blessed and perhaps pernicious carelessness as to what is contemporaneously or imminently going on in the world.

The rapid and enthusiastic development of professional education in this country has come, on the other hand, from those who felt that the eternal stars, since they were eternal, might be neglected a little while or a little bit, in the interests of giving young men a technic that would enable them competently to fill a useful job in the world. There is, as the advocates of professional education are quick to point out, a sound social morality behind this. Our universities are immense properties; they are social trusts. An education of collegiate grade is an expensive investment for a parent, a genuine sacrifice for a boy working his way through college. The university owes it to society in general, to the parent, and to the student in particular, to turn out in its graduates young men who, beside loving the true, the good, and the beautiful, are expertly trained to do a specific kind and piece of work for themselves and society. They point out, further, that the whole social value and incidence of science would be lost if the vast new realms of method and information built up in the last three hundred years were not made available to the world in the form of trained and usable technicians. And by trained, practical scientists they do not mean simply chemists and doctors and engineers. They insist that the method of science can be applied to every trade and vocation, and that there is no piece of work whose principles cannot be formulated and whose expert practice cannot be taught. Hence the founding and flourishing of schools of jour-

nalism, schools of business, schools of salesmanship, schools of oratory and of advertising, in addition to those schools devoted to more traditionally scientific pursuits.

No one would contest the truth or fruitfulness of most of those contentions. It would be flouting the facts to deny that technically trained men are, because of their technical preparation, helped to find a niche in the world, and to help the world in which their niche is found. No one, not even the hardest-shelled defender of hard knocks and the rough school of experience, would deny flatly that something of the principles of all trades can be formulated and something of their technic taught. But the more vocal propagandists of professional education have gone further. They have exalted the technical as over against the liberal-arts training. They have argued for the useful as over against the useless. They have reduced "professional" training in ideals and operations to the status of trade-schools and academies of short-hand and stenography. Their highest vision has been that of turning job-hunters into job-holders.

It must be set down to the effectiveness of their propaganda that with large groups of students and with large groups of influential alumni they have been strikingly successful. There are many in the professional schools of our universities—and among their fathers—who set down Richard Kane and his wistful coterie of spiritual yearners as silly ninnies chasing wraiths. In their tough-skinned contempt for the unsubstantial, and with their precocious eyes on the solidity of their economic future, they want, first and only, training for the capable performance of a

good job. They even resent the fancy prerequisites which the liberal arts faculties put as obstacles in their race toward professional success. They cannot understand that Richard Kane and his associates will not be bribed by circumstance. They have not discovered the beauty of the useless, long ago noted by philosophers. They do not know that the good things of life are all fruitions, not instruments. They do not know what you mean when you say that the best things are good for nothing, nor that it is in the light of these that all useful means and mechanisms have a meaning.

As is usual, where there is so much vitality and vituperation on both sides, there must be a somewhat equal distribution of truth. The problem is how to retain the values of the cultural and traditional education which feed a man's spirit with the practical and professional disciplines which feed his family and operate his world. One camp concentrates on the fruit, the other on the fertilizer. Is it possible, following the example of certain recent journalistic enterprises, to combine both, retaining the best features of each? I believe it is.

The defenders of the old liberal-arts curriculum have made one grave error even from the point of view of the life of the spirit which they ostensibly cherish. They forget the age-old observation that an idealism living always in the air is likely to be thin and purely verbal. It is because of their persistent division of the world into the pedestrian and the poetic, the utilitarian and the beautiful, that, on the one hand, practical life in America remains so trivial and sordid and mechanical, and the intellectual life, on the other,

so thin, isolated, and exotic. It is their aloofness, their drawing up their skirts, their Pharisaism that has heaped upon them the opprobrious epithets of "high-brow" and "dry-as-dust." The intellectuals have been turned into snobs, and have in turn been snubbed by the man of affairs and the man in the street. They would only have to read Aristotle, or, what would be easier, to observe their fellow-men, to know that what gives body to an ideal is its relevance to man's daily life, and that the deepest sources of imaginative inspiration are those which are pertinent to a man's environment.

There is a growing belief in some academic quarters that the day of the old four-year college course is over. Following the high school, it is prophesied there will be two years of junior college, similar to the pre-professional work in our larger universities. After those two years, in character like the closing years of the French *lycée* or the German gymnasium, a student will naturally move into some line of special professional or scholarly training in the university. There would, indeed, be no very serious loss and possibly a clear gain to liberal education in such an arrangement. The first two years could be more economically used than at present for the elementary disciplines in the major cultural subjects. By that time there are plenty of psychological and economic reasons why a student should begin to follow a particular bent. The so-called liberal studies would not necessarily end with the beginning of professional work. Much ethics, psychology, and history, and much of what goes by the name of philosophy might very well be closely integrated with the work of the pro-

fessional school. The technical work and the broader interpretation would throw light on each other. It is just such an end, for example, that is exemplified in the joint course given at one university by the department of philosophy and the law school in the philosophy of law. If the professional schools conceived their problems broadly enough, the sciences, the thinking, and the literature that related to their fields would be regarded as a necessary part of the training that was going to turn out a really liberal-minded professional man. It has long been the ideal, for example, of one well known scientific school in this country to turn out not simply engineers, but men educated to the wider reaches of the scientific point of view. On the other hand, the teaching of the so-called liberal arts would be vitalized and liberalized by a recognition of the reference and responsibility of ideas and their lovers to the age and society in which they grow and work good or ill.

Thus far it has been the professional schools which have shown more readily the disposition to come half-way. Those on the academic and traditional side have often been, in a profound, though unconscious, way, corrupters of youth. Teachers absorbed in academic interests have become so attached to the timeless glories of their poets and painters and philosophers and theories that they have frequently failed to take into account the personal conditions and problems that their susceptible students have to face. They lead them as close as they may to the beatific vision, and they are inclined to encourage them in their consequent scorn of the world. Richard Kane and his friends and teachers need

the reminder that Plato in the "Republic" gives after outlining the education of the philosophers. The latter are educated to see perfection, and in the light of it to rule the state. The world, in a broad sense, gave them their education, and they are willy-nilly indebted for it. It is, moreover, to their own interests to care about and contribute to the improvement of that world. It is all very well for the new esthetic saints to flee to their towers of ivory. But they flee, as it has been well expressed, only to leave the burly sinners to rule the world. Richard Kane and his friends, with their love of fine things and their desire to live in an ennobled and qualitatively rich civilization, could do not a little to help bring them about. If they and all the allies of intelligence and beauty do not, then the age of brass or of darkness will surely be upon us. Even the golden moments toward which they flee at present may be made impossible by the universal flood of mechanism and selfishness that our more somber social prophets, not without reason, predict.

I do not think Richard Kane and his friends would now or in the future come upon such evil days or evil dreams, if they would early learn, if they were early taught, the lesson of facing the world of practical affairs without either illusion or disgust. Out of their skepticism, on the one hand, and their refusal to accept crassness, stupidity, and cruelty as the daily bread of life; out of their ardor for lovely things and a lovely civilization, on the other, a new class of intellectuals might arise in America, such as England and the Continent have long known.

There are beginning already to be

scattered up and down this country business men who are not *ipso facto* Philistines, lawyers, and industrialists who are both practical and humane. The Richard Kanes of the future may find themselves not altogether unhappy in the so-called outside world, which by their combined sense of reality and sensitiveness to beauty they may help to make less completely outside the world of spirit. They will bring to the practical work of our civilization the spirit and perspective of the humanist. To the realm of ideas and ideals they will give something more of body, solidity, and living incarnation than is possible for those whose visions have never been disciplined by contact with affairs. They will respect books without being merely bookish, love loveliness so much that they will try to realize it in something more public and permanent than dreams. They will be as devoted as ever to goodness and beauty and truth, but they will try actively to shape the realm of practice and affairs a little more nearly after ideal images.

It may be a long time before the practical humanist is anything but an exotic in our American scene. The day may be altogether distant when an American public man will care or be able to do something like what Balfour is said to have done during the World War—shut down his desk in the Foreign Office at three, and at five be in Cambridge lecturing on esthetics. That is not really essential. One may not soon meet an American, as I did a Frenchman at Chartres, who, after discoursing learnedly and lovingly on Gothic architecture, revealed his identity as a jobber of rope. But in the course of time, if they are both humanely educated, then the distinction

between the high-brow and the tired business man may become a matter of puzzling philology to future historians. They will have acquired each other's virtues, the intellectual a sobering sense of fact and of responsibility; the man of affairs the perspective of eternal things and ultimate goods.

Meanwhile Richard Kane, with all his malaise, his contempt, his wistful sentimentalisms, seems to me very hopeful material. Once last summer I met his counterpart, save that he had gone a step further in making his peace with his own heart and with his own world. He had come to an Eastern university from a small town in Louisiana, a hotbed of prejudices and provincialism, where a sense of beauty was food for suspicion and ideas were regarded as a form of perversion. It was hardly a place to go back to with enthusiasm from four years of congenial contact with enlarging horizons, beautiful things, and stimulating minds. My young friend has gone back. He will be distressed often and often bored beyond endurance. He will long to flee. But I think he will stay, and so will his idealism. He may be able to communicate it and incarnate some of it in the soil and city of which he is a product and a citizen. He will be a bearer of light, and he will not let it be extinguished. It may eventually illumine his whole city. At the very least, it will light his own soul. He is fortunate. Most Richard Kanes of our day do not so quickly or courageously find themselves. If they did, they would be one of the hopes of a now not very hopeful world. For they are (this is the essence of the matter) genuine lovers of the good life. Surely we can find a way to teach them, and ourselves, more adequately to attain it.

The Ace of Thirteens

BY MICHAEL ARLEN

IT is told by Mr. Ralph Wyndham Trevor, the while a plover's egg stared him in the face, the *consommé en tasse* was on the way, a brace of sylph-like cutlets were on the grill, and the sun lay sleeping like a lazy dog where the green park woos the sulky side of Piccadilly.

These things [relates the amiable Mr. Trevor] were told to me by a man called Dwight-Rankin. I did not want him to tell me these things, but it just happened. Dwight-Rankin was like that. I never knew his Christian name.

I was at school with the man, but later we lost sight of each other, and still later I happened to hear that he had died on Gallipoli. I was sorry. Dwight-Rankin was a blood, and nowadays, life being what it is, as the hall porter said to the lift man when a Portuguese Jew left the hotel without looking to the right or left, we need the few bloods we have. They serve several purposes, insomuch as they are at once decorative and help to oppose, by the very symmetry of their persons, the present cult of grubbiness which masquerades under the austere name of labor. But that is a matter for debate, and should be dealt with in another place.

Then one day, some years after the war was said to be over, I came upon Dwight-Rankin at a hotel in Paris.

It was raining, and we spoke of the rain. In England it had been snowing, and we spoke of the snow. He had lost money at Monte Carlo, and I had lost my luggage at Rome. We damned Monte Carlo and Rome. Then Dwight-Rankin said that the report of his death on Gallipoli was a gross exaggeration, and that one should not believe all one hears. I was glad he was alive, and said so. I liked Dwight-Rankin. He looked right. His fair hair had thinned a deal and he had grown a monocle, but his features retained the rugged complexion of a blood of the old school; while his voice had that soothing governing-classes quality which is peculiar to the classes who, what with one thing and another, no longer govern, which, alas! is not so much a matter for debate as a fact.

Dwight-Rankin said:

"Talking of death, that was a nasty end for Mrs. Amp, was n't it?"

"Mrs. Amp!" I said. "Mrs. Amp? Who was Mrs. Amp?"

Dwight-Rankin said:

"Rheumatism and Roosevelt, what a man! You've never heard of Mrs. Amp! Nor of her death? Nor of Lady Surplice?"

"Lady Surplice?" I said. "Oh, yes, I've heard of the Countess of Surplice. And how is she?"

"She can't be at all well," said

Dwight-Rankin. "She's dead. Stomach trouble, they *said*. By the way, one does n't say the Countess of Surplice. Do you mind? One says Lady Surplice."

I said:

"You see, Dwight-Rankin, I don't hear of any of these things, as I am not in society."

"That 's all right," said Dwight-Rankin. "Hang on to me."

"Waiter!" I said. "Two Martinis."

"Dry," said Dwight-Rankin. "Dry, waiter. And with a dash."

These things, as I have said, passed at the R—— Hotel in Paris. Dwight-Rankin was staying there, excusing himself on the ground that he must stay somewhere. It was luncheon-time, and the foyer was crowded with people waiting for one another while they passed the time of day with some one else. There were many women with eager eyes and low heels. Dwight-Rankin said they were American. There were many women with good complexions and big feet. Dwight-Rankin said they were English. Pacing up and down was a Frenchman with drooping ginger mustachios, a gardenia, and a dog. Dwight-Rankin said that he wore stays and the dog was called Héloïse and Abelard, and when I asked him why one dog was called Héloïse and Abelard, Dwight-Rankin said severely that even a dog must be called something.

"The man who owns him, her, or it," said Dwight-Rankin, "is the Marquis des Beaux-Aces. The first marquis took that title because one can never have too many aces, and they are all beautiful. The present one married a very rich American, but she turned out to be a girl of

strong character, and instead of letting him spend all her money, she spent all his and then divorced him. He has n't been the same man since, but he manages to make an honest living by selling fancy needlework to Argentine polo-players. But you will hear more of him when I tell you of Mrs. Amp and Lady Surplice—of the late Mrs. Amp," said Dwight-Rankin, severely, "and the late Lady Surplice. Pity. Are you lunching with any one?"

I said:

"No, but—"

"That 's all right," said Dwight-Rankin. "I will lunch with you. I am supposed to be lunching with some people, but I am so short-sighted that I can't see them. My eyes are a great trouble to me. The other day in London I was having a clean-up at the club, and when I came to wipe my face I found it was quite dry for the simple reason that I had been washing the face of the man next to me."

I said:

"In the meanwhile, shall we—"

"This is on me," said Dwight-Rankin. "Waiter, two Martinis."

"Dry," I said.

"That 's all right," said Dwight-Rankin. "They always wipe them first."

§ 2

The death of Mrs. Amp, said Dwight-Rankin, was the sensation of Paris in the spring of the year 1923. Who Mr. Amp was, it appeared, no one knew for certain. But it was said that he had fallen in love with a photograph of a lovely lady in Arab costume, had plunged into the desert to commune with his pas-

sion, and had been kidnapped by a female sheik with purple eyes who had a fancy for bald Americans. However—

Mrs. Amp, said Dwight-Rankin, died suddenly. It was a Friday evening, and all Paris was dressing itself to be present at a dinner-party that Mrs. Amp was to give that evening at the R——Hotel. "Just here, where we are sitting now," said Dwight-Rankin, turning a glassy eye about the restaurant, and accepting an invitation hurled at him by the Duchess of Putney to dine next Thursday to meet the Shah of Persia on the occasion of his having lost his job.

On that Friday evening of Mrs. Amp's dinner-party there was only one person of note in Paris who was not dressing to be present at the same. That, said Dwight-Rankin, was Lady Surplice. Mrs. Amp and Lady Surplice did not speak. That is to say, said Dwight-Rankin, they spoke to every one about each other; but when they met, if you had dropped a pin between them, it would have made a noise like a bomb, and if you had lit a match, there would have been a cascade of water from the melting ice.

Lady Surplice, said Dwight-Rankin, had been the greatest hostess in Europe for twenty years. London dined with her when she was in London; Paris dined with her when she was in Paris; Mussolini met her at the station when she went to Rome; while New York came over on the chance of being reported in the social column of the Continental "Daily Mail" and "The New York Herald" as having dined at the next table to Lady Surplice.

Then one day when Lady Surplice was at the height of her success, Mrs.

Amp fell on Europe. Without Mr. Amp, but with Mr. Amp's millions. Mrs. Amp, said Dwight-Rankin, was a large woman; a very large woman and hearty. Her descent on Europe was catastrophic. She enveloped Europe. She laid one hand on London and one on Paris, and people just fell on to her lap. And what a lap! said Dwight-Rankin. However—

For days and days people went about saying: "I say, what 's all this about a Mrs. Amp? Who is Mrs. Amp? What?" Then people went about saying: "Have you met Mrs. Amp? God! what a woman! These Americans! What?" Then people went about saying: "Are you dining with Mrs. Amp to-night? Am I? Good Lord, no! Why should one dine with Mrs. Amp!" Then people went about saying: "I 'm sorry, but I must be going now. I am dining with Mrs. Amp to-night. What? Oh, you are, too! Good, we 'll meet over dinner."

Lady Surplice, however, stood firm. She would n't, said Dwight-Rankin, accept Mrs. Amp. "Mrs. Amp," said Lady Surplice, "is a low woman." She tore between London and Paris, giving luncheons, dinners, dances right and left, in the hope that no one would have time to go to any of Mrs. Amp's parties. But people always had time, said Dwight-Rankin, to go to Mrs. Amp's parties. Mrs. Amp's parties were like that. Unavoidable, inevitable, eternal.

Mrs. Amp was American, and Lady Surplice was born in Notting Hill of Canadian parents. And so, said Dwight-Rankin, it was nix on the quality, and they pulled the same weight in the blue-blood stakes. But Mrs. Amp was the larger woman, the

larger personality. Lady Surplice was thin, dark, brittle, brilliant. Mrs. Amp enveloped. Lady Surplice put up a gallant fight. Mrs. Amp won. On the death in England of a very great author, Lady Surplice offered the nation a marble monument to his memory. The nation was charmed. Mrs. Amp suborned the sculptor of the monument, and when the monument came to be uncovered by the prime minister, it turned out to be a faithful representation of a white elephant. Lady Surplice was furious. She said: "That low woman! One does not know such women." Mrs. Amp said: "Muriel Surplice is proud of having discovered Europe. I am amused at having discovered Muriel Surplice." It gradually dawned on people, said Dwight-Rankin, that this was a case of war to the death. Mrs. Amp died first.

On that Friday evening Mrs. Amp was dressing for dinner in her house near the Champs Elysées. She sat at her toilet-table, and while her maid did this and that to her hair, which was poor stuff, said Dwight-Rankin, but plentiful, Mrs. Amp passed the time by looking out of the windows upon the noble trees of the Champs Elysées; and presently drew her maid's attention to the fact that a circus was at that moment taking its station beneath them. "I want to tell you," said Mrs. Amp to her maid, "that I am just crazy about circuses. Don't forget to remind me to engage one the next time I throw a party."

Those, her maid later told Dwight-Rankin, were almost the last words Mrs. Amp spoke in this world. For even as she uttered them an uproar became audible from without: the air was filled with screams, yells, and

curses; while the roars of beasts struck terror into the most stable heart and convinced the maid, she told Dwight-Rankin, that the end of the world was at hand.

With a cry to Mrs. Amp, who sat staring out of the window as though transfixed, the maid fled; for the uproar from the circus was caused by nothing less than the escape of the lions from their cages; and these, their maddened nostrils attracted by heaven knows what odor, were rushing furiously on Mrs. Amp's house, vainly pursued by their keepers. But the keepers, said Dwight-Rankin, appeared to be quite helpless: their whips lashed the air with inconceivable fury and incredible inefficiency, and there seemed to be a grave lack of *rapport* between their commands and the lions' movements, which was later explained by the fact that they were Italian keepers in charge of French lions: while the lions with a bound, with a series of bounds, passed the *concierge's* lodge, wherein the *concierge* was clinging to an excrescence from the ceiling; and when the mangled corpse of Mrs. Amp, who was too fat to move with any rapidity, was later found, it was recognizable, said Dwight-Rankin, only by the perfume which the poor lady was used to affect and which gave proof of its quality by rising superior even to the lively odor of the lions. However—

In such manner, said Dwight-Rankin, did Mrs. Amp give up the spirit. Nor was the sensation caused by her nasty death at all soothed by the evidence of her trembling *concierge*, who before the conference of ambassadors that sat to inquire on the great hostess's death, gave testimony to the effect that as the lions rushed

into her bedroom Mrs. Amp was distinctly heard to scream: "This is the doing of Muriel Surplice! I will be revenged if I roast in hell-fire for it!"

The *concierge*, of course, said Dwight-Rankin, gave his evidence in French; and when the interpreters had translated it for the benefit of the conference of ambassadors, those distinguished gentlemen were not a little disturbed by the ominous, if extravagant, burden of Mrs. Amp's dying words. And, said Dwight-Rankin, rightly.

§ 3

It was, said Dwight-Rankin, when we came to the second and last part of the tale of Mrs. Amp and Lady Surplice, which took place in London nearly a year later, that he himself entered upon the scene. He was, in fact, quite definitely responsible for the awful end to my Lady Surplice's last dinner-party. For, said Dwight-Rankin, had he not at the last moment been compelled, by some force outside himself, to take a bird out for a spot of dinner, and therefore to cancel his engagement to dine with Lady Surplice, nothing could possibly have happened.

He had, however, been able to piece together every detail of the terrible events of that dinner-party with the help of the relatives of those of his friends who were present, the most reliable among these being Sheldene (that lovely lady), Guy de Travest, most upright of men, and Percy Jones, first Marquis of Market-harborough, the Lord Chancellor of England, who was, said Dwight-Rankin, a very hearty man and a devil for accuracy whether [on the] woolsack or the bingee.

It was Christmas eve and a dirty night. A violent wind distracted the

town, hurling the rain with idiot fury against the windows of swift limousines, and no doubt, said Dwight-Rankin, greatly inconveniencing those thoughtless persons who had gone abroad without their limousines. But since Lady Surplice's dinner was in honor of royalty in the person of Son Altesse le prince de Finaleauseltz, of the royal house of Bonbon de Jambon-Parme, her guests were with polite servility within the house in St. James's Square by a quarter to nine o'clock, which, said Dwight-Rankin, was pretty good of them when you come to think of the almost inconceivable half-wittedness of most minor royalties. However—

Dinner was not yet announced; the conversation, easy and elegant, embraced the topics of the day, while the more youthful, headed by my Lord Marketharborough, who was but just turned fifty-nine, wandered as though aimlessly toward the far corners of the spacious drawing-room, where stood the busts of notable men by Epstein and Mestrovic. For Lady Surplice never would have cocktails served in her house since a friend of hers, an honorary *attaché* at the Bulgarian legation, had succumbed to a ptomaine-poisoning got from swallowing a cherry in a Manhattan cocktail; wherefore my lady's butlers were wont, such is the ingenuity of the lower sort, to secrete cocktails behind the busts of notable men by Epstein and Mestrovic, thus killing two birds with one stone: for while they satisfied the reasonable thirst of the company, they also gave Lady Surplice much real pleasure in seeing how the young men, headed by the lord chancellor, were enamoured of the most advanced art of the day. However—

It was Lady Surplice herself who first discovered that the company was thirteen in number. She was furious. She said: "It is the fault of that Dwight-Rankin man. I had forgotten that he had put me off at the last moment. That low, detestable man! How *rude* people with two names can be! But what shall we do? We cannot dine thirteen, and on Christmas eve. Your Highness, what would you advise? I am quite unable, my dear Highness, to sit down thirteen at meat. I detest meat, but you know what I mean. It would quite destroy my luck."

"His Highness," said that very tall, fair man, Guy Maximilian Greville Hawke, thirty-first Viscount de Travest—"His Highness," said he discreetly, "might very possibly like to have his luck not only destroyed, but also, on the one hand, massacred and, on the other hand, disemboweled. For the present luck of royalty in Europe is, if I may say so, sickening."

"But," said my Lord Marketharborough, who had been examining the busts of notable men by Mestrovic and Epstein, and had therefore not heard what had gone before—"But," said the Lord Chancellor, "since we are thirteen, are we a woman too many, or a man? Let us first get that quite clear."

"There is always a woman too many," snapped Lady Surplice, whereupon Dame Warp strode forward and said bitterly between her teeth: "I see I am not wanted. I will go." She was, however, soothed by the Marquis des Beaux-Aces, the while the other gentlemen very properly laughed the superstition to scorn. Nor, said Dwight-Rankin, were the ladies—to wit, Shelmerdene, the Lady

Fay Paradise, Lady Pynte, Miss Pamela Star, and the Lady Amelia Peep, who was a young lady of the highest fashion, with her hair parted in the middle and a Swedish mother—nor were they behindhand with their ridicule of so childish a fancy as Lady Surplice's that any harm could come to them through sitting thirteen at table.

"Dinner," said the *doyen* of the butlers from the door, "is served, my Lady."

"Good," said Lord Marketharborough.

"Talbot!" cried my Lady Surplice to the *doyen* of her butlers, "how dared you not warn me that we were thirteen for dinner? Why do you not answer me? Is this a time for silence?"

"My Lady," said the wretched Talbot to his mistress, "I am sorry. It quite escaped my notice. I will send in my resignation in the morning."

"Talbot," said my lady with a high look, "you will expiate your sin now. You will at once leave the house. You will walk round St. James's Square. And you will invite the first person you meet in to dine with me. And, Talbot, you will do this within five minutes, for the lord chancellor is hungry. Go."

The conversation after the butler had gone became, said Dwight-Rankin, rather strained; and only the genius of Lady Surplice could have sustained it at anything approaching a polite level. As when, turning to the Lady Amelia Peep, she said: "And what, my child, is your father doing to-night? I had asked him to dine with me, but he said he was engaged. I hope it is not serious."

"Wearing," said the Lady Amelia, "rather than serious. He is in S. W. 1

district, in the queue outside Buck House waiting to be made a duke in the New Year's honors. Poor boy! He is so old-fashioned in his tastes! He will be wanting to learn dancing soon."

"Dukes," said Lady Surplice, "are not a fit subject for conversation. One should avoid being a duke. They are a low lot. Look, for instance, how they took up with that Amp woman. And look at the Duke of Dear. One cannot know that man. He has actually been divorced time over again. England is getting simply flooded with ex-Duchesses of Dear. Is that patrician, is it even gentlemanly? Answer me, Your Highness. Then look at the Duchess of Darkness! She is in Paris now, and I hear she has lovers right and left and sits up every night at the Jardin de Ma Sœur drinking pink champagne through a straw. Is that just, is it reasonable, is it even decent? Your Highness, what do you think? Is this a time for silence?"

"*Vous avez raison, madame,*" said the prince, who spoke French like a Frenchman; which, said Dwight-Rankin, was just as well, as he was a Frenchman.

It was Shelmerdene, said Dwight-Rankin, who first saw the great doors opening. They opened momentarily.

"Captain Charity," announced Talbot.

Lady Surplice, said Dwight-Rankin, was simply delighted at the stranger's appearance. She said: "My dear Captain Charity, how kind of you to come to a perfectly strange house! But you are so good-looking that I feel I ought to have known you all my life."

"You do me too much honor, Lady

Surplice," said he who was called Captain Charity, and he smiled in a cold, but charming, manner.

One can't do better, said Dwight-Rankin, than take Shelmerdene's swift impression of that man. Tall he was, a tall, lean young man in evening habit of the first mode: he was dark and beautiful: and as he came toward the company, he appeared, Shelmerdene had said, to look at nobody but Guy de Travest, and always he smiled, she had said, in a cold, but charming, way.

"Have n't we," doubtfully said my Lord de Travest to the teeth of that faint smile, "met before somewhere?"

One must imagine those two, said Dwight-Rankin, as making as brave-looking a pair of men as one could wish to see outside of Wyndham's Theatre when Sir Gerald du Maurier, with his hands tied behind his back, was knocking hell out of three Mexicans and a fat Yankee. One must imagine those two facing each other, the stranger, dark and beautiful, and Guy de Travest, tall and quiet and yellow-fair; the lean, dark dandy with the mocking mouth and the fair thunder-god of dandies with the frozen eyes.

"I think not," said Captain Charity, and always he smiled in a cold, but charming, way, and he said, "But you are very like Michael."

"Michael?" quoth my lord from his great height. "And who, sir, is your Michael?"

"The archangel," said Captain Charity, and that was that, for Lady Surplice, who was fairly taken with the lean beauty of the stranger, could no longer brook these manly asides. She said: "My dear Captain Charity, you must be introduced. It is quite usual. I have already presented you

to His Highness. He is charming. Are n't you, sir? Meet Dame Warp and Lady Pynte. This is Miss Pamela Star, who was left many millions by an Armenian. Armenians are awful, but she is charming. And this is Shelmerdene, who has no surname because she has no surname. Ah, and Fay! My dear Captain Charity, this is Lady Fay Paradise, the most beautiful woman in England. She never eats anything with her meals and never uses the same lover twice. Do you, Fay? Whereas here is Lady Amelia Peep, who is as yet unmarried, but she writes poetry about birds, and her father wants to be made a duke. And here—Percy, where are you? Ah, there he is, always admiring works of art! Percy, come here at once. This, my dear Captain Charity, is Lord Marketharborough, who is a lord chancellor, you know. Are n't you, Percy? But why do you not answer me, Percy? Is this a time for silence?"

"Dinner," said the man Talbot, "is served, my lady."

"Really!" said Dame Warp, bitterly. "Talbot, I hope you are serious."

"Come! come!" cried Lady Surplice, "is this a time for gravity? What do you think, Captain Charity?"

"If you only knew!" sighed that man; and always he smiled, said Shelmerdene, in a cold, but charming, way.

§ 4

Now, said Dwight-Rankin, the high position that Lady Surplice had won in the hierarchy of hostesses was due to nothing so much as to the fact that she would not ever tolerate any but general conversation about her table. Whereas, said Dwight-Rankin, at

every other dinner in London one must be continually blathering in whispers to one's right or left to women who have nothing to say and don't know how to say it, so that there never can be any conversational give-and-take about the table. But Lady Surplice most properly insisted on conversational give-and-take at her parties. She gave, you took.

"The other day," said the Lady Amelia Peep, "I went into my father's study to tell him that I was engaged to be married—"

"But, Amelia, you are not!" cried Lady Surplice.

"True," said the Lady Amelia. "But to say one is engaged when one is not and to be married without being engaged are the only indoor sports possible to a *jeune fille* of any real modesty. 'Father,' I said, 'I am engaged to be married.' He was busy writing a letter, but absent-mindedly he stretched a hand out toward a volume of Debrett, saying, 'What initials, child?' I thought that so sweet."

"Personally," said Lady Pynte, "I adore snobs. They are so faithful to their principles."

"Faithful!" cried my Lady Surplice. "Faithful? Faithful, Cornelia? Is there such a thing as fidelity?"

"*Dans un sauvage*," said the Marquis des Beaux-Aces.

"Captain Charity," cried my lady, "what do you think? Why do you not amuse us? Is this a time for silence?"

"I was thinking," said he who was called Captain Charity, "that in that case the marquis's daughter must be *bien civilisée*."

Whereupon, said Dwight-Rankin, the company laughed heartily, for the

marquis's daughter had recently been divorced in New York with ten correspondents. And from that point, said Dwight-Rankin, he could assure me, from the inside information that came his way because of his intimacy with persons of quality, that the dinner proceeded with a degree of success, of gaiety, that was unusual even about Lady Surplice's memorable table. The morale of the diners was excellent, their appetites suave, their address elegant, their wit easy, but swift, their *ton* irreproachable; while their manners, Dwight-Rankin assured me, were such that any stranger entering the room would instantly have guessed that he was in the presence of great ladies and public-school men. And as for His Highness the Prince de Finaleauseltz, who was of royal blood and therefore, according to the best precedents, rather heavy on the hand, even he was so affected by the swift interchange of repartee and the bandying of back-chat that he contributed on two separate occasions to the polished *divertissement*, the occasions, unfortunately being, said Dwight-Rankin, unquotable to me, since I, not being a student of *ton*, must have a rather bourgeois sense of the moralities. However—

It was, said Dwight-Rankin, while the company were getting their elbows down to a nice spot of chocolate *soufflé* that some one spilled the salt.

"Who spilled the salt?" cried Lady Surplice.

"The lord chancellor spilled the salt," said some one.

"Hell!" said the lord chancellor.

"But, Percy!" cried my lady, "to spill the salt is most unlucky!"

"Oh, pouf!" said the Lady Amelia.

"Pouf to you, child! All I can say

is," sighed my lady, "that I thank Heaven we are not dining thirteen—"

It was at this point, said Dwight-Rankin, that some one at the table let out a yell. Who it was, no one can remember to this day. But one of the women, even as Lady Surplice spoke, screamed: "But we are! We are thirteen!"

You can't, said Dwight-Rankin, describe the effect of that shrill cry of terror. It must have been as though some one had turned a tap somewhere and let out the blood from all their faces. You could imagine them, said Dwight-Rankin, as all eyes, blanched eyes, the men as well as the women, stared frantically at the empty chair on which had been, until a second before, the person of him who called himself Captain Charity.

"But!" screamed Lady Pynte.

Only Lord Marketharborough appeared to be quite unmoved. He said: "When is a chap not a chap? When he falls under the table before even the port has been round. Silly ass!"

But Captain Charity was n't, said Dwight-Rankin, under the table. They looked. He was not anywhere to be seen in the large room. The bewildered silence was broken only by the breathing of Dame Warp, who had notable adenoids.

"But," cried Lady Surplice, "he can't have gone out of the room! Talbot! Where is that man? Talbot, did you see Captain Charity leave the room? Answer me at once, Talbot. Is this a time for silence?"

It needed, said Dwight-Rankin, only the man Talbot's blanched face and livid eyes to seal the growing terror of the thirteen.

"For God's sake," snapped some one, "speak up, man!"

"I saw 'im go," whispered the man Talbot. "Saw 'im, I did, with these eyes. Vanished, that 's wot. One second he was on that chair, and the next—gorn, phut, thin air! Begging your pardon, my Lady!"

And then, said Dwight-Rankin, came perhaps the worst blow of all, so far as the ladies were concerned. It was only then that Shelmerdene and Fay Paradise, both ladies of sense and skepticism, became really, sharply terrified. For on the immovability, the poise, of my Lord de Travest all who knew him were wont to rely. Whereas now, as the man Talbot made an end to his craven whispering, the slender giant that was Guy de Travest was seen to half rise in his chair, his eyes as though frozen to some point of the room, his forehead glistening with those clean drops of sweat that add to the charm of Etonians and distinguish them from those genteel persons who "perspire." However—

"My God!" snapped Guy de Travest. "My God! Look!"

"Oh!" sobbed Amelia Peep, and, sobbing, fainted.

He did n't, said Dwight-Rankin, know much about furniture, but along the wall toward the doors was a long sort of what-do-you-call-'em, a sort of superior dresser it might be, or perhaps a refectory-table arrangement; anyhow, there was some antique stuff there, and on it, at intervals of a foot or so apart, was a line of a dozen candles in tall cast candlesticks, which were made, Dwight-Rankin understood, in the eighteenth century by a chap called Paul Lamarie and were therefore pretty good value if you liked that kind of thing. However—

"Guy!" cried Shelmerdene. "Guy, what is it!"

To his full height rose Guy de Travest, and as he stared at the line of candles his mouth smiled a small smile in a way that man had when he was very thoughtful.

"Well, I 'm damned!" said the lord chancellor, who, having finished his spot of chocolate *soufflé*, had followed the direction of de Travest's eyes.

Then Guy de Travest laughed. And that, the survivors of that dinner-party had assured Dwight-Rankin, was an odd, queerly gay laugh of my Lord de Travest's. And he snapped:

"Why don't you stand still, man? What is your hurry?"

It was into the air above their heads that these words fell, toward the sort of what-do-you-call-'em on which stood the line of twelve candles; and for the first time the eyes of the company realized the ghastly portent which held the grim attention of the lord chancellor and Guy de Travest.

"Oh!" screamed Lady Surplice. "Oh! What does this mean? Why does n't some one speak? Is this a time for silence?"

For, said Dwight-Rankin, the flames of the twelve candles were one by one being obscured before their very eyes. They were not put out. They were obscured, as by a presence passing between their eyes and the flames; and as the presence passed, so each small flame was again visible.

The room was heavy with silence. Slowly, slowly, the presence passed between them and the candles toward the doors. The eighth candle, the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twel—

"Look here!" hoarsely cried my Lord of Marketharborough. "Who the hell are you? Speak up, now!"

They saw the door-knob turn, they

heard it turn, they saw the door open an inch, a little farther—

"The word 'hell,'" said a voice from the door, and the very voice seemed to smile in a cold, but charming, way—"the word 'hell,' Lord Marketharborough, comes very apt to this moment; and is, if you but knew it, more definitely organic to the occasion than at any previous time in the life which you have dedicated to me. But I must protest," warmly continued the voice of Captain Charity, "against the present frivolous uses of the words 'hell' and 'damnation.' They were created for occasions of deep corruption, for moments of incredible baseness, for large and profound annoyances, and, in particular, for use during times of inconceivable boredom. For instance, I might well say, 'Why the hell am I at this damned dinner-party?'"

The door closed sharply. Even Guy de Travest was seen to start at the invisible closing of the door. "Had the presence gone?" De Travest cried across the silence with a gallant mock: "Have you run away, you Captain you!"

"Oh, God, no!" said the voice of Captain Charity, wearily. "But, believe me, I am not here for my health or entertainment. How you people put up with this kind of thing night after night simply beats me. You might, I assure you, just as well be in hell. But I suppose I must stay on until I have done my job."

"Your job!" screamed Lady Surplice. "Oh, God, Oh, God!"

"Listen, you!" snapped Travest at large. "May I remind you that in our generation we are not frightened of invisible presences, ghosts, phantoms, and devils? You had better

go and play that kind of trick on a knight of the name of Conan Doyle, and he will photograph you in tights on a young girl's palm for 'The Strand Magazine.' And may I also remind you, Captain Charity, or whatever your fancy name is, that it is considered neither polite nor manly to eat a lady's food and then insult her?"

"She may be a lady, sir," said the devil, severely, "but she is no gentlewoman."

"What!" cried Lady Surplice, her terror for a moment subdued to her anger. "Are you referring to me, you low, beastly man? Talbot! Where is Talbot? Talbot, show this person the door! If you can't see him, you can see the door. Open it."

"Oh, shut up for a moment!" cried the bored voice of the invisible one. "You cannot hope, Lady Surplice, with your cheeky little tricks and tricky little impertinences, to cut any ice with a person of my condition and experience. You forget that I have seen the program. May I remind you that I have for several years been honored by the company of really great ladies like Jezebel, Cleopatra, and Mary Stuart?"

My lord Viscount de Travest spoke:

"My friend, are you ghost, god, or devil? You are too self-confident for a ghost, you attach too much importance to your social position to be a god, and so you are probably some wretched devil out of a job. What is your sickening name, fellow?"

"I am called the Prince of Darkness, Michael."

"We do not recognise that title!" cried Lady Surplice. "It is not in Debrett—"

"It is, woman, but under many disguises."

"One up to Lucifer," said the lord chancellor, judiciously.

"What I want to know is," said Guy de Travest, "why you insist on calling me Michael; for my name is Guy."

"I am called the Prince of Darkness, Guy. I was called the Prince of Light. That is why I call you by the name of Michael, for you are very like the yellow-haired, cold-eyed archangel who was my bosom friend when I, as prince of the dominion of archangels, captain of the hosts of angels, and instructor of the choir of cherubs and seraphim, stood at the right hand of Jehovah.

"Later on, however, because of one thing and another I fell from grace and kicked up hell for something to do. But I remain very good friends with Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, though many of the smaller fry cut me."

"Cheek!" said the lord chancellor. "You ought to learn them a lesson, young man."

"I await your death, my lord, for expert legal advice on that very matter."

"Two up to Lucifer," said Guy de Travest. "But may I add, you devil you, that your sickening intrusion into Lady Surplice's house still remains unexplained."

"Mrs. Amp sent me," the voice by the door said wearily.

"Mrs. Amp!" cried Lady Surplice. "Mrs. Amp? That low, common woman! How can you bring yourself to know such people, Prince!"

"She amuses me," said Lucifer. "As I was saying to Mr. O. Henry only the other day, nothing of recent years has pleased me so much as the discovery of America. For I prefer

common Americans to common English people. Their slang is more amusing. However," the voice went on more briskly, "I have now fulfilled my promise, and will now, with your permission, leave the building."

"In, I hope," said the lord chancellor, courteously, "a body; else the rain will go right through you."

"But," cried Lady Surplice, and all now observed that anger had in an instant swept every trace of fear from her small, brilliant face—"But, Prince, what was your promise? What have you fulfilled? What has that low woman to do with it? Prince, I insist on knowing. Is this a time for silence?"

"My promise," said the voice of the fallen Prince of Light, "was merely this. At a recent dinner-party of Mrs. Amp's, at which the guests of honor were myself, Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare, and Napoleon,—and which, I must admit, was very amusing, as all Mrs. Amp's parties invariably are,—I promised Mrs. Amp that I would come up to earth one night and spoil a dinner-party of yours. I will report to her, however, that it did not need spoiling. Ladies, good-by. Adieu, chaps."

"Stop!" cried Lady Surplice, frantically waving her arms, starting from her chair. "Stop, Prince! Just one moment, my dear Prince. I insist on your listening to what I have to say in my own house—"

"Then be quick, woman!" thundered the archangel of sin; "for I promised Mrs. Amp to be back in time to hear Napoleon's after-dinner speech on the intellectual obesity of soldiers, and successful soldiers in particular. What have you to say?"

"But am I to understand," cried

Lady Surplice with indignant pathos, "that that monstrous woman is allowed to give all the parties she likes in hell?"

"Naturally, madam. Else why should it be called hell?"

"Then," flashed my lady with a gay smile, "when I die, will I be able to—"

"When you die, Lady Surplice, you will go to heaven. You are a good woman. You have cared for your husband and your children, you have given freely to the sick, the halt, the blind, deaf, dumb, septic, and what-not. In fact, Lady Surplice, I congratulate you. You have a kind heart. You bore me to death, but you are a good woman. You and your butler are perhaps the only persons in this room who will go to heaven. The bosom of Abraham awaits you, Lady Surplice. Your only crimes have been those of snobbery and vulgarity, and as the Bible was written before England, France, and America were discovered, the very existence of snobbery and vulgarity were unthought of, and escaped inclusion among the heinous sins—"

"But," cried Lady Surplice, "you have allowed Mrs. Amp to ascend to hell!"

"Descend," said the lord chancellor. "All authorities combine in agreeing that the movement, if any, is downward."

"Mrs. Amp," said Lucifer, wearily, "claims my hospitality not because of her snobbery, which was immense, nor her vulgarity, which was Herculean, but because she poisoned her husband. Now, upon my word, I really must go—"

"But," screamed my lady, "am I to understand that when I die I must go to heaven while all my friends, all

these charming people, are enjoying themselves in hell at Mrs. Amp's parties! Oh, but is that just, is it reasonable, is it even gentlemanly?"

"*Ce n'est pas ma faute*," said the fallen archangel. "It is the will of God. Good-by, Lady Surplice. To you others I need only say *au revoir*, for you are all miserable sinners."

"But, Prince," whimpered Lady Surplice, "cannot you— Oh!—can't you prevail on God to let me! Oh dear!—to let me waive the distinction? I simply cannot bear to be parted from my friends. Please, Prince, can't you prevail on Him to—"

"No," thundered the voice of the Prince of Darkness. "I cannot and will not use my influence to alter your destiny. Woman, do you think I am a friend to God! Behold, I am the enemy of Jehovah, and never neglect to do him a dirty trick; so go you heavenward, woman! Hell is not large enough to contain both Mrs. Amp and you. Prepare yourself for your ascent, Lady Surplice. Your reward is heaven. A small size in ladies' haloes is this moment awaiting you—"

"Surely," snapped my Lord de Travest, "you are not so ill mannered as to drink a lady's wine and then kill her—"

"It is the superstition of thirteen, Guy. Some one must die, since you have not only dined thirteen, but spilled the salt. And I thought, as Lady Surplice was the only one going to heaven—"

"But she's already dead!" screamed some one.

"She has only fainted with disappointment," said the lord chancellor. "Give the girl some brandy."

"Do not waste good brandy. She

the same time, the Chinese mission is not a purely religious one. It is a mission of civilization, of progress, of enlightenment. It is a mission that seeks to bring the Chinese people into the modern world, to make them acquainted with the latest discoveries of science and the principles of government and society.

The Chinese mission is a mission of hope. It is a mission that believes in the future of China, in the ability of the Chinese people to rise to the level of the other nations of the world. It is a mission that seeks to awaken the Chinese people to their own potential, to their own greatness. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of prosperity and peace for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of love. It is a mission that seeks to bring the Chinese people into the fold of the Christian church, to make them members of the body of Christ. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of love and unity for China and for the whole of Asia.

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The Chinese mission is a mission of faith. It is a mission that believes in the power of God, in the ability of God to bring about a new era of peace and prosperity for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of faith and hope for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of courage. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of courage and bravery for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of courage and bravery for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of justice. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of justice and fairness for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of justice and fairness for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of peace. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of peace and harmony for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of peace and harmony for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of progress. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of progress and development for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of progress and development for China and for the whole of Asia.

The Chinese mission is a mission of enlightenment. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of enlightenment and knowledge for China and for the whole of Asia. It is a mission that seeks to bring about a new era of enlightenment and knowledge for China and for the whole of Asia.

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furnaces at Gary, Indiana. That is how they worked it, fourteen hours on the night shift one week, ten hours on the day shift the next. The men themselves had so arranged it in order to get some leisure after the day shift was over. I came in at five in the afternoon with the men, some of whom were driven to work in automobiles run by their wives; I left at seven the next morning.

Mention the term steel-worker to the man on the street, and what does he see? A hell-hole of fire, men bending over it, stripped to the waist, unprotected from the scorching heat, and working, working continuously, for the number of hours for which they are paid. That picture is as obsolete as is the horse-car in New York. When a huge furnace that can swallow and digest a hundred and ten tons of molten steel is loaded, it is not man labor that does it. It is a charging machine, made up of little carts, which are run into the mouth of the furnace by the movement of levers. High up, on overhead tracks, runs a cage in which sits the crane-man. A push of a lever here, a lever there, and in fifteen minutes the ore, the scrap, the chemicals, have been loaded on the seething fires.

This elimination of hand labor in virtually every operation of the steel-mills means that the worker has more time to himself during his working shift. There are long stretches where his job is only a watching job. He must be there in case Mary, his furnace, gets peevish; but if Mary is in good humor, and as a rule her disposition is sweet, he can sit and talk or read if he has a mind to, or, if he can find himself a bunk, he can steal his forty winks. There is always

a good buddy to wake him if need be. All this does n't mean that the steel-worker, the open-hearth man for one, has a loafing job of it. He has n't. When the furnace is ready to be tapped, when the hole at its back must be plugged out to let the sparkling stream of "buttermilk" run into the giant ladles whose movement is controlled by a crane-man operating overhead, he works fast and heavily. Twenty minutes as a rule will see this job through, twenty more minutes will prepare the furnace for the next charging. When he 's finished that, he 's done a man's job that requires a man's muscle and endurance. He 'll tell you as he rubs his face with his handkerchief that the "old girl sure" was hot."

It was in these periods of rest and intermission during the night—and they came often and lasted longer than the hot working turns—that the men opened up and talked about this need of leisure.

"It is n't that I mind the work," old Pat, a worker of some twenty years' standing told me over the meal he shared with me; "it is n't that. I like the work. I like old Mary. I understand her, and she understands me. I feed her well, and she turns out the finest 'buttermilk' on the floor. Yes, it 's hot stuff, nothin' for a baby to handle; it 's stuff for strong men. Well, as I was sayin', it 's not the work. But, ye see, I 've got another Mary at home. Ye would n't believe it, but she 's jealous of this here Mary. And why should n't she be? Don't I spend the best time of my day with her? Don't I give her all the life and fun in me body? When I come home, it 's so sleepy I am, I can think of nothin' but bed. Well, a woman at

home wants more of a man than to feed his face and hear him snore. I don't blame her none at all, at all. A wife has a right to a husband."

That was last year, the year of all work and no leisure.

Leisure, you see, was what he was talking about, the desire to include something else in a day's work besides working and sleeping. Invariably, the comment of the men was about this.

§ 2

Now that they have it, what are they going to do with it? That is an expression of the street. It hits the nail on the head. Theorists and self-appointed humanitarians, when discussing this business of eliminating the long shift in the steel-mills, used to work out elaborate and fantastic programs on what the liberated steel man will do with his time. In a thrice they saw the ranks of culture-starved workers dashing to libraries, to schools, to concerts, madly interested in one thing only, the cultivation of their souls. They saw a labor democracy made up of intellectual aristocrats. So strong was their faith—in themselves, primarily—and so insistent their talk that before long the world and his wife began to believe this stuff.

It seems rather senseless. What is it that the vast majority of middle-class people do, all of them or most of them eight-hour workers? What does your miner do, your railroad-worker, your office-worker? His pastimes, do they consist of listening to Chopin, of reading Shelley, of taking degrees in colleges? Hardly. Yet for some strange reason everybody talkêd of the intellectual doors closed to the man whose job was rolling cherry-red billets into rails.

It is only a year since the long shift was eliminated. It is n't quite fair to judge whether or not the worker is using his time to good advantage. But it is fair to ask him what he thinks of the change, what his wife thinks of it, and whether he likes it or not.

"You bet I like the eight-hour day!" That, without exception almost, is the response one meets when discussing the subject. The old man says it, the young man says it, the unskilled worker, the skilled, the semi-skilled, the American, the foreigner. And with but one exception, their wives echo their words. Of that exception, more later.

At the beginning, indeed, there was not a little antagonism toward this revolution in the working day. The older men were at the front of it. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years of service on the long shift had made them contented with their hours. Not having had leisure in their youth, they did n't miss it in their maturity. Partly it was that, but perhaps to a greater extent the antagonism was nursed by fear of a cut in wages.

"What do we want with it?" was the comment often heard among the veterans in the steel-mills. A new aspect was thrown on their problem, however, when a wage arrangement was made whereby the men and the companies shared half and half in the loss of income. In other words, the eight-hour men, formerly the twelve-hour men, received a wage approximating ten hours of service. When the new schedule was put into action, the grumbling had greatly decreased. The men were in a more open frame of mind, willing to see how it would work out. A few weeks, a

month, two months, and opinion grew unanimous that there was nothing like this new régime of the three-man shift on continuous operations. The older men, like the younger men, who had been enthusiastic from the very start, took to their new liberty like birds released from a cage.

The three shifts in the day begin at seven in the morning, three in the afternoon, and eleven at night, respectively. Eight hours of work, eight hours of sleep, and eight hours of leisure. That is how they figure it out.

I took the night shift, the one between eleven and seven the next morning, to get at first hand in informal talks what I had got in the fourteen-hour shift at Gary, Indiana. This time it was in Duquesne, Pennsylvania. Again I chose the open hearths, where the steel is made, in order more truly to duplicate conditions with which I was comparatively familiar. I reached the mills before the new shift came on and watched the three-o'clock men pack up, wash up, and take their leave. One thing at once was apparent. Their eyes were not so heavily laden with sleep as some others I remembered from the year before. The showers had refreshed them. They were going home for a bite and then to bed. Next day they had until three in the afternoon for play and recreation. The week after, the later shift would be theirs, and the third week it would be the shift they liked best, the one from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon.

At eleven at night the mills were working with the third shift. Their buddies, the second-shift men, who had just left, had told them at what stage of operation the steel was in. The glowing furnaces, bright against

the black of the night, were bubbling away with their fiery contents. A hand ladle was pushed in to take a sample of the steel. The running metal was poured into a cup, allowed to harden for a minute, then thrown out. The solid mold was broken, and the pieces were examined for carbon. That told them just what it was the furnace needed, just how soon the heat would be finished, and whether or not a heat would be tapped before the night was over. Once the business of ascertaining the conditions of their furnaces was completed, the men relaxed, and the more peaceful routine of watching the heat and caring for it began.

It takes from eight to ten hours to make a "heat." That is what the contents of a furnace is called. It is then tapped into ladles and poured into large ingot molds. This completes the work in the open-hearth division. The molds are stripped when they become cherry-red, and the hot ingots of steel are transported to the ovens, where they are kept until they are ready to be rolled into billets or rails or sheets. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see the huge metal clamps reaching down into the ovens, lifting the five-ton ingot of deeply glowing steel and depositing it on constantly moving rollers which beat it and shape it and press it into the desired breadth, thickness, and length. The most amazing part of the spectacle is the scarcity of humans at work on the floor. A man in a pulpit works the levers which direct the movement of the ingot on the rolling-tables; a man in an overhead buggy drops the metal arms which lift them from the ovens.

There are over twenty furnaces

at Duquesne. Each furnace has its first, second, and third helper. Each man has a special job and special responsibility in making a heat. Inasmuch as heats are not started or tapped at the same time, I had opportunity to talk to the idle men while others were busied at their tasks. A visitor during the night is a pleasant experience to them. It lessens the monotony of waiting for the day to break.

"It's the best thing that ever happened to us," one of the first helpers, an American, said to me. "I don't know how I ever stood the long hours. I guess you can do it when you've never known anything better. But I could n't go back to the other way any more. I've had my taste of freedom, and I like it. Do you know," he added, and that seemed to him the final proof of his feelings on the subject—"do you know, I'd hold on to this eight-hour job business even though it meant a cut in wages. I was one of those fellows who kicked against it to start with, but I ain't kickin' now."

"Well, what is it you like about it?" I asked him. "What is it your free time means to you?"

He grinned, and rubbed his stubble of beard.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know exactly. But I like going home to the wife and kids. I like putterin' around the house. I'm growin' a garden. Do you know, it's lots of fun growin' a garden. The kids think I'm crazy spendin' so much time in it, but I don't care. I kind o' like havin' them around pokin' fun at me. They're nice kids, too. They want me to get a car. I'm thinkin' about it. That's what lots of the other men are doin', ridin' around and seein'

places. But me, I guess I want to stick around home for a while and see how my garden grows."

We talked some more about his garden and what he was raising. Then I asked him about his wife. Did she like having him at home?

"You bet," he answered. "We're gettin' acquainted all over again. I tell you, there's nothin' like this eight-hour business."

His second helper came over to get some advice on the heat. Putting his blue goggles on his nose to protect his eyes from the glare of the white liquid, my man left me. I walked down to another furnace where the men were sitting on the benches talking and smoking. From there they could manipulate the levers which controlled the heat blast in the bubbling brick ovens. A youngster among them caught my eye, a boy of about twenty-two or four. He was tall and slender, not at all powerful-looking, but the muscles of his arms and shoulders showed unusual development. He made room for me on the bench with a movement that bespoke ease in a drawing room, a rather surprising find in a steel-mill. His language, too, showed more careful training. I taxed him with it, and he laughed.

"Yes, I know," he said. "The men found that out about me, too, but they've got over remarking about it. They're good fellows." He had had four years of high school and two years of college. His family were "well fixed," as he put it.

"What made you come here?" I asked him. "What is it you expect to get from it?"

"I love this," he said. "I've been here almost a year. Steel has always fascinated me, the furnaces, the heat,

the pouring metals, the winding, red-hot rails. It's romance. It was n't easy at first. When I came, I got a job as third helper, the least-skilled work on the furnace crew. I was n't used to manual work, and the labor and the heat in the moments when I had to get near the furnace at tapping time almost laid me out. I made the mistake all new-comers make; I was too eager, too anxious to show that I was a man and could tackle a man's job. I lost about twenty pounds the first two months, but I never lost the joy in the work. I tell you, there 's something that gets you in this interchange of fire and metal. In time my muscles got used to the movement and heat, and the twenty pounds came back, hard flesh and sinew, no fat. A second helper was promoted, and I got his place. Not so bad that. That 's the way to learn the business of making steel." He laughed, then added: "I got eighty dollars in my pay envelop last week. Two weeks' pay that is. That is n't so bad either. And all the time you 're here, part of this tremendous spectacle of machinery and light and little men who run it all. It 's good, I tell you."

"And your leisure, what do you do with that?"

"Night school some of the time, in winter especially. Other things other times." He grinned.

"A girl?"

"Uh, huh. At McKeesport. When I get there, we 'll both be there."

"Get where?"

He looked surprised.

"I 'm not going to tend furnace all my life. I 'm going to follow this molten metal right through. My chemical knowledge is n't all it should

be, but I 'm making that up in the works school. They have very splendid courses on steel-making. Any man who takes it is permitted to go to classes during working-hours. We learn the theory of steel-making in the classroom, and see how it is applied by visits to the various mills and laboratories. I 'm doing some extra work on the side. There are splendid night schools in Pittsburgh. The University of Pittsburgh runs night classes, so does the Carnegie Institute of Technology."

"You 're going to be another Andrew Carnegie?"

"Maybe," he said.

"Tell me," I asked him, "do you believe that the eight-hour shift will bring a better type of labor to the steel-mills, men with your enthusiasm and education?"

"I have n't thought about it," he replied after a moment's silence. "But it seems to me it ought to. I think we 're getting away from the white-collar idea. There 's something, a satisfaction in being a part of this, that you don't get sitting behind a desk. Or so it seems to me. I think other fellows are getting this. The hours and the tales they heard about the work might have scared them off before. I think more will be willing to try it now. It 's not easy to start with, let me tell you, but once you get the swing of it, then you feel the sense of power. I like it."

He expected to tap his heat at five in the morning, he told me, and invited me to come and sit with him after that. He 'd be through then until it was time to leave. What he said is food for thought. Men were getting away from the white-collar idea and turning to the satisfaction

of accomplishment in constructive labor. Is that true? Or does the satisfaction lie primarily in the fact that a twenty-two-year-old boy in an office draws a salary of about twenty-five dollars a week, whereas the twenty-two-year-old in work such as this can get a pay-envelop of eighty dollars for two weeks' work?

Many of the older men with whom I had spoken during the week and during the night shift, upon being questioned, told me that they had sons at work in the mill. Here, too, was an interesting question. If the long shift was so arduous, how is it that a man would willingly choose to have his son work at the same kind of job? Human nature is so constituted that the average man, the normal father, seeks to have his son rise a step higher in the social and industrial ladder. I spoke to the men about this.

"Here I was," said one of them, and his reply is typical, "working in the mill, working long hours, it's true, but making a decent wage. I would n't go back to the long hours now, but I did n't know better then. When my boy was ready for a job, I knew I could find a place for him here, that in time he would be making good money. Maybe he could have got a job in a store in Duquesne or Pittsburgh. The hours would have been easier, but what would they have brought him? Ten dollars to start with, and maybe fifty dollars when he was fifty years old. I could n't see it, and he could n't see it. You see, he was brought up in this town, where everything centers about the mill. The furnaces, the whistles, the smoke-stacks—all this was part of his life. I don't think he thought

of anything else. He just naturally dropped into it. If he had it in him he could get ahead. He knew that. He has, as a matter of fact. He is a roller in the rolling-mills and makes a good deal more than I do."

"But youth wants to play. Did n't he miss that?"

The man scratched his head.

"I don't know. If he missed it, he did n't say anything about it. He did n't know any better. Anyway, he's playing now. This eight-hour shift is giving him all the time he wants."

"What does he do with his time, what do you do with yours?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered.

"I putter around the house and make myself a nuisance to the missus. I take her out for a ride when it's hot. I go around and chat with the neighbors. What does anybody do with his time?"

There, of course, is the real answer. What does anybody do with his time? That's exactly what the average steel-worker is doing with his.

"And your boy?"

"Oh, he goes off to Kennywood Park with the girls and dances." Kennywood Park is the Coney Island of Duquesne. "Or he putters about the old car. He's building a garage right now. That's a good thing; that saves money. If he were working the long shift, he could n't do it, of course. Would n't have the time to. Lots of men are building garages. They buy the cement from the company, and put in their daylight free time at that. Some of them go in for sports. The ball-field is full of fellows from the mill, young fellows mostly. I've seen them play a game of ball right after the night shift. They finish at seven, take a shower,

and go off with a ball and bat. When they come home at nine, breakfast is ready for them. There 's nothing strange about that, is there? City folks who work at desks do the same, don't they?"

They do, exactly. How often on a summer day do you not see the streets of your town filled with young clerks who play a game of ball until they are called in to dinner?

"And your wife," I asked him, "does she like the short shift?"

"I 'll say she does," came his reply, again showing that the mills of Duquesne are natural brothers to the sidewalks of New York.

I spoke to a Russian first helper, who told me with no small pride that steel was being made in Russia by men who had got their training in American mills. He, too, was enthusiastic about the eight-hour shift. His free time? He spent it with his Russian friends, drinking—he winked—many cups of tea. There are "winking" cups of tea in New York, it should be remembered. A German foreman of the floor had some grievance against the new régime, but on inquiry it boiled down to the fact that he resented the difference it made in his pay-envelop. Yes, he made ample to live on, but in the past he turned more money into the bank. A little sleepy boy about seventeen working the levers at one of the benches agreed whole-heartedly that there was nothing like the eight-hour shift.

"Expect to go to school in the winter?" I asked him.

"Nope. Never was no good at school. This suits me better."

"You might become first helper sooner if you went to school."

"Yeah. My father says so, too.

I don't know. I 'd rather play around with the fellers. Maybe when it gets cold I 'll go. Ain't much doin' here in the winter."

Mechanically, he pulled the levers as he spoke. Winter, next winter, and the winters to come, where "there ain't much doin'" and when the eight-hour shift will have lost its novelty, may bring with it a more noticeable change in the use of leisure time. Then, it may be, the young boys, the young men, may get tired of the usual routine of aimless hours and attend the schools that are ready to take them in.

§ 3

I paid a last visit to my young enthusiast of Irish extraction at day-break. He was, as he had foretold, finished with his job. His furnace had been tapped before five, I had caught a glimpse of him on the gallery where he had pushed out the plug that released the flow and sparkle of the hot "soup" or "buttermilk" or "coffee," as the molten steel is variously dubbed. He stood there with a rod in his hand, the farther end of it red hot. The perspiration was dripping from his face, and his shirt clung to his body, but there was a look of enjoyment—I can think of no better word to describe it—as his eye met mine. Later I saw him on the front side of the furnace, building it up with lime, making it ready for the next charge. The third helpers threw shovelfuls of the powder on his long-handled ladle, and with a deft twist of his wrist he packed it up against the broken spaces in the wall. Now he was sitting on his bench wearing the "sweat shirt" men on athletic teams put on after a hard game.

Until seven this crew had nothing more to do. The whistle would relieve them of their waiting. Anxiously they watched the deep blue of the heavens turning to gray and then to a soft rose.

Earlier in this article I spoke about the one exception to the enthusiasm on the eight-hour day. The one exception is a class exception, if the term is permissible.

It was the wife of the unskilled worker who voiced it. Along with the men who do the actual work of running the mills there is a small army of unskilled help, foreigners mostly, whose job it is to keep the yards clean, take care of stock, bring in lime. Unskilled work, in a word, which pays fifty cents an hour. In time these men, if they show an aptitude for the better jobs, are promoted to helpers at the furnaces and jobs in the mills. Many of them are recent immigrants with small or no command of English. The long hours meant no innovation to them. That is what they were used to in the countries from which they came. Their time was spent in working, eating, and sleeping, each following the other without intermission. To-day they suddenly find themselves with eight hours of leisure on their hands. They are spending that leisure in a way that brings the most satisfaction to them, that is, breaking the prohibition law.

It is not conscious criminality on their part. They have always had a resentment against the law which took their wines and beers from them. Therein the new country did not come up to scratch. Not having had much time to think about it or do anything about it in the past, their dissatisfaction had remained dormant. To-day,

however, they have the leisure to take action against it and, as a result, virtually every first generation foreign home has its still and its home concoctions. Friendly bootleggers of their own extraction help along the good work of keeping the worker in good spirits. These good spirits are working havoc in many homes.

A tired-looking Hungarian girl, a baby in her arms and one at her skirts, which dangled around her bare feet, was the first to tell me what many other wives of her kind later repeated.

"It is very bad, this eight-hour work. John he was always good man, good worker. He make good wages. He bring them home, he give them to me. To-day John he is bad man. All day he drink, all night he drink. He never home. He go to friends, they make whisky, he make whisky at home, he buy whisky. He never give me money. All money go for whisky. The rent I no pay. The grocer I no pay. I go get job washing. Never in old days I wash. Now must wash to buy bread."

There it is. What are you going to do about it? Here is something that according to all theories and ideals and principles was to revolutionize life and change it from a sordid thing to something fine and beautiful. In a large measure it is doing that, but there is a little measure that takes in many humans whose lives are being made the darker for it.

In the homes of the semi-skilled and skilled workers, the better paid men, a decided change is noticeable. The men are now considered social members of the family as well as bread-winners. I walked up and down several coolly shaded streets on which these workers lived. On the porch of

one house a man stood swinging two children in a hammock, talking and laughing with them. A sentimental sight, but not an unpleasant one. Another one was playing ball with his youngster. A third was out in his garden pulling up weeds under the supervision of his wife. A fourth was building an addition to the house. A fifth was mixing cement for the floor of his garage. They were doing the things, in a word, that every average man with a home and a family likes to do. They were "improving themselves" in a way highly satisfactory to themselves, without books, without music, without art. Literature on the extermination of garden bugs was all they wanted, the music of the victrola or the radio was sufficient for their enjoyment, the architecture of a well built garage was their art.

"You like having your husband home for sixteen hours?" I asked one woman as soon as her young son could be induced to turn off the radio his father had helped him build.

"Why should n't I?" she answered very practically. "You don't think it was pleasant seeing him only before he went to work and when he came home from work? We're getting used to seeing him smile again. He's a nuisance sometimes. He gets in my way, wanting to know what I am doing and what he can do. At first he seemed lost. He did n't know what to do with himself. He'd sit and drowse and look at the clock, wondering if it was time to go back to work. Often he'd leave an hour ahead of time and hang around at the mill gates, talking to other men who felt like him. Now that he's used to the change, he manages to keep himself busy."

One woman whose husband and two boys worked in the steel-mills declared that the new régime worked some hardship on her, but she would not go back to the old way for all that.

"There are three men in the family," she told me. "Each works on a different shift. That means that I must prepare meals for all of them all the time. The table is never cleared. That makes it a little hard, but we're getting used to it. The men are not very tired when they get home, so they can go to the kitchen and prepare a bite for themselves. There's always a man around the house now, and I like it. They've done so many things for me to make the place more attractive."

Occasionally complaints drift in.

"The boy has too much time for loafing. He spends his time running around in his father's automobile and dancing. It's a bad thing for him."

That is a plaint often heard in other places, not only in steel cities.

"I used to be able to go to a dance occasionally when my husband worked the night shift," one scatter-brained young thing told me. "Now I've got to be at home. His night shift does n't begin until eleven at night, and it's too late to start anything then."

Attempting conclusions on a subject as large as this is foolish and futile after a period of only a year. Five years, ten years, twenty years, will show what it is the eight-hour shift and its accompanying leisure are doing for the men and their families. The children now growing up, the future man power of the steel-mills, will shape the change that will come, if change there will be. Too much should not be expected, however.

In Streets of Rose and Blue

Travels with a Coachman in Cartagena

BY BLAIR NILES

FATE had sent us a coachman. Not that there was any lack of coachmen in Cartagena, coachmen lolling in the drivers' seats of the more-or-less dilapidated victorias which awaited patrons. But these coachmen were coachmen merely, negligible quantities whose hands controlled reins and occasionally brandished whips.

Then fate sent us our special coachman, to whom the manipulation of reins was a trivial detail in a calling which he made as colorful as a prism.

Sitting in his high seat, his brown, circular face smiling, we found him throwing merry salutations to passing acquaintances at the same time that he carried on a lively conversation with a hotel employee lounging in the doorway. He was at once as eager about our drive as though he also had come nearly two thousand miles to visit for the first time that little walled city on the shores of the Caribbean.

We drove because in those tiny streets a stranger on foot is too conspicuous to stalk any sort of game successfully. The wearers of hats and shoes seldom walk, and it is unusual to be quite so white as we who live under a Northern sun. Then, too, it is disconcerting to be continually either

hopping off the ledge of sidewalk or flattening oneself against some wall in order that one may pass and be passed. Whereas, for my purpose, invisibility under the dark, projecting hood of the carriage was ideal.

It was also ideal that our driving consisted more of pauses than of progress; for it was during our frequent stops to photograph that I would curl up in a corner of the carriage, where, unseen, I watched and absorbed the moving stream of life.

I listened to girlish confidences called frankly from behind the blue window-bars of a rose-colored house—called across to the friend behind the green window of an azure house, the street so narrow that the girls scarcely seemed to raise their voices in the pretty Spanish melody which is their talk.

In doorways, tinted to match the shutters and gratings of the glass-less windows, tiny naked children, like polished walnut, played in the dust. There were soft shouts and treble laughter. Somewhere a woman crooned a song—a song about a lovely little sky. "Ay! ay! ay, ay!" It was such a lovely little sky!

From time to time a milkman rattled by on his donkey, the man perched between two big, shiny milk-

tins. And there was an old man who cried lottery tickets. He cried indolently, as though it did not much matter whether the tickets were sold. Bananas were cheap, and one could lie down almost anywhere to sleep, while in the sunny heat clothes were scarcely a problem. It was not really necessary to sell many tickets.

The philosophic old man was followed by a tray heaped with plantains and borne on the head of a comfortable, barefoot negress in a white-lawn dress. At lazy intervals she proclaimed, "I sell plantains, very delicious plantains." The tray balanced itself perfectly, and thin, gray rags of smoke floated away from her cigar. Sometimes she stopped before a vivid door-step to negotiate a sale, and sometimes she met a friend, and in their animated chat she would seem to forget all about the superior quality of that pile of green plantains nicely balanced on her head. Then all at once she and her trailing wisps of smoke would move on to the tune of "I sell plantains, very delicious plantains."

The women of those colorful streets were all negresses, mulattoes, or mestizos, all women of what civilization calls the lower classes. For the feminine aristocracy of Cartagena live in cloistered seclusion behind the balconies of the more pretentious houses. In Cartagena it is still a serious matter to be a lady.

Those freer women, whom I loved to watch as they moved through the varied pageant of the streets, were, like the plantain-seller, generally barefoot, and in clean, often stiffly starched, frocks of calico or lawn, white or flower-sprigged in pink and blue. All wore little medals on short necklaces of

chains or beads—religious medals such as the priests of the conquest long ago hung about the necks of the baptized in order to distinguish them from the heathen. And all seemed possessed of an inexhaustible supply of amiable talk and an unlimited number of acquaintances.

By half past eight the heat of Cartagena is intense, and it is then that the water-man lifts up his refreshing cry. The water-man marches ahead of his cart, and his cart consists of a barrel lying between two supporting wheels, the whole drawn by a leisurely little donkey. And sometimes the barrels are a bright, crude blue, sometimes yellow, and often scarlet. In nondescript costume the owner leads the way, sounding his cool cry of "Water! Water!" two gallons of it for five cents.

When the sun had mounted high and hot there were no more street-cries and no more door-to-door peddlers of milk and water and fruit. The heat was dry and stifling and superlative. The only moving thing was a shadow passing along the street—the shadow of a high-soaring vulture.

§ 2

The House of the Inquisition in Cartagena still stands on the west side of the little square where three centuries ago was held the first *auto de fe*. The square is no longer the Plaza de la Inquisición; it is now the Parque de Bolívar—Bolívar whose revolution not only won independence for Colombia, but at the same time initiated the movement to abolish slavery and put an end to the Inquisition.

About his equestrian statue, so young and so triumphant that his melancholy death at Santa Marta seems

incredible, there stands a circle of royal palms whose tall, symmetric trunks rise like pale columns to support the green grace of their plumed heads. This Park of Bolivar is a tiny place, a place of indolent peace, where I loved to sit; sitting so quiet that the emerald lizards continued running races around the dry basins of vermilion fountains which did not play because water was a precious thing, to be peddled in carts.

I would sit in that lazy peace, with gold butterflies drifting about like petals from the sun, and high in the palms the clear, confident call of kiskadees.

Yet Saldanha has written that here, with solemn pomp throughout one of earth's tragic days, accusations and punishments were proclaimed, while victims listened dully in the august presence of the Holy Tribunal and of the swarming, throbbing populace which overflowed the tiny plaza. And through the heat of those crowding bodies there must have run, like an electric current, wave on wave of fascinated horror—black, primitive horror which strangely thrilled and faintly nauseated the listeners.

It was not until, in the *parque*, the peace of the present had veiled past horrors that I passed through the imposing doorway, under the Spanish arms, and into the House of the Inquisition itself.

The private family which now occupies the house made us welcome, and "Meester," as they called him, had permission to photograph where he pleased. And he pleased, by means of a ladder, to climb to the roof that he might secure a series of views over the city, leaving me with one of the sweet-eyed daughters of the house.

We had passed from the first floor to the second and finally to the third,

mounting spacious stone stairs and passing through wide galleries surrounding the central patio. We had looked into the huge, airy rooms which open from these galleries—rooms where modern furniture fraternized with ponderous old heritages from colonial days, and where floors were tiled in cool black-and-white squares. The thing that one remembers, however, is not the furnishing of these rooms, but their size, their proportion, and the luminous atmosphere which floods them with clear white light.

"Where are the dungeons?" I asked.

"The dungeons, *señora*, as well as the room of torture, were subterranean. All have been closed, long ago closed; and during the revolution the instruments were destroyed. There remains only the bed of torment, which now serves as the grating of a window in the cathedral."

But these past things did not interest the modern daughter of the House of the Inquisition. She wanted to know what Colombians I'd met in New York, for she was certain to know various members of their large family connection.

Such conversation with a Latin-American is a thorough drill in those words which define family relationships, and if you would be fluent, you must have ready for immediate use the Spanish equivalents for grandmother and grandfather; father and mother, uncle and aunt, brother and sister, grandson and granddaughter, niece and nephew, the masculine and feminine of cousin; so on through all the in-laws, each with its proper gender.

Standing at an upper window of the House of the Inquisition, my companion pointed out to me the roof of the

house of the son-in-law of that *Señora X*—whom I had known in the United States, at the same time confiding that her own family was large. I was to imagine that her mother had seventeen children. Did I think that was many? But seven of them had died; so, after all, there were really only ten, and ten was not many. I should know the women of the Departamento de Antioquia; they had really many. A woman in Antioquia had been known to have twenty-nine children.

"We are all married," she continued, "all ten of us. Some of us live here with our parents; others have villas in the suburbs, in Manga and in Cabrero. Have you seen Manga and Cabrero, and do you not think them lovely?"

These were subjects more interesting than dungeons; they were the things that filled her life, personal and important things. And then she concluded, with a small sigh, "But we marry ourselves too young." She sighed and went away, perhaps a little bewildered at having expressed so revolutionary a thought.

After she left me, I remained, looking out over the view which from the roof "Meester" was photographing. I looked over red-tiled roofs, red with the dull soft red of Pompeii; irregular roofs of varying shapes and heights. I looked across to the old square tower of the church of Santo Domingo, buff-colored and moss-grown, with old bells hanging in the tower. I looked upon balconies whose little protecting roofs had sky-blue linings and whose jalousies were painted any happy color that their owners had fancied; down upon patios, upon the heads of palms lifted as though to investigate their neighbors' domains. Under the shadow of

their foliage doves drowsily cooed and insistent kiskadees fluted their gaily reiterated question:

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?"

"What does the house say?" I questioned, following their example.

Why, the House of the Inquisition, which fronts on the Parque de Bolivar, the house and the *parque*, and the soft-eyed daughter of the house who had made the sudden discovery that they "married themselves too young," all spoke with the voice of the streets.

"The Inquisition," said the coachman, as we proceeded one afternoon to visit what the Cartagenians call the *bóvedas*—"the Inquisition was established in Cartagena in the year sixteen hundred and ten, and was finally abolished in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one."

The ease with which the Latin-American can at will produce the dates of his history is amazing. Almost any wayside acquaintance can supply the year, the month, and the day of the "first cry of independence in America of the South," and many will be able to add the names and dates of battles and the dates upon which individual cities achieved their independence. None of these dates will be abbreviated by so much as the slurring of a syllable, your informant rattling off the long phrases as easily as he breathes.

For the average Latin-American is more aware of his history than are we of the United States; possibly because it is an important factor in his ancestry. He is of a new and composite race in which the blood of conqueror and conquered must inevitably struggle for supremacy during the process of crystallization into a new form.

Thus our coachman of mixed races, pointing with his whip to the city walls,

would comment that they were many years in building, "built by the slaves, *señora*, under the lash of the Spaniards." And in his bitterness there was strangely an echo of pride; for although it was his blood which in that long ago had built Cartagena's walls, it was also his blood which had wielded the lash. Thus his Spanish blood seemed to cry, "Behold my wonderful walls!" while the darker blood moaned, "many years in building . . . by slaves . . . under the lash."

It was, of course, the Spaniards who had built the *bóvedas* to which we drove, and the *bóvedas* consist of a long arcade of high, vaulted compartments once used as prisons, and now under the protection of the Society of San Vicente, homes where needy families may live without payment of rent.

In each of the great compartments which front this arcade we found a family living. The heavy doors were now wide open, letting in the light and air denied those long-ago prisoners. Often the compartments were divided into two or more rooms by means of a rope over which were hung lengths of cloth, with a curtain draped back in the middle to provide a passageway. And under the arched colonnade swarmed a population of goats and pigeons, dogs, cats, and chickens, with which assemblage the human inhabitants democratically mingled.

When the sun was low, we would put down the top of the carriage, and then the children of the *bóvedas* flocked like twittering birds about me.

"Why do you write, *señora*?"

"Behold, the *señora* has a book full of writing!"

"I can write, too."

"We go to school, and there they teach us to write."

"But why do you write in the coach, *señora*?"

"See, her pencil is the color of gold!"

"Is it truly gold?"

And they would confide to me what was important in their lives, volunteering apropos of nothing:

"My father died ten months ago. These are my three sisters, Maria, Concepción, and Inez. We live here in the *bóvedas*, and it costs us nothing. Our mother gains money by washing and ironing."

Or another would announce:

"Every day we swim in the sea, *señora*."

And there was a little girl, immaculately neat in abbreviated blue-and-white calico, with white-canvas pumps strapped over brown ankles, and a necklace of little silver beads from which hung the usual religious medal. She wanted to tell me all about how her father had once been wounded by a bull. It was at the feast of Our Lady of Candelaria, on the second of February. No, her father was not a bull-fighter; he was merely "conducting the bull."

When we drove away, this child murmured gracefully that she was "very happy to have met me."

§ 3

It was Sunday morning, and the church of Santo Domingo gradually filled until all its rows of wooden benches were occupied. We had arrived early, when it was quite empty and when the belated night breeze still blew a faint challenge to the day.

The church of Santo Domingo is wide and high, with huge doors through which light pours into the white and gold of the spacious interior. We sat in that luminous whiteness,

where stirred the tardy little night breeze, wafting as it stirred the accumulated perfume of incense. And up in the moss-grown tower the old bells summoned as the church slowly filled.

The assembling congregation which entered with the light were not in the somber black of the churches of the high plateau, but in a garb as tropical as the warm, wide-flung light. The women came in dresses of white or lavender, rose or blue, with mantillas draped over high Spanish combs—lace mantillas of white or black. Only an occasional dowager was all in black. And as these figures took their places and dropped forward to their knees, they became all lovely and provocative; for the lacy cascade of a mantilla falling over the shoulders always promises beauty.

Up in the square, buff tower the ancient bells jangled while the church thus filled.

Schools and orphanages came, marshaled like regiments by the priests or nuns in charge. There was a troop of little girls in Virgin blue, which is the soft sky blue of a summer day; and over the heads of these children were thrown filmy white scarfs, as cumulous clouds float in the summer sky when it is Virgin blue. This company of girls was directed by Sisters of Charity in voluminous tan dresses, with flapping, winged headgear, like *aéroplanes*. There were other groups of girls in tan, with white veils tied about their heads, knotted at the back, and hanging to their waists; there were groups all in white, with white lace mantillas; while companies of school-boys came in charge of *padres*.

By this time the church was crowded,

with many standing in the aisles. The night breeze had gone, the candles burned steadily without flicker, and in the heat of the church women fanned incessantly with little light fans.

Mass in that great tropical church was very imposing, very Catholic in its pomp, very exotic in its setting, with the countless vibrant fans like gauzy, pulsating wings.

But it was not until a dark young priest in a black gown began to speak from the pulpit that I heard again the voice of the streets. He spoke clearly and slowly, addressing himself often to the Virgin, whose rose-decked image he faced, as he reviewed her earthly sorrows, from that night when there was no room in the inn to the final hour of her anguish before the cross, when she knew the supreme agony of being powerless to help one whom she loved. Always the priest reiterated that she who had known sorrow, all sorrow, was "our Mother."

Upon a later occasion I attended a similar service where the officiating priest, whose Spanish was of Castile, dwelt entirely upon the fact that the holy "Maria" was now a princess—a *princesa*. And he gave to the pronunciation of the *c* its Castilian sound of *th*. His "Maria" was thus a "*printhesa*," a royal princess living in a glory beyond description. And he too reiterated that she was "our Mother," that the lowliest had this close connection with a splendor beyond any ever known by the royalty of earth.

But I had been aware of no emotional response to what he had said. Small boys had been sending off fire-crackers in the very doorway of the cathedral, in honor, of course, of the Virgin. But somehow I could not

imagine fire-crackers going off while the priest of Santo Domingo spoke that morning so simply of the "Mother" who, having known all sorrow, understood all sorrow.

It was as though that dark young priest spoke from the heart of a Cartagena to the hearts of all Cartagenians, speaking not with the accent of Europe, but with the very intonation of that Latin-American city in the year 1923, speaking to the heart that has evolved from a past of fear, of cruelty, and of much pain. And while he spoke the church was very still; the little girls, in Virgin blue and in tan and in white, all were still. Even the boys were still, and the young men who stood in the aisles.

In the days which followed we revisited the *bóvedas*, the walls, and the churches; we sat in the *plazas* and investigated the shops. We walked or drove up and down the streets until we had covered either on foot or in the carriage every inch of Cartagena.

Everywhere there was the same gentle spirit; never a voice raised against another, never the sound of a Colombian parent punishing a child. We were even run into one night as we drove across the bridge which leads to the suburb of Manga, a demoralized motor driving straight into us, head-on. But our placid horse took no more notice of the incident than if he had really been the canton-flannel animal he strongly resembled. The driver was grieved, but not angry. After a confidential conversation with the horse, he remounted and drove on. The police later stopped us to inquire details, but no one was greatly disturbed. So does Cartagena remain happily calm after the tempest of its past.

All this led me to visit the prison, there to subject to a final test the revelation of the streets. From its exterior, Cartagena's prison has small resemblance to what we think of as a jail, for it is housed in the old convent of San Diego, and aside from the armed soldier in a sentry-box outside the door, there is nothing to indicate that the pacing figures of the religious no longer tell their beads in its cloisters.

§ 4

The prisoners we found variously employed in making napkin-rings of horn, decorating bowls made of gourds, weaving the hemp sandals commonly used in Colombia, while in a carpenter's shop they were designing and constructing furniture.

All were in the casual dress of a small tropical town—nondescript trousers and a nondescript shirt. None had the look of being watched. When we entered a room, there was no sense of change in its desultory atmosphere, the men going quietly on with their work, apparently unaware of the presence of warden and guests.

Out in the patio, under the scanty shade of a papaya-tree, after properly admiring a trim vegetable garden where lettuce and beets and radishes were laid out in tidy rows, I commented to the warden upon the absence of uniforms.

"Oh, but we have uniforms," he said. "They just happen to be worn out, and we are waiting for new ones from Bogotá."

"But I hoped you did n't believe in uniforms!"

"Ah, *señora*, how else would you know the difference between the criminals and the rest of us?"

How indeed? For the prisoners

we had observed at work in the shops had simple, mild faces. So had the warden, and so perhaps had we. Thus the answer to the question would have led to a discussion of what, after all, makes a criminal.

I asked about capital punishment, and was told that the death penalty had been abolished and that the heaviest sentence the law can inflict is twenty-years' imprisonment, which term, except in the case of murder, may be shortened for good behavior.

Bringing us to a pause in the door of the carpenter's shop, the warden said:

"One of our prisoners speaks English. I think he would like to talk to you. He has served nine years of his murder sentence. He is one of the best men we have, a good man and a good worker."

As he spoke, he beckoned to a tall, middle-aged mulatto, who at once came over to us.

"And how is it that you speak English?" I asked.

"I am coming, *señora*, from the island of Providence, near to San Andrés." His inflection was the sing-song of the British West Indies. "In our island we are speakin' English because in times past we were all British subjects, but now belongin' to Colombia."

"And you are here with no one who speaks your language?"

"I hov learn the Sponish, *señora*."

The warden, although he did not understand English, had moved away, as though he would leave the man free from any restraint.

"And are you at all content here?"

"The days pass. I hov serve now nine years. We work eight hours; and half our pay they put by for us

until we are coming out. The food is plenty, but not well prepared. No, the place is not too bad, not bad.

"When I enter, I am bitter in my heart, *señora*. But I hov think much and I hov come to know in myself—in myself, that it is right an' just. I know that in myself. But my twenty years! I hov lost my twenty years!"

We visited this prison again, "Meester" inventing a small repair job for our English-speaking friend. Our second visit happened in the absence of the warden, but nothing was different: the prison was the same quiet place where men worked placidly at their tasks, undistinguished in dress from their keepers; a place where, because there was little resentment, there was time for repentance.

The coachman had volunteered the information that the man who was mending "Meester's" plate-holders was "Meester Thompson," who had killed a man in the island of Providence.

He mentioned the circumstance sympathetically, as though it were a regrettable misfortune rather than a crime; as in Butler's "Erewhon," where crime was a disease and disease a crime. The Erewhonians might ask, "How is your poor father's embezzlement?" But never would they refer to anything so disgraceful as a father's pneumonia!

On our last visit to the prison I remained outside, while the "meester" of the camera went in to settle his indebtedness with that other, who, because he too spoke English, was also "meester."

I was sitting as I loved to do, with my note-book and pencil, letting the color and life of the streets creep into

my pages, hardly realizing that I wrote, as well as gazed and listened and dreamed; and later almost surprised to find suggested in words light and shadow and speech.

When I sat thus writing, the *simpatico* coachman also sat very quiet and refrained from his engaging banter with passers-by.

I was therefore startled when he burst into sudden laughter.

"Look, *señora*!"

I had been for some time half aware that a distant phonograph played modern jazz, and, turning, I saw that to this rhythm a tiny naked child danced, his baby body responding to every syncopation. He danced in the sunlight before the doorway of a small fruit-shop, and he danced with every atom of himself, not only with his arms and hands, his legs and feet, but with every muscle and nerve. Indeed, it was not so much that he danced in the sun, as that he was the music, the music incarnated in a small body, warmly gold in the sun.

"He has danced like that," his mother said, "since he could walk. He cannot yet talk, though he understands everything. But always when the phonograph plays he dances. He will dance again now if they put on another piece.

"His father," she explained, "was French," but he had gone away, and she never heard from him any more.

While we talked, the windows of the prison filled with the convicts who, attracted by the merry laughter of our coachman and by the music, had laid down their work and come to share the excitement.

And again the phonograph played, and the child danced, up on his little toes, with his arms extended, and his

body quivering with every inflection of the rhythm.

The convicts crowding the windows laughed and forgot. It did not matter that they looked through gratings, for so did most of the citizens of Cartagena, gratings being more associated with elegance than with jails. It mattered only that no commanding voice ordered them back to work while they watched a child dance and forgot.

Driving through streets little by little grown eloquent to me, the coachman conversed.

"When they leave the prison," he remarked, "they all have a trade and all have money. The prison has saved their money for them."

The coachman invariably spoke of money as silver, as *plata*, and the word *plata* is unctuously alluring.

"All silver and a trade." There was a friendly congratulation in the words and in the tone. Thus my revelation survived the test of the prison.

For this is what was revealed in those streets of rose and blue: against the background of oppression there was everywhere a gentle forbearance; shown in the freeing of slaves at a time when in the United States black men were still chattels; shown in the abolition, fourteen years ago, of the death penalty while we yet presume legally to take man's life; and shown in the soft voice in which, if you will listen, the streets themselves will speak to you. But even as they speak, men in hotel lobbies talk of development, of capital, and of return on investments; and there are strikes, and factory whistles, piercingly shrill. In the revelation of those streets there is always this pervading sense of change, imminent change, on the threshold of which trembles the reluctant present.

G. Stanley Hall

The Play-Boy of Western Scholarship

BY LORINE PRUETTE

THE death of a great man, even if he be only a dim figure on one's horizon, is likely to produce a moment's sadness, a flash of amazement that mortality has dared to approach the godhead; but when one has known and loved such a man, has been accustomed to return to him for strength and courage and renewed vision, his death becomes a catastrophic event, like sudden acts of nature, violent and meaningless and destructive.

Granville Stanley Hall his mother named him.

He had such a flair for living, and he is dead! He had such inexhaustible enthusiasm for life, an enthusiasm that his almost eighty years was called upon time and again to communicate to the flagging spirits of students in their twenties who had grown old with the war! He enjoyed so the good things of life, from the perfect dinner to the perfect symphony! There was so much yet for him to do! His finest book he saw shaping itself in the future, and death for him held all the horrors of annihilation, destruction of that keen brain, reduction to nothingness of all that stored wisdom he had won through the years. Yet when he knew himself as old, past the allotted

span of years, he did not run whimpering like a child frightened by the dark to hide behind the skirts of mother church, but bravely, gallantly, he faced what seemed to him to be the truth, and went toward death, as he had lived, in austere loneliness.

That old shabby study, crowded with books and manuscripts, is empty of what gave it value. Yet the scent of those vile five-cent cigars must hang round it still, and the old chair before the desk must still turn its back a little on the room; for so he sat, averted, that his visitor might speak out his heart without consciousness of another human presence. For this was not a room in which the master spoke. It was a room in which the master listened. He was the perfect listener. These walls must hold the echoes of many a story of human woes, and out of that narrow door and down the stairs men and women have passed revived, new-made, able to face again the problems of living.

G. Stanley Hall, as he signed himself, was a scientist, specifically a psychologist. He became a psychologist in a day when psychology was not a popular charlatan, but a new-found discipline, a vastly exciting adventure in search of the truth. He was always a philosopher and more

than a little a creative artist, in the sense that he who enters deeply into the essence of the created thing is sharer of the creative ecstasy. He himself wrote, "Men do not realize that the power to appreciate a great or good thing and the will to accept it are made warp and woof exactly of the same psychic stuff as is the power to create them, and differs from originality only in degree." He was more than a sharer, the actual builder, when it came to creating at Clark University a university of the spirit which still exists for those who knew him, despite the fact that in his latest years he lived to see the actual Clark distorted and torn away from all the purposes with which he had dowered it. But although he was all this and more, and something of a poet beside, although he wrote many books which have strength and wisdom in them, and many times beauty, and although he was a lecturer of unusual power, he was beyond everything else great as a teacher of individual creatures.

§ 2

His method in the classroom was his own, chaotic seemingly, yet not without plan. He simply drowned the new student under wave after wave of stimulating information brought from the scientists of many countries. Some of the students never emerged from this tidal wave, but most of them seemed to, coming up often enough gasping for breath, reaching out frantic hands for books and more books, coming back to him after a week in the library strengthened and prepared for another immersion.

But it was not here that he did most

of his teaching. Always he was pre-eminently the individualist, seeing his students as individual minds, leading them on through the discoveries of individual interests. He expected his students to call on him, to come in repeatedly for conferences, and this is so unusual in this day of machine-made degrees that too much cannot be said of its value. An ignorant young student, knowing nothing of the ways of universities, just beginning her first year of graduate work, and majoring in another department, called on the president of Clark University as soon as she arrived, and he greeted her and probed her thoughts and dropped little seeds into her mind,—for he was master of the fine art of suggestion,—and sent her away flaming on the quest for the Holy Grail, which was to him the search for all truth.

Little graduate students, however flaming, do not find truth, but this is a memory they would not lose, that once they knew the courage to set out on the search. Truth was to him no philosopher's absolute, which must be viewed whole and shining, although he longed for this also as all men of thoughtful turn desire it; but truth he found made up of many truths, and every scientific fact was a priceless mile-stone along the way. He liked to make his students see that their business was not the digesting of books, however necessary that as preliminary, but that their business was the synthesis which is discovery, and that each of them might aim toward making some contribution, however slight, toward the sum total of human knowledge.

It is not to be supposed that his students lived on any exalted plane.

They danced and played and studied more or less spasmodically, yet his influence made of the library not a dull collection of books, but a place where high adventure was always possible and sometimes found. And sometimes the careless student was caught up out of the daily routine to what seemed a high place.

Some of these occasions came during the Monday night seminar which he conducted many years in his home, and where he was often at his matchless best. The little group of perhaps forty assembled in the room, on an old couch, a window-seat, a few stiff chairs, usually in their coats, for it was New England and winter, and the room seldom warm. The doomed student went forward fearfully, yet with something of a thrill, seated himself at the table, and read for half an hour or an hour without interruption the best that he had so far in his work been able to prepare. There was danger for those who did not give their best, for the old man seated by the door, apparently asleep, was losing nothing, and would waken to turn on the pretender the full force of a rare vocabulary, a biting wit, a satire that could burn, and a suavity that could paralyze. But to those who did their best he was gentle, although that best must often have seemed very weak to him. Sincerity of purpose he demanded more than any other one thing, but if sincerity were present, he would often give respect and encouragement to minds and interests far removed from his own.

He himself had a tremendous industry, but he also made fine discriminations in the objects of industry. This often made him indifferent to red-tape, to formal requirements

which the student might not finish, and made him ruthless in examinations to the student who he felt had crammed up on miscellaneous facts. He was always encouraging the student to strike out for himself. He was so much an individualist that he allowed those working under him the privilege of making their own mistakes, careful to place before them all the accumulated thought of the world on their particular subject, but after that urging them to follow the light as they saw it. He seldom ascended to Mount Sinai to hand down the laws and the truth.

Of the *Gott-Mensch* attitude, from which it must be difficult for a renowned man to abstain, he had a very great horror. He developed certain mechanisms to protect himself from narcissism and too great pride. He made a rule not to read his own work after it was printed. Marvelous, but true, he did not require his students to purchase his books. I remember but two references to his own published works. In the classroom he referred the students to a long article on fear, and in conversation he mentioned the fact that after the publication of his "Jesus the Christ in the Light of Modern Psychology" a Catholic friend wrote him that he had better have died before writing such a thing. As part of this protection he had a most disagreeable manner of changing the conversation when one sought to praise his writing, irritating sometimes to the sincere enthusiast.

That he had his proper share of pride no one could doubt, but he was able to keep this remarkably in check by constantly reaching out toward new and diverse interests. He was interested in everything that he man-

aged to learn from his students. No book, article, subject could be mentioned in his presence without the flaring up of intense mental activity. He was much interested in Papini's "Life of Christ," he was also interested in "Tarzan of the Apes."

§ 3

Two especially strong interests were with him till the last, two unrealized ambitions—to put into final form a work on genetic psychology and another on the psychology of the feelings and emotions. In the latter he was perhaps most interested, probably because it represented even newer ground. From experimental psychology and the laboratory which he founded at Johns Hopkins, contemporaneously with Wundt in Germany and James at Harvard, he moved through many fields, particularly child study, educational psychology, psychology of religion, to some extent abnormal and applied psychology, and at the last he was beginning to talk somewhat of social psychology. Along with the development of the psychology of the child and adolescent, he presented a growing science with the vastly significant genetic point of view, took up with vigor the contributions of the psychoanalysts, although never accepting them *in toto*, secured to this group its first hearing in America, and rounded out his life by writing on the psychology of senescence. But those two books he did not write must bring a vast regret to those who knew the foundations which he had already prepared. His course in genetic psychology was the most interesting, many declared, that they had ever known, and having now used the hasty classroom notes of this

course on four groups of undergraduates, I find there is a magic about them which even carries over in this abortive form.

He had but one passion, the search for truth, and this enabled him to take almost a religious attitude toward his work and to draw from its actual performance far more satisfaction and contentment than is allowed to most. He particularly spoke of the great value of work as he had found it in the ten years following the death of his first wife, the work of grappling with a university, of creating a thing which he hoped should stand alone, and declared that in this fierce application to work he found the means of sublimating all more human desires.

He never lost his idealization of women, despite all the women who revealed to him their tawdry souls, and this idealization, due originally to his mother, had powerfully affected his attitude toward feminism. He dreamed of a feminism in which women should be free to follow the dictates of their hearts, but in which these dictates would make them increasingly feminine. For the older rebel type of feminism, aping man's roughness and man's attire, he had little use; but for the aspirations upward and outward of the woman he showed an eager interest. The mother-image affected his views of the sex life, which he felt should be developed into a high and noble art. He was given to urging that men had not learned to be lovers, while women had not learned to use the sex urge to produce in men their highest and finest efforts. Very modern on many points, he showed an old-fashioned horror of any perversion of the sex impulse from its expression in the love of man and woman, and

acknowledged a certain chagrin on finding a person to have achieved satisfactory adaptation through homosexuality, which seemed to him a falling away from the ideal. Art and literature he regarded as the fine flowering of the sex impulse, the artist the man or woman of superabundant vitality. His conceptions here seem more in line with Jung's libido than with Freud's ideas.

Originally considering the ministry his vocation, he retained a vast interest in the church, and was a man of deep religious feeling, at times almost mystical. He felt that man had a genuine need of religion, and he liked to say that men have "made their gods in their own images and projected them into the sky." He held this a concept capable of returning to man a great confidence in his own intrinsic nature, and that "the common belief that divine beings and events came first is really treason to human nature and fatal to saving faith in it." He wrote at the very last, "when we think we are worshipping God, we are really worshipping the sublimized creation of the soul of mankind which, in this image, has embodied all the best that it has ever been able to conceive."

In an age when the young feel cynically old, he, nearing his eightieth birthday, remained unquenchably young. In a time of dire concern for the future of civilization, he refused to give up his optimism. He understood so well the ways of human nature that when he felt himself caught in the darkness of writing his "Senescence," of feeling there was but a short time between him and oblivion, he could turn from all this to write a beautiful bit of fooling on the Flapper Americana Novissima.

In the last few years he had more than most men to make him despair. He lived opposite the university which he had made, and saw it go violently toward what appeared irrevocable ruin. Watching himself carefully that no overt criticism of the new policies should pass his lips, he continued to prophesy good things to come. Yet when the suicide of Gordon Webster, famed physicist and close friend, brought to something of a climax the ugly nature of things at Clark University, his armor fell away from him for a time, showing him an old man pathetically anxious for news, unable to deny the bitterness with which he viewed the ruin of that to which he had given much of his life.

§ 4

However, he could turn from all this to discuss fiction trends. His own early attempts at short-story writing left him with a deep sympathy for such aspirations. He used to tell me that there could be nothing so satisfactory as the life of a writer, and he never ceased to urge the claims of creative writing as opposed to scientific interests. He painted glowing pictures of the free and untrammelled life of the writer, comparing this with his own life, spent largely within the narrow environs of Worcester.

He spent much time in going over amateurish efforts, sometimes of unknown persons, as when a strange woman began sending him instalments of her first novel and urging his criticism. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for his spending so much time on such efforts was the feeling which he had that he might draw nearer to the hidden springs of the soul. Anything

which seemed to draw upon what has been called the "racial unconscious" particularly interested him, anything which showed its origin in the same matrix from which came the myths and folk-lore immediately claimed his attention. He was always fascinated by the fictional treatment of the *Doppelgänger*, as in Poe's "William Wilson" and Wilde's "Dorian Gray." He delighted in sophisticated treatment of plot within certain limits, and was interested in the literature of the decadents; but he could not bear that satire or ridicule should come too near to what he held sacred. It was this which made him term Jurgen "a nasty book," just as it made him dislike the "Gold-fish." Mystical, sometimes, in his own writings, he had little sympathy or feeling for mysticism in fiction. He held that "Main Street" should be read again and again, calling it "the most successful story of a commonplace life" since "David Harum."

The only signs he ever gave of being old lay in a slight forgetfulness of things of the moment, but this did not extend into the fields of his interest. He continued to do a great many things which we felt he should not, even continuing to look after the furnace despite an accident there which had knocked him senseless into the ashes. Nor did his failing eyesight prevent his going about the streets alone. He had learned that youth was an attitude of mind, and that he who coddles and protects himself as an old man is truly old. Nevertheless, he had a fine sense of fitness which prevented his doing anything that would be without dignity. He never lost the courtesy that had come to him from an earlier gen-

eration, always insisted on giving up his seat in the street-cars and on rising when a caller entered his room, and refused to take any of the advantages of age's infirmity.

At a dinner late in June, just before we sailed for Europe, which proved to be the last time I was to see him, he was particularly gay, making great plans for what we were to do abroad, even to advice about London tailors. He told with more than a touch of pride of the suits which he had had for many years made over there, and of the compliments which he had received on these. He was insistent that I should smoke with the men, insisting, as always, upon the rights of the individual. A short while before this he had performed a very characteristic act, illustrating his youthful eagerness and curiosity. We had gone to see a new organ in one of the churches, and with his usual thoughtfulness he had brought along Zabelle, the little Hungarian daughter of his housekeeper, in whose musical education he was interested. The organist played for us, showing the various stops, and indicated the vertical ladder which led up through a little hole to the top of the pipes. Without saying anything about his own studies of the organ, Dr. Hall showed a boundless enthusiasm for learning all the details of the new instrument. He was certain that I would want to climb the ladder to the top, but I assured him I was never good at climbing ladders. So youth watched below while age mounted carefully, blindly, up the ladder, crawled through the little opening, stepped across the plank and inspected the various organ-pipes, from the biggest to the very smallest. And youth held its breath

while those old feet came triumphantly down that steep ladder.

In a recent letter he declared that he was not at all interested in taking an air-plane trip. It was the first thing I had ever heard of which he did not want to sample. Now that he is dead, it seems that in this was the sign of the approaching end. Yet nothing was able to suppress his enthusiasm for humanity, just as nothing could touch the strength of his individualism.

He was the great individualist, triumphing over circumstances by adapting himself to those circumstances. There was a little of the Puritan in him always. He wrote in January, 1924, "Are you not called upon to make a very great adjustment, and, if you have the elevation of the soul to make it, won't you look back upon it in the future as the very greatest of your achievements, to make a virtue of necessity?" But the warm humanity of the man, hid deep beneath a certain austerity and coldness of manner, and a certain shyness toward the emotions, appears as he writes, "I think I am praying for you in the only sense I can pray."

That his enthusiasm for humanity was untouched is shown by his article in the May issue of "The Scientific Monthly," perhaps the last message which is to come from him. In answer to the question, "Can the Masses Rule the World?" he wrote what he had often declared, "mansoul is unconquerable and irrepressible, and it has always sooner or later evolved other forms in all these domains, and best of all there has been general progress." He had an abiding faith in the fundamental nature of man, a confidence in the rightness of his instincts. "I believe that the voice

of the people is the only authentic voice of the only God there is in the world of men; hence that democracy is the only true theocracy."

His words in regard to democracy come with the power of a valedictory: "Men had to be inspired by extravagant expectations to launch out on the uncharted sea of democracy. Like all dreams, this will have to be re-interpreted, and what they mean found underneath what they say, and these two are very different. But because the human spirit has faced and solved so many other problems, just as difficult if not more so compared with the resources at its command, we believe it will muddle through those that now confront it. We believe this because, and only because, we believe that human nature, however crude, is on the whole still sound at the core. If not, we are lost, and the last great hope of the world will prove its direst delusion."

He thrilled so to the inspiring story of the coming up of life, out of primordial waters into the conquest of the land and of the air, through countless terrible struggles into the day of man and of civilization, and he looked forward to unheard-of developments of life, undreamed-of extensions of the mental world. It is the peculiar sadness of those who knew him that that great brain and great heart have no further value save to molder into soil from which grass may grow, and that that soul which had known and felt so much, which had so delighted in the evolutionary sweep upward and in the genetic growth of mind, shall, according to his own views, know and feel no more, and that the onward rush of the life force will pass by him unheeded.

Elsie and the Child¹

A sequel to "Riceyman Steps" in three parts. Part II

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

JOE was reading in the kitchen, under the electric light; he wore spectacles. The sun had scarcely set, and reading by twilight was still easily possible on the upper floors of the house, but not in the basement. Joe's eyes were a little weak; the open window was a square of faint crimson. The kitchen seemed yet tenaciously to hold the heat of cooking the dinner hours earlier. Joe, leaning on his elbows far over the table, had neither coat nor waistcoat; a very broad leathern belt kept him together round the waist—Elsie's idea. A cigarette, burning neglected on the edge of the white deal table, sent up a straight column of smoke, which spread at the top like a palm. Joe read aloud, slowly, under his breath: "We have to consider, first, what constitutes food for man. Its objects are threefold—to repair the daily waste of the body itself, a necessary consequence of life and its act-iv-ity"—The book was that classic, Sir Henry Thompson's "Food and Feeding." The doctor had lent it to him upon a startling request for some book about cookery.

It was probably the only book that Joe had ever studied or wanted to study, for he was by nature no student. His passion for cookery, discovered late and in difficult and dangerous cir-

cumstances in France, had made him a student of rudimentary and certainly not scientific mind; he was nevertheless approaching the mighty subject of food in a scientific manner, and successfully. No wonder the household wondered, smiled aside, gently scornful, and was in fact impressed by the miracle of the power of the love of knowledge.

Elsie came into the basement from the front room. She was ceremonially dressed for answering front doors.

"Oh, Joe! Joe! I thought I smelt it!" The cigarette had charred the edge of the table, which bore quite half a dozen black souvenirs of Joe's dreamy carelessness. "I know what missis 'll say—or what she 'll *think*."

It was Elsie who picked up the cigarette.

"Now, Joe, yer must go out for yer walk. Ye have n't had a mouthful of fresh air all day."

Neither had Elsie had a mouthful of fresh air all day, save now and then at the front door. But Elsie had established between them the great truth that she was somehow superior to the common human needs, such as air or even food, and that what harmed him could not harm her.

On Sunday nights they usually both went out for a walk, and Mrs. Raste

¹ Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

took charge of the house in person. Sometimes they would actually depart before tea and make a regular afternoon and night of it with friends in Riceyman Square or elsewhere. But to-night, as the rulers had suddenly decided to seek pleasure in the legendary West End, of course they could not both leave. Neither of them saw anything at all unnatural in an arrangement under which the pleasures of the rulers involved the ruled in a sacrifice. Thus do bits of the past remain embedded in the present, and thus do old ideals, by their own pristine force, persist against energetic new ones in strange places.

Joe used a spoon to mark the place in his book, and put the volume in a cupboard. Elsie dressed the rugged-faced dreamer. She brushed his waistcoat, his coat, and his hat.

"Now, here 's your cigarette-case,"—the dark, ingenuous dreamer was something of a swell,—"*and here 's your matches, and here 's your purse.*" She started him up the basement steps and went with him into Cheval Street, where they stood together reflective for a moment in the soothing dusk.

"Now go along to the Duke's Head and have half a pint, and don't hurry back."

He lit a new cigarette, nodded, and walked off. She stared after him, and then pushed at the side door with her broad back. She liked him to be a man of the world occasionally, thought it was good for him to get away from her and practise independence and make a show of free devilry. She liked him to return smelling healthily of beer.

The side door, which had been half closed, did not yield to the pressure of her back. Then there was a little

nervous, childish giggle; Miss Eva had been behind the door. Her thick, brown hair was loosened for the night, and swelled amply round her head, and she was eating a chocolate.

"I thought you was gone to bed, Miss Eva," said Elsie, but she spoke carefully, diplomatically, with a background of sympathetic comprehension beyond the superficial chiding; for Miss Eva was not in a state to be handled anyhow. In her eyes there was a warning look to remind the beholder that she had suffered much that day and could not with safety be tried too hard. Moreover, she was the sole representative of the ruling class left on the premises, and hence specially invested with the class prestige.

"I 've done my hair, and I saw you and Joe from the window, and so I thought I 'd—only for ten secs, you silly old long face."

Yes, Miss Eva, deeply and always aware of her position as the center of the Raste universe, knew that in the history of the universe her every motive and act had real importance and that her every moment should be accounted for. And since sometimes she was responsible for her precious self, she had sometimes to be her own historian. Her mother had watched carefully over the child's supper and had left her to read "Measure for Measure" (all Shakspeare was equally Shakspeare to the child). As for going to bed, she had the right to go to bed unaided and unquestioned; but Elsie would slip later into her bedroom—that casket—to see that Miss Eva had faithfully in all details discharged her grave responsibility to the center of the universe.

"Elsie," the child murmured, disclosing naively her secret purpose in

leaving the bedroom, "let's walk just a minute in the garden. I do want to—with you. And they all did this afternoon, so I'm sure we can. Dad simply *pulled* me over the fence."

Instead of firmly dismissing this mad, unlawful project, Elsie made an excuse.

"Yes, and I dare say, but yer don't catch me trying to wallop myself over that fence. No!"

"Pooh! You need n't. We can get in by the other door."

"It's locked."

"The key of this door fits it."

"The key of this door fits it! How do *you* know the key of this door fits it?" Elsie demanded, alarmed and indignant.

"I'll show you."

And before Elsie could do anything effective, Miss Eva had drawn the heavy key out of the Raste door and flitted into Cheval Street and pushed it into the lock of the Batwing door.

"Miss Eva!"

The child got both thin hands to the big key and twisted it in the lock and opened the Batwing door. She was probably the only person in the world with the esoteric knowledge that one key would open both doors. Elsie had a dim glimpse of the private life of the watched child, as mysterious as the life of birds in the branches, whose enterprising curiosity in some unwatched and unaccounted-for moment had led to the astonishing discovery about the key. It was incredible, highly disconcerting.

"And have yer been in the garden by yerself?"

"Oh, *no*! But I've *looked* in. Come on, old long face." Miss Eva ran audaciously into the forbidden garden.

They walked together in the garden, Elsie in her purple and white uniform and Miss Eva in white. Miss Eva clasped Elsie's arm and skipped at every few steps, but after a time she ceased to skip and even to shake her loose hair. There was little difference in height between them—three or four inches. Elsie felt self-conscious because the garden was overlooked by the windows of several houses. She was sinning, but happy in sin, and somewhat comforted by the assurance that neither the front-door nor the panel-door bell could ring without her hearing it.

"I don't see why I should n't walk in the garden. They're away dancing, so why should n't I walk in the garden? At least perhaps they are n't dancing yet, but they will soon be. Oh, yes, they are, because they dance between the courses now; Mummy told me. Miss Brendon says I shall be quite a good dancer, and that's a lot from her. I said to myself, when I was walking here with them this afternoon, that I'd walk here with my old long face as soon as I could. No, it's round really, but you're so *very* serious to-day, Elsie. Well, and I'm walking to-night, and so I've done it, haven't I, Elsie?" She drew Elsie across the grass to the leaden statue in the middle, and stroked the fat Cupid as if to express to it some of her affection.

"Oh, Elsie, it's all wet!"

"Yes, and I sh'd think it *is* all wet, and this grass is soaking, and you'll catch your death, and then what will missis say?"

The dew was distilling itself upon Clerkenwell. Then came soft sounds into the garden; they came straight over the roof of the house and also down Cheval Street and over the wall

of the garden; sounds infinitely delicate and subtle, which might be arriving from a great distance after a long journey—the congregation singing “Abide with Me” in St. Mark’s Church in the square! The dusk seemed to thicken suddenly. Odors of blossoms wandered in from the next garden. The pair could scarcely see each other’s features. The singing ceased. The final peace of Sunday night had descended upon the vast expanses of Clerkenwell.

“Oh!” breathed Miss Eva.

They were walking again on the tiled path.

“Elsie!” Miss Eva’s clasp tightened upon Elsie’s arm.

“What?”

“Do you like Miss Huskisson?”

“Yes. Don’t you?”

“Oh, yes. They want me to go to her school at Eastbourne. Boarding-school, you know.”

“And don’t ye want to go?”

“No!” Miss Eva snapped nervously.

“Why not? Don’t yer want to leave yer daddy and mummy? But ye ’re a big girl now.”

“Oh, I don’t mind leaving *them*. Of course I should hate leaving *them*, but I should n’t *mind*. I could *bear* it. And mummy thinks it would be so good for me. She thinks I ’m spoiled here, and I expect I am. But I won’t go. I won’t go.”

“But why, then?”

Miss Eva stood still and arrested Elsie, and put her arms round Elsie’s neck and kissed her violently and sobbed and wept.

“It’s *you* I could n’t bear to leave, Elsie. I *know* I could n’t live without *you*. And they can’t make me! they can’t make me! Oh, Elsie, you don’t know how hurt my heart is!”

A bell rang and rang in the house.

“Miss Eva, let me go, do! That’s the telephone. It’s always the way. Sure as the doctor goes out for a bit of a change, they start. Quick!” She gave the last word in a tone of command, almost harsh. The child ran whimpering after her.

Elsie had to lock the Batwing door, withdraw the key, and put it on the inside of the other door, and naturally she fumbled each little operation. And the bell kept insistently, ruthlessly ringing; it could be heard in Cheval Street and in the passage and in the back hall, and it would not stop until, after an eternity, Elsie snatched off the receiver. That silenced it, and there was quiet. Only a few months back Elsie had been as afraid of the telephone as of a bomb, but now she talked at it with cutting callousness.

“Yes! yes!” she exclaimed, reproving its impatience.

The matron of the maternity hospital wanted the doctor to come as quickly as possible; Mrs. Aked was worse, and the matron was very anxious. Elsie said she would ring up Dr. Worple, who had promised to deal with anything urgent that evening. No sooner had she hung up the receiver in order to begin a new call than the bell began furiously again. It was the police. The night watchman at a drapery store in Park Street had fallen down a lift-well and seemed to be dead, but his wife and five children were with him, and the wife wanted Dr. Raste and nobody else. Also the police gave notice of a post-mortem of a girl suicide the next morning. Well, she would ring up Dr. Worple, and she did ring up Dr. Worple; and that was that, except that she must slowly and clum-

sily write out the details for the master to see on his return.

"Here, Miss Eva, you write it for me. No, I 'll do it myself. Switch the light on, will yer?"

How could she have dreamed of asking the innocent child to write such dreadful things? She wrote even worse than usual; she did not know quite what she was doing. But, after all, the transactions, normal enough on the telephone, were a trifle compared with Miss Eva's information, as to which Elsie's thoughts worked in vast, slow motions beneath the superficial agitation caused by these episodes incident to the doctor's practice.

Miss Eva had actually put her own mother lower than the house-parlor-maid. Well, it was shocking; it was against nature. She adored Miss Eva, but she could not conceive what she had done to Miss Eva or for Miss Eva to bring about this terrible state of affairs in the child's mind. She was ashamed of herself.

"Oh, Elsie, is n't it awful?" the child burst out, surveying the situation with astounding, ingenuous detachment and at the same time accepting it fatalistically. In the effort after calm reflection Miss Eva had ceased to whimper. Then, releasing her brain from its task, she sprang at Elsie, and kissed her passionately again; and Elsie, electrified afresh, thought that there were forces in this Miss Eva far more powerful and incomprehensible than in any adult—terrific forces that neither Miss Eva nor anybody else could guide or subdue. Elsie was afraid, and her head swam as if she was intoxicated; the hall swayed and moved round and round.

"Good night!" Miss Eva unloosed her and ran off.

"I 'll come up with ye," said Elsie. She ought not to have said it. To see the child into bed on such a night was wicked self-indulgence, bad for her and bad for the child too, very bad for the child. The temptation, however, was too strong, too sweet. She might have to leave her place, with Joe,—how indeed could she decently stay, whatever the cost to Miss Eva's feelings?—but on this night she must fondly tend the child.

"No, don't put the light on," said Miss Eva in the bedroom. "It 's dark, only it is n't dark. And open that window wider, Elsie darling."

She yielded her long, snake-like, aristocratic body to be undressed, and Elsie's hard muscles, moving over her, grew as soft as Elsie's affection. Self-indulgence, but exquisite! Miss Eva dropped on the bed, lying stretched on the top of the eiderdown, and sighed.

"Oh, Elsie, could n't you carry me into the bath-room?"

Elsie did so. Wickedness, that was what it was!

"I 'm so tired," said Miss Eva. "I 've had a very trying day, have n't I, Elsie?" And when Miss Eva was finally tucked up, Elsie set about gathering her day-clothes together and folding them exactly as the mistress had taught Miss Eva to fold them, and laying them carefully in the empty drawer which was exclusively allotted to them; for Mrs. Raste's notion was that a little girl's bedroom should always, at no matter what hour, present a perfectly tidy appearance to any visitor expected or unexpected. And Miss Eva drew her endless arms from under the bedclothes, and her hands drooped over the side of the bed.

"Oh, Elsie, I 'm too hot! And I don't want to be all tucked in." A

naughty kick, which disturbed all the upper bedclothes! "I want to be cold."

When the affair was settled in a reasonable compromise, Elsie stood at the open window, gazing over gardens and chimney-pots at the somber sky. She was not thinking, and she did not know quite what she was feeling; but she had a vague, absurd, self-contradictory idea that she was both happy and unhappy. Also, she felt that things generally were very mixed up and queer and sad and incurable, and that life was full of the most unexpected surprises; for, according to Elsie, there were surprises which you expected and surprises which you could n't be expected to expect. Then the first door in the wall below opened, scraping the gravel, and she made out the figure of Joe in the gloom. She turned to the bed and stooped.

"I 'm going."

Miss Eva nodded wearily. No kiss.

§ 2

Elsie lay in bed in her home, which was the front room of the basement of the Raste home. The adjoining kitchen might be called the workshop, factory, or chief earning-place. The upper floors consisted of rooms which she knew intimately, even to the contents of some of the drawers and wardrobes, and had to keep clean, but which were foreign countries where one could neither settle nor behave quite freely. The front room of the basement alone was the haven in which Elsie could be fully Elsie, the wife of Joe, exercising her personal tastes, arranging and rearranging the things in it according to her fancy, cleaning it when and how she chose, leaving it untidy when she chose, and never ask-

ing herself the eternal question which governed all her actions in every other part of the house: "How do *they* want it done? How did *she* tell me I was always to do it?"

Mrs. Raste never in any circumstances intruded into Elsie's home, and Miss Eva very rarely, and then only by favor specially requested and against her mother's inclination.

It was a cave, subterranean, and felt like a cave; fairly large, but low, with a grimy, irregular ceiling, from which an unused short gas-chandelier still hung not quite perpendicularly. The illumination, as strident as a shout, came from a single electric light, whose cord, obeying the law of gravity, put the crookedness of the chandelier stem to shame. The furniture, too plenteous, had mainly come, discarded, from upstairs. Along one wall was a whole row of shabby chairs which nobody ever sat on. There was one easy-chair, of wicker, which would occasionally creak by itself in the dead of night if Joe had spent an evening in it. A pair of lace curtains, once grand, in the rulers' bedroom, screened the window, and those curtains were never drawn more than a foot apart, lest loiterers on the pavement above might spy upon Elsie's privacy. A bright steel fender, with one brief poker for fire-irons, ornamented the hearth, and in front of the fender was a black rag rug on the tiled floor, otherwise bare. There were two tables, one of deal, the other of oak, and a very old oak wine-cooler, which never cooled wine, but held Elsie's spools, tapes, scissors, and remnants. The wardrobes of the twain were two narrow cupboards in the wall. Elsie was very proud of their convenience. And there was a chest of drawers, chiefly filled with

junk from on high. On the wall opposite the mantelpiece mirror hung an enlarged portrait of Elsie's mother, who had died just in time to balance her daughter's budget; for Elsie had accustomed the old lady to the weekly sum of twenty-eight shillings, eleven pence, the war pension which Elsie had received as the widow of her first husband and which she lost on re-marriage. This portrait, in a brilliant gilt frame, a pious folly, had cost good money; it was surpassingly ugly, but Elsie thought it most beautiful. Beneath it hung from their colored ribbons the two war-medals of the first husband. On the mantelpiece stood four cheap and gaudy vases, wedding gifts from friends in Riceyman Square, and passionately cherished. No other bric-à-brac, no other pictures, no texts.

And yet the home had an agreeable aspect and feel of intimate domesticity, humanized by the close traffic of souls and bodies. For on the mantelpiece, in the midst of the vases, an alarm-clock ticked loudly away with the ruthless and divine sovereignty of the presiding god which it in fact was. And on one small chair were piled some of Joe's clothes and in the easy-chair were piled all Elsie's clothes, every stitch of them from cap to stockings, cast down anyhow, and no one to reproach Elsie for a natural, naughty untidiness!

And in the bed, in the corner farthest away from the window and the door, lay Elsie herself, also cast down anyhow, disheveled, not clean, hardly decent, shining in the heat of the summer night, but restfully abandoned in comfort and subject to no rules and no surveillance. You could see under the tumbled sheet what a massive creature she was in her fatigued abandonment.

Blinking at the electric glare, she lay on her side like an animal, but an animal with a soul highly developed. She was waiting anxiously for Joe to return from the kitchen. When Elsie went to bed she went to bed. One moment she was "up," the next she was definitely in bed. She could concentrate. But Joe, except on cooking, could never concentrate. He would do forty things after he had begun to undress. For an hour or more Elsie had hesitated to tell him about the trouble with Miss Eva, and then she had told him too soon. She ought to have waited until he was in bed and the light out, in which situation she could have managed him. But she had told him after he had taken off only his waistcoat and his shoes. And she had dropped a word, casually, about the possibility of matters so developing that they might have to leave.

She had seen his plain, homely features take on their well known expression of dark, mysterious worry; and with an inarticulate murmur of something that he must do, he had left the home for the kitchen. In ordinary circumstances he was docility itself, but when disturbed he was capable of the most embarrassing contumacy. True, he was seldom disturbed, having adopted the habit of leaving every responsibility to his wife.

Elsie wondered apprehensively what would be the look on his face when he came back. Then there was a short, half-impatient, half-timid yelp on the pavement above the window.

"That dog!" thought Elsie.

Jack had been abroad on one of his night excursions, and had been forgotten. The area gate, seldom or never used,—the Raste area was the only one in all the square that had di-

rect access to the pavement,—was fastened as usual, and Jack wished to indicate that he had been round to the side door in vain and now wanted somebody to open the area gate for him. Nobody would, and Elsie heard him at last leap over the gate and tumble down the steep iron steps into the area; then there was another yelp, at the area door giving on to the area lobby.

Joe passed through the lobby, opened the door to the expectant dog, seized him, and began to thrash. Elsie heard the blows, and Jack's squeals were terrible. And the blows did not cease. They waxed in power and rapidity, and Jack's squeals grew deafening.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" Elsie murmured, sitting up in bed. Then she heard Jack's body flung savagely into the kitchen. Silence followed. Joe padded into the home, breathing hard, in shirt and trousers. Elsie did nothing so dangerously provocative as to say a word about his treatment of the dog. And, in fact, the dog needed no pity for, pursuing the *post hoc propter hoc* method of reasoning (which was originally invented by dogs), he had reached the conclusion that the beating was a just punishment for the night excursion, and felt no resentment.

Whereas the beating was naught but the expression of Joe's emotions in regard to quite another matter. The look on his face was now extremely disquieting. When he got himself into "one of his moods," it was urgently advisable to keep him out of the way of violence, for once started down the slope, he might not stop until something tragic brought him to a standstill. A process of anti-intoxication would set in. The dog had un-

happily provided an occasion for violence, and Joe had begun the perilous slide. He hesitated in the doorway. Then, catching sight of the two war-medals on the wall, he moved up to them, ripped them ferociously from their nails, and dashed them on to the floor. Never before had he shown the slightest jealousy concerning these relics of his predecessor and fellow-warrior. But now the sudden, wild gesture proved that jealousy had been always awaiting its opportunity in his subconsciousness.

Elsie maintained silence and lay back. She was living to the full her private life in these moments; she had utterly ceased to be a house-parlor-maid or anything else but a passionately loved and loving wife. She had great confidence in herself, remembering how again and again by the exercise of her native force and shrewdness she had successfully come through terrible, bloody, and even mortal ordeals. But her self-reliance was shaken by shell-shocked Joe's present demeanor. She feared. She asked herself whether indeed the final ordeal had not now veritably arrived. Joe, his mind fired by a single unfortunate phrase of hers, was out of control.

"Come to bed, Joe dear," she whispered benevolently, without a sign of reproach, surprise, or dismay.

Lowering bitterly not at Elsie, but rather at the whole world, Joe went in the direction of the fireplace, and stuck his hands deep into his trouser-pockets.

"They go off—Sunday night too—dancing—" He meditated thus in a low rumble of his heavy voice. Elsie said nothing, but stretched out her arm toward him. The clock ticked louder and louder.

"Well, I won't have it!" he suddenly shouted.

"But what, Joe?"

"I won't have it. I'm the husband, I suppose. I suppose I'm the husband all right. And I won't have it." He lifted his face as if to challenge any one to deny that he was the husband. His features grew still gloomier; he was wilfully steeping himself in gloom, secreting poison for himself.

"But what, Joe?"

"This here wobbling about. This hanky-panky. If they think they want us to go, we'll go. Just as we're comfortable. We'll go, I tell yer, and quicker than that. I've had enough of it."

"But, Joe, they have n't said a word about us going. They have n't said a word about anything. Of course they have n't. It was only the child—talking."

"Oh, I know! I know what it is. Yer can't tell me. Here you slave for 'em night and day, and I slave for 'em night and day. And its up-stairs and down-stairs and up-stairs and down-stairs. And they'll tell yer to go, will they? And why? All because the damned little wench can't let ye out of her sight! No she can't! I can see. Yer think I can't see things, but let me tell yer I can see things, though I *don't* say as much as some. Sunday night, too! Dancing!"

Elsie smiled timidly, as it were shame-faced, but whether from shame for him or for herself who could decide? Moving to the edge of the bed, she turned on to her bosom, thus hiding her face, so as to be able to stretch out her arm as far as possible, and, without looking, she groped with her hand for the hand of the deranged and dangerous man.

Her hand found his, but at the first touch he gave her hand a hard, hurting blow—tremendous reflex action!

Then he banged his right fist at the clock, which clattered noisily across the floor. Elsie's heart seemed to stand still. The blow was the measure of his barbaric sweet love for her, of his pride in her, of his jealousy for her. She glanced surreptitiously round to see if there were any knives in the room, and was relieved to discover none; she had once in the course of their love confronted a carving-knife in Joe's raised hand. Poor boy! he simply did not know what he was doing! This was all the fault of the kaiser, this was! In the succeeding silence the clock immediately reasserted its spiritual sovereignty by continuing to tick. Joe might stick out his head relatively to his body and his chin relatively to his head, but the triumphant clock dominated the room.

Then a fearful thing happened. The door slowly opened, and Jack crept cautiously in. The idiot of a dog, unaware that in this crisis he was no better than a lighted fuse approaching dynamite, perhaps wanted to assure himself that peace was established. Elsie stared at him in horror. She dared make no sound. Joe was clutching the mantelpiece with his right hand, and his face worked in a terrifying manner. The dog jumped noiselessly on to the bed, crouched, laid his chin flat on the counterpane, and looked about anxiously, ingratiatingly, without moving his head. Elsie again stretched forth her hand and, as anxious and ingratiating as the dog, touched Joe's left hand once more. Joe did not move, but he sobbed. She clasped the hand, and very gently drew the reluctant body toward her.

She put Joe's hand delicately on the dog's head; he did not shrink at the contact with the hair. She moved Joe's hand so that it stroked the dog several times. The dog looked up and licked Joe's hand. Joe saw; he was crying. Elsie was living her life. Her characteristic inventive fancy had averted a calamity. The clock went on proudly ticking, but in vain. It was not heard.

§ 3

The next morning was lovely. The house fronted almost due east. The sun, which had been at work for hours on the rejuvenation of Clerkenwell, was pouring its bright medicine through all the front windows except the heavily curtained windows of the best bedroom, where Mrs. Raste slept. The time was about seven-thirty. Elsie, who had not yet assumed the white cap, was sweeping the stairs, which rose in one long, straight flight from the hall. Joe, in green apron, was cleaning some of his windows (every window in the house was exclusively "his"), but would shortly leave them to stone his front steps. The atmosphere of the interior was cheerfully expectant, as though God was good, and life exciting and worthy to be lived, and health triumphant over sickness.

Then Elsie heard a latch-key turn in the front door, and the opening door grated a little as usual on the top step. The doctor had had a night-call. He came briskly in, but the sun was before him, throwing sheets of dazzling light on the still unswept hall floor. The doctor was carrying his obstetric bag of tricks.

"All right, Elsie! All right!" he greeted the corruptress of his adored

child. "I can get past." However, Elsie had respectfully mounted to the landing with her brush, to give him passage on the stairs.

"Fine morning, Elsie," said he pleasantly, determined to set an example to mankind.

"Sorry you had a call, sir," Elsie replied gravely. The little doctor had somehow, save for his chin, kept his spruceness throughout the night, but he was extremely pale, and his dark-ringed eyes unnaturally gleamed. Elsie in her time had roused the doctor from his bed—to come to her old employers, the Earlfowards, and at this moment she had a guilty feeling, as for an outrage upon humanity committed long ago. She was much concerned for the doctor, because he worked far too hard and was obviously killing himself. She knew all the details of his daily existence and had pieced them together.

Whatever might have happened in the night, he always breakfasted sharp at eight-thirty, reading his letters and glancing at the "Daily Telegraph" as he ate. He began breakfast alone, but at about eight-forty-five Mrs. Raste would appear, full of solicitude, and would nibble with him to solace him, and take his instructions for answering the letters, which were written by all sorts of people, from police to maiden ladies, and all of which had to do with his profession. Generally, Miss Eva would add her presence, and sometimes be permitted to enter an appointment in his diary. At nine the surgery work began; it ended at ten-thirty or soon afterward, and instantly the doctor would be off on his rounds, or he might have to go to a police court or a post-mortem, which meant that he would be late for dinner—half past one

or even a quarter to two instead of one. In twenty minutes, after that he would be off once more. Theoretically, but in practice rarely, he had tea at five-thirty. The second assize of panel patients started at six, and finished between eight and eight-thirty. Once, in a tremendous effort to live a civilized life, he had put the second assize forward to the afternoon, but the scheme was killed after a few months, partly by public opinion and partly by the demands of private patients. The doctor supped at nine, and might see calling patients at any time from eight-thirty to ten-thirty. He read before going to bed. He seldom saw the adored Eva. No portion of his day was securely his own—not a minute. He always had more than he could do, and his large clientele was steadily increasing. Elsie strongly agreed with the mistress that he ought to take a partner or an assistant. But, no; he would not. He preferred to sell his life bit by bit for the five-pound notes to be used to the advantage of Miss Eva. Elsie knew that as well as the mistress knew it, and in secret she blamed the doctor for his obstinacy. Still, she deeply respected his industry.

"Five and a half hours out," said the doctor as he climbed the stairs.

"What a shame!"

"Fortune of war! Fortune of war!" he exclaimed cheerily and rather loudly, with one of his constrained, professional laughs. "Child dead. But I think we've saved the mother." He added: "In spite of herself. No will to live, Elsie, no will to live. Husband drunk, mother-in-law drunk."

Elsie made a protesting sound.

"Shall Joe get you anything, sir?"

"No, thanks. Must n't spoil my

breakfast. By the time I've had my bath and shaved, post will have come." He was always slow, thorough, and methodical over his toilet. Even danger of death could not hurry him there. He stopped, facing her, on the landing. Against Elsie's massiveness he was like a sturdy little tree against a monument.

"Here, I am carrying this upstairs!" he said, holding out the bag to her. "Just take it down again, will you, and put it in its place." He spoke now as he sometimes did to servants, confidentially, almost appealingly, and his tone seemed to imply: "Look here, we understand each other, you and I do. I can trust your fundamental decency and you can trust mine, eh?" Such a tone was his nearest approach to unbending from an eternal professionalism, and it endeared him to both Elsie and Joe, inspiring them with an eager desire to be of service to him, to shield him from worry and unnecessary effort. Elsie dropped her brush, and took the bag, hastening down the stairs.

"What a shame!" she thought again, including the drunkards this time in her comment. Needless for the doctor to describe the night-scene to her. She had witnessed some such scenes and heard tell of many. A few hours earlier and he had gone dancing,—solely to please those ladies; well, perhaps to please himself a bit too; goodness knew he wanted a change,—when really he ought to have been fast asleep. Her brow puckered with conscientiousness, as though the doctor's case was her own personal responsibility.

"I say, Elsie!" The doctor, leaning over the banisters at the top of the stairs called to her *sotto voce*. He

raised his eyebrows to beckon her upward as for an intimate communication. She flew toward him, still holding the bag, and stopped just under him, her head level with the rail and his fountain-pen pocket.

"What 's all this that Joe 's been telling me?" Then he pursed his lips and put on a grim expression.

"Joe, sir? When, sir?"

"Last night. This morning, rather. When I was called. He got up, you know."

"Did he, sir?"

There were two glorious, unassailable sleepers in that home, Elsie and her mistress. The house had one of the old-fashioned doctor's speaking-tubes, the lower end at the front door and the upper by Dr. Raste's bed. Mrs. Raste never heard the ruthless, quiet whistle of the tube. She never heard her husband's gentle, sharp speech into it, or his rising from her side, or his dressing, or his departure, or his undressing, or his return to her side. Hers was the great gift; indeed, it amounted to genius. It helped immensely to maintain the good temper of the house, for if she too had been exacerbated by disturbed nights, explosions would have occurred by breakfast-time. As for Elsie, she had always been an accomplished sleeper, and since her marriage to Joe had slept better than ever. Once she was asleep, the alarm-clock had no dominion over her. The clock wakened Joe of a morning, and Joe wakened Elsie with a series of physical violences.

Thereupon the doctor continued:

"He said you were thinking of leaving us. Said you were n't feeling very comfortable."

"Who? Me, sir?"

"I suppose both of you."

"Oh, sir!" Elsie was thunderstruck. She had been quite sure that on the previous night she had soothed Joe into his normal quiescence and acquiescence. She could have taken oath on the fact. And here Joe, in the dead of night, and without a word to her, had been venting his sick fancies on the doctor! She was overset. She thought she knew Joe to his core. And she did not know him. She had misread his symptoms, which meant that her confidence in her power to handle him was shaken. What could she say to the doctor? Nothing. She might not be disloyal to her husband, of whose prestige she was very jealous, by superiorly smiling away his strange statements to the doctor. And certainly she might not confirm his attitude to the doctor. She felt herself to have been thrust into a terrible crisis.

"Oh, sir!" she murmured again.

"Of course if you must go, you must," said the doctor, pleasantly, but coldly, indifferently, as one saying: "There 's no understanding any of you people. I like you—up to a point. But I 'm perfectly independent, and I 've no intention of being disturbed by any of you."

He suddenly turned from her and went off toward the bedroom. How ineffectual was the July sun now!

(The end of the second part of "Elsie and the Child.")

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

III—Shaw—Pinero—Henry Jones—Pollock—Zangwill

BY WALTER TITTLE

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

IN June of 1923, Mr. William Archer obliged me by inditing a letter that ran somewhat like this:

"My dear G. B. S.:

"Mr. Walter Tittle is anxious to take your head off and include it in a series of portraits of the wise and virtuous which he is doing. I hereby certify that he has 'done' me, that the process was pleasant, and the result illuminating, inasmuch as it brought out my latent likeness to a Prussian general. Seriously—" and the letter ended with a generous tribute to the quality of my work, and the initials W. A. Together with a short missive of my own concoction, I sent it off in hope that it would succeed in its mission of storming the closely guarded citadel in Adelphia Terrace. Much had I heard of its impregnability. The immediate result was precisely nothing.

Some time after my return to London in the autumn I met at the Savage Club a man who, having seen some of my portraits of literary people, asked why I had never made a sketch of Mr. Shaw. I assured him that this was no oversight on my part, and that if he could achieve in Mr. Shaw a willingness equal to mine the portrait would

not be long in abeyance. This he volunteered to essay, and shortly after descended upon the famous dramatist armed with several examples of my work.

The progress toward my goal was advanced considerably by this kindly effort, as it resulted in the actual setting aside of an hour when I was to appear to plead my cause in person.

Ascending the stairway at No. 10 Adelphia Terrace, two flights are achieved without the slightest difficulty. At the base of the third flight one is confronted by an astonishing barricade of wood and iron rods terminating in slender pointed spikes that radiate in all directions, presenting an absolutely unanswerable argument against climbing over, under, or around, and electric wires warn one that an alarm would be raised if the barrier were tampered with in any way whatsoever. I smiled as I contemplated this elaborate piece of assurance against intrusion, thoroughly impressed by the amount of fame that made it necessary.

A painted hand pointed to a bell underneath where was lettered the dictum, "Ring." I obeyed, and soon a capable-looking maid appeared. Yes,

Mr. Shaw was at home. I sent up the card of introduction supplied by my obliging friend. After a short absence the maid reappeared. Her master was sorry that he was for the moment occupied with several people in a business matter. He would communicate with me on the following day.

The next afternoon was one of two that I had set aside to be at home in my studio in Chelsea. I had sent out a considerable number of cards, as many kind friends wished to see the results of my recent efforts. Shortly after the function began, the studio being already comfortably filled with guests, my gorgeous, be-turbaned Indian butler, borrowed for the occasion, interrupted a conversation by plucking at my sleeve and repeating something that I could not understand. He motioned to a tall man with white hair and beard who was waiting to greet me, and my interrogation, "Mr. Shaw?" was really necessary, as one expected element in his appearance was utterly lacking. Where was the Mephistophelian facial expression that should accompany his keen and caustic wit? There was nothing in the least diabolical about this kindly, handsome, soft-voiced gentleman, whose first utterance was a sincere apology for not having been able to receive me at his house the day before. "I came to-day to express my regret in person," he concluded.

I voiced my heartfelt gratitude for this great courtesy, remarking that it was indeed a pleasure to look upon him in the flesh and shake his hand, now that all the barriers had been hurdled, including the considerable one on his stair. He laughed.

"It was not designed primarily to keep out visitors," he said. "Some-

time ago a burglar came, and departed with all of our silver."

"Nevertheless, you must find it useful in other ways."

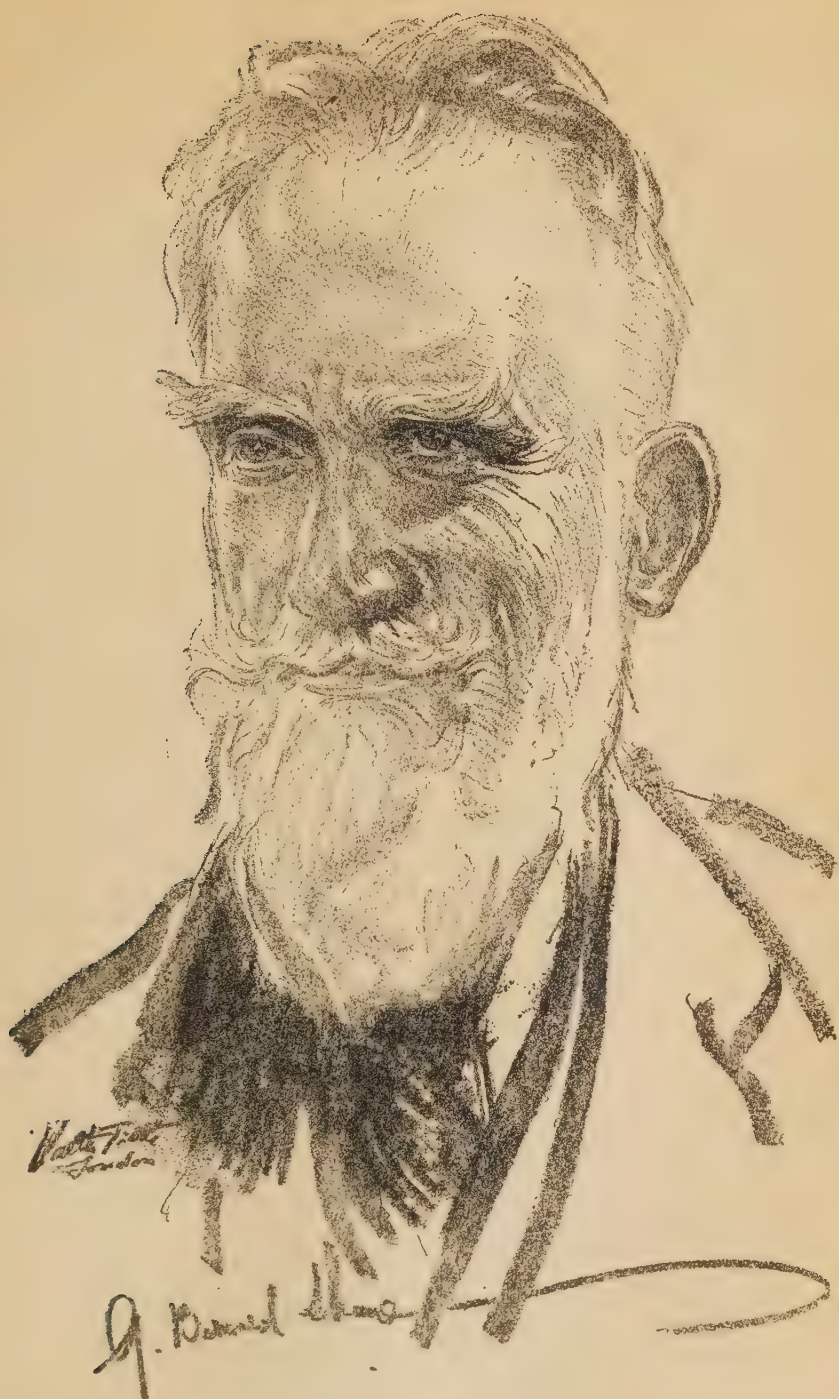
"Oh, yes," he admitted, "but I really intended to get in touch with you a considerable time past. Archer wrote to me about you, but I have been away from London so much; and then, too, I am likely to neglect such things."

Several of my guests knew Mr. Shaw and greeted him, and I presented some others. All of them immediately surrounded him like a lot of eager children gazing with delight and wonder at a benign and indulgent Father Christmas, and I am quite sure that Mr. Shaw was not the least pleased of the lot. Any one who can talk as well as he surely must enjoy it. There came over his face an interesting transformation. It was still kindly and gentle to the last degree, but, as interrogations began to come from several directions, into his eyes came the flash of his wonderful wit. He was more the man that I had expected to see; he was at once obligingly Shavian.

Some one asked what he thought the result of the current general election would be. He replied that he hardly felt in a position to prophesy, but that labor would at least make a considerable gain. Did he think a labor government would be a good thing for Great Britain?

"Why not?" he asked smilingly. "Perhaps they would make some mistakes. Other forms of government have been busily blundering for centuries, why not give labor a chance to blunder a bit? They will certainly do no worse than has been done."

Miss May Sinclair said that the present political tangle was so con-



fusing to her that she had not voted at all.

"I did," was his response. "I could not miss a chance to give the Conservatives the scare of one more labor ballot."

"But the capital levy, Mr. Shaw," came from another source. "If Labor is in power, you will have to pay heavily for your convictions."

A laughing evasion followed; he touched upon it more seriously to me at another time. "I pay heavily? Certainly not. I am not a rich man. I have some income from plays that I have written, and this is largely taxed, anyway. I am not a capitalist." Turning to me, he added: "You and I have no place in the present scheme of things, anyway. We are frightfully out of date, you know. You paint pictures with your *hands*! Soon they will be sprayed upon canvas by a machine. I write down my ideas and sell them; what could be more antiquated than that?" I remarked that we are living anachronisms, and might as well be alchemists.

"Exactly," he continued, "we are the sorriest of reactionaries in the activities of to-day. Henry Ford is the great master. We are nothing compared with him. Let him and his kind pay the capital levy if it comes."

A week later Mr. Shaw came again to my studio and sat to me for the drawing reproduced herewith. I told him of the surprise I had felt in our first meeting, at the absence of the diabolical element that I had expected in his expression.

"It's a curious thing how one can create a reputation that he must in some degree live up to, or *down* to, rather. The latter is easier. The current conception of me has at least one

advantage: it tends to keep off beggars and a flood of charity requests. If one tries sincerely to write the plain truth, as he conceives it, about things in general, he is pretty sure to make enemies. Recently I received a letter from a well known writer taking issue with me on some point in my writings. He subscribed himself, 'Yours with admiration and detestation.'" My sifter laughed heartily here.

"I recently reread your 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and I feel sure that you have produced considerable of a self-portrait in the character of Cæsar."

"Do you think so? It is altogether possible. I never thought of it. Of course whatever we do must be to a great degree a transcription of ourselves. I founded the Cæsar in that play upon Mommsen's account of him. Ferraro describes him as the pompous conquerer. There would be material for another play in this conception. By the way, do you remember the scene at the lighthouse where Cæsar loses heart, regrets that he came to Egypt at all, and predicts his own immediate downfall? Rufio sits by busily eating dates, realizing all the time that Cæsar's depression is due to hunger only, and offers to share his simple meal with him. Cæsar absent-mindedly accepts, and as he eats, his courage comes back to him, and in a short time he is eager again for the conflict. Forbes Robertson acted this part, and when the eating began I was quite alarmed. He grew red in the face, then purple; he coughed, and could hardly say the lines at all. I thought he had been taken with a serious attack, probably apoplexy. Finally he struggled through. Later I asked him what the trouble was. 'Well, you see, Shaw,

we must not use dates in that scene again; they got stuck to my false teeth and kept constantly pulling them down!" My delightful raconteur waved both arms vigorously above his head and laughed uproariously.

"The Terrys are notorious for their bad memories, and they have often found themselves in embarrassing situations because of this. Miss — Terry had a very clever knack for filling in any lines of a play that escaped her with improvisations of her own. At a rehearsal of one of my plays this particular failing was much in evidence, and the daring and brilliancy of her improvising rose in proportion to her greater need. I was much amused, and later sought her out. As she saw me approach she was immediately on the defensive:

"Now, Mr. Shaw, don't scold me. When the opening night comes I will have it all perfectly, I assure you."

"But, my dear Miss Terry," I said, "to lecture you is farthest from my thoughts. Do you realize what you said? It was excellent! I like your version of this play better than my own. I'm thinking of changing it!" She relaxed into laughter at this and was greatly mollified, and on the opening night there was no difficulty at all."

My sitter stretched his arms and legs to their extreme and very considerable length.

"I say, you are a hard taskmaster. This is cruelty to animals! I am getting stiff. Have n't you nearly finished?" I passed the almost completed sketch to him. "Yes, yes, it is quite like, but you are making my nose too handsome. I am getting bulbous and rough in the face, the

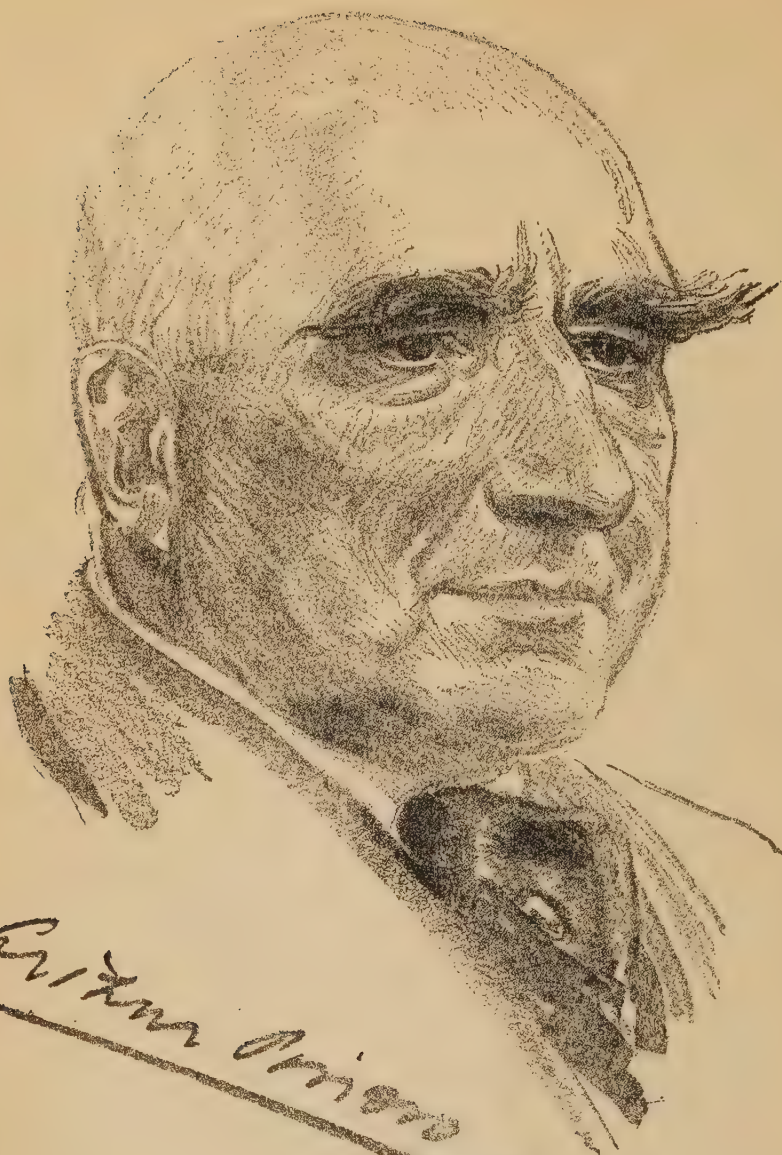
marks of approaching senility." He laughed.

"Well, that's what it is, and one might as well recognize it. I can feel the difference caused by the passing years, even if it is not so very obvious. My mind is as good as ever, and I can still write with vigor, but I have not the endurance I once had. A sprinter is too old for his job after eighteen. A boxer at twenty-eight has seen his best days. He may really be a better boxer, but he cannot do it so long. In vocations like ours it is possible to work and improve over a much longer period, but there is a limit even to that. The time finally comes when endurance, and then power, begin to desert us."

"So to prove your contention as it applies to your own case," I replied, "you have recently written a play that requires five entire evenings just to perform it *once*, with preface and addenda in proportion. If this is the result of your approaching senility, what sort of play will you write ten years hence?" The smile that greeted this remark was that of one who found no offense in the particular contradiction.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham apprised Sir Arthur Wing Pinero by letter of the fact that "I had him on my list" for the present series of literary portraits; his assenting reply was deliciously humorous in the teasing to which it subjected my friend because of his unique handwriting. He said that he was sure the letter was a literary gem, knowing well the genius of its author, but his enjoyment of it was curtailed to some extent because of his inability to read it.



R. J. M. 1924

9th Jan. 1924.

Aside from that he was ready to approve the epistle as a great success. Unflagging industry had enabled him to gather vaguely that Mr. Tittle desired to make a drawing of him. If he had not erred in this deduction, he would be only too glad to oblige.

Several days later found me searching Harley Street for number 115a. A lovely little dwelling it was, of quaint and unusual design, and it had a gay freshness about it that suggested a successful, though necessarily vigilant, battle with fog and smoke.

The interior was possessed of all the coziness that the exterior suggested. I was taken to the library, a handsome apartment furnished with an eye to comfort as well as beauty.

I was soon confronted by Sir Arthur, who welcomed me most cordially. From photographs that I had seen in possession of several of his friends I was prepared to meet a man of most unusual appearance. The reality, however, went far beyond my expectations. Deep-chested and compact in every contour, he had amplified somewhat since the photographs were taken. His complexion was like the richest of port wine, gift of a rainy climate and the ability to digest and assimilate an abundance of roast beef and at least a reasonable amount of liquid refreshment as well. Our American climate, as well as our law, prohibits such display of color, and I for one think it a pity, as to me it is most attractive. His eyes revealed abundant humor; on the whole, he seemed a most contented and happy person to whom life had been kind, and one not lacking in appreciation of that fact.

Now I will throw to the winds a golden opportunity to be original. I *might* write a personality sketch of

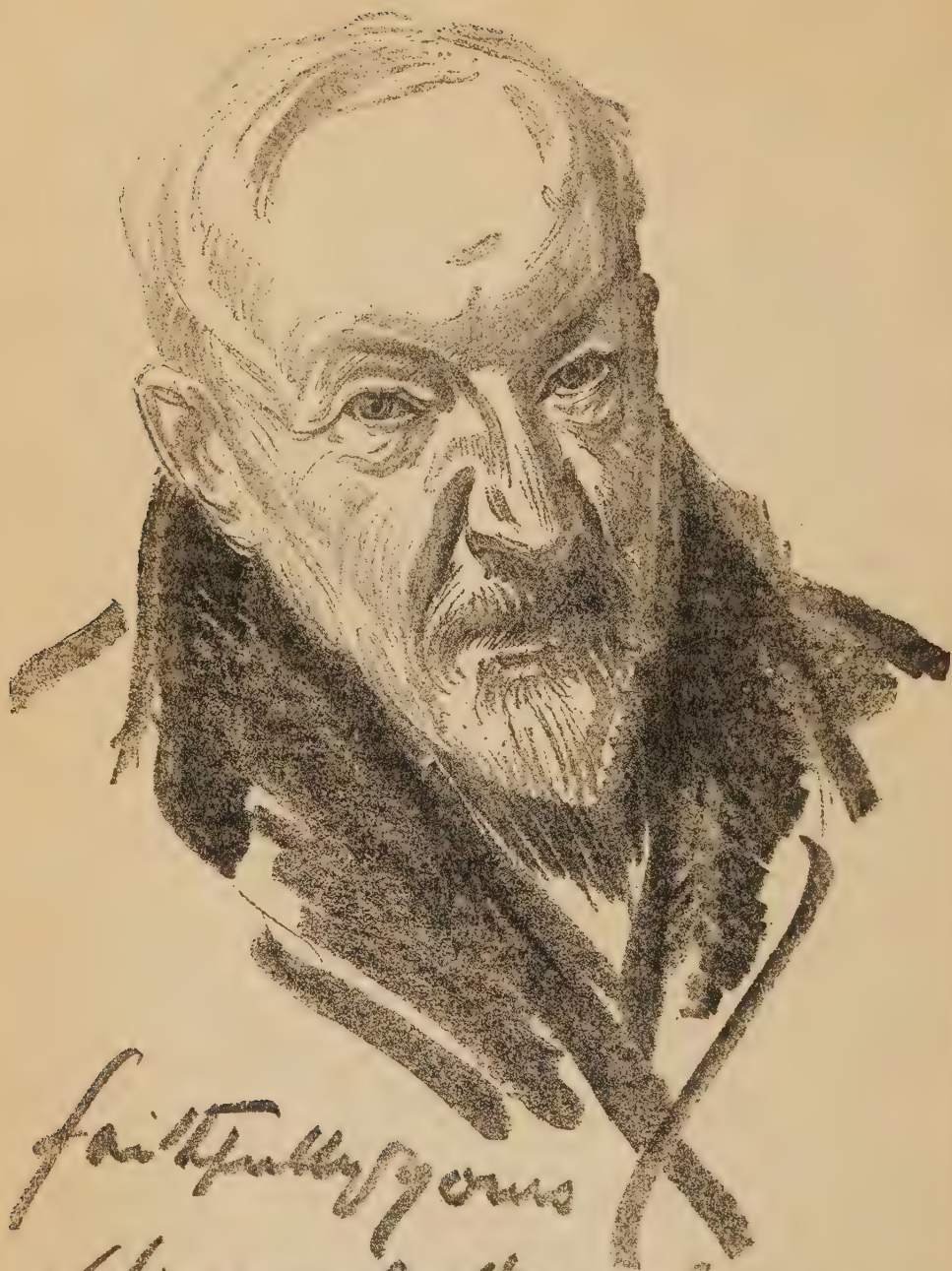
Sir Arthur without a mention of eyebrows, and that would be a most daring bit of originality indeed. But, no, I am weak, and then, too, I was quite overpowered by them—the eyebrows, I mean. Long before meeting this famous playwright, I had come to the conclusion that Great Britain is preëminently the land of eyebrows. The climate again, undoubtedly. Here before me in my studio are oil portraits of Joseph Conrad and Bernard Shaw. In both of them the eyebrows are most luxuriant, and they are far from being conspicuous in this respect among the inhabitants of the land of their adoption. But Sir Arthur is surely distinguished above all of his contemporaries.

As I worked, my sitter was most entertaining. He told me a bit about his life, of his beginnings as an actor, and his gradual adoption of his present *métier*. His output has been enormous, and the number of successes that stand to his credit has rarely fallen to the lot of any dramatic author.

"We have talked so much that we forgot about work," Sir Arthur said laughingly. "I should like to come to your studio and see some of your paintings. May I come to-morrow morning? We can finish the portrait then."

Late that evening in my studio I brought out my unfinished sketch of Sir Arthur. The eyebrows were certainly too long; I reduced them by a third of an inch. But the next morning, with the original before me, I actually not only had to restore my deduction, but was compelled to add another quarter inch as well!

He was accompanied by a lady, and the talk was continuous and pleasant during the entire sitting. How I longed to render his rich color! Black



Faithfully yours
Henry Arthur Jones

and white was so inadequate in his case! Leaning toward me with a whimsical humor, he said:

"I have great hopes for this drawing you are doing of me. I have been watching you carefully, and I am sure you are possessed of the insight necessary to render me as I should be portrayed. Most artists are so disappointing; they seem to be lacking utterly in the sense of values that should lead them to adopt their profession. The trouble is in that they all make me so ugly! Imagine it! On the contrary, I know that I am *beautiful*. I always think beautiful thoughts, and I *feel* beautiful. The artists are all wrong, except you. I am pinning my faith to you!" He leaned forward still farther, and caught a glimpse of my sketch. In mock exasperation he turned to his laughing companion.

"Hang it all! I could have sworn that this man's spirit was in tune with mine. But he is like all the rest. He is making me ugly, too!"

I walked across the studio and picked up a photograph taken of me a short time before by a famous London photographer. Holding it behind me, I said:

"Look at my face, Sir Arthur. I am not very beautiful, am I? But, now, look at this gorgeous thing! You may not readily believe it, but I sat for it. Take this miracle-worker's address and give him a chance at you."

"By Jove! I 'll hunt him up to-day!" was his laughing reply.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

"You will like Henry Arthur Jones," Mr. Edmund Gosse assured me before I had the pleasure of meeting the

famous playwright. "He is such a kindly and genuine person."

The hearty tone of the letter I had from him fixing a time for our meeting strongly corroborated in advance Mr. Gosse's prediction. My visit to his house was doomed to long postponement, however, first by an attack of influenza that threatened his life for a time, and by the sad bereavement of his wife's death while his own illness still held him in confinement. When finally a telephone message summoned me to him in Hampstead, he was still in bed and in care of a nurse. He gladly greeted the task of posing for me as an excuse to get up and sit in a chair for the first time in some weeks.

He looked quite depleted from his illness and sorrow, but was nevertheless full of an eager nervous energy that caused both the nurse and me to fear that he would overtax his lessened strength. His welcome on my arrival could not have been exceeded in its cordiality, and immediately he was at pains for my happiness and comfort, though under the conditions his own well-being should certainly have been the exclusive concern. And what a sweet spirit looked out from his alert eyes! When I protested that he was putting himself to entirely too much trouble because of my visit, he replied that he had often experienced the hospitality of my country, and he was positive that to excel us in this respect was an impossibility.

"So you live in Washington Square when you are in New York? An old hotel of the region is a favorite haunt of mine; we have doubtless lunched there often at the same time without knowing it. I have had many excellent friends in New York," and

there followed reminiscences of Oliver Herford, Nicholas Murray Butler, Brander Matthews, Otis Skinner, Walter Page, John W. Davis, Joseph Choate, J. M. Beck, George Broadhurst, and others of his American friends. He spoke of strong work to be found in the plays of the latter, and praised the work of our young playwright, Eugene O'Neill, with much enthusiasm.

Leaning toward me, huddled in a fur coat donned over his pajamas to protect him from the dampness of the day, he discussed for a while some of his British contemporaries. He was at odds with several of the demigods of the pen on certain subjects, particularly about the attitudes of some of them in the late war. He chose to be more or less friendly enemies with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. He discoursed at considerable length on his differences with them, and sent for five of his books, all of which he autographed to me. One of them, entitled "My Dear Wells," was devoted to a refutation of certain assertions of that writer on subjects of government and international politics, and a chapter of it was in similar disagreement with Mr. Shaw. These documents revealed in places a power of vituperation and vitriolic denunciation that I would never have suspected in this exceedingly gentle person.

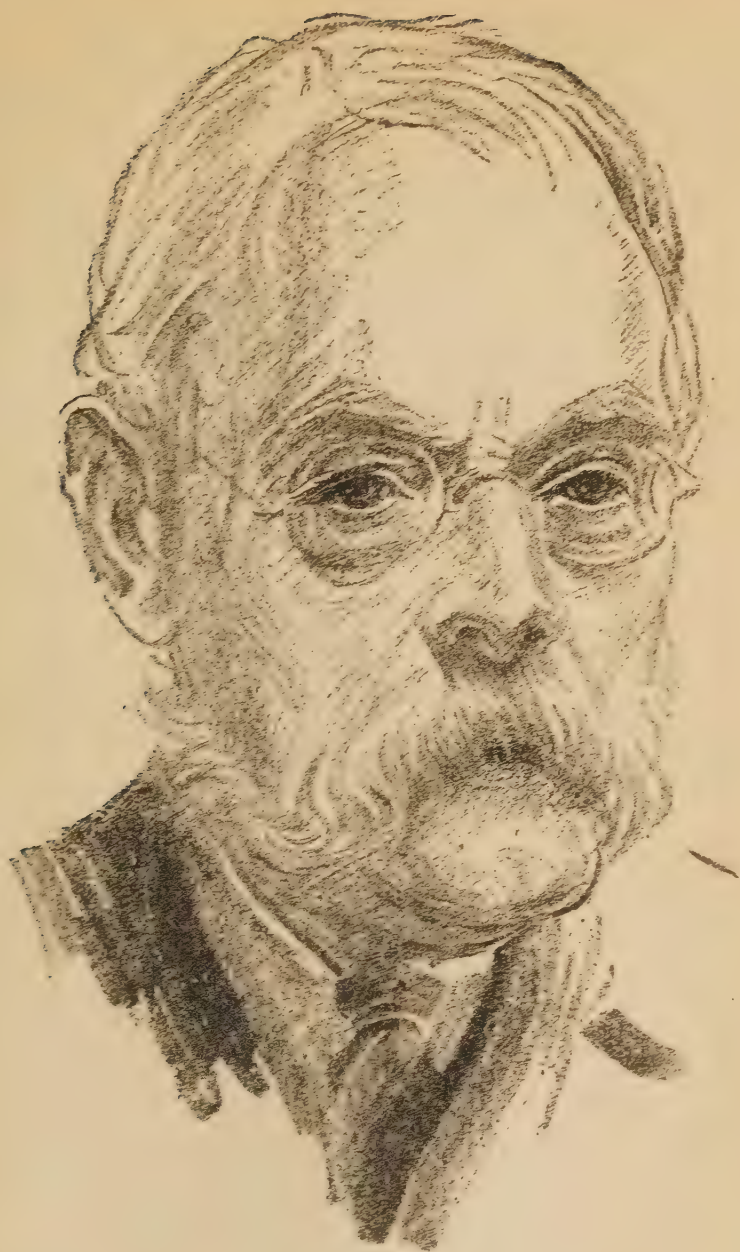
"I envy Mr. Chesterton the facility with which he was able to embrace Roman Catholicism," he said, "and Conan Doyle his implicit faith in spiritualism. It must be most comforting to feel oneself secure in the belief of a happy future existence. I find it impossible to have a lasting faith in immortality. Belloc is among these fortunate ones, too, being a

devout Catholic, and he is a first-rate mentality as well."

On the completion of my portrait, the nurse and I had considerable difficulty in persuading him to return to his bed; but this was finally achieved after he had shown me the marvelous view of London from the great windows of his study, and various pictures, including caricatures of himself by Max Beerbohm and Oliver Herford, one of the most amusing representing him in altercation with the diabolically depicted Mr. Shaw.

"I am sorry your present stay in London is so near its end. When you return you must not fail to let me know, and come to see me. I want you to meet some of my friends, and to go with me to the Athenæum Club. And there are so many things here in the house that I would like you to see. My daughter can show some of them to you now."

She appeared, very like her father in her warm cordiality and ready smile, and took me on a tour of inspection of various objects carefully enumerated by her father. Most important of them was a superb room, all of the contents of which were designed and executed by William Morris as a set for one of Mr. Jones's plays. The furniture was most unusual in design, and covered with an all-over pattern of inlay of satinwood, mahogany, and other woods of light color. There was a gorgeous leather screen with intricate arabesques, and, perhaps most important of all, a large and superbly executed tapestry of Botticelli's "Primavera." An excellent collection of prints by Dürer and other masters of his school adorned the dining-room, and here Mrs. Thorne flattered me beyond words by requesting a sketch and



Frederick Pollock

my autograph in a book that contained inscriptions from more of this earth's really elect than I had ever seen collected between two covers. One of the most amusing of these personal souvenirs I wish I could remember accurately; in spirit it ran something like this:

"To Mrs. Thorne, with homage from the great, the brilliant, the scintillating, the peerless (etc. etc.) the only Shaw. George Bernard Shaw."

As I walked down the steep Hampstead hill to my bus at Maida Vale, I felt that I had had a most delightful visit with very old friends.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

On my first visit to the house of Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, I was denied for the time the pleasure of meeting him, due to a severe cold with which he had suddenly been taken. The occasion was one of the utmost interest, however, in that I was plunged well back into a most attractive phase of Victorianism. The lovely old mansion in Hyde Park Place, with its stately design and generous dimensions, was perfect in its ensemble of that happy period. Each room, with its gradual accumulation of souvenirs of the passing years, was harmonized by an enveloping patina. Old paintings gave their touch of somber color, and a collection of portrait drawings and photographs, many of them inscribed, constituted an almost complete roll-call of the giants of politics and the arts for the last fifty years. Ruskin and Carlyle looked down at one from their long-occupied positions in the entrance-hall, Swinburne and Tennyson from the stairway, Thackeray dominated a group in the drawing-room, while near by, in its little

frame, was a letter from the great novelist to Sir Frederick's father, illuminated with one of his inimitable caricatures. Beside it was the novelist's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, marvelously interpreted by the facile charcoal of Mr. Sargent; every object in the place seemed to have its special significance and reason for being, and the climax of it all was the charming personality of our hostess, so utterly in the picture with white lace at her throat and in her hair, and possessing a gentle kindness that radiated perfect hospitality.

My next glimpse of this charming ménage was at luncheon about a week later, and then it was that the picture was given its finishing touch in the person of Sir Frederick. More than eighty years of age, he is still erect and slender, and though he is at the front in his profession and activities at the present, as he has been for decades, his person seems to be a mirror of the developments of the entire long period of his professional life. The arrangement of his hair is reminiscent of an earlier time, seeming to be incapable of achieving entirely the innovations demanded by changing styles, his mutton-chop whiskers and mustache frankly cling to the past, and his collar and tie, though of comparatively modern design, insist on assuming a resemblance to the high stocked fashion that undoubtedly preceded them as adornments to his person. His face is again a mirror of his rich mental experience, and when not actively engaged in conversation, its expression suggests that his mind is leagues away in a dream country of his own. And well it might be, even if it returned only to its past activities, as the number of books that have proceeded from

this greatest authority on English law is staggering even when viewed as a list of titles. Nor has his writing been confined to the law; among other literary products is his notable "Life and Philosophy of Spinoza," and for many years he has lectured in various universities. This latter phase of his work brought him to America, where he has many warm friends, of whom he told me, among them the late Joseph Choate, Elihu Root, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Bigelow, and many others. The number of degrees and honors of various kinds that have been bestowed upon him is amazing.

As we stood in the drawing-room before the luncheon began, Sir Frederick suddenly recalled himself from his apparent deep abstraction and presented me to the latest arrival, an East Indian lady, striking in her native costume of deep crimson.

"She is a most remarkable person indeed," he said, as she passed on in the circle of guests. "Her name is Cornelia Sorabji, and she is the first woman of her race to be an active barrister. She practises her profession in her own country, too, and is most able."

Miss Sorabji was my neighbor at table, and very interesting I found her to be. Because of the approaching general election, there was much discussion of politics, and it never failed to surprise me when Sir Frederick suddenly emerged from his seeming inattention to contribute an astute and often exceedingly witty remark to the conversation. His wit, when he chose to exert it, was among the keenest and most subtle that I have ever had the pleasure of observing.

Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock came on several occasions to my

studio; on one of these visits my drawing of him was made. As he sat to me he seemed to have no sense whatever of the pose; twice before have I met this peculiarity in sitters, one of them being the Hon. Elihu Root. An amusing mannerism of this man when in conversation is to pounce upon some object of the most ordinary kind and examine it absent-mindedly, as if it were the greatest rarity extant. On one occasion it was a common cardboard cigarette box, but if it had been a newly discovered cylinder inscribed in cuneiform, and he were deciphering it, the examination could not have been more minute. He held it up to the light at every conceivable angle, squinting at it with eyes straining, bending over it in utter absorption, and, I am quite convinced, not even aware of its existence.

His first visit to my studio was shortly after I had taken the place, and the walls were still adorned with the cubist paintings of my predecessor, which had not yet been removed. From the mists of his abstraction Sir Frederick suddenly became aware of them. He observed them with some astonishment, and seemed to breathe more freely when, upon inquiry, he learned that they were not of my authorship.

"What is the idea of them?" he asked. "Are we supposed to find resemblance to real objects in this one, for instance?" indicating the most extreme.

"Theoretically," I replied, "by juxtaposition of utterly abstract shapes, lines, and color they should reveal to us the sensation received by the artist from some visual aspect of nature, or even from a mental impression not having to do with vision at all."

"But I think I see a head in this one," and we puzzled over it, my contention being that it more nearly resembled a street with an open door at the end. A humorous flash came into Sir Frederick's eyes.

"I can make one myself!" he said. Bending with eager interest over the paper with which I supplied him, he built a marvelous and quite ingenious edifice of cubes that finally resolved into a resemblance of a human figure.

"You must give it a name now," I suggested.

He paused for a moment in thought, and with a chuckle wrote, as rapidly as the average person writes in his own language, a legend in Persian script. I was quite astonished, and demanded a translation, which he wrote in English: "The Spiritual Form of Persian Calligraphy."

"Excellent!" I said. "I feel decidedly 'old hat' in the presence of an advanced modernist like you. And now, will you autograph it for me?"

Again the rapid Persian, the interpretation of which yielded, "To Walter Tittle, from the least of the servants of God, F. P."

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Descending from the train at Angmering-on-Sea and walking along a leafy lane that is like a tunnel with its hedges and trees, the quaint seaside village of East Preston appears. The intricate ganglion of crooked roads presented a puzzle as to the course I should pursue, but the tiny village "pub" yielded both information and cigarettes, and I proceeded more or less vaguely according to the former. Across a pasture with turnstiles I wended my way, again begging direction from a handsome boy with huge,

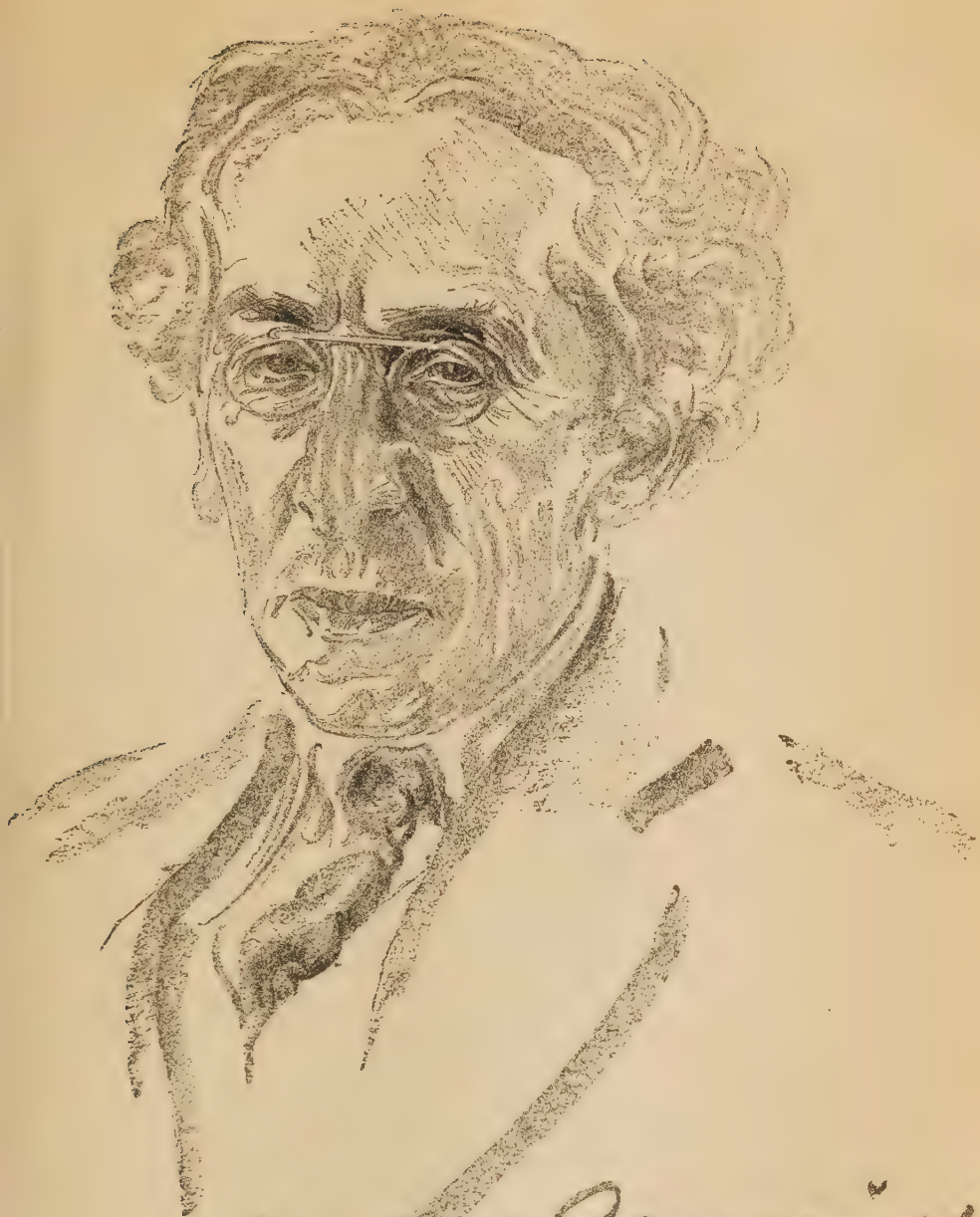
dark eyes and black, curly hair. Later at the luncheon-table the boy appeared; no more accurate authority on the location of the "last house to the left" could have been encountered, as he was Mr. Israel Zangwill's son.

A gate led to the main entrance of the cottage, where Mr. Zangwill met me. Since the days of the popularity of his famous Ghetto stories I had been fascinated by the idea that he was in all probability one of the ugliest of men. I expected on this occasion to see him, very dark and gaunt, with long, dank, straight hair, like an extreme caricature of George Eliot drawn, if it were possible, by Goya. And I liked the idea; the right kind of ugliness is often more attractive than average comeliness. But I was doomed to disappointment. Whatever he may have been in his younger years, time had evidently spoiled him. He was not particularly ugly at all. His skin was not dark, but of an ivory hue, his hair was a crisp, curly white, and his features did not afford the extremes of contour which I longed to mimic with my pencil.

I followed him up the stairway from the entrance-hall. We emerged into a large studio that resembled more the workshop of a painter than that of a literary man, and here my sketch was produced.

Since the days of his early successes, Mr. Zangwill told me, there has been a considerable lapse in his efforts as a novelist. For ten years or more other labors kept him from this form of expression. Within the last few years a bit more of leisure enabled him to turn again to novel-writing.

"I produced one of the best pieces of work that I have ever achieved," he said, "and after my ten years' absence



Harold Langwell
Feb 16/23

from the field I had every reason to believe that my return would be hailed with acclaim. In the past it would have been so, but in these days of rapid change and movement novelty only seems to command the world's interest. I was greatly surprised and disappointed. My fickle public seemed to have forgotten about me."

He spoke of the place in the world of the Jew, his success in the arts as well as in commerce. He gave a very high rating to his race indeed, telling of their diversified talents and enumerating some of the greatest names among them. Yet this superior people remained without a country of their own. A scheme many years ago to create a new Zion in one of the Northwestern States of America nearly achieved success, but finally failed. The Orthodox Jews believe that waiting only is necessary to give to them their promised land, but the modern thinkers of the race prefer to rely on their own activities to achieve the goal.

When the World War began, Mr. Zangwill said that he was for victory over Germany at any cost, but as the struggle progressed, he turned pacifist in his convictions. This did not contribute to his popularity, but he could see the situation in no other way. When the armistice was declared and every one else was celebrating the coming of peace, he organized a celebration for the German prisoners in Great Britain.

"This, too, was unpopular, but the authorities could not refuse it. It really turned out to be quite a nuisance in the end, as Germans everywhere seemed to think me a great enthusiast for their cause. They have been writing me ever since for favors such as the selling of their products for

them, gifts of money, and what not!"

At luncheon Mr. Zangwill evinced in advance a bit of the spirit that was destined to make his then imminent visit in America a bit less pleasant for all parties concerned than could have been desired. He was much annoyed and quite indignant at the officials of the American consulate general in London because of their refusal to suspend in his case the rule requiring the personal appearance at the consulate of travelers wishing visés for their passports. Several letters had been exchanged, Mr. Zangwill putting forth all arguments why he should be spared the journey to London.

"In my last letter I pointed out that I have plenty of money, and there is no danger of my becoming a public charge, besides, I am to be the guest of a millionaire during my visit. The reason of my journey is that I have been invited especially to address the Jews of America; on my last visit I was a guest at the White House. Then, too, I have been for years a contributor to Ambassador Harvey's own magazine and many other prominent American publications. I could not think of any other reasons at the time, or I would have included them. The matter is still on the knees of the gods; I await the final verdict."

The sketch completed, we had tea in the garden. Rarely have I seen such luxuriant arboreal growth as this locality displays. A walk through the grounds followed, and to the sea-shore near by, my host presenting a quaint figure, with his hat perched high on his bushy hair, which whipped in the brisk wind. Thus ended a most pleasant day, and I wended my way again through the shady roads in quest of my train to London.

The Pallor of the Yellow Peril

A Conversation with a Chinese Philosopher

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

LIKE a wooden Buddha, solid, silent, huge, the wise old Chinese diplomat sat, a heaped-up mound of quietude, in his hard, carved teakwood chair. He sat, and let the hopeful prattle of my earnest Western questionings shatter itself to fragments on the polished surface of his cheerful Eastern despair. He listened. He did not answer, but he heard me—every word. He wondered at my wonder; he understood my urge to understand. His race had been young once, and he himself had been a child. And he was my friend. The unsmiled smile in his kind, wide eyes said so all the time and, besides, he had written it once.

"This is my very good friend," he put on a card as big as a board, and whenever I showed it to a friend of his, his friend became my friend.

Friendship is fine in China. Friendship reigns over the Chinese as love rules over us. It can speak without a word, serve without acknowledgment, suffer without pride; and their poets, who sing it as ours do love, make it known without passion or a name. Friendship is understanding, understood, and it happens man to man, man to woman, man to child.

"Why," I asked him, "tell me why it is that your cousins, the Japanese,

follow the West instead of their own old, wiser East; and why, if they must take after us, do their imitations repeat our faults and let our virtues go?"

He moved; one finger of one of his perfect hands stirred, and the deep smile in his eyes deepened, rose to the brim and flowed over his countenance to his lips, which parted as if to speak. I pressed the tempting question.

"The things we Westerners do," I said, "are often ignoble, bad, but the things we say—and mean are good. The Japanese, who came among us to learn and choose, studied our deeds and ignored our good intentions. Why? They took our battle-ships and left our churches. They passed over our democracy and our liberties, to copy our constitutions and, of them all, they adopted the German worst! We taught them how we believed in loving our neighbors, in respecting the rights of other peoples and, especially, in protecting the weak. They saw only our empires, and they copied the corruption and the conquest of expansion. We are manufacturers and merchants, true; we make goods, make them well and, having made, we sell them. Yes, business is business. But the Japanese went home and made things only to sell—bad goods. We cheat, too, and we lie; we steal, defraud,

we betray. We know that, but we hate lies and theft and fraud. We preach and we really prefer the doctrine of honesty, efficiency, and love in service. And we explained that to the Japanese. We offered them our ideals; we made clear the distinction we recognize between theory and practice; art and—and success; religion and the market; and we recommended to them our better—principles. They listened; they are very polite, as you know. They seemed to understand; we were sure that they understood. They told us, in fact, they said in so many words that they did understand. But when they got back home, they did not do what we said; they did what we did. And so, you see, Japan now is a peril to us, and to you a very present trouble. Why? How did this come to pass?"

He had been watching me, looking into my eyes and, as I looked back into his, I gathered a very quieting sense of assurance and serenity. His glance was almost caressing. It was as if he had shaken his head and laid a hand on my head. He was not afraid of the Japanese; nor need we be alarmed. He was not thinking of them, but of me, of us, his very good friends.

"I can answer your question," he said thoughtfully. "I can give you a fact, one fact, which will explain what you ask about the Japanese and—what you mean. I would, if you were not so—responsible. But, as it is, my friend, I would not hurt your feelings."

"You can't," I answered. "You cannot hurt my feelings by giving me a fact for an answer, and you can by withholding that fact, my friend."

He dropped his glance to his long, quiet hands. He pressed his fingers precisely together, and softly he spoke.

"A fact is only the point of a view," he said. "When I said that I could answer you, I meant that I could, if you were a Chinese. But, as I reflect, I realize that a Chinese would not ask your question as you ask it. He might shout it across the street at me or laugh it over the spread of a banquet, but, even then, he would not expect me to answer it. He would answer it himself."

"But I can't," I complained. "And what's the difference whether I'm a white man or a Chinaman? A fact is a fact, is n't it?"

"A Chinaman knows what a Chinaman knows, and what a Chinaman knows is that a Chinaman does not know, and knows he does not know."

"But so does a white man," I said. "I am telling you what I, a white man, know, and I am asking you what I don't know."

He observed his fingers, watched them part and rejoin, twice, before he decided to go on.

"You know that the Japanese chose always the worse rather than the better course?"

"I do," I said, and he sighed.

"We Chinese do not know that," he said very, very slowly. "It is a matter of dispute among us, amused, amusing debate, the question: whether we would not better follow the Japanese, who follow you. And all we can agree on is that we do not know, we are not sure. We have our ideals, too, and our theories; our policies, our practices. And they are old and pretty well tried; we think that they may be good for a few more imperfect centuries. It is difficult, therefore, for us to converse pleasantly with you who are sure that your ideals and your preachments are better than your practices."

"We are sure only that we mean better than we perform," I corrected.

He sighed again, deeply, and he gave me a look which, I think, was the kindest I ever received from that kind gentleman.

"The Japanese were closed up tight in their pretty little island, very tight, for centuries. They let no one come in, they let no one go out. We Chinese thought that that was very good; good for them, and for us also good. We respected ourselves, and, so, we respected their privacy. You—you curious Westerners, you—"

He hesitated, respecting, no doubt, my self-respect or my privacy or—something. I did not.

"We," I said, "we Westerners, did not respect their privacy."

He nodded; yes.

"You opened them up, I think you say. You sent a squadron of war-ships first, then your missionaries. The Japanese, with one of their two eyes on the war-ships, their other eye on the missionaries, listened to what your preachers preached, observed and weighed the effect of the new doctrine upon those of their people who accepted it, as we watched the converts in China. And by and by the Japanese put the missionaries in boats and sent them away."

"As you Chinese would have liked to do," I suggested, jesting.

"Religion," he answered, "like art, like philosophy, is a flower becoming to the people it blossoms upon. It is not the truth, as you seem to believe; it is true only for the believers in it who, like the bees in a garden, feed upon, propagate, worship, and so beautifully form it to their gentler uses. You can pluck a flower, transplant the bush. We Chinese have learned that you can

graft another, and still another, religion on a people. We have seen that the new culture will grow and cross with the old; it will be reformed to express, as the old religion did, the peculiar beauty of the bush and the spirit of the garden. There is no danger there. There is only for a while the demoralizing effect of the confusion. Converted pagans are mean Christians for a generation or two; but they recover, stop stealing, lying: they get back their pagan virtues and adapt the Christian faith to their pagan needs, as you Christians have made Christ carry the cross of business, bless war, and justify conquest. So you should understand the harmlessness of religion, and we Chinese understand it, but the Japanese do not. Wherefore they set your missionaries adrift and closed their opened doors."

He likewise seemed to close up again, his lips, his eyes, his hands. But I waited, wondering, and after a long moment of silence, he reopened first his hands, then his eyes, then his lips.

"We Chinese were relieved for a while," he continued. "Not for long. You came back, and not with the Bible now. You came with your big boats of battle and you knocked, you pounded, you battered down those closed doors and—well, I think you think you went in to Japan."

He stopped to smile. The Chinese have a peculiar kind of humor. It is more joyous than ours; it plays upon the ridiculous more than ours; has more fondness for human error; loves it, I mean. And yet they can enjoy ours very much. As he smiled, I recalled and quoted the Western humorist who complained of the Japanese that when we opened them up, we did not go in; they came out instead.

The Chinese diplomat liked that. He laughed. He made no sound, but I could see the great ground swell of his merriment roll along his mighty body till it broke into laughing words.

"Yes, they came out. You did not go in, they came out, like bees, like wasps. The Japanese came out of Japan, and they went into your countries, your culture, your civilization. And they studied you. They did not send missionaries to teach you; they themselves went to learn from you, as you say. And they learned—something, as you say. And they came home, and they did, and they taught their people to do, not what you told them to do, but, as you say, what they saw you doing. And they did it to us, the Chinese. Yes."

He rejoiced. He was not indignant, not sad. He stopped talking to let the waves of his deep, silent laughter rise and fall unbreaking on the rocky shore of his contented despair.

"The Japanese are wrong, I think," he said. "They saw what the British are doing to the Indians, to all Asia, to Africa, to Europe, the whole world. They saw what you are beginning to do in Cuba, Mexico, in Central, in Latin America. They paid no heed to what they heard you say; they saw what you saw, looked where your eyes were fixed. And you were looking at China and Japan; at Asia and the Pacific.

"They hurried home," he resumed. "The Japanese returned to Japan, and they prepared Japan for defense; and hence for offense. You respect them for that. You blame, but you respect them; as you praise, and do not respect, China. But the Japanese respect China. Their first field for good works was China and Korea and Russia. They had learned well what they

learned from you. They were more English than the English, more American than the Americans, more German—more Christian than the Christians. Of course."

"Why 'of course'?" I asked, as, I think, he meant me to. Why else did he put claws under the purr with which he pronounced the words?

"Because," he purred, "the Japanese do consciously, intelligently, purposely, without hypocrisy, what you do so—so innocently. They can beat you at your own game."

"Then why do you say they are wrong to play it?"

"Oh, they are wrong only to want to," he answered. "We tell them that. They can't rule the world without the help, without the skill, the endurance, the—millions of the Chinese, and we believe it is not worth while to rule the world or, for that matter, even China. We have conquered and been conquered several times; whence we have learned that conquerors are always conquered by the conquered. Conquest defeats itself whether in the imperial or in the private life. The poor, not the rich, persist; the meek, not the ruthless, survive; peoples, not empires, live."

"But that 's our religion," I exclaimed, astonished. "Our theory."

"It is our practice," he said.

"Then why cannot the Japanese learn it, either from you or from us," I asked, and laughed.

"Men do not learn from words," he answered smoothly; "not even when they speak them themselves. Nor do they learn from the experience of others. We have talked long together, too long, you and I. It is not good to talk so much so seriously. It is better to think and to speak pleasantly for no

purpose but play. And we and the Japanese have lived side by side, watchfully, for a long, long time. We have not learned anything from one another, have we? Have they? And have you and I now? I have not. Have you? No. The things I have said that you did not already know have fallen under your chair, just as the things you have said that I have no experience to support have flown over my head. All we have gained is all we 'll remember: a pleasant moment when our minds played a little game together, and that is much. But the stakes were not knowledge. They were the counters of friendship that cannot be passed into general circulation; counterfeit in the market of life, they are good only to us."

He was making motions to rise.

"Yes, yes," I assented hastily, "but there was a fact you were to give me, one fact that would explain it all: why the Japanese are what they are, did what they did, do what we do instead of what we say. Why—"

"I have been implying the fact. I'll illustrate it. The Japanese are as they always have been. They do only what they always have done. They studied us also once long, long ago, and, since we Chinese did not offer to teach them anything, they sat down among us to observe, select, and learn the things they liked. They saw and admired our pride. You know it. You have heard our saying that 'White man cannot insult Chinaman'? Our pride is the small result of something big; of a shy, but pious, respect for the forces that have made us what we are for some unknown purpose of their own. You can hurt us, you can insult the gods, but you cannot take from us the belief that your bad manners are—

yours, not ours; and that, if you were more reverent and more knowing, you would not offend our makers. The Japanese did not have, so they did not perceive, the humility which is the basis of our pride. They took what they thought was a garment, put it on their self-esteem, and, half-aware of the vanity of it all, they are quick to defend the face they call pride. White man, black man, any man but a Chinaman, can hardly help but insult the little man of Japan.

"They took of our religion also, and our philosophy—all that they could translate into Japanese; took it and made it theirs, all theirs. Nothing like ours, as ours is nothing like that of the Indians from whom we learned a part of ours. We shall take and convert your Christianity into something Chinese some day, as the Japanese are converting it now, as the Japanese converted our arts.

"For they saw here, and they coveted greatly, the lovely things we carved and painted, sang, danced, and wrote for fun, for pleasure, for sheer beauty's sake. They picked up and carried off home those playthings of ours; they examined them and they copied them precisely. They did them very well, but laboriously, as work. And this work, which we call play, they named art.

"Yes," he insisted, as if I had contradicted him, "they had faithful toilers whom they called artists work at what our saddest, gayest, most tragic jesters play at: the terrible, the comic glories of the gods, the unfathomable wonders called truth and beauty by us poor, deaf, dumb, blind men, who weep when we should laugh, and laugh when we should weep, speak when we should listen, and work when—man should never work."

"Never work?" I exclaimed. "Always play?"

"Beasts, our beasts and your machines, should work," he said in an undertone. "Art and science alone are for man, and art and science are nothing but play—for the artist and the wise man.

"And," he continued swiftly, "last, the Japanese bowed to our courtesy, the profoundest of our virtues, the grace which is the outward expression of our belief in love, the belief that, since the gods alone know what is good and true, the American people and the Chinese, the nations of the West and the nations of the East, might be friends in a world at peace and play if they would not teach, but only commune with one another. It is the fine theory of friendship, which may be all wrong. You Christians and the Japanese may be right. But our theory, the solid ground upon which we build the super-temple of courtesy, is that, if, for example, I, being your friend, will but let you grow and bud in your own way, watering you as you want water, manuring you with all my love, plucking now and then a ripe and willing blossom, but otherwise not hindering, not helping, you, then, my friend, we think you may put forth a flower different from and certainly more exquisite, but not more miraculously wonderful, than the coarse, yet edible fruit I produce."

He rose and he bowed to me.

"But the fact, my friend, the fact."

Standing and astonished he said:

"You have it, friend. The Japanese, lacking the courtesy to feel our courtesy, saw our manners and imitated our forms. They called it politeness and they did it well; laboriously, as a duty, but—they are polite, as you saw and

said. They showed it you, they practised it in the West. Intending to pay you a visit, they studied your language. They learned your words, translated them as they translated our ideas, into Japanese. And, politely prepared, they went politely abroad among you. And you talked to them, teaching them your ideas, and because they answered your English words with English words, your French words with French words, you thought they understood. The fact is—the fact I promised, the fact you will have as a blunt fact—is that the Japanese did not understand you. They discovered, what men who study a foreign tongue often discover in a foreign country, that they did not really understand a word of what you said. But the Japanese, being polite and proud, did not let you discover that. No. They listened and smiled; they looked intelligent and they pretended; they made you believe that they understood. And maybe, I will add out of my humble Chinese pride and with all my heathen courtesy, I will admit that maybe they did understand you, if not what you said. But what they did was to look over your shoulder while you talked, observe what you did and, assuming, politely, that you said and did the same things, they came home and they did what they thought you must have said that you did."

He gave me his hand, and I held it.

"Then," I concluded doubtfully, "the yellow peril is a white peril?"

"The yellow peril is a pale peril,"—he smiled,—"unless the Japanese lead and you drive us to follow your practices instead of your preachings, as we now, perhaps erroneously, prefer."

He shook and dropped my hand, and his smiling, friendly servant showed me out the open door.

Chillicothe

BY CARL SANDBURG

There was a man walked out
Of a house in Chillicothe, Ohio,—
Or the house was in Chillicothe, Illinois,
Or again in Chillicothe, Missouri,—

And the man said to himself,
Speaking as men speak their thoughts
To themselves after a funeral or a wedding,
After seeing a baby born with raw, red toes
And the toe-nails pink as the leaves of fresh flowers,
Or after seeing a kinsman try to hold on
To the fading door-frames of life
And then languish, let go, and sleep—

Speaking his own thoughts,
Or what he believed in so far as he knew
To be thoughts peculiar to himself alone,
At that hour of time, under the clocks and suns,
He said, and to himself:

“I have never seen myself live a day.
I have told myself I get up in the morning,
I wash my face, I reach for a towel, I find a razor,
I shave off a day or a two-day growth of whiskers.
I look in the looking-glass and say,
‘Birdie, whither away to-day?’ or I say,
‘You old hound dog, are you on to yourself?’ or,
‘What ’s in the wind for this evening?’ or,
‘Who put the fish in efficiency?’ or,
‘What packages will be handed us this morning?’

“Yes, I stand in front of the looking-glass,
And while I am shaving I sometimes ask questions
Exactly as though the house I am shaving in

Is a wagon crossing Oklahoma looking for a home,
Or a steamboat on the tossing salt, two days from Sandy Hook,
Or a Pullman sleeper crossing the divide in Colorado—
This must be why I say to the looking-glass,
'You are the same when I am shaving, always,
Whether we are in Oklahoma, off Sandy Hook,
Or hitting the high spot of the Colorado divide;
Your business as a looking-glass is to say 'Me, too,'
'Here it is,' 'Here you are,' 'I don't want to tell you no lie.
If I tell a lie, I lose out as a looking-glass.'

"There are hinged elbows of arms, sockets in shoulder-bones.
And out beyond the elbows are finger-bones, finger-ends.
And after a while the command runs out to the finger-ends
To wipe off the lather, throw a hot towel, witch hazel,
Then dry smooth the face, talcum, and call it a once over.
This action finished, I can testify all day, 'I shaved this morning,'
Or if there is a murder or a robbery, and I am called as a witness
In the matter of an identity or an alibi or *corpus delicti*,
I can solemnly swear at this hour I shaved my face, at this hour
I commanded the members and parts of my body in these performances.
I shaved this morning.

"Yet all this is only a whiff, a little comic beginning.
Ever since I have owned more than one shirt
I have had to decide which shirt to wear to-day.
There was a year when I had only one shirt,
And even then I had to decide whether I would wear that one shirt
Or whether I would get along with no shirt at all.
Now, having six shirts, I must pick one and let five others go.
If there are buttons off the shirt, I decide whether
I will go for a day without buttons or have buttons put on.
Then I pick a necktie; and the necktie chosen, I decide
Where in the lengths of it a knot shall be tied.

"Decisions—see? It is early in the day, it is not a half-hour
Since I was in the sheets of unremembering slumber.
Yet the day's decisions have mounted steadily as the climb of the sun
Up and on across the elements of the sky.

"Yes? Quite so. And sure, Mike.

These things count for nothing much.

There is no special destiny about them.

They are different from falling in love

Or calling up a doctor to tie an artery

Or writing a lawyer about a bastardy case,

Or telling a pan-handler you are broke yourself,

And do your shopping by looking in the show-windows.

"They are different from many things,

Such as opening an old trunk in an uncle's garret

Or seeing a child tumble under street-car wheels

Or a woman offering her breasts to a new-born child

And watching the child snuggle and suck for its hunger.

"Yes; they are all different.

Yet they all connect up with civilization

Or tombs and ramparts earlier than civilization.

So God help your soul when you get tired of them and say:

'I want something new. I want two and two to be five. I want a miracle to happen, miracles now and henceforth. I want the light that never was on land or sea.' "

And all the time it is the same man speaking,

The same man who walked out of his house

In Chillicothe, Ohio, Chillicothe, Illinois, or Chillicothe, Missouri;

It is the same man speaking his own thoughts,

As if thoughts come to him and belong to him alone,

And as though it is useless to pass them on—

It is the same man speaking.

"I have never seen myself live a day.

I have pulled up a chair to the breakfast-table

And watched children tuck napkins under their chin,

Spill the yellow of eggs down their bibs,

Clean their plates, lick their spoons, call for more to eat,

While they barged their spoons and bowls on the table

And went on yammering for more to eat.

I have seen them use their tongues as cats and dogs

Employ their tongues, as utensils, conveniences, things to use,

With laughters shining in their eyes.

"And when they began talking, they lied to each other,
They lied with an importance of falsifying large.
They broke out with impossible propositions.
They acted as though they live in a republic of separate laws,
Under a government whose laws go deeper than the speech
Of people expert and renowned for their ways of speech.
Their laughter ran as the water of waterfalls runs.

"They were so proud, so sure, in all their ways, I said to myself,
'What is it goes? What drops off? What is the sheath they lose
When they grow up and get big and leave behind them
Their republic of separate laws,
Their government of laws deeper than speech,
Their civilization of impossible propositions?
Why shall they seem no longer so proud, so sure,
With laughter running as the water of waterfalls runs?'

"I ask myself just that question.
I asked it far inside of myself.
And it was such a far-off question, even if I had whispered it
They would have known it was not to be answered."

And this was only one morning
Among the many mornings of that man
Speaking to himself what he considered his own thoughts
Going out of the door of his house in Chillicothe.

And these are only a few of the thoughts of that one morning.
For, when he reached the front gate and passed out on to the sidewalk,
He said again to himself:

"I have never seen myself live a day."

The Legion Family and the Radio

What We Hear when We Tune in

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

ARE you free for the evening, by any chance? If you are, I suggest that we go over and call on the Legion family. Have you met them, perhaps? At least, you must have heard of them. You know—those people who recently bought a radio set, and, like twelve million of their fellow-Americans, are to-day most enthusiastic users of it, making it, in fact, their chief source of amusement and information.

The Legions, let me assure you in advance, are not high-brows. That element in our population which admits that it is truly intellectual has n't got around to radio yet and probably won't for several years. It has been similarly tardy, you will remember, in adopting other mechanical inventions: the phonograph, the player-piano, the motion picture; even the type-writer is still struggling for admittance to our most erudite circles. The Legions, on the other hand, being plain middle-class Americans, cheerfully keep abreast of the times, with the rest of their neighbors on North Wildwood Boulevard, Centropolis, a good-sized city in that central region which is referred to on the Atlantic coast as being "out West" and in the West as "back East."

As we enter the house, we find the

family clustered about the loud speaker, now momentarily silent. They are engaged in a family discussion of such vehemence that obviously we had better not interrupt them for introductions. Even the best of radio sets will only hear one station at a time, yet there are three such broadcasting organizations in Centropolis alone. At the moment the family is divided as between the respective charms of the program being discharged contemporaneously from Station LMNO and that which emanates from PQRS.

Little Howard Legion, age eight, wants to hear the bedtime story as told by "Uncle Charlie, the Kiddies' Pal." Seventeen-year-old Mary, in her first year at Centropolis University, who was dissuaded with great difficulty by her parents from entering the beauty contest of the Centropolis "Gazette" last month, wants to get the instructions on how to dance the tango. Father Legion, though he does n't dare mention it, would like to hear the live-stock and market reports, in which he is interested with a purely impartial spirit of scientific inquiry, he being in the wholesale paint and varnish business.

Of course you know what happens: little Howard gets his way. The general order of importance in ques-

tions of this type is, if you care to be informed, first Elizabeth, age ten; second, Howard, age eight; third, Mary; fourth, Mother Legion; fifth, nineteen-year-old Bill, who went to college for a year, but dropped out at his own impassioned request to study hydraulic engineering from the water up at the city pumping-plant; and, last of all, Father Legion.

For scientific accuracy, I should record that in decisions of other types, a different scale of value goes into effect. When it comes to clothes for the whole family, seventeen-year-old Mary lays down the law. Last year, when they bought a new car, it was Bill who at last quietly prescribed. The moment one of her flock falls ill, Mother Legion turns czar. But the choice of radio program is construed as a "minor matter," and Howard gets his way. Besides, he has to trot off to bed in half an hour. Maybe the dance lesson won't be over by then.

§ 2

Take a seat and listen to Uncle Charlie as Bill expertly tunes him in and switches on the loud speaker. Bill assembled the set from ready-made parts purchased by father.

Uncle Charlie does not begin with his bedtime story, as advertised. First of all he must send birthday greetings through the air to a lot of his little friends who have written him since last week, and are supposedly listening with frantic attention to hear their names—their very own names—come out of the ether.

"Luretta Higginbotham, 2624 Cedarwood Avenue, Centropolis, will be nine years old on August twenty-third. That's to-morrow; or, no, it's to-day, is n't it? Happy birthday, Luretta!

Uncle Charlie and all his little friends wish you the happiest of birthdays.

"Charles Geltrick, 197 North Main Street, Centropolis, will be eight years old next Saturday. And I understand—I guess a little bird must have told me—that if Charlie eats all his vegetables every day from now till Saturday, his mother is going to buy him a copy of Uncle Charlie's 'Big Blue Book of Bedtime Stories for Boys and Girls.' Is n't that fine?

"Winifred Hostetter is five years old, and won't have a birthday for six months, but her mother writes to say that she just can't wait that long. Hello, Winifred! Hello! hello! Uncle Charlie sends you his love."

To your ears it may sound rather sordid and mechanical; perhaps you picture a tired, elderly man, the unsuccessful author of boys' books, standing in front of a microphone and pushing his personality through the ether at some thousands of children whom he has never seen, will never see, and cares rather less than nothing for. No such thoughts disturb the bliss of little Howard, sitting with his nose three inches from the horn. He does not even suspect that when Uncle Charlie turns from birthday greetings to his promised bedtime story, he is only reading aloud from one of his books instead of making up the story as he goes along.

To little Howard it is all pure gold. Mother Legion is inclined to bless the radio, if for nothing else, because it has taken up the slack in this lively youngster's day. The toy is still new enough, so that Howard will sit beside it at any odd moment (using ear-phones in order not to drive the family crazy) and listen to all sorts of things: lectures on the history of popular gov-

ernment; live-stock quotations; the weekly fashion talk, which is in reality thinly disguised advertising for Zinstein's big store, "where all the street cars meet"; Mme. Fedora's beauty hints, advertising not even thinly disguised for Vulcana Facial Mud. Mother Legion wonders a little anxiously whether this queerly assorted mélange of facts and falsehoods is doing any harm to her son; but it does n't seem to. At any rate, Howard never refers to anything he has heard; he just goes on listening.

Ten-year-old Elizabeth is a more serious problem. Whenever she can, she gets control of the instrument, and she moves the dials until (it is usually not a difficult task) she finds a station where a jazz orchestra is playing. Then she sinks back to listen in complete contentment, nodding in rhythmic accord with the music. Her eyes seem far away, and a somewhat precocious flush comes gradually upon her cheeks.

Mother Legion abominates jazz. She insists that it all sounds alike, is unendurably monotonous, and could not possibly be composed and played except by vulgarians. Bill and Mary, on the other hand, use these undulcet strains for frequent impromptu family dances, rolling the rug back over father's feet as he sits in the rocker reading his favorite section of the "Gazette"—Beatrice Fairweather's "Heart-to-Heart Chats with the Love Torn." But only little Betty is a true jazz devotee, enthralled by the fundamental and mysterious rhythm which, like her own heartbeat, pulsates through her.

The consoling fact, if you are alarmed about Elizabeth and the jazz, is that the combined restlessness of the family

gives neither her nor any one else opportunity to listen at length to any one offering from the ethereal waves. One could write a sermon (be not dismayed, I sha'n't) about the degeneration of the American mind, the decay of concentration as evidenced in the total inability of the Legion family to pay attention to anything for more than a quarter of an hour at most. Bill, the expert, is the usual guardian of the dials, with Howard an eager substitute and Elizabeth stoutly protesting a claim, ignored by the family, that she can do it just as well as the boys and especially Howard, who is nothing but a baby (recrimination and tears). But whoever is in charge, an average evening is a thing of shreds and patches of music, recitations, and announcements:

"This is Station LMNO, Zinstein's big store, where all the street cars meet. You have just heard Miss Amy Holland, contralto, sing the second of her group of songs, 'I Love You truly.' Her next number will be 'In a Persian Garden.'" . . . "Also, a yellow roadster is reported stolen from the corner of Winston Boulevard and West Forty-eighth Circle, license number 248,631. The police are looking for Harry J. Simons, *alias* Harry J. Smith, gray eyes, dark hair, when last seen was wearing a gray-checked suit, brown derby hat, plaid necktie with diamond horseshoe in it." . . . "Solly Einstein and his six melody kings, recording exclusively for Black Seal records, will next play 'From One till Two.'" . . . "Psychologists are agreed that this marvelous thing called personality can be cultivated and increased just as you can strengthen and enlarge your muscles by taking proper exercise. Professor Wilkins has spent ten years

in preparing the book I spoke of, 'The Seven Secrets of Success,' or 'Dynamic Will Power within the Reach of All,' and I do wish, my friends, that all of you who have heard my lecture to-night and enjoyed it could read this wonderful book, published by the Hatfield—H-a-t-f-i-e-l-d Publishing Company, 326 Bleecker Street, New York, N. Y., one dollar." . . . "Mr. Chairman and fellow-delegates to the Fourth Annual State Convention of the Associated Dental Supply Manufacturers: the chairman's introduction in such flattering terms reminds me of one time when three traveling salesmen in a Pullman car rang for the porter to find out what was the next town."

. . . "This concludes the program of special numbers by Mr. Wilson R. Davis, basso, familiar to all of you as one of radio's favorite singers and also a distinguished teacher of voice and piano, with a studio at thirty-two and a half West Forest Street. Those of you who have enjoyed Mr. Davis's program will want to write to him, I feel sure, care of Station LMNO, Zinstein's big store, Centropolis, and tell him how the program came through and how you—" . . . "The mayor tells us that he, too, is interested in solving this pressing problem of sewage disposal for Centropolis. But how does His Honor propose to go about this great task? After two years in office, what has he done? He has appointed a commission of—" . . . "I 'd li-hike to ro-holl to Ri-hio, some day befor-r-re I 'm old." . . . "Battling McMurtrie drops to one knee and takes a count of seven. He 's up again and lands swinging rights and lefts to Spud Johnson's face—no, that was Johnson. McMurtrie is covering up to avoid the terrific punishment;

his left cheek is bleeding again where Johnson has opened it up." . . . (At this point father, Bill, and Mary are sternly outvoted by mother. They would like to stay with the prize-fight to the end, but mother, chairman of the entertainment committee of the South Centropolis Second Methodist Church, sternly refuses to have the children corrupted. She repeats a familiar demand that if Father Legion wants to debauch himself with that sort of thing, he should buy a portable set and take it down cellar.)

§ 3

In general, it is fair to say, the family cares very little what is heard provided it is not too high-brow and provided they need not listen too long. The one ruling passion which dominates them all is to get the utmost possible DX (distance).

The ceremony of seeking to get DX partakes of the nature of a sacrificial rite. Bill, with the ear-phones, bends over his dials, moving them the fraction of a finger-nail's width to the spot where some famous distant station ought to be. Out of the air comes the sizzle of static. The carrying wave of station after station whistles shrilly, cheerful mischievous devils signaling to presumptuous mortal man from somewhere in the empyrean. It is Bill's business to find the spot just below the whistling-point where the audible waves should be strongest. Now he catches the murmur of a voice so faint and far that it might be in sober earnest a message from another world. If he is unlucky, the murmur remains faint or fades out into static sibilance; but when conditions are good, the elfin mutter suddenly leaps into a voice, speaking or singing, or

into the patterned sound of an orchestra. A station which is readily identified, by the volume of sound or by dial reading, gets only a minute or two of casual attention, and is choked off as promptly as though it were LMNO. But if the dial figures are new, and there is some reason to believe that a record in distance in being achieved, the attention of the family is at highest intensity. The length of the selection which is being heard is criticized: Why can't the fool shut up and let the announcer identify his station? Then at the critical moment, when the "feature" has halted, as like as not a gust of static sweeps across the beautiful reception, like a ton of coal being dumped in a chute, and the announcer is heard only as "Waw-waw-waw-waw-waw." Not always, of course; sometimes the family gaze on one another with a wild surmise and find their hopes realized. From the blue, vaulted heavens, by way of a black bakelite box and a tangle of wires, come the magic letters: "KGO—Oakland, California"; or the thrilling sound of words in Spanish, which none of the family understands, but which supposedly indicate Station PWX, Havana.

Only once in the course of each week is "DX fishing" rigidly forbidden. On Sunday afternoon Mother Legion insists on hearing Dr. Robert H. Wilkinson give his famous radio sermon, which is almost the most popular item on the weekly menu of Centropolis listeners-in.

Dr. Wilkinson has a voice full of character. He snarls and growls, he bites off his words with a vicious ferocity which might almost be thought unchristian were not the good doctor so obviously in the Deity's inner confidence. Dr. Wilkinson, like nearly

every other preacher who gets access to radio, is a Fundamentalist. No doubts, no modernism, no milk-and-water attempts to adapt Christian doctrine to the problems and the point of view of 1924. Evidently his is the creed the people want, for every Sunday he or his announcer tells of the thousands of letters Dr. Wilkinson is getting, praising his efforts. Additional letters are solicited every week by the reverend gentleman. So they are, I might add, by nearly every one else who sings or speaks for the radio audience. Their mania is letters.

It may surprise you to learn that the one feature of the radio which the whole Legion tribe likes best, week in and week out, is the regular Tuesday night talk on current events. The family takes in the Centropolis "Morning Sentinel," and father glances over its head-lines at breakfast and the commercial news on his way to work. The "Evening Gazette" is delivered at the house chiefly for the benefit of Mother Legion, who looks through the department-store news; and for Howard and Elizabeth, who study the comic strips with a care they never give to their lessons at South Centropolis Public School, Number Twenty-eight. But somehow the family never quite gets from the newspapers a real idea of what is going on, and this is supplied them, they think, by the current-events man. "The most important event of the past week in international affairs," says he, "was thus and so. The outstanding happening in the domestic field was this and that." Somehow the family, after this, has a feeling that it is all up to date, that it knows exactly what is happening.

The current-events man, by the way, is meticulously impartial. You can-

not deduce from what he says any leanings toward the Republican, the Democratic, or any other party, though he is clearly in general "a good citizen" and, as the Chautauqua people say, strong for mother, home, and heaven.

Seventeen-year-old Mary has one complaint against radio which the rest of the family do not seem to share. It is that many of the lecturers she hears do not know how to speak the English language. She has a habit of keeping a pad of paper and a pencil handy while she listens, and she rarely ends an evening with fewer than fifteen or twenty gross errors of pronunciation. Some of the Eastern stations, she complains, have a correlated sin: they employ speakers with a marked accent, either foreign or the clipped and nasal utterance peculiar to the slums of our great cities. Mary has been taking elocution at Centropolis University, and she is indignant at this. "If you're going to ask a million people to listen," she says, "the least you can do in return is to give them English-speaking lecturers and announcers."

In the last few months the family has been increasingly irritated by a feature of radio to which I have already referred—the growth of advertising on the air. To be sure, a jazz band is just as good or bad, as the case may be, whether or not it is announced as the "Jaw-jaw Chewing Gum Melody Masters." The family resents, however, the amount of time which the announcer uses before and after each selection with his rigamarole about the name of the advertising organization, its place of business, the desirability of writing letters to it, and so on.

Even more vigorously do they resent

advertising in the form of speeches. When an address on "How to Plan a Small House" turns out to be nothing more than a sales talk by a construction company or lending institution, and when the inspiring speech on "The Future of Engineering" proves only a boost for a correspondence school eager to equip you for a share in that future, the Legions are likely to tune out in disgust and hunt for some station where jazz is being given. On the other hand, an advertising feature which is really good is tolerated despite its origin. One of the most eagerly awaited items in the weekly cycle is a comic vaudeville team of irresponsible, happy-go-lucky young men who are remunerated by a well known nationwide confectionery firm.

The fact that they dislike advertising does not mean that the Legion family are prepared to make any financial sacrifice in order to insure that something else shall be on the air. They have no answer to the famous question, Who is to pay for broadcasting? If it came to the point where they had to choose between contributing and silencing their set, I am inclined to think that the latter would be done. It is n't likely to come to that, of course. The special interests which wish to reach the ear of the American people are too numerous and too eager to leave any serious danger of ethereal silence.

§ 4

When they first got the radio outfit, Father Legion predicted that the whole family would become political experts. He foresaw a gathering night after night to hear and assimilate pearls of wisdom from the master minds of statesmanship as they were

wafted through the blue. But somehow it has n't just worked out that way. The rule seems to be that the family will listen to any statesman once, "to hear what his voice sounds like." After that they are inclined to twist the dials in search of music rather than hear about the perils of the nation and how Congressman Gazophus purposes to surmount them. The only exception to this is in the case of the President of the United States; and even with him at least half the attraction seems to inhere in the fact that he is being broadcast from eight or ten stations simultaneously, so that the Legions have the thrill of knowing they are part of an audience which runs into millions.

A lot of political oratory has been heard by the Legions in the form of after-dinner speeches, and I record with some embarrassment the fact that usually they are far from impressed. About half the time the orator, if he could hear the ribald comments which are addressed to the stoical loud-speaker, would leave his crumpled napkin and his half-empty water-glass and with the utmost precipitation would seek other spots. The comments of the family range from Bill's, "Is *that* so!" down to Howard's irreverent, "Aw, shut your face, you poor hunk of cheese!"

Mother Legion knows she ought to reprove her flippant offspring, but somehow she can't quite do so. The Legions have discovered a great truth. Words, they find, make one impression on you when you are among a thousand persons in a banquet hall, full of food, indulging in the self-hypnotic process of applauding and aware that your neighbors' eyes are on you. They make an altogether different impres-

sion when you hear them through a mechanical device, seated in your own home, completely "cold."

As a result of their listening, the Legions have a little index expurgatorius which contains the names of several senators and representatives and a governor or two. Their consensus on these gentlemen, after hearing them speak at broadcast banquets, is, "How in the world did *he* ever get a better job than running a hen-house somewhere?" Some commentators on radio have taken it for granted that a candidate for office reaps an advantage to-day because he can reach his millions where formerly he could be heard only by his tens of thousands. But, in point of fact, just the reverse may sometimes be true. Some people have attained public office because their constituents knew so little about them.

A few weeks ago the household was mildly excited by news that Centropolis University was planning to broadcast some special study courses. Mother, who has had an uneasy feeling that the family spends too much time listening to what the wild air waves are saying, hailed this news with relief. After all, self-improvement through lectures is a means of spending your evenings which nobody need defend.

The first course was one for citizens, discussing political organization, municipal, state, and national administration, and the like; and Mother Legion paid a dollar for a printed syllabus designed to supplement the ten lectures. The family, all but little Elizabeth and Howard, started out bravely, syllabus in hand. They stuck to the program for two weeks, but on the night of the third lecture a competing station had a xylophone solo which

Mary "was just dying" to hear, so lecture Number Three was skipped. Thereafter the speaker from the university was treated like any other "number."

§ 5

Since some of these remarks have been critical, we ought not to conclude our evening visit to the Legion household without recording their decided opinion that on the whole they are very glad they have become radio fans. They are aware that the high-brow sneers at their tribe because so little matter of high intellectual content is broadcast, a criticism which, of course, does not apply to music, since nightly the finest compositions of great composers are put on the air, as well as the worst vulgarities of the jazz barbarians. This criticism worries the Legions not in the least; programs such as our serious thinkers would like would contain very little which to the average middle-class American family would seem worth twirling a knob for. If the Legions were to cast up accounts on their radio set, the balance-sheet would have these items on the credit side:

1—Bill and Mary spend just about five times as many evenings at home as they used to; Mother Legion rejoices over this especially because of Bill, who was getting in with a rather fast crowd, which used automobiles, pocket-flasks, and road-house dance orchestras for its principal media of amusement.

2—The older children not only stay home, but they frequently bring in their friends for a radio dance. Thereby father and mother, who have reached the appalling ages of forty-two and forty respectively, get some

chance to come down off the shelf to which, they had begun to feel, they were being relegated.

3—The family does decidedly less of that senseless, meaningless quarreling among themselves which formerly resulted from the enforced intimacy of the home during long hours when nobody had anything in particular to do.

4—While the Legion tribe is hearing a dreadful lot of jazz, it also hears more first-class music in the course of each week nowadays than it used to hear in a year. Even Howard and Betty can identify fifteen or twenty of the great compositions, and are beginning to be critical of So-and-so's rendition of the Chopin Polonaise, Opus 40, as compared to that of Mr. Whoozis.

5—Despite their desultory manner of twirling the dials, the family really does pick up a surprisingly large amount of miscellaneous information. Some of this is useful; more, in fact, than they themselves realize. Father Legion, for instance, would be greatly surprised if any one should tell him how many times in the course of a luncheon conversation downtown he contributes a bit of fact or opinion which he "happened to hear a fellow say on the radio the other night." These items are not a substitute for similar gleanings from his daily newspaper, but an addition to them.

In short, from the Legions' point of view, the radio more than earns its comparatively inexpensive keep. Perhaps it would n't do so for you, fellow-caller; but, after all, the Legions are the sort of people who inhabit this planet in the most considerable quantities, and their point of view is therefore worth consideration when you begin to discuss their own welfare.

A Mountain Munchhausen¹

IX—The Mule-Humans; X—Cain's Ducklings

BY PERCY MACKEYE

THE MULE-HUMANS

CHILDERS, don't never git to squabblin' on a' amber-day. Don't resk hit. Hit mought lead ye in jepparty, where ye would n't know your own face in a mirrer-glass.

What-all *is* a' amber-day? Hain't you larned your almanack scriptures yit? A' amber-day is a pizen day. Hit 's a day that one ongodless word will spell-charm your nearest kin so 's you 'd take him for the deevil hisself. Old Horny sprinkled a handful o' them days through the year, like rat-pizened ears in a corn-crib, for fool critters to nibble at and shed the skins they was borned in.

No-o, hit don't plumb kill ye. Only jist ef ye wish the wrong wish or speak the wrong word, the deevil he kin cross-breed ye to a dumb brute in one bat of his eye. That 's why me and my ole woman allers keeps our mouth shet amber-days. We don't aim to git us in no sech a scrape as Godsey Scorse done with *his* ole woman, Mondie.

What-a-way did *they* done? Axe me no axin's, and I 'll fib ye no fairy-tales. Hit were so fashion:

Years ago yander, Godsey Scorse war an up-creek neebor o' mine. Him

and Mondie, his wife, they lived in a lonesome holler.

He were a good, lousy, lay-around, patientablest feller, Godsey; but she was pernicky as a pea-hen: gibble-gabble and peck from day-up till dark.

Well, one fall o' the year, hit comin' night-down, I war passin' of their cabin, and I hears her thar inside brash-whackin' at him. So I stops and listens.

"Git your dad-burned big feet offen my toes, trompin' all over me! Cain't never give me room to set easy and stretch! Allers jammin' on me! Nothin' but clopper-legs and hoofs, you hain't! God-a-mighty knows you ain't nothin' but a mule-brute from the middle down—dad-bust ye!"

"And you—from the neck up, ole woman," he answers her.

"Yea, I wisht you *was* a saddle-critter," she hollers. "I 'd ride ye down to Solomon Shell's and swap ye fer his gang o' shoats."

"And I 'd trade *you* fer his ole sow!" he hollers back.

Well, I 'd heerd enough. "Poor ole Godsey is shore losin' his patience," thinks I, "and 't ain't to wonder." And I goes on home, about three mile down trail.

So thar I was a-settin' in the yard, tippin' snuff terbaccy and hit darkin'

¹ More tales of the Kentucky Mountains.

outdoors. My ole woman she were pokin' the supper-pot, and kindly she raised up and says sobersome:

"Sol," she says, "what time is hit?"

"Fall o' the year," says I, "'most time for supper."

"Quit triflin' me," she says. "Hit's amber-day."

And jist then I hears stones clickin' on the trail, and somebody hollers out in a quare, grummy voice:

"Hey, Solomon! Solomon Shell!"

Lorsy me! I looks up, and thar, high over the palin's, I sees a shadder-some haid peekin' down the face of Godsey Scorse. All scrooged up hit were, goshawful, and his mouth gapin', like he seen a hant. Well, chil-luns, that turned my belly over.

"Good evenin', Godsey," I says. "Air you ridin'?"

"No-o," he says, "I's leggin' hit."

"How did ye clumb up thar, that high?" I axes.

"I hain't clumb up," he answers me, the same quare noise.

"Hain't ye?" says I. "Well, come in, anyhow, and take a cheer."

"I caain't come in," says he, "and I caain't take a cheer, never no more."

"Why-fer no?" says I, in the pit o' my belly.

"My bottom hain't balanced right," says he. "Come out and prospect hit."

Well, rounders, out I goes through the palin' gate, and thar in the gloomin' I sees the quarest six-limbdest critter sence Joshuay tuck to raisin' horse flesh. The top halft of hit, arms, chist, and haid, was shore nough Godsey Scorse hisself. He were chawin' terbaccy, his hat dipped on his left eye, and one gallus was holdin' up his pants, which only they was n't ary legs in 'em. Stid o' that, the impty

breeches was danglin' thar split-busted, like a bib and tucker, down over the breast-front of a thunderin'-gret, leggy mule-critter, which hits withers sprung behind from the small o' Godsey's back. So the bottom halft of the hull goll machine were a quadrupeed, which his piebald cruppers was switchin' his hocks with a ratsy tail.

"Lordamassy!" I says. "If ye 're aimin' to ride, Godsey, you 's shore pitched for'ard in the saddle. But you 's plumb right about your bottom never needin' a cheer ag'in. How-all did you git grafted with that-thar mule-rump?"

Poor Godsey jist rubbed his hind fetlocks and pawed dirt with one for'ard hoof, and he answers:

"Hit 's plain weetchery!"

"No, 't ain't," I says; "hit 's pizen. Ye 're amber-day pizened. Somebody must 'a' ben cussin' you in angry for Old Horny to overhear hit."

"Yea," he says; "hit were Mondie, my ole woman. She mule-cussed me from the middle down, and I cussed her back ag'in, from the neck up. For the love o' neebors, Sol, will ye help us git the spell off?"

"How kin I, Godsey?"

"Mondie wants me to axe ye—will ye trade your gang o' shoats for this-yere mule-brute. That 's our one-only chanet to git shet of hit, she says."

"Whar 's the rightly haid that goes with hit?" says I.

"To home with Mondie," says he. "Hit were too shame-bashed to come along with the laigs. Git up on behind, and I 'll tote ye home, to look her over."

So upsy I climbs on the middle of his ridge-bone, which hit nigh splitted me in the fork, and he retches one hand to break him a hazel switch, and whops

hissself in the shanks, and hollers out, "Co-ooop, Godsey!" and away I rides him bareback, splashin' the crick ford.

Well, of all the goll-durned night-riders, us'ns was the quarest twins the moon ever riz on. I grabbed one busted gallus for a bridle-rein, but fust time I jerked hit, he turned his haid round sorrerful and says:

"Sol," he says, "I 'd give ten bucks for to have your laigs in my pants."

Nary nuther word he spoke for a long piece o' trail, but he spit moughty reg'lar. Arter that I had n't the sand for to bridle-steer him ag'in. So I jist aided for'ard on his withers, and clipped both arms round his waist, to ease my own bacon behind.

A whisk o' rain come peltin' from the verge o' the moon. *Clob-clopperty* poor Godsey splashed his hoofs in the trail-puddles. Onc't he retched his hand in the poke of his impty pants for a chunk o' baccy. He chawed a quid o' that, which hit 'peared to live'-up his back legs, for he trotted right smart till Preachin' Charlie's palin's.

Charlie war jist packin' a yoke o' full pails from his water spring, turnin' to ope his gate.

"Retch me up a drink, Preacher, will ye?" calls Godsey, puffin'. "This-here haulin' ole Sol uphill has wheezed me dry."

Preachin' Charlie give one look.

"Valley o' the shadder!" he yells, and he clares that gate same 's a wild duck—the spillt pails swingin' out from his yoke like wing-paddles. Half a mile back, I could hear him hollerin' to God yit thar.

Next cabin us passed was Fiddler John's. And thar he hisself was a-settin' on a gum-stump, sawin' of his fiddle in the face o' the moon. His own face war puckered up, losty in his music.

Godsey stopped, fore and aft then.

"Heigh, John Fiddler," he cuts in, "kin *you* liquor me? I 's lost my britch-bottle."

Old Fiddler pauses his fiddlestick plumb in the air, and he stares at us'ns a hull minute without winkin'.

"Double!" he says, drappin' his voice. "Nay, good feller! I hain't tetched a dram. In the Three Highest, I hain't! But if you-all is a horse-critter of Revelation, you 's the first mule-human ever I heerd quoted in Scriptur'. As fer britch-sperrits, I cain't give ye none from a bottle, but I kin from a fiddle-box."

Right thar then he struck up and sawed sech a dod-ghasted four-leggy reel that hit set Godsey high steppin', all fours, nigh pitchin' me off, whilst he galloped Injun divvles 'most home afore slackin'. Lather drippin' he was, all over, belly and back frothin' white scum, and me settin' in the suds bath. Well, I curried him off, best I could, with his pants legs, till lastly us cantered up to his own cabin door. And thar was a-settin' his ole woman, rockin' of herself, with a bed-kivver throwed over her haid.

"Mondie," he hollers, "here 's Sol. He wants the haid to go with the laigs afore he 'll trade with us."

Sodom and Gemorrah! what a bray-squawlin' she let out then!

"Hee-honker! Hee-honker! Hee-honker!"

And thar she poked her long mule-muzzle outen the bed-kivver, and her jaws gap-open a foot wide, stuck full o' gret grinders like a corn mill.

Chilluns, that drapped me to the ground!

"The poor dumb critter!" says Godsey. "That 's the only last gab-language left in her, poor Mondie!"

Then Mondie she threwed off the bed-kivver, and riz up on the top doorstep. Yea! For to see that leetle woman-critter balancin' her gret mule head-piece, big 's a barrel keg, I shore wagered hit 'u'd topple her legs-up! But thar she stood wagglin' of her long, p'inted ears, and retchin' her both arms to Godsey.

Hit were a sight pitiful. The gret tear-drops, round as oak galls, come oozin' outen her muly pop-eyes, rollin' down off her nozle, which she tried for to blow hit dry with her apron, but jist only drinched the cabin-yard.

And thar come Godsey tromplin' the flower-patch, all four hoofs diggin' up the mud like mattocks, and tuck Mondie in his arms, and he holds her mule haid tilted how hit ought to jine on to his mule underpinnin's, so 's to sample one hull-complete mule-critter for the swap bargain.

"Thar, Sol," he says, "will ye trade in your ole sow for the hull consarn?"

"Dadfetch me, I won't!" says I. "The archeetecture don't jine. Thar 's one joist missin' from the middle up."

"Yis, God help us!" he groans. "The middlin's is lost out. I jist only cussed her neck-up'ards."

Well, at that Mondie busts out heehonkin' ag'in fit to kill, but Godsey pats her nozle soothey-like, and he hollers down one ear like a cornycoppee trumpet: "Co-oop, Mondie gal! I 'll stick by ye, haid or tails."

Then he turns to me, plumb piteous, and says:

"Solomon," he says, "have a heart! How 's we to git traded of this amber-day mule withouten you to help us swap the spell off?"

"Godsey," I says, "listen of me. I would n't swap my ole sow Chinkapin for a' army of amber-day mules: no,

nor her shoat babies nuther. All the same, I ain't a feller not to help my neebors out. You and Mondie is pizen. Now, they 's jist only one way I knows to git shet of amber-day pizen."

"In the fear o' God, what is hit?" he axes.

"You 's said hit," I answers. "Hit 's the fear o' God hitself. Hit 's a dose o' Scriptur'. There hain't no other medicine kin purge ye of amber-day pizen. Air ye ready to swaller hit now?"

"Yis, shorely," he says.

"Then jist hand me yan hazel ridin'-switch ye got thar."

"The switch?" he says, and give hit to me. "But what-all of a dose air ye aimin' to give us?"

"I 's aimin' to dose ye with Balaam's medicine: *Numbers*, two and twenty, twenty-seven to twenty-nine:

"And Balaam's anger hit were kindled and he smote the ass with a staff."

("Hold, thar!" hollers Godsey. "Not twenty-nine licks!")

"And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she says unto Balaam: What have I done unto thee, she says, that thou hast smitten me these-yere three times?"

("Three, is hit? And jist only her ketches 'em! Oh!" says Godsey, easin' down.)

"And Balaam says unto the ass: Because thou hast mocked me, he says!"

"Thar, neebors! That 's your Bible text: now follers your sarmon."

So I raises that ridin'-switch and spits on hit.

That skeert poor Mondie flap-jawed. She honked one last hee-honker and rammed a black eye in Godsey, kissin' his hat off blubberin'.

But I never scringes. I jist whistles

that hazel switch in the air, and I larrups each of 'em three locks, haid-pieces and cruppers. That settled hit.

Yea, sirs, that druv the pizen plumb out! Godsey's own legs was in his pants ag'in, and thar stood Mondie puggin' up her own red back haar, snufflin' of her leetle nose, and grinnin' at him.

As fer that amber-day mule-deevil, hit cut loost and high-jumped clare over Godsey's palin's, me throwin' the hazel switch after. Last I seed of hit down trail, the critter were tryin' to tie a knot with one hoof in that witch-stick, for to splice hits haid on.

"Thar, Mondie," I says, moughty neeborly, "you kin thank that dose o' Scriptur' for your purty face ag'in. Godsey, don't ye never git to treadin' on your ole woman's toes no more!"

Then Mondie sassed up piert and says:

"Hit jist pime-blank proves what I war callin' of him. God-a-mighty knows how Godsey hain't nothin' but a dadburned critter of a ole mu—"

"Choke off, thar!" hollers Godsey. "Hit 's amber-day yit!"

Now, neebors, I axes ye, *kin* humans git cured o' mule-cussidness?

CAIN'S DUCKLINGS

Lor', Cindy Ann, you 's a sight! Whar ye ben at? How 'd you done git your laigs all mud-sloughed up thataway? I 'low you 's ben wadin' knee-deep in one o' these-yere mire bogs, buss me ef you hain't! Yis? Well, I knewed hit. Better watch good how you treads your toes in sech-like o' wallers. You mought git 'em nibbled by one o' Cain's ducklin's thar.

What! Lettin' on you hain't never heern o' Cain's ducklin's! Nor

Preachin' Charlie, how he norated his bog-hole sarmon on murder and pre-deestination? Quit climbin' all over me, chilluns! Set tight, and I 's tell ye.

Yea, hit were spring o' the year, at dusky of day, jist between arter sundown and afore the stars ain't meller yit. The ridges was all saft with a blue wind, which hit rolled and billered the smoke-mist down the crick hollers, smutchin' out the blossomy world. Ye could n't only tell whar the shads and elders was bloomin' by the honey-tickle in your nose.

Preachin' Charlie he 'd ben funeeral-izin' for three days runnin', but his Scriptur' juice war n't sca'cely tapped yit. He 'd trickle a bushel o' Bible ary rod o' the trail. Sometimes hit 'u'd sample pure Scriptur', and sometimes hit 'u'd sample pure Charlie; which hit was purely nacheral, seein' Charlie hisself had ben samplin' more strongerer waters than Moses's for to season his sarmons with.

Well, hit were duskin' every minute, and the mist-smoke gittin' blue darker. So hit were nacheral how Charlie kindly losted the trail of his laigs in the trail of his aloquence. Me and Chunk Farley was follerin', 'single-file, and right smart us was all three squashin' the ooze of a bog waller. That fotched us to a standstill.

Preachin' Charlie quit scripturin'. The night thar was blind as a bat's nest. Hantsy hit were, and lonesome.

Us stood and listened, for right thar come a leetle peepsy voice pricklin' the dark:

"Knee-deep! Knee-deep!"

Then all of a onc't come a chunk-thunderin' beller, like the ole Bull o' Bashon:

*"You 'd better go rou-nnd!
You 'd better go rou-nnd!"*

Dad swaller me, chilluns! that 'most tititraciously ruined me!

"Who 's thar?" hollered Chunk Farley, shakin'.

This time they was hunderds hollered him back, like a quar jamble o' sleigh-bells:

*"Creak!—Creak!—Crickle-crack!
Crick in the back!—go back! go back!
Knee-deep!—Knee-deep!
Hackamatack!—Knee-deep!"*

Chunk groaned in his gum boots:

"What is they?"

"They 's Cain's ducklin's," says Preachin' Charlie, moughty piert.

"What dad-weetched place air we in?" says Chunk.

"In the darksome land o' Nod," says Charlie.

Right thar onc't more yan ole chunk-thunderer bellered ag'in:

*"You 'd better go rou-nnd!
You 'll bubble and drown-nnd!"*

"Hully murder!" coughs out Chunk. "Who 's yander?"

"Onhully murder, you mean," says Charlie. "Yander 's ole Cain hisself, hantin' his ducks."

"Ducks in your dinner-poke!" says I, spittin' out in angry for foolin' myself so long. "We-all is plumb moonshined. Cain't you fellers tell the crack of a toad-frog from a ducklin'?"

"No, sir, us cain't!" rips back Charlie. "Nobody cain't in the dark, and them jist hatchin' from a bog-hole. Hain't you larned yit how toad-frogs and ducks was all one gineration afore the flood?"

"No," says I.

"Than I 's larn ye now," says he.

"Set down on your britch, and I 'll sarmon ye."

"Thanks to glory us has a preacher along!" bumbled Chunk Farley.

Well, I thanked glory, too. So me and Chunk shuttled up our shankses on a mud-bench and jist sot thar in the congregation, while them *Knee-deepers* in the choir kep' up their hymn-hollerin', and Preachin' Charlie jined in with his bog-hole sarmon.

Lucky for us'ns, we was prime stocked with corn-liquor, elsewise that bog ooze maht of leaked into our bones afore Charlie conclusioned his argy-mint. As hit were, the britch-bottles kep' passin' round, whilst he talked Job's coffin to hits grave and the ole moon to her risin'.

Startin' in at the flood, he kep' backin' toward the gyarden, teeterin' on the aidge of oreeginal sin, and headin' sideways for the fall.

"Brethren," says he, "bogs is the last scourin's of the gret flood. When the waters swaged down from the ark, all the onclean beastes of oreeginal sin what nacherly would n't drowned, were left 'posited in the mire-pits which had n't no runnin' outlets. Sech-like is the rep-tile ginerations, the toad-frog varminits, and the granny-hatchets. They-all harks back to Adams's stock-pond in the gyarden; only thar they was in their fust innocence.

"Thar in the pleasantness of Eden, they-all bein' nacherly angels, evenly the rep-tiles was all purely feathered in purple and gold. Winged they was same's bird-critters, head-pieces geared out with pided beaks, and their tail-pieces tied up purty in tassel-knots. Yea, sirs, and the bird-tribe their-selves was high-borned kin to the cherubims—leetle plump babe faces in their neck-ruffles. Voices they had

more sweetfuler than mipkin mockin'-birds in plum-bloomin' time. Mud varmints and water-fowl, air-wingers and tree-climbers, they was all then musicianers together.

"So come hit how the ducks and toad-frogs was all one kin and gineration on them innocent pond-waters of Eden.

"Howsomever, brethren, you knows the old history: how predestination picked the apple, and how free-will tuck a double fall outen the gyarden gate, so 's the fust paar o' humans had fer to raise their leetle offsprigs in the waller of oreeginal sin. Cain and Abel war the sprigs.

"Cain war raised to home farm and Abel to hill pastur'. Old Adam give Cain the Euphrates crick-bottom for his plantation, and Abel the Tigris for hisn. So whiles Abel he tuck to sheep-raisin', Cain he nacherly tuck to duck-breedin'.

"Well, come a day Cain drapped in at old Adams's cabin, and behapped his brother Abel war visitin' thar.

"Paw,' says Cain to old Adam, 'I 's got this-yer Euphrates done splash-dammed, like you told me, and hit shore doos make a dad-purty mill-pond. So now I kin grist my corn crap. But where-all is them ducks o' yourn, which you done promised me, for to fat 'em up with the corn crap?"

"Ducks?" thinks Abel to hisself; but he never gabbed nothin' out aloud.

"Son,' answers his paw to Cain, 'seems like hit 's a shame to disapp'int ye, but I left them ducks behind, in me-and-maw's hurry arter the apple-pickin'. Ole Jehovey has 'em yit in his gyarden stock-pond, but I dares n't dispute him his title.'

"Why dares n't ye, Paw?" Cain he axes.

"'Caiz, son,' says Adam, 'hit 'u'd jist raise up our ole law-suit—predestination agin free-will, he calls hit. All the same, ef *you* wants to chanc't them ducks with predestination, you maht climb the palin's in the dark o' the moon, and sample a paar on your own free-will hook. Mind you pack home the ole drake-rooster for to hosbond the woman-birds; and watch good for Jehovey's gate-foreman with his angel-sword!"

"Well, brethren, so Cain done hit. In the dark o' the moon he ketched the gate-angel nappin', skun over the gyarden palin's, and sampled home two paradise ducks with their ole drake-bird hosbond.

"That season, come Michaelmas, Cain had the Euphrates swimmin' with a crap o' ducklin's which they stopped navigation fer ten mile above the splash-dam.

"Fur-off on his hill pastur', Abel he stared at them ducks with gazeful thoughts, but he never thunk nothin' out aloud.

"So Michaelmas mornin', bein' time when the harvest tax on oreeginal sin were duly payable, Lord Jehovey stepped down to his gate for to nacherly collect all was comin' to him. And hit came to pass that Cain and Abel met up with him thar, all three together.

"Then Scriptur' hit says: '*Cain brung of the fruit of the ground an offerin' unto the Lord. And Abel he also brung of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof.*'

"Good mornin', fellers!' says Jehovey. 'How 's craps?"

"Craps is fat in the land, O Lord!' answers Cain, bowin' his haid.

"But Abel he raised his eyes toward the Euphrates, and thunk out aloud:

'Yea, Lord! Craps is likewise fat in the water!'

"Then the Lord Jehovey raised *his* eyes and gazed them on the crick Euphrates, and he measured thereof ten mile o' swimmin' fat ducks; and he thunk and thunk, but he never thunked nothin' out aloud.

"Then Scriptur' hit says: *'The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offerin', but unto Cain and to his offerin' he had n't nowise no respect. And Cain war very wroth, and his countenance fell. And Cain talked to Abel his brother: and hit came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain riz up agin Abel his brother, and slewed him.'*

"Yea, feller-Christ'ans, you-all knows the ole cuss o' Cain which the Lord laid on him: *'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cusst from the airth.'*

'And Cain he says unto the Lord: Behold, he says, thou has driv me out this day from the face o' the airth: and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vaggybond in the airth.'

'And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, and Cain he went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod.'"

Now, Preachin' Charlie he war jist stoppin' for to gargle his throat with corn-liquor, when ag'in yan ole Bull o' Bashoner chunk-thundered outen the bog-water:

"You 'll bubble and drown-nd!

You 'd better go rou-nd!"

And right thar, in the crookled wake of the old uppin' moon, here popped up the haid of ole Cain hisself, chinnin' his gret green sickle-mouth and his swoley eye-knobs plumb on a bloom of a water-lily.

"Yea, thar!" hollers Preachin' Charlie, swingin' Chunk's britch-bottle in the air, "Hit 's you hitself,—be ye?—thou murder-slayer of thy brother Abel!"

But yan murder-slayer jist winked one eye from the lily-bloom, and floated up his yaller-spottled hump-back, a-layin' thar on his belly, his long, green leg-paddles retched on the water-pads, ring-arounded with the moon ripples.

"'Bubble and drown,' will us? Nay, sir, Brother Cain!" hollers Charlie ag'in, "you hitself is drowned in thy brother's blood and riz in the mark of thy cussedness. For, lo! in the fulfilment of Scriptur', behold now the hump on thy back which the Lord set on ye! And who now is driv' from the airth for to become a vaggybond in the water-mire? Who now is went out from the presence of the Lord, for to dwell in the darksome land of Nod, world without endin'? Yea, who now has reaped the crap of predestination for robbin' the ducks of Eden on his own free-will hook?

"Never beller back to me, Cain! You comes by hit nacheral, this-yere oreeginal sin. Hit 's borned right in ye! Your maw and paw robbed the Lord's apple-tree, and thataway fell all man-critters. Then you ups and robs his stock-pond, and thataway fell all duck-critters. The robber and his plunder he cusst'em both eempartially. You and them ducks he damnated ye bothly to onc't. Both togither he has blasted ye to dwell in the bubbly mire which hit oozed from the blood of murder. Yea, Cain! Bloody murder hollers yit in the voice of ye, evermorely!"

Then Preachin' Charlie he turned him from ole Cain, layin' thar murder-

some in the lily-pads, and he draps his voice kindly mournful, and he says to us fellers, me and Chunk:

"Brethren," he says, "as fer them paradise ducks, the Lord's etarnal cuss has skun 'em, feathers and beaks. Nothin' birdsome hain't left to 'em, but the webs in their feet and the crack in their pitch when they 's borned.

"Only jist for a leetle dreamsy time, on the verge of A-prile, afore they 's old enough to git a-quotin' Cain's murder, evenin's arter dewfall, whiles yit the plum-bloom smells, and they halfly remimbers their ole sweetful songs away-y-y back in the feather-winged gyarden, then them naked

babelings pokes their drum-tight throats outen the bog-mire, and they blows leetle bubbles of mockin'-bird music in the eve-dusk.

"Tries, they doos, to picture hit back, their ole purty angel time, but the bubbles bust while they 's pipin'. Yit while they pipes, shet your eyes thar, and you 'll 'low ye hears a mip-kin or a thrush-bird jist aimin' to tune up. The wide-awakers whistles: '*Knee-deep! Knee-deep!*' But the leetle sleepy fellers they hollers, fur-off and dreamsy: '*Eden! Eden! Eden-gyarden!*'

"Hark a-yander, Solomon! Listen at 'em thar—the poor, damned leetle ducklin's!"

Other tales from the Kentucky Mountains will follow in the succeeding issue.)

Former Barn Lot

BY MARK VAN DOREN

Once there was a fence here,
And the grass came and tried,
Leaning from the pasture,
To get inside.

But colt feet trampled it,
Turning it brown;
Until the farmer moved,
And the fence fell down;

Then any bird saw,
Under the wire,
Grass nibbling inward
Like green fire.

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

XIV—*"Just Moonin' about the Deck"*

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

THE finest sailorman I ever knew, and, what was far more to the point, the finest one my father ever knew, as I often heard him declare, was a stalwart Irishman of forty or more, with a ruddy face and humorous eyes, and a devastating wrath on occasion. I had sailed with him, and had never seen the time when he did not lead; never was he unequal to whatever task the moment thrust upon him. Crews of sailing-vessels were shipped for the voyage, as every one knows, and, the round trip ended, were paid off and discharged: but my father, having once found John, never discharged him; moreover, John never would be discharged. They sailed together for six steady years, and when at last my father came home to die, John followed him up to our little port, and stood by on the high hill looking off over the water when we laid him to rest. Later in the afternoon I met him walking dolorously along the waterfront, and we stopped on the mill-creek bridge and talked for a long time. We talked of our old voyages together, but mostly he talked of my father. Never had he known an "old man" like him, he said over and over. He had no certain dwelling-place, for he was a homeless man, with neither

kith nor kin; but giving him my name and address, I begged him to let me know whenever he came to port in the city. He swore he would be sure to do that, and placing my card in an old black pocket-book, he tied it together with a bit of twine, and said he 'd be going along now. And with that he wrung my hand in his mighty grip, and went slowly away, never once looking back. And I, remembering his superstitions, also turned away; for to look back after parting or to watch one go away was bad luck. I never saw him or heard of him again, but I never forgot him, and in "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon" and other short tales I tried to picture him as the man I thought him to be. I think he was the last of his kind.

He was the only sailor I ever knew who did not always sleep out his watch below at night, and often, too, when we were in port, he 'd go about the dark deck recoiling the running rigging in an absent-minded way. I was given to wandering sleepless a bit myself, and once, coming upon him, I asked him why he did it. "Just moonin' about the deck," he said.

I thought of him when I came to this last chapter, remembering the things I meant to say, but had not, and the things I could not tell, lacking

the gift to give the complete picture that I had in mind, and the things that had once worried me, too, though perhaps causelessly. But certain remembrances catch me, like things out of place on shipboard, and set me "just moonin' about the deck."

The years I have tried to describe have been humdrum years, perhaps, but happy, too, in a way; for the steady grind of the work I have tried to do is not deadening if one has the singular taste to be fond of it and finds himself among people both kindly and lovable. I had come to the office at the beginning of a hot summer, and coming suddenly and altogether unexpectedly, had necessarily come alone. I have never cared for the city as a dwelling-place, and those first lonely weeks would have been desolate enough had it not been for Carey. One of the endearing things in the Irish race is a ready heart for instant understanding, and Carey had the quality in the highest degree. It did not matter who it was, a shy stranger in the office, a lone foreigner in the city, or an office boy with trouble at home—all were one to his ready heart. He never left me to mope by myself after office hours, if it was possible. He was always insisting that we go out to dinner together, and that would be the end of loneliness. Often we went to a quiet little roof garden on the top of a building overlooking the Battery and the harbor, with the familiar sounds of the passing tugs and ferry-boats coming up to us with extraordinary clearness at that hushed hour.

Often Scott Hurtt and Clarence H. Kelsey, both great friends of Carey, accompanied us. Both had been freshmen at Yale when I was a sophomore, and between Hurtt and me

there was another slight bond that was curious. I remembered Hurtt as a sturdy, fair-haired freshman who, either because he was sturdy or because, like the cat in "The Argonauts," in "The Golden Age," he "had looked at them in a nasty sort of way they did not like," had moved my room-mate, my room-mate of freshman year, and two other classmates with a consuming desire to visit him early one evening and put him to bed, an archaic form of hazing of our happy youth. Hurtt's sturdiness of appearance had more than met their expectations in reality, and the boys had been rougher than they had meant to be. A week later my room-mate and another were expelled; my room-mate of freshman year and the fourth hazer escaped. They were never questioned, and they had no reason for thinking that they were suspected. It was a college mystery why, like the two women grinding at the mill, two had been taken, and the other two left. No one that I ever knew had really believed that Hurtt, recognizing two of his tormentors, had betrayed them to the faculty, though the thought had doubtless come to the minds of some, and Hurtt may have felt that many believed him guilty of that unspeakable crime in the eyes of a boy. He must have known that I had not, for I was able to tell him that one evening near the end of our senior year Tutor Moses Stuart Phelps, the talented brother of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, dropped into my old room-mate's room for a chat. Now, one of Phelps's avocations was to teach us logic, and another was to preach in the college chapel some of the best sermons that it has ever been my fortune to hear; but to our minds his real vocation,

miraculously performed, was to make his appearance upon the scene, fully clothed, at any hour and in any place, whenever student irregularity was abroad. In the progress of their high discourse, my old room-mate said that chance had much to do with a man's success at college—mere chance.

"Yes," replied Phelps, musingly, "it has. In a way it is chance that you and B—— are here to-day, while A—— and B—— [the expelled men] are not. Still, chance may at times be modified by previous conduct and performance." The smile, sardonic, yet humorous, that every Yale man of that day knew well overspread his face. It was at last clear who had discovered the hazers, and why all had not suffered punishment: two of the pitchers had gone to the well too often.

Thus pleasantly, with Carey's aid, many hours of that first summer in the office passed. It was like Carey, that quick readiness to smooth one's way. Indeed, as one who was supposed to rank above him, I might, as human nature goes, more easily have been a cause for resentment. Of that I never discovered a sign. What had awakened in the minds of a few the suspicion that he was inclined to exalt himself in the office was due, I felt, to the undeniable fact that our literary visitors exalted him. Kipling had no sooner appeared in the city than he became Carey's long-lost brother. In the days of his highest popularity Hall Caine came to America, and hardly a day had passed before he was brought to the office, with his arm, figuratively speaking, about Carey's neck. Within a week Carey was probably doing the family's shopping; certainly Caine's young son was always under his feet. Thomas Nelson Page was his bosom

friend, and so were James Whitcomb Riley, John Fox, "Hop" Smith, Cable, oh, the whole world of letters. And we did not know how to use all that talent for friendship! In this day of scouts for writers of promise, he would have been invaluable. Given the chance, he would have beguiled a new Song of Solomon from Jeremiah himself.

Nevertheless, I am ready to admit that at times it must have been irritating to a real editor to have a popular author rush into the editorial rooms with his proof and, looking wildly about and not seeing Carey,—that, too, was natural enough, for his hours were anything but regular,—demand where he was. He had proof for him. Carey would n't have done anything with the proof except return it to the printers after the editors had considered the excited author's changes or suggestions, and that the author knew as well as we; but all that scarcely seemed a situation worth getting excited about in turn. A much more amusing way to meet it, some one suggested, would have been to disregard all the author's changes, if he had made any. That would have been getting even for his assumed lese-majesty, a very tranquilizing feeling for shocked sensibilities.

What really happened was curious (one couldn't call it logical): the names of the editors, with the several titles of editor-in-chief, associate editor, and assistant editor, appeared for the first time not in the magazine itself, but on the editorial letter paper. Thereafter every one knew his place. It had not affected Carey's status, for he was the "go-between" of editors and printers, a phrase that had become almost an office formula. In a back-

handed way it really affected his literary friends, some of whom never again darkened the office door, and Mrs. Herrick and me. We two had always been recognized as members of the editorial staff, and we still were, though more or less under the rose, as it always appeared after this, and therefore neither of us was unduly uplifted in later years to be referred to as "one of our assistants." It appeared a somewhat nebulous distinction when more exact titles were flying about in the open. The leading titles had always been definitely known, and none of us had been concerned about them; it was the tactless way in which they had now been emphasized that cut.

Mrs. Herrick was deeply hurt. She had long been a member of the staff, and was both honored and loved. If Dr. Holland were still alive, it would not have happened, she said. Personally, a ribbon to stick in my coat has never meant much to me, and I was a comparative new-comer, when one does not expect much. Besides, I was damaged goods: I was deaf. It did not affect my work, but that was not the point in a delicate question like this. A slight defect may do a household utensil no practical harm, but no one dreams of setting it up on the mantelpiece as a parlor ornament, unless, indeed, it is an antique. The old régime had already been gone a year (when Mr. Gilder died, the title of assistant editor was silently dropped), and the short succeeding one had also passed, before I became a titled ornament. Possibly by that time I had also become an antique.

§ 2

It was all a tempest in a tea-pot, which each little band appeared to

think was not heard by the other; nevertheless, it marked a change in the feeling of the company and eventually affected its morale. When the magazine was founded in 1870, on its cover were the words, "Conducted by J. G. Holland." Its name was changed to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in November, 1881, but Dr. Holland died before it reached the public. In the number for December, an editorial declared, "When the name of Dr. Holland is taken from the cover as the conductor, no other name will ever appear there." That announcement was taken to mean not only an intention to pay perpetual reverence to the memory of the beloved founder of the magazine, but to throw over his successors a modest and not too transparent veil of anonymity. Now, apparently, the editors had thought better of at least one part of their resolve, and had permitted themselves to appear as real personages on their letter-heads. It seemed like the abdication of kingship at the palace portal while playing a very real game of royalty on the back stairs. That was the view that was easy to take if one was not of the elect.

But times had changed, and the action was natural enough. While Mr. Roswell Smith and Dr. Holland lived and were active in the company, they were dominant figures to the body of ambitious young men whom they had drawn about them, and when near the close of Dr. Holland's life, the two men by their generosity bound their young aids still more closely together as material sharers in the prosperity of the company, the latter accepted the trust, and after the passing of their benefactors jealously guarded it—for themselves. That, as I said, was

natural. Altruism does not increase, like the amœba, through the natural law of fission. A corporate body becomes an autocracy. My indictment is not against individual men; it is, what Burke called impossible, an indictment against a whole nation, against humanity itself.

It was the same at sea, I knew; the quarter-deck was sacred. Rarely did a greenhorn without influence pass from the forecabin into the circle of the officers. It is n't in human nature to believe that a youngster who comes fresh and untrained under one's nominal tutelage can ever narrow appreciably the gulf between his ignorance and one's assured knowledge. He may in time acquire an incoördinated smattering of seamanship, but, then, there is experience: he can never bridge that wide chasm. From necessity he may be permitted to do things, but theoretically always under the watchful eyes of his superiors. Most shipmasters had inverted compasses hung above their berths in order to keep a sort of tab on the deck even when they were below. Even whaling captains did that, though, in the eyes of the merchant marine, whalers were a slipshod lot who had no regard for the fine traditions of the sea. I had learned at an early age that even in pleasant weather my father was always running up to the deck at night if for no other plausible reason than to see how the weather fared. Even that could not be trusted to follow sunset promises if he was not there to note its eccentricities. No one else would. The service was going to the dogs. It always is with us of the older generation.

But all these things mattered little to me more than a generation ago.

They matter still less to-day. At an early age I had desired to write, and to write of the sea, which I loved, though fully aware that it was not the all-absorbing subject to other men that it was to me. Thus even at my most romantic and hopeful period I never dreamed of finding the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or of taking the world by storm. My quiet niche in the editorial rooms therefore came to me as a godsend: it gave me, I believed, both the opportunity and the literary atmosphere to mull over unprofitable things—the ways of the unregarded men who go down to the sea in ships. My work on the staff, then, was to be a pleasant avocation. Assuredly, it was that, for the magazine stood high in public esteem, and no one could ask for more kindly or considerate superiors. Both magazine and officers won my entire loyalty.

If glimpses of certain editorial ambitions and concerns like those I have mentioned came to me from time to time, I usually watched them with something of the amused, but never sneering, tolerance that the *Struge*, with elbows on parapet, from his lofty platform looks down from Notre-Dame in Paris at the Arc de Triomphe, that symbol of the great city's ambition, and the hurrying throng below. I was n't concerned with editorial pride. I was concerned with the magazine, the unified whole that made up its excellences. Never in my most exalted moments had I dreamed or desired to be the editor or to bear his thankless responsibilities. My responsibility for keeping error out of its pages, which had fallen more and more into my hands, was quite enough, more than enough. Editorial work

was simply my avocation, the pleasant post from which to view the spectacle of life.

But in my dreams of writing I had not counted on the speed of time, its manner of slipping by while all one's minor tasks were still undone. I could work at my own tasks at night, I had thought, but I had not reckoned on the deadening effect of other somewhat similar tasks by day, or the way the latter had of encroaching upon my allotted hours. There was always work to be taken home at night, and rarely the fresh mind for my own. Only an indomitable will could face such a situation, and mine was not indomitable. It was a hopeful will that always promised easier to-morrows. But easier to-morrows never came.

§ 3

But avocation or not, the office work could not be slighted. One's sense of responsibility saw to that. Moreover, to me the work was vastly interesting, and increasingly interesting as time went on. I have already stated that I never asked my superiors how the work was to be done, preferring to give the assumption that I knew exactly what I was to do. To know what had previously been done in the matter of proof-reading, I took old numbers of the magazine home and went over them critically. As a result of that perusal, I have never been greatly impressed when on occasion the editors have said that I had kept the proof-reading of the magazine up to its high standard; for in reality there had been no standard. All the editors read proof, and read it well in what were perhaps the essentials, but no special one had apparently taken the time or had the inclination

to make uniform the punctuation, capitalization, dialectical forms, and unify other factors into a standard.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who from its earliest days had always been in a way a sort of patron saint of the magazine, and possessed certain pleasant attributes for the situation, inasmuch as he was not only always quick to praise, but was usually inclined to bestow even more than the actual occasion warranted, was the first one whom I remember as having drawn attention to the fact of our possessing a real typographical system. When his Turnbull lectures on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" were appearing serially in the magazine in 1891, he wrote to the editors that he had been agreeably surprised in the proof-reading. When he had written for the magazine in earlier days, he declared, the reading had been haphazard and lacking in consistency, but now it was as good as that of the Riverside Press. He asked if our publishing a new dictionary had had aught to do with the improvement.

Directly, it had not, of course, though indirectly it had been of material assistance. The department possessed an admirable reference-library, and that I was always consulting, and though I had resolutely abstained from seeking advice from the editors, I had no such hesitation with certain members of the large dictionary staff. If I was often a bore, they gave no inkling of the fact, but cheerfully helped me on my way, a pleasant habit of the directors of the dictionary that has continued to this day.

It was an interesting company of many talents, and often as amusing as interesting. I know that I often marveled at the tact of Mr. Benjamin

E. Smith, the managing editor; for it might easily have been an unruly team to drive, with so many strongly individualized characters. I often marveled, too, no matter how absorbed he might be in his own immediate task, at the instant readiness with which Dr. Charles P. G. Scott, the etymologist, would answer my irrelevant questions. It might be of the proper spelling of a Russian name, a Sanskrit word, or a Greek phrase, it did not matter. Often before he lifted his eyes from his own work, glibly his answer would come. It was as though he had at that moment been considering my question. That was an intellectual alertness I envied, who, when absorbed in work, frequently answer wholly at random, knowing an instant later what futile information I have given, and thus being forced to seek my questioner and correct my statement.

Once, seeking to verify the second stanza of "Lauriger Horatius" among the books in the dictionary department, and not finding it, half jokingly I asked Dr. Scott if he remembered the words. They hardly seemed in his line. Instantly, he wrote them down for me, and correctly, too, as I learned when I looked up the song at home that night. As I watched him writing out the verse, I thought of an old cartoon in "Bric-à-Brac," which pictured an Irishman and his wife pausing in front of a Chinese laundry, on the door-post of which hung an ideographic strip as a sign. In the caption the woman asked what the words meant. "I can't read them," the man replied, "but, begorra, if I had my flute here, I could play them." I told Dr. Scott the story, adding that I thought I might sing the "Lauriger

Horatius," but had been too modest to attempt to do so in the busy office. Thereupon he nodded, and gravely, though seriously or humorously I never knew which, launched into a short psychological lecture on the curious trait of the mind, which spreads its knowledge readily only through well worn channels. One of Dr. Scott's pet phrases was, "If it is n't so, it ought to be," which I felt should satisfy me if it satisfied him.

I recall no more picturesque character in the dictionary room than Dr. John W. Palmer. He was the author of the stirring ballad "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which was written, it was said, within sound of the guns of Antietam. He had been a wide adventurer in many far places, and had finally come to anchor in the dictionary room, where he did valuable work. His desk stood near that of Miss Katharine B. Wood, a brilliant and witty woman who was mainly responsible for the excellent quotations used in the dictionary. One day I was consulting the reference-books in the narrow corridor outside the main dictionary room, and, pausing near the door, saw Miss Wood and Dr. Palmer engaged in what appeared to be an exciting discussion. There was a mischievous light in Miss Wood's eyes. A moment later, as I reached up to replace my book, Dr. Palmer brushed past me, his head high, his gray beard bristling and standing straight out, his eyes gleaming behind his glasses. "Damned old fool! Damned old fool!" he muttered hoarsely as he passed me, unseeingly. Glancing into the room, I saw Miss Wood laughing. There was no doubt from whom the exploding doctor had chivalrously fled.

Professor William Dwight Whitney, the editor of the dictionary, I never saw at the office, but while at college I had taken a course under him in what we popularly called "linguistics," using his own "Life and Growth of Language" as the basis of our study. Though at first I was awed by his manner and his world-wide reputation for vast learning, I speedily found him both an approachable and illuminating teacher. Somewhat inclined to be dogmatic, a tendency which my later work at the office was well fitted to strengthen, I am sure that his influence made me more catholic in judgment. Even before I entered college I had come into possession of Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses," and the author's own trenchant convictions were quite to my taste, and for years I went up and down the earth, proudly using his pet phrases and words, with a metaphorical chip on my shoulder for all criticism. In his volume White had called the phrase "the house is being built" an "affront to the eye, a torment to the ear, and an assault upon the common sense of the speaker of plain and idiomatic English," and the opinion was so much to my fancy that the earlier form, "the house is building," to which White clung, I persistently employed, and in my more uplifted moments even using the more archaic style, "the house is in building," with the pleasant sensation of being a "well of English undefyled." This, and many another like idol, Professor Whitney shattered. Thirty years before—this he said in 1877—"is being built" was unknown, though it had since become firmly established in the language; and he warned me that English was not a dead tongue, and any attempt

to curb its flexibility and growth was like the endeavor to sweep back the tides of the sea with a broom.

When I entered the office and our list of tabooed words came into my hands, I saw that the editors had included in the list words that White had condemned, though I no longer thought them outside the pale. That of course was not my concern; as a subordinate, I had nothing to do but to follow the usage of the magazine. Sometimes, however, the editors themselves changed their minds, when they could exhibit all the usual zeal of ardent converts in condemning the things they once loved. For instance, for twenty-five years after my coming to the office, in accordance with our list, the words "as if" were always changed to "as though." Then one day there was brought to our attention a little manual of "correct" English in which, by an ingenious method of filling out the supposedly necessary words to complete the logical meaning of the expression, "as if" was made to appear as definitely accurate and logical as the multiplication table itself, and "as though" but arrant nonsense. The mathematical conclusiveness of the whole explanatory phrase, which was, of course, not to be incorporated in written or spoken speech, but was, as it were, merely a certificate of legitimate birth, impressed some of the editors so strongly that I was straightway ordered to throw overboard our long-used "as though" and substitute "as if" for our future pilot through the puzzling channel of correct English. Though I had never seen any reason for objecting to either phrase, the proof-reading madness for regularity and consistency now led me to venture a feeble protest

and I asked the reformers if Keats had defiled the language when he wrote:

"As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

That, I was told, was different, though why no one chose to explain. Therefore, in my stubbornness, I shifted my ground, and brought to the office T. L. Knighton Oliphant's "The New English," which shows that "as though" was used by Nicholas Udall as early as 1543, while "as if" first appeared in the language not until 1603, when Shakspeare employed it, and both forms had been used ever since. But nothing availed, and "as if" became our standard of good usage until the close of the old régime, when I dropped it, as well as a few others, from our list of tabooed forms, since which time authors have been permitted to use "as if" or "as though" at pleasure. I hope they have not corrupted the language.

§ 4

It is sometimes amusing to remember how often the placid surface of life was disturbed in our microcosm by these trifles, and how momentous they often appeared to be. Perhaps they were like the artificially created bubbles that sweeten the waters of reservoirs. For life was usually placid and contented in our little world, and was sufficiently democratic to present no appalling irregularities. We knew nothing of rigid rules or time-clocks, and vacations were long for both men and women employees. The company had been one of the first in the city to employ women largely, and there was no discrimination between the sexes, and all received a month's vacation. Dr. Holland had usually spent the summer months in the Thousand

Islands, and in my early years with the magazine Mr. Gilder was at Marion, on Buzzard's Bay, at that season, though the period was a release from office hours rather than from work. No later editor has ever appeared able to bring about the same escape from the city and the desk in summer. But some of the editorial staff and higher officers of the company had early evolved a pleasant institution that was euphemistically called "saving up vacations and going to Europe." As foreign travel was naturally more broadening and helpful to those who directed affairs and devised the main features for public entertainment and culture, its blessings reasonably went their way. Every one could see the justice of that. Indeed, it was a real necessity for the growth and prosperity of the magazine, and thus for the bread in the mouths of those who stayed at home. This was naturally the belief of those who made the journeys. Moreover, those left at home enjoyed the rare opportunity of gaining experience while doing the work of the absent ones, and they could at least dream of the pleasant day when they too might take the happy road and improve their minds.

Thus periodically in early spring it would become known about the office that A—— was taking no vacation that summer. "Taking no vacation" usually meant leaving the office only for the week-end, which was a latitudinarian term for going into the country Thursday or Friday afternoon and returning Tuesday morning. After such exhaustive labor in "saving up a vacation," A—— would depart in the autumn for an absence of six months or a year in Europe. It was one of the blessed results of our system of all

doing whatever came to our hands that the absentee would eventually return immeasurably broadened and refreshed, and without having been greatly missed.

The one serious flaw in the system was that it did not always work. Not being of an initiative turn of mind perhaps, I had been in the office twenty-five years without having made any serious effort to broaden my outlook in like manner, when one day Mr. Johnson suggested that I save up my vacations and go to Europe. In my case it meant literally saving them up, I found; and for once it appeared worth while not to be too guileless and to have the matter thoroughly understood. Therefore, I told Mr. Scott, the president, what I was doing.

"Very well," he said laughingly, "but see that they do not forget." Unhappily, he was a good prophet, for he died in November, 1912, and Mr. Johnson retired from the magazine the following spring, and four years of saving up vacations went for nothing: "they" had forgotten.

Then changes in the editorship came thick and fast, while I remained as a sort of Vicar of Bray. That was pleasant enough, but not a state fruitful of relaxation from work. For years longer I had no release from the office. Often I thought that in "My Lord the Elephant" *Ortheris* had described the situation accurately: "Same as canaries," said *Ortheris* from the darkness. 'Draw a line on a bloomin' little board, put their bloomin' little beaks there, stay so for hever an' hever, amen, they will.'"

I am fully aware that it was mainly my own fault. If at any time I had said that I needed rest, no one would have objected. But naturally no one

felt impelled to force rest upon another who appeared entirely unconcerned about the matter. But, like Martha, I was troubled with much serving. Life I could take easily, the uniform life, the mere act of living; but tasks I could not. There lay duty, the obligation to others, the necessity of justifying oneself and one's work. Yet it was, too, a kind of inertia, a reluctance to depart from the beaten track. I disliked change, and missed the accustomed round of habitual tasks. So long, too, had I been performing them that I had come to think that no one else would dot the i's as I had dotted them or cross the t's in my accustomed way. And then there was the pride of being always at attention, of being constantly at the call of the need of the moment. That, I take it, is an idiosyncrasy of elderly people, who are given to lamenting the degeneracy of the young, glancing furtively, perhaps, over their shoulders at the lengthening shadows of their own day.

Undoubtedly, too, there is now a greater need of constant watchfulness; changing times and different office conditions compel that. The war made havoc; it flooded us with terms for which the reference-books gave no aid. The overturn in Europe brought more. Changing editors and the loss of the old interlocking system of common tasks made us all specialists in the editorial rooms. There it has been both interesting and sometimes amusing to watch the reactions of my several chiefs to the situation—to my part in the situation. One was apparently not concerned whether I was in the office or in heaven, though I suspect he preferred heaven as my abiding-place. One was fearful if I was not at my desk. It was not so much that I

was always needed as that he was forever looking forward to the untoward happening that never came to pass. He wanted to be fortified on all sides, even against the improbable. Under one, with his entire approval, I went away for two weeks; but manuscripts and proofs followed me every day: thus I had merely changed my status to that of a night editor. On my return, I asked him if he thought that a holiday. With something between surprise and reproach at my misunderstanding of the situation, he said:

"Why, Frank, I thought you liked to work!"

I did indeed, I told him, but that one of the joys of work was in coming back to it after a season of deprivation.

I suppose the trouble has been that I have wanted to eat my cake, and yet have it: I have given the impression that I could n't be spared, yet resent it when I am taken at my word. My present chief, Mr. Frank, puzzles me, his attitude is so constantly one of hopefulness and trust. He tells me that whenever I feel like staying away, to stay away. I stay away, pleased with the generous consideration, but somewhat disturbed by his optimism. How can he be sure that I can be spared?

I am not thinking of my work; that is a part of life, to be lived through normally, like the succession of the seasons, about which no one need be concerned: they manage in some way to compass their courses. But what about the beautiful faith or illusion of being in a way a landmark that one comes in time to acquire? Forty years at the same tasks are not to be sneered at, one feels.

I fear that the poet, writing in

youth, did not properly interpret the mind of *Tithonus* when he made the immortal old man lament his lost youth. What was youth to the joy of relating to wondering hearers the happenings of far-off days that no youth would ever again see? The glamour of changed days and ways! To my quiet corner, people, young people, come with all manner of questions. I have been there so long that I am graciously supposed to be a card index of the magazine from its first number. I am so pleased with their touching faith that I almost believe that I am. I resent it when they do not come except at long intervals. And they ask other questions—questions remote from the magazine. All one long summer a young assistant in the outer office came to me every Saturday morning to ask me what the weather would be over the week-end. She wanted to know what hat to wear in the country. That was even better than being questioned about books, or the title of a poem some correspondent wanted to find, but could give little that would serve as a clue. For though most of the decided opinions that I brought to the office forty years ago have been discarded or forgotten, I still have a touching faith in my skill in predicting the weather, even to knowing when to be doubtful about it. So long as that lasts, I shall not be really old.

Sometimes in detecting articles for which I have only the faintest of clues I have real triumphs. The young member of the staff who opens the mail, and comes upon inquiries of this sort, is pleased, apparently, to think of it as a game in which I am matched against seekers of obscure things. One day recently she came to my desk with the smiling face of confidence.

"I think they have stumped you this time, Mr. Tooker," she said as she gave me an opened note. The writer stated that she desired greatly to obtain a story that she had read in *THE CENTURY* perhaps ten years before, perhaps twenty. It was hard to say. The characters in it, she thought were half-breed Portuguese or negroes, and the scene was laid in a square or street of a little city. She remembered that a great storm had suddenly risen in which strange and dreadful things had happened, though what they were she could no longer recall. Was it possible for any one in the office to place the story from all this? she asked.

Of course it was. Instantly, I rose, looked in the file of bound magazines behind my chair, and, opening a volume at the story desired, said gravely to the bearer of the letter:

"That is the story."

"Why, that is wonderful!" she exclaimed, her eyes widening in an awe that was very pleasant to see.

I fancy, however, that when she read the name of the author of the story, she felt, rather, that the god of Good Luck was once more on my side, for the name was my own. It does not require any special acumen to know one's own child.

My memory, I find, is fantastically freakish and plays strange tricks; it has a way of ignoring important things that might be vastly useful, while cherishing the little tags with which they are labeled.

For instance, I think that I know the theory of compounding words fairly well, but there are always exceptions: the exceptions elude me. I look up certain words of the sort over and over. Though I cannot retain in

my mind any certainty whether they have hyphens or are fully compounded, I know exactly where on the page of the dictionary I shall find them—two inches from the bottom of the inside column of the left page, or near the middle of the outside column of the right, perhaps.

All my life I have used a system of mnemonics all my own. As a boy aboard-ship, to help me remember that the green light at night was placed on the starboard, or right, side, while the red light was placed on the port, or left, I had only to associate the comparatively long words "green," "starboard," "right," and the short ones, "red," "port," "left," to be forever after certain. Also, associating "embarrass" and "harass," the phrase "an embarrassment of riches" conclusively indicates which word is the one that is over-dowered with r's. Thus I have gone a long way toward clothing the elusive facts of life in a mnemonic masquerade more readily remembered than the actual forms.

Perhaps this same freakishness of memory is a quality noticeable in these recollections: the more important things have been forgotten, while the details have been kept in mind. However, the story is ended. In "moonin' about the deck" too long I may be in danger of distorting the relativity of importance between myself and my subject, as *Uncle Cephas Bascom*, a Cape Cod shoemaker, did in the delightful story "Five Hundred Dollars," by C. H. White, published in *THE CENTURY* many years ago. A neighbor of the good shoemaker thus related the incident:

"He used to visit his married daughter, in Vermont, and up there they knew he came from the sea-board, and

they used to call him 'Captain Bascom.' So one time when he was there, they had a Sabbath-school concert, and nothing would do but 'Captain Bascom' must talk to the boys, and tell them a sea-yarn, and draw a moral. . . . Well, Uncle Cephas was rather pleased with his name of 'Captain Bascom,' and he did n't like to go back on it, and so he flaxed round to git up something. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath-school at Northhaven; he told how a poor boy minded his mother, and then got to tend store, and then kep' store himself, and then he jumped it on them. 'That poor boy,' says he, 'now stands before you.' So Uncle Cephas thought

him up a similar yarn. Well, he had never spoke in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy, and all that, and how the poor boy when he grew up was out at sea, in an open boat, and he saw a great sword-fish making for the boat Hail Columbia, and bound to stave right through her and sink her—and how this man he took an oar, and give it a swing, and broke the critter's sword square off; and then Uncle Cephas—he 'd begun to get a little flustered—he stops short, and waves his arms, and says he, 'Boys, what do you think! That sword-fish now stands before you!'"

The End

City Moon

BY JAMES RORTY

A thin moon hurrying, blown from the sea,
A starved faun-moon that the black-roaring breakers have hunted
and bayed,
Like a leaf, like a white cry lost in the wind, like a bird;
A thin moon fluting while the city trumpets blare,
And the whistles are shrill at the crossings, the motors screech and
plunge—
"Stay with us, faun-moon!" the bright lights beckon and cry;
"Hide in my breast!" calls the girl from the high window leaning;
Wistful, hill-hungry, the faun-moon lingers at gaze;
Leaps the last chimney-pot, hurries, and fades.

The Real Issue in the Campaign

A Non-Partizan Analysis

BY ERNEST GRUENING

THREE months from this writing some thirty millions of us Americans will indulge in the national quadrennial pastime. We shall vote. And as we cross our ballot and drop it into the box we shall feel, many of us, a certain swelling consciousness of satisfaction and power: we, the sovereign people, are settling the nation's fate for four years.

It's astounding, come to think of it, how quickly and easily we sovereign voters shall dispose of the matter. Here are but a few hours of one day, once yearly for local affairs, one fourth as often for the national destiny. The voting itself takes only a few seconds. In that instant we decide, or think we do, issues as distinct as the Philippines and Muscle Shoals, as unrelated as Volsteadism and the Esch-Cummins law—decide them all, simply, effectively, in the elementary yes-and-no manner long familiar to us. For over a hundred million people this is the supreme political moment, their sole contact with their Government, the acid testing of democracy, the referendum of referendums, the determination of how a nation, conceived as ours was, shall endure.

Yet though the possible alternatives and the possible results may be few at best, but two in most Presidential

elections, the motives that determine our choice will be numerous. We shall vote for one party because our fathers did and we always have; because we think that one party rather than another will help solve our economic problems; because we believe this or that issue to be of vital import this year and one party appears to meet it better than another; and some of us will vote for the man rather than for measures. In short, probably no one issue will dominate all of us or even a great part of us. None has for over half a century; not since the Republican party came into being on the issue of slavery and on the preservation of the Union.

Yet there have been issues within the generation over which men have waxed hot, over which eyes have blazed, and souls have been stirred. At times in the last fifty years many have gone to the polls believing that they were voting for issues of transcendent importance to the nation and to themselves. Some of them seem a bit remote to us now—greenbackism, free silver. Others are recurrent. Twelve years ago some millions of voters thrilled with the crusader's urge, convinced that the life and spirit of our democracy were at stake. Within a year they were disillusioned.

Eight years ago many millions voted in the belief that their ballots were determining the issue of war or no war. Six months later they knew they had been mistaken. And four years ago? For what did twenty-seven million Americans, including the newly enfranchised women, vote? Was it a vote of censure, repudiation, or weariness—a negative vote for an unknown and obscure candidate to reject the power and policies then in effect and in office? Or was it the “great and solemn referendum” on America’s participation in the League of Nations that President Wilson declared it to be? There will be no agreement. Who can tell how many voted the Republican ticket thinking it a vote for the league on the strength of Charles E. Hughes’s, Herbert Hoover’s, and thirty-one prominent pro-league Republicans’ pronouncements that that was the surest way of getting in?

Certain it is that for the average voter the issues in that most important event in the evolution of our democracy, the Presidential election, are confused and blurred. It was so in 1912 and in 1916. It was never more so than in 1920, when the personalities of both candidates were equally negligible, when the war, still overshadowing all else, had been supported equally by both major parties, and where the only pretense of an issue, the league, drew voters to and from each of the candidacies.

Indeed, it is a truism to say that this can scarcely be hailed as a satisfactory exhibition of the working out of our republican institutions. Is it, then, an exaggeration to say that in such a spectacle we were witnessing their atrophy?

What are the issues that will in-

fluence the influenceable voters this year?

Foreign policy: the league, America’s participation or non-participation in Europe’s affairs, imperialism, the Philippines.

Economic issues: “Prosperity,” the high cost of living, employment, taxation, the bonus, the farmer’s condition, the railroads.

Peace: armament, army and navy appropriations, “defense” or “mobilization” day.

Immigration.

Prohibition.

Clean, honest, and efficient government.

The personalities of the candidates.

To determine where the various parties stand, to appraise their past performance, and to gage their future policies, one should be able to turn to the platforms. But preëlection promises, whether writ as planks or uttered during the campaign, have become sorry jests.

§ 2

Let us glance at these preëlection documents for that enlightenment which each sovereign, yet simple, voter has a right to seek to aid him in making up his regal mind.

The Republican platform, after an initial tribute to President Harding, passes on to a glowing eulogy of President Coolidge: “We share in the national thanksgiving that in the great emergency created by the death of our great leader there stood forth fully equipped to be his successor one whom we had nominated as Vice-President [although we were planning not to renominate him] Calvin Coolidge, who as Vice-President and President by his every act has justified the faith and

confidence which he won from the nation [but not from the senators of his own party]."

Then this résumé of achievement: "When the Republican administration took control . . . in 1921 there were 4,500,000 unemployed; industry and commerce were stagnant; agriculture was prostrate; business was depressed. . . . Peace was delayed. [By the senators of what party is not indicated.] To-day industry and commerce are active. . . . Our foreign policy was never more definite and more consistent [except that we reversed our earlier policies in recognizing the Baltic States and Mexico, and our President and senators opposed each other on the world court and Japanese exclusion]. The tasks to which we have put our hands are completed." And in the next sentence, "Time has been too short for the correction of all ills received as a heritage from the Democratic administration." Which of these two contradictory statements is to be given credence by the sovereign voter, he is not told.

"We demand [of whom is not stated] . . . rigid economy in government. A policy of strict economy enforced by the Republican administration since 1921 has made possible a reduction in taxation" etc. Of course the cessation of hostilities had nothing to do with it.

"We favor a comprehensive reorganization of the executive departments and bureaus along the line of the plan recently submitted." It was submitted three years ago and blocked by the administration.

Under civil service: "The improvement in the enforcement of the merit system has been marked and effective." Yet on June 23 last William Dudley

Foulke, President of the Civil Service Reform League, wrote President Coolidge, protesting against the wholesale dismissal of postal employees for political reasons in violation of the civil-service act, saying that the matter had been called in vain to the postmaster-general's attention and that "many cases have occurred since our last interview with you on the subject last September and even since your interview with Richard H. Dana, the former President of the league last April."

Here is the agricultural situation illumined: "We recognize our agricultural activities are still struggling with adverse conditions that have brought about distress. We pledge the party [if it can get four more years] to take whatever steps are necessary [whatever they may be] to bring about a balanced condition [we are expert balancers] between agriculture, industry and labor which was destroyed by the Democratic Party. . . . We affirm that under the Republican administration the problems of the farmer have received more serious consideration than ever before." Half a dozen more paragraphs emphasize said consideration with this shrewd summary: "The crux of the problem from the standpoint of the farmer is the net profit he receives from his outlay. The process of bringing the average prices of what he buys and what he sells closer together can be promptly expedited by reduction in taxes, steady employment in industry and stability in business." What could be neater?

Labor is similarly blessed: "The increasing stress of industrial life," etc., "have made it especially incumbent on those in authority to protect

labor from undue exactions." [Have faith in "undue," O worker!]

According to the World War veterans' plank these are to fare even more handsomely: "We reaffirm the admiration and gratitude which we feel for soldiers and sailors; the Republican Party pledges a continual and increasing solicitude [pledging solicitude is certainly an audacious stroke] for all those suffering any disability. . . . No country and *no Administration has ever shown a more generous disposition in the care of its disabled or more thoughtful consideration in providing a sound administration.*" . . . Italics mine, because, in view of the Forbes looting of the Veterans' Bureau, comment appears superfluous.

The Conservation plank is as cool: "We believe in the development, effective and efficient, whether of oil, timber, coal or water power resources of this government . . . controlled with a scrupulous regard and ever vigilant safeguards against waste, speculation and monopoly. The natural resources of the country are a part of an estate belonging to generations yet unborn." Possibly the Doheny or Sinclair estate.

The negro, whose sixty-year allegiance seems to be wavering to "the party that gave to the country the immortal Abraham Lincoln," as the convention orators invariably thunder it, gets a plank: "We urge the Congress to enact at the earliest date a Federal anti-lynching law." Yet the sixty-seventh Congress elected in 1920 with the largest Republican majority since the Reconstruction period failed to pass it.

The ladies, God bless 'em! are treated gallantly. They are greeted and welcomed "as co-workers but

not as co-office holders] for the Republican Party from the beginning [from the beginning of what?] has espoused the cause of women suffrage."

And so on. Let me insist that I am not writing as a partizan. I am attempting to draw certain conclusions about the political game as it has been played in America. If it so happens that this year the Democratic platform seems a little less evasive, a little less loaded with buncombe than the Republican, it is only fair to recall that it is easier to "view with alarm" and to spy defects in a current administration when one's own errors have been softened by the passage of time. And the Democratic platform has its share of meaningless generalizations, its "weasel" words, and its honeyed phrases.

§ 3

Take for instance its plank calling for a referendum on war, "a relic of barbarism . . . justifiable only as a measure of defense, except in case of threatened attack." The "threatened" is the "weasel" word. When in the name of common sense cannot the military experts of a nation demonstrate that an attack may be "threatened?" I am not discussing the merits of the issue—the referendum on war. I am simply trying to point out that many of the planks are, well, gold bricks, if we may thus mix our building materials, and are so intended. With them one group is to be pleased and fooled; simultaneously whatever other group may be displeased is made aware of the joker in the proceeding. Thus the capturing of both is attempted. The ignoring of the bonus in both Republican and Democratic platforms is a typical instance of fence-straddling.

The record of each party on that issue is such that it can be favorably interpreted both to those who support and to those who oppose the bonus.

Throughout the Democratic platform one finds fervent and prideful references to the prosperity under Woodrow Wilson: "The economic life of the nation was quickened. . . . America enjoyed an unprecedented era of social and material progress," etc., but nary an intimation that the favorable economic conditions were due to the war, that in 1913-14 the country was in a serious depression; never an admission that the period of deflation in 1921, for which the platform holds the Republicans responsible, was an inevitable consequence of the war and would have occurred under any administration; nor any suggestion that the severity of the crash could have been greatly lessened had the Democrats adopted a pay-as-you-go financial policy and relied more on drastic taxation than on bond issues to finance the war.

"The Republican Party is concerned chiefly with material things: The Democratic Party is concerned chiefly with human rights." Yet is it in the solidly Democratic South that these so-called "human rights"—the right of children not to labor, their right to compulsory education, the right of girls to an adult "age of consent," the right of married women in industry to the earnings of their own toil, the right of workers to protective social legislation, the right of negroes not to be lynched and to secure justice in the courts—have been more flagrantly and persistently ignored than in any other part of the country.

In the civil-liberties plank, "the Democratic Party reaffirms its adher-

ence to those cardinal principles upon which our government is founded . . . no . . . abridging the freedom of speech or press, or the right of people peaceably to assemble. . . . These principles we pledge ourselves to defend and maintain." Yet all these were consistently violated by government officials in the second Wilson administration. And, "we pledge the Democratic Party . . . to condemn and destroy government by the spy . . . as by this Republican administration was both encouraged and practiced"—but initiated in American government by the Democrats and practised in the Department of Justice under T. W. Gregory and his successor, A. Mitchell Palmer, and in the post-office under Albert Sidney Burleson. Through them the word espionage took its place in our lexicon.

And speaking of Burleson, the postal employees get a special plank "in favor of adequate salaries to provide decent living conditions." Yet with the cost of living at its post-war peak and wages in virtually every line doubled and more, it was the deliberate Burlesonian policy to keep his clerks as close to the pre-war wage as possible. He was a sweat-shopper if ever there was one in the cabinet.

The Democratic platform says not one word on immigration, although senators and representatives from the South voted almost to a man for the Johnson bill, the two per cent. quota based on the census of 1890. Why the silence over a measure designed to protect the purity of American race, maintain our high standards of living, exclude pernicious alien influences, etc.? Because in the Northern cities where the Democrats must pile up

majorities are many voters, members of the races discriminated against. Oh, yes, there *is* a plank on *Asiatic* immigration, pledging "ourselves to maintain our established position in favor of exclusion." Surely. There is no Asiatic immigrant vote.

In their law-enforcement plank the Democrats are pained that "the Republican administration has failed to enforce the prohibition law. The Democratic Party pledges itself to respect and enforce the Constitution and all laws." But neither under Cleveland nor Wilson were the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments either respected or enforced, nor does any one imagine they will be if John W. Davis and a Democratic Congress are elected in November.

§ 4

One might continue almost indefinitely to cite similar attempts to mesmerize the voters from the platforms of this and previous electoral years. The voters themselves are becoming increasingly "wise to" the national shell game. So it is not surprising that one hears with greater frequency and emphasis the assertion that no essential difference exists between Republican and Democratic parties; that the issues alleged in each campaign are fictitious or meaningless; that "big business" pulls the strings in both cases; that a different set of lesser spoilsmen profits, but that for the vast majority of the people the result is the same. It is largely out of this plaint that has sprung the third (Progressive) party movement headed by La Follette and Wheeler.

Substantiation of this charge is not hard to find. It may be glimpsed in the enthusiasm of many stalwart Re-

publicans, firm Coolidge supporters, over the nomination of John W. Davis. "Business is safe either way," is their pæan. It was, as has been stated, never more justified or its basis more apparent than in the Presidential campaign of 1920. It is wholly significant that the seven million vote majority of the Republicans in that year disappeared by the time of the congressional elections of 1922. In each case the sentiment of the voters was negative, a rebuke for the group in power, "election by disgust." Inevitably, party allegiance is becoming more and more tenuous. The issues which gave birth to the Republican party, and which, conversely, distinguished the Democratic party, arose sixty-odd years ago. They were secession and slavery. In modified form they persisted for some years after the Civil War. The manufacturing North demanded a protective tariff. The South did not need it. So the tariff became the only outstanding issue between the parties. Minor issues there were, of course. The Northern Democrats, in large part more recent comers to America in the cities, exercised a modifying influence. Other issues sprang up from time to time, dictated by the exigencies of the moment and the personalities of the candidates. Such was the free-silver issue injected by William Jennings Bryan in 1896. So is the "mobilization day" issue seized upon by Governor Bryan in this campaign. It represents no permanent distinction between the two parties. With the increasing industrialization of the South, the tariff issue has faded. The Democrats would still favor less extreme rates than the Payne-Aldrich and Fordney-McCumber tariffs pro-

vided, but they demand protection for cotton, for peanuts, and for the other products in which the Southland has a stake as eagerly as their Northern brother industrialists.

If, therefore, the differences between the two old parties appear to be more marked in this campaign than in the previous one, it still may be asserted, as we shall demonstrate presently, that the difference is largely one of shading and degree in certain issues. It is also to be expected that the Progressive platform contrasts rather sharply with the other two, since the wholly different character of that movement is one of the important distinctions claimed for it by its proponents. To begin with, it is much briefer, one reason being that it has no party past to which it can "point with pride" or the errors of which it need gloss over with high-sounding verbiage. It is not possible, of course, to judge its declarations on the basis of past performance. Yet there are certain evasions. They make no reference to the League of Nations. Their platform omits mention of prohibition, presumably because while the La Follette farm following is "dry," his city constituencies are wet. It avoids the immigration question, which would either arouse antagonisms among his native labor following or alienate his support among the recently naturalized in the industrial centers. It contains a resolution in favor of the forty thousand colored Virgin Islanders, but ignores completely the gross discriminations and illegalities visited upon the 11,000,000 negroes of American birth. And in expressing sympathy for "the aspirations of the Irish people for freedom and independence," it is guilty of pure traditional platform "eye-wash."

Nevertheless, with all discounts made, the platforms reveal that we are dealing in this election, perhaps for the first time in a generation, with genuine differences of political belief. The Republican platform is the "right." We move leftward toward the Democratic, thence to the Progressive, while on the extreme left is the insignificant group that represents radicalism in this country, the ticket headed by the Communists, Foster and Gitlow. Names and labels by themselves are of course meaningless. They signify different things to different people and vary with the times. The adjectives reactionary, conservative, progressive or liberal, and radical, represent the rainbow of political hues from white to red. To the regular Republican, a Democratic victory would be a bearable, but less desirable, alternative, La Follette Progressivism a national calamity, and Foster's doctrines as unimaginable and unthinkable in America as the destruction of the world by an earthquake on the morrow. To the La Follette Progressive of 1924, Republicanism represents stark reaction, the Democracy conservatism, or perhaps reaction masking as liberalism, the Communist left, rank and destructive radicalism. Some relative picture exists for every partizan. Few, of course, find everything in any one party's platform to their liking.

Yet details and exceptions aside, the alinement of parties *seriatim* from right to left is unmistakable.

Persistently the Republican platform expresses its unqualified opposition to "government in business" and its enthusiasm for "private initiative." The Democratic platform while not outspoken is clearly not opposed to

continuing the present status of ownership. The initial Progressive plank demands "the use of the Federal power to crush private monopoly, not to foster it." So, too, the Republican platform defends its policy of leasing the nation's water power to private interests; the Democrats "favor suspension of the granting of Federal water power licenses . . . until Congress has received reports" concerning them; the Progressive platform pledges "public ownership of the nation's water power and creation of a public superpower system." The Republicans applaud the Esch-Cummins law; the Democrats criticize its working and ask for its revision; the Progressives condemn it, demand its repeal and government ownership of railroads.

The Republicans have their Mellon plan; the Democrats emphasize that their schedule, put through the last Congress, lightens the burden proportionately more for small incomes than for large; the Progressives would go still further in the same direction, in addition restore the excess-profits tax, and tax stock dividends, and undistributed profits. The Republicans stand firmly for protection "designed to support the high American economic level of life"; the Democrats condemn the Fordney-McCumber tariff as "the most unjust, unscientific and dishonest tariff tax measure ever enacted in our history," and as "class legislation which defrauds all the people for the benefit of a few; the Progressives demand the repeal of tariff duties on the "trust-controlled necessities of life."

The Republican platform declares against "further weakening of our regular army," advocates appropria-

tions for "citizens' military training camps, Reserve Officers' training corps and the reserves who offer themselves for service," and President Coolidge named a national "Defense Day." The Democratic platform demands "a strict and sweeping reduction by land and sea so that there shall be no competitive military program or naval building," but "until agreements to this end have been made we advocate an army and navy adequate to our safety"; the Democratic candidates joined in condemning "Defense Day" as "Mobilization Day," and in advocating only a partial adherence to the program. The Progressive platform calls for the outlawry of war by treaty with other nations, drastic reduction of land, air, and naval armaments, and guarantees public referendums on peace and war; moreover it specifically condemns "Mobilization Day"; finally La Follette's opposition to anything suggestive of militarism is well known.

On the issue of American imperialism the Republican platform postpones Philippine independence indefinitely, makes no mention of the Virgin Islands, utters a totally empty phrase concerning "permanent accord" with Latin-America, and omits all reference of the occupation of Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. The Democratic platform favors immediate Philippine independence, mentions the Virgin Islands, though only recommending vaguely "legislation for the welfare of its inhabitants," and, like the Republican, ignores our military conquest in the Caribbean, the fact being that both parties have been parties to it. The Progressive platform pledges immediate Philippine independence, legislation to provide a civil, in place of the present naval, government for the

Virgin Islands, and denounces "every use of the armed forces of the United States, as has occurred all too frequently in our relations with Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and other nations of Central and South America."

In their labor pronouncements both Republican and Democratic platforms deal in vague generalities. Both avoid mentioning unionization. The Democrats, however, "favor collective bargaining." The Progressive platform demands "adequate laws to guarantee . . . the right to organize and bargain collectively." It also contains what is essentially a labor plank, although it deals with judiciary matters, for "abolition of the tyranny and usurpation of the courts including the practice of nullifying legislation in conflict with the political, social and economic theories of the judges. Abolition of injunction in labor disputes and of the power to punish for contempt without trial by jury."

In attempting to captivate the farmer, both Republicans and Democrats write at considerable length, with much emphasis on general conditions. The burden of their respective songs is that under Republican policies of tariff, foreign relations, taxation, transportation, or *vice versa*, under Democratic policies of tariff, foreign relations, etc., the farmer can't help flourishing. The Progressive platform calls for the "creation of a government marketing corporation to provide a direct route between farm producer and city consumer, to assure farmers fair prices for their products, and to protect consumers from the profiteers in foodstuffs and other necessities of life."

Thus it will be seen that on the majority of issues the Democratic Party occupies a place somewhere

between Republican and Progressive. On a few issues, such as a waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea and in condemning child labor, the three platforms are identical. On foreign policy they differ widely. Apart from the differences on imperialism above mentioned, the Republicans reject the League of Nations, but "favor the adherence of the United States" to the Permanent Court of International Justice "as recommended by President Coolidge." The Democrats demand a referendum on America's entry into the league, to be followed by such entry if the vote is affirmative. The Progressives favor a vague "common international action to effect the economic recovery of the world," but also "an active policy to bring about revision of the Versailles treaty." The voters should remember that all the above policies are inexecutable without a majority in Congress loyally supporting the executive. In addition the Progressive platform strikes a sharply different note in denouncing "the mercenary system of degraded foreign policy under recent administrations in the interests of financial imperialists, oil monopolists, and international bankers, which has at times degraded our State Department from its high service as a strong and kindly intermediary of defenseless governments to a trading outpost for those interests and concession seekers engaged in the exploitation of weaker nations, as contrary to the will of the American people, destructive of domestic development and provocative of war."

Now, the significant thing about all this is the differentiation of the issues in the present campaign. In contrast with that of 1920, where the voter had

relatively little variety in his choice either of issues or of persons, or that of 1916, where he voted for what he thought was one thing and got another, the 1924 campaign offers the gamut of policies. Reduced to simplest terms, what the three parties are saying to the voters is:

Republican. "We 've done well enough to deserve reelection. The stability and prosperity of the country require it."

Democratic. "The Republicans have been guilty of corruption, waste, and inefficiency. Theirs has been a government of privilege. Clean house!"

Progressive. "Both old parties are frauds. The real issue is the economic. Government for the service of all and not for the mastery of the few."

It is my purpose in this article not to advocate one set of these policies against another. It is my desire not to agree or differ here with the characterization of one party and its policies by the adherents of another political faith. But I do want to point out my belief that from the greater diversity and competition in ideas which this three-cornered contest is producing, will inevitably emerge a greater realism and a closer approach to honesty in envisaging political issues, by which every voter and the entire practice of democracy will be immeasurably the gainer. It is obvious that the business of government, especially of our government, is one of the most important enterprises in the world, and one in which every one of us has important stakes, material and spiritual. We would never allow our private business to be transacted on the basis of ambiguity, evasion, and pretense which characterizes the conduct of our common governmental undertaking.

§ 5

However, we know that it is not the regulars who decide a national electoral contest. It is the floating, the independent, the "mugwump" vote, the vote for which party platforms are spread, blandishments tried, the myths of personalities created, and for which the propaganda mills are turning out their grist.

To this voting group, the determining factor in our politics, is offered to-day a wider choice than it has ever had. It is not, to be sure, a choice of great or alarming width. The Republican and Democratic policies have been familiar to the country throughout the lifetime of the oldest voter. The Progressive policies, however obnoxious they may be to some, contain no idea or plan that has not been discussed for years by Americans or that in some actual or analogous form has not been tried out somewhere in our country. It is a platitude that the radicalism of to-day becomes the conservatism of to-morrow. In 1888 the Union Labor Convention, which occupied as utterly unimportant and insignificant a rôle in that election as the Single-Tax party will in this, placed in its platform the following planks: direct election of United States senators, equal suffrage, a graduated income tax, arbitration in labor disputes, no importation of contract labor, no Chinese immigration. How super-radical some of those planks, all of which are now part of the law, of the accepted law, of the land, seemed in those days! None of the planks in the current Progressive platform evokes the derision that equal suffrage did twenty years ago, or the contumely of the income tax, the mildest form of

which was declared unconstitutional in Grover Cleveland's day.

What, then, is the real issue confronting the electorate in 1924? Rising above the immediate issues which peer through the party platforms, which may, so to speak, be read between the cracks, issues either of several years' incubation, or grasped at adventitiously in the heat of the campaign by the candidates, is a more basic and more important one which concerns all voters. It is the promise and fact of reality, of tangibility, of conflict, of differentiation in this campaign which owe their existence, if not to the presence of a powerful third party in the field, at least, then, to the evolutionary factors which made the presence of that third ticket possible.

To one who believes in democracy, who has faith in progress through discussion which brings knowledge, a campaign like the present one should cause deep satisfaction. He may and ought to feel thus even if he dissents utterly from the third-party program. He may consider its pronouncements will-o'-wisps, its leaders wrong-headed; but he should welcome the opportunity to test the greater wisdom of his party's ideas either in the arena of the campaign or in the crucible of subsequent administration.

Certainly if our democracy is to flourish, it needs a quickened interest and devotion from the hundred million human units who compose it. What less can one say in the face of the steadily diminishing participation by the electorate? In 1920 half of the sovereign voters abdicated their

crowns. Fifty per cent. were too indifferent to vote. A real contest, with vital issues to be settled, will alike bring the rustic over miles of country lanes, drive the urbanite back to the city from his golf links, summon the twenty-one-year-old boy or girl from college, office, and factory to exercise their intrinsic American heritage, the right to the ballot.

It will be alleged, increasingly, as it already has been, that a three-cornered fight may defeat the majority will. This argument seems scarcely valid. The majority will is already beaten when only half the citizenry votes. Under our electoral procedure the popular will has been nullified before both in normal times, as in the Hayes-Tilden contest, and during periods of transition. It is in their nature that these periods are apt to be short. Nor can the traditional American party system be said to be functioning when the President is opposed, as President Coolidge has been, by his party members on almost every important issue. Whatever the will of the majority may be, it is surely not effective in these circumstances. And while prophecies are risky, it is extremely unlikely that a triangular-party system will become permanent in the United States. There will be realignments and readjustments. Old molds will be broken and recast. Our democracy will tend to become a living and pulsing reality, more akin in spirit to the early New England town-meetings, from which it received the first breath of life. That is the underlying issue in the present campaign.

The Shadow of a Triangle

BY CARL VAN DOREN

DRIVING to the country Friday afternoon with guests for a week-end, I was so intent upon the traffic through which I had to make my way that I had got beyond White Plains before I suspected the situation, and had slipped from Westchester into Connecticut before I was at all sure concerning the bare outlines of the triangle in which Edith, Minturn, and Hamilton were involved. It grew more obvious under the moon, and became positively conspicuous, to me at least, as, on the broad, level road between Ridgefield and Danbury, I let out the motor to a speed I had not risked before, until we swept around those long curves with the engine humming a tune which brought the moods of all of us into a kind of communicative sympathy.

Edith sat at my right, Minturn directly behind her on one of the extra seats, and Hamilton beside him on the other. Though her husband was thus closer to her, I noticed that she gave most of her attention to Hamilton. This was natural enough, since Minturn is ordinarily silent, most of all when his wife is as gay as Edith was that night. But I could not help feeling something less customary in the atmosphere. Even if I had been unable to see the glint in Edith's eyes as she looked across her shoulder and past me to Hamilton, and had been

unable to detect a new ardor in his voice, I should have noted, I think, the current of excitement which flowed back and forth from one to the other, careless of me, but careful of Minturn. The two contrived to let me guess, certainly without meaning it, that they were more solicitous about Minturn's feelings than they would have felt obliged to be had there not been something irregular in their own relationship.

I could not tell how far either of them was conscious of this solicitude, which took, indeed, different forms in Edith and Hamilton. With her it showed itself in a tendency to defer to Minturn on trivial matters of opinion, as if his judgment had suddenly become important to her. With Hamilton it showed itself in a tendency, which I measured as less spontaneous than Edith's, to make occasional deliberate efforts to draw Minturn into the conversation and both to laugh and listen with a respect which Hamilton rarely showed any one else. As to Minturn, I could not quite determine, either then or later, whether he entirely felt the subtle tension. He may have been too unimaginative; he may have been too inarticulate; he may have been too civilized. At any rate, he gave no sign which I could identify.

I remember smiling to myself at the instinct which led the lovers to spare the husband at such a time. Edith, I

supposed, was anxious, out of genuine wifely affection, not to hurt him, and Hamilton must have had some vague notion of atoning to Minturn with politeness for the insignificant status to which he might hold himself to be reduced. Whatever their precise motives, they were playing rôles which—I smiled again—seemed little like those which might have been expected. To this considerate region of good manners had moved the pangs of conscience about which the theater, dealing with similar themes, is eloquent.

In my own mind I had called them lovers, but I shortly found that I had been precipitate. Arrived at my farmhouse in the Taconics, I busied myself with the lamps in the drawing-room while Minturn lighted a fire on the cold hearth. There was a prolonged moment of delay during which the room was virtually in darkness. Then, when the flame came up in the first lamp, I turned in time to catch a by-play which was even more illuminating. Hamilton had evidently sought to take advantage of the moment and had ventured a caress, but the hand which he had caught at was being withdrawn, if not abruptly, at least decisively. Edith had, without actually repulsing him, nevertheless resisted. She was not yet ready to be a partner in his stealth. So far, I told myself, she had not yielded to Hamilton's suit.

§ 2

In the sunlight the next day I thought at first that I might have been mistaken in my interpretation of these facts, but I was not long in doubt. When the four of us, with my wife and Marian, set out for a walk around Bar-rack Mountain, Edith and Hamilton kept drifting together like steel and

magnet. She, I could see, was half afraid. She would leave him to walk with me or with Minturn, or between the other women, not so much in mere coquetry as in a fascinated uncertainty. Discreet as he was, Hamilton never wavered. No matter how much he might distribute his words among us, they were all for Edith. If she halted, he was at her side. Whenever she spoke, he heard her, even though he might be apparently talking to some one else. This intentness, while it must have flattered her, presumably also worried her. It implied more than she was yet willing to admit or to enjoy. She still inhabited a debatable ground from which the adventure to which Hamilton called her probably looked at once charming and terrifying.

I exaggerate if I give the impression that the affair was then as clear a thing as I have since come to understand it was. My wife, for instance, had not even noticed it, though when I questioned her late in the afternoon she recalled details which made her agree with me. Meanwhile, the pursuer seemed to me to be gaining ground. By comparison with Minturn, who had been unusually silent, had panted on the hills, and had come back to the house fagged out, Hamilton was gallant and insouciant. At the same time, the fire which warmed him had roused all his faculties. I had never known him to be so entertaining before. As we sat on a stone wall from which we had watched the sun go down in splendor, he led us in singing all sorts of absurd and sentimental songs; and when we had gone indoors, he started a hundred amusing topics and said the best things about them. Love, perhaps, had gone to his head, as if it had been liquor, but he carried it so

well that he did not spill his secrets before the party.

Edith could not have helped realizing that this glittering display was primarily for her. Increasingly she responded to it. I had always believed her a little cool and stiff, but now she was alive and warm. Once when Hamilton, on some casual pretext, tousled her smooth hair, she met his hand, I saw, half-way. I had the sense that an electric charge had passed between them. Later, when he sat beside her on the couch, her bare arm seemed to rejoice in his rough sleeve, and more than once she leaned unnecessarily against him. He contrived to scuffle with her over a cigarette-case which he claimed was his, prolonging the scuffle to a point which showed that they both took pleasure in it for its own sake. And when I followed the others out for a last look at the soft moon before we went to bed, I saw his arm unmistakably about her, this time not repulsed.

It was with a curiosity about which I felt a mild compunction that I studied their faces the second morning, to see whether they had fallen back from the position which they had reached the night before. So far as I could judge, they had not. Their first meeting, indeed, I did not witness, since both had gone out early into the garden, and, when I came upon them, were bending over a bed of marigolds as if botany were their only concern in the whole world. But there can hardly have been any strain in their attitudes such as I had perceived earlier. Possibly without any speech at all, they had drawn close together. The dew was upon their love, as it was upon the day.

I remember wondering whether words could ever express the feelings

of a lover who wakes with the sun and walks out into the bright air. Sleep may have restored him, but his body is never fully alert as soon as his love. He feels it racing through him, quickening his veins, like a vivid child running through a house at dawn to startle older sleepers. He feels it like a flame licking at some heavy substance which has grown cold. He feels it like a light bursting into a cave full of stubborn shadows. Love at this hour, with its uprush, lifts the lover till he tingles and walks on clouds. He seems to contain more than he can bear to contain. Sensations pour in upon him, so wide love has opened all the windows of his spirit, faster than his senses can absorb them. He leaves the temporal earth and whirls in the eternal ether.

But I remember wondering, also, what Edith, already married, and Hamilton would do with the emotion which had apparently invaded them. There was, after all, Minturn to be taken into account. Generous as he might prove, the lovers were nevertheless far from free. A drama of some sort was bound to be enacted. I could not escape a vague responsibility, because I had unwittingly furnished the action a stage on which to be carried out, and I shrank from having the problem pressed so close upon me. If we had been in town, I might have seen only a few items of the complication or none at all. Here the scene was narrowed and simplified, as if art itself had brought it before my eyes.

§ 3

At the lake that morning, to which we had gone an hour or so after breakfast, matters came to their singular climax.

Having dressed in the rough boat-

house, we had all swum to the float anchored some fifty yards away and were dawdling or skylarking upon it or in the water near by. Though it had been so hot the past week that the lake was warm and still as milk, there was a crisp touch in the August air. Stretched in the sun on the float, we could be comfortable for a time, but then, growing chilly, we would be obliged either to slip into the water or to begin to stir about. Most of us preferred to paddle lazily in the water, but Hamilton and Edith were alive with energy. She was taking an unmistakable pleasure in his lithe strength, while he was no less unmistakably delighted by the grace and sweetness of her brown body in its cherry suit. They made a handsome pair, charmingly at war, pushing each other off the float, ducking and splashing each other in the water, contending in preposterous games which he exulted to win and she to have him win.

Not only they, but all of us, became intoxicated with the careless freedom of the occasion. The lake, except for us, was deserted, and it was completely silent except for an echo now and then thrown back when some voices rose into a shout. The float was a rollicking island in the midst of a gray sea, a *fête champêtre* against a background of wilderness. We were the first men and women in the universe, or the last. Nothing from beyond the moment claimed us. No wonder we became more and more hilarious. When we were tired of diving from the springboard and the ladder, we invented new amusements. Hamilton and I swung the women by their wrists and ankles one by one out into the lake, laughing at their screams. The three of them

set upon each of us and upon Minturn, and tried with other screams to thrust us into the water. The float for several seconds would be a wild turmoil of arms and legs, and then would suddenly be empty, while we tumbled and splashed beside it.

In this hurly-burly I noticed that Hamilton kept always at a discreet distance from Minturn, even when Edith would take refuge behind her husband to escape some mimic danger. At such times Hamilton would turn aside to threaten some one else. But luck in the long run was bound to be against him, when we hit upon the sport of seeing which one could clear the deck of all the others. There came the moment when Minturn, having pushed me and all three women off, turned to Hamilton.

Then Hamilton's tact failed him. He accepted the challenge, met Minturn's rush head on, and with him began to struggle back and forth across the slippery planks. As the rest of us returned, we crouched under the diving-ladder to give the two a clear space. Minturn looked heavy and slow beside his rival, but he was really strong, though not quite dependable in wind. He had evidently expected to catch Hamilton off his guard. Failing in this, he gave back at first, and then rallied with a kind of smiling desperation. I felt that the smile was partly assumed. However much or little he may have been aware of their predicaments, he must have been a little bored at Hamilton's boyish rowdyism. Hamilton, I am sure, after a second regretted the momentary blunder which had led him into the plight, but he was too much excited by love and by the presence of Edith to be quite prudent. At first he too bore himself

lightly, but as the even conflict lengthened out, he became more serious. I could see his face grow tense.

He dropped suddenly to one knee and tried to throw Minturn over his head, but the older man clutched him and saved himself. The two rolled over and over for a puffing minute, then scrambled to their feet again. Hamilton, increasingly on the aggressive, attempted by a feint to trick Minturn off his balance near the edge of the float, and was again thwarted by a clinch. They clawed the air, but regained their footing. Hamilton broke loose and retreated to the end of the float. Minturn followed, missed his second rush, and again saved himself by catching his antagonist in his arms. Turning, he pushed Hamilton slowly back, closer and closer to the edge. Hamilton whirled, his foot slapping the floor so that we all laughed. They stiffened again in the center of the float.

"Call it a draw," I counseled them.

"Wait till I drown him," said Minturn.

"Yes, wait," said Hamilton. As he spoke, he tore himself out of Minturn's grasp and, when the other staggered, pinioned his two arms behind him. Then, with this advantage, he began to shove Minturn toward the water.

I am wholly at a loss to explain how Hamilton, imaginative as he is, can have so far forgotten himself. But his blood was heated, he was in love, and Edith crouched under the diving-ladder. Some dim atavism must have stirred within him, prompting him to behave as if he were in the primeval forest, victorious over a rival for the favors of a woman whom both desired. I wanted to call out. It was, however, so little my affair that I

could not. I had to stand there, as if chained, and watch him in his madness.

I felt a chill silence settle down upon me as Minturn's sliding feet, seeking vainly for a foothold on the wet boards, approached the edge. The beaten man was panting, his shoulders heaving in the effort to wrest his arms out of this tight grip. The effort was useless, and Hamilton was irresistible. But at the edge he did not hurl Minturn immediately into the water. He started to let his victim fall, then drew him back. "Who's going to drown now?" he questioned. "Get ready," he commanded, and braced himself. "Get set," he commanded again, and rocked forward. "Go," and he flung Minturn sprawling, adding a thrust with his foot which sent his rival out of sight.

And then Hamilton, laughing, turned to the spectators. "Who's next?" he asked us.

Edith, her eyes not meeting his, had dived straight into the water beside the emerging Minturn. When she came up she caught her husband's shoulder and so drew herself to the float.

§ 4

She hardly left his side during the remainder of that day. I saw her walking hand in hand with him on the way home and heard her chaffing him, but watching him with shining, solicitous eyes. After lunch they sat on the porch and together watched the clouds which had begun to roll up. And later, when we were all taking our seats in the motor to return to town, she insisted that Marian ride with me while she herself snuggled close to Minturn.

I think I understand something of

the swift processes which went on inside Edith while the two contestants struggled on the float. There was, of course, her instinctive feeling that Minturn was hers, a part of her, and that she with him had been wounded by the indignity. But I imagine that the deciding element was less simple than this. She is not of that primitive disposition which could have been thrilled at perceiving herself to be the gage of battle. With what a shock, then, she must have realized that she had become precisely that, in a conflict of which this tussle was the shadow. Only, the tussle was a vulgar shadow, a mere parody. She had doubtless cherished her conception of

her love on a plane a long way removed from anything so broad and flat. Hamilton had dragged the conflict down to a level which she could not bear to contemplate, because to contemplate it unconcerned would have been to accept a valuation of herself which was ridiculous, if not revolting. She was not a doe standing by while two bucks strove to find out which of them should possess her. Yet here, coming as if to a catastrophe, was a bald plot in which she could not help seeing that unwelcome rôle assigned to her. All that was sophisticated in Edith started back, and her keenest emotions accompanied her in her retreat.

Man by Himself

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Because my grief is quiet and apart,
Think not for such a reason it is less.
True sorrow makes a silence in the heart;
Joy has its friends, but grief its loneliness.
The wound that tears too readily confess,
Can mended be by fortune or by art,
But there are woes no medicine can dress,
As there are wounds that from the spirit start.
So do not wonder that I do not weep,
Or say my anguish is too little shown;
There is a quiet here, there is a sleep,
There is a peace that I have made my own.
Man by himself goes down into the deep,
Certain and unbefriended and alone.

A Reform to End Reforms

The Return to Reality in Government

BY GLENN FRANK

WHILE Henry Ward Beecher was out walking one day, his dog flushed a woodchuck, which promptly darted into a hole in the fence. Beecher said that after that, whenever they passed that way, the dog would bark furiously at the hole although the woodchuck had long since gone elsewhere.

I do not know that we have much right to laugh at this incident. Beecher's dog was indulging in a very human habit. Half the history of mankind is a record of how men have wasted their lives barking at abandoned holes. And we moderns have not outgrown the habit.

In politics we shout faded war-cries that bear no relation to living issues. In religion we keep on fighting dead devils and ignoring the new sins that are cropping up all about us. In education we still maintain a subtle and sinister hiatus between learning and life. In our earnest and honest efforts to be public-spirited we fritter away on all sorts of uplift movements creative energies that would bring far greater benefit to society if we turned their full force into the better performance of the jobs out of which we are getting our bread and butter.

The human race seems to have a positive genius for missing the point.

We waste our emotions and our energies on dead issues, follow old slogans instead of facing new issues, and grow excited about all sorts of sham battles while the real battles of our country and our careers go unfought. We bark at abandoned holes.

But the art of effective living for the individual citizen or the art of effective government for the nation begins with knowing, at any given moment, what the real issue is, and in facing it intelligently. Life is too short to waste time fighting yesterday's battles. And yet it is very difficult to avoid fighting yesterday's battles, for battle-lines shift with the generations. We must be eternally alert if we are to avoid wasting good ammunition on enemies that have moved elsewhere.

Certainly in the matter of religion and morals we must watch for shifts in the battle-line or we shall be fighting at vanished enemies and exposing ourselves to the ambush-fire of new and unlabeled enemies. Fashions in devils change. There are shifting styles in sin. The ten commandments must be reinterpreted to each generation in the specific terms of that generation's ways of thinking and living and working. The sociologists have been hammering away at this point for many years. I have often sum-

marized in these columns their contentions on this point, but they will bear another repetition.

Once men killed their fellows only at close range with clubs; now they may kill them at long range with unguarded machinery. Once men killed their fellows quickly with deadly poisons; now they may kill them slowly by selling them adulterated food or fake patent medicines.

Once men stole from their fellows only by the personal method of carrying away their tangible property; now they may steal from them by the impersonal method of manipulating prices without regard for quality of goods or services.

Once slavery meant owning men directly; now slavery may mean simply controlling men indirectly.

Once men burned heretics, men who differed from the majority opinion of their time; now they simply discredit them and prevent them from getting paying jobs.

Men may now sin by syndicate, as Professor Ross phrased it, without feeling the insistent sense of personal moral responsibility they might feel if they sinned by the well known personal methods.

As there are styles in sin, so there are fashions in goodness. It is no longer thought that a good set of personal habits alone makes a good man. The modern good man must have political and business and professional morals as well.

Morals are not static. Failure to recognize this fact accounts for much of the futile barking at abandoned holes that characterizes many of the moral undertakings of mankind. New days bring new duties. New visions call for new virtues. It is all right to

defend the "faith of our fathers," but it is also important to develop the "faith of our sons." A statue of Beecher's dog should be on the desks of all of us who are churchmen.

In politics barking at abandoned holes is lifted to the dignity of a major sport. I suggest that political America is ripe for a new kind of revolution. It would be a revolution that would be engineered neither by radicals nor reactionaries. It would rely neither upon Red Guards nor upon White Guards. It would be managed by the clear-headed rather than by the hot-headed. Its votaries would not burn a single barn or shed a single drop of blood. It would make for order rather than disorder. Its one aim would be to keep politics dealing with to-day's issues instead of yesterday's issues. Its watchword would be, "What is the real issue?" Its triumph would mean the establishment of the scientific point of view in political discussion and action.

This political revolution might well take Luther Burbank as its patron saint. Burbank has achieved fame and fortune because he was unwilling to let nature muddle through in her own way and produce just any sort of potato that might come from an accidental combination of seed and soil. He saw that even a potato, if it is to be the best sort of potato, must be planned. Burbank manured his garden with brains.

Burbank is not a magician. He does not summon new vegetables and new flowers out of the thin air with the gestures of an Indian fakir. He simply takes natural laws and natural forces that are already at work and by mixing human intelligence with them produces in a short while, let us say,

a Shasta daisy, a bigger, better, and finer daisy than nature might produce in a hundred years if left to herself.

I suggest that we would all do well to go to school for a while in Luther Burbank's garden. He could teach us, if we would only listen, how to run our governments, conduct our schools, and rear our families. And he could teach us all this by just letting us watch him raise one potato scientifically.

And this is what we should learn. If Burbank cannot afford to let "nature" muddle through in running a garden, we cannot afford to let "human nature" muddle through in running the private affairs of our own lives or the public affairs of our nation.

We have followed all sorts of leaders. We have followed the militarist, and he has given us wars. We have followed the demagogue, and he has given us revolutions. We have followed the compromising politician, and he has given us corrupt and inefficient governments. We have followed the bigot, and he has given us divided and hate-ridden nations. It is time that we followed the scientist, the man who finds the facts, determines the common-sense conclusion that they suggest, and then acts on it without regard for votes, traditions, propagandas, or prejudices. We have tried drift; it is time to try mastery.

It is time to try it in our private affairs. In the way we think and act it becomes us to avoid being radicals or conservatives and to be simply scientists. That is to say, it becomes us to think and act always in the light of the facts in the case instead of in the light of prejudices, catchwords, and the weather-beaten labels of our class, our clique, or our clan.

It is time to try it in our public affairs. It behooves us to see to it that our classrooms, our pulpits, and our legislatures are filled with men who act under the guidance of that "organized common sense" which is the stock in trade of the scientist. This new revolution would substitute Burbanks for mountebanks in our public life. It will give us Burbanks of business, Burbanks of education, Burbanks of politics, men who will hasten the reign of that conscious social control, which is one way of saying civilization. It will more and more bring into political leadership those men who, as Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested, carry in their brains the ovarian eggs of the generation's or next century's civilization.

And Beecher's dog, as he barks at the abandoned hole in the fence, furnishes a needed object lesson to those of us who sincerely desire to render a public service. In the field of social service a lot of energy is spent in barking at abandoned holes, because we often miss the real point of service to society. Minding one's own business is almost a lost art, as L. P. Jacks points out in a recent essay. The "model citizen" of the twentieth century is the man who minds other people's business. This is the age of the uplifter. An uplifter is frequently a man who has misread the golden rule, a man who has interpreted the golden rule as a roving commission to busybodies, as a personal command to him to regulate the life of his neighbor and of his nation. But the golden rule is not a roving commission to busybodies; it is the supreme command for us to mind our own business.

Bernard Shaw once suggested that we should not do unto others as we

would have others do unto us because their tastes may be different. This was not a irreverent quip; it was simply a picturesque reminder that there is something sacred about a man's personality, and that we should think twice before invading the privacy of another man's life with our personal notions of what would improve him. But I do not join Mr. Shaw in his jesting demand that we revise the golden rule; I merely suggest that we stop misinterpreting it and begin following it literally. The one thing that most of us would most like to have "others do unto us" is to let us alone. It is becoming in us, therefore, to let others alone in the normal run of human affairs.

But, insists the devotee of public spirit, if a man simply minds his own business, will he not become a selfish man, indifferent to the needs of his fellow-men, and neglectful of those "good works" we call social service? Will he not become an uppish fellow, content to watch the world go hang as long as he himself is comfortable? Can a man who simply minds his own business possibly be a good citizen? Dr. Jack thinks so, and argues the case on grounds which I have emphasized over and over again in these columns during the last five years, namely, that minding one's own business is in itself the supreme social service. In

fact, if every man minded his own business, social service would be unnecessary, and the army of reformers would have to demobilize.

Why are business reforms ever necessary? Because some business men have not minded their own business as they should. Why are religious reforms ever necessary? Because some preachers have not minded their own business as they should. Why are political reforms ever necessary? Because some politicians have not minded their own business as they should. Because somebody somewhere has given less than his best to his profession or to his business.

The life of the world is moved and molded mainly by the way the work of the world is done. The private businesses of the world are, therefore, better instruments of social service than the public movements of the world. We can be pretty sure that, at any given moment, the real issue we need to face is inside our own job. It is not always the uplifters who uplift the world; it is mainly the men and women who are minding their own business in a creative and consistent way.

We have had a "war to end war." I suggest that in politics, in religion, and in social service, we have a "reform to end reforms." And its slogan will be, "Be sure the woodchuck is in the hole you are barking at."

Books and Affairs

BY THE EDITORS

THE ART OF BEING AT EASE

OUTSIDE of melodrama, nothing about fiction so captures its readers as the appearance of ease in the narrative which comes when events succeed one another in a natural gradation, when characters move upon a plane never really remote from common experience, and when the language of the narrator neither rises nor falls from the tone of familiar discourse. All these qualities conspire in E. M. Forster's brilliant latest novel, "A Passage to India" (Harcourt, Brace), one effect of which should be forever to discredit Rudyard Kipling, that brassy Briton, as a commentator upon the Anglo-Indian situation. Mr. Kipling might possibly have hit upon Mr. Forster's theme: two commonplace Englishwomen come out to Chandrapore to take their places among the commonplace members of the English hierarchy there, are involved in a difficulty which threatens to bring on an uprising of the natives against their European lords, and leave India with their lesson about the Indian problem learned. Only, whereas with Mr. Kipling the lesson would have been what any thick-skinned civil servant might have concluded about the necessity of keeping the Indians under hatches, with Mr. Forster the lesson is that there has been

developed in India, as a result of the British occupation, a tangle of human relationships which is enormously complex, but which has been artificially simplified, united force on one side and disunited weakness on the other, with a result that dreadful damage has been done to both parties to the controversy. The story is as simply given and its bearings are as clearly implied as if it were the story of some obtuse husband and his browbeaten wife, yet the action indubitably concerns itself with races and, though tentative enough, symbolizes the whole strife of the varying tribes of men upon this crowded planet. What seems perhaps most striking about "A Passage to India" is that, with a title from Whitman and a kind of cosmic intention back of it, the novel yields to none of the temptations to be large and windy which might have been expected. It is acutely personal and spiritual, a study of the nerves of many individuals in an unbearable impasse. All that is general about it must be deduced from the specific. Mr. Forster, more and more outstanding among the younger novelists, has finally arrived at that point of absolute lucidity and accuracy of statement which enables a writer to say simple things in a way which opens up vistas in all directions into the profoundest regions of reflection.

By comparison Joseph Hergesheimer

in "Balisand" (Knopf) seems a little stiff and argumentative. It is true that he has given free, if deliberate, rein to that side of his nature which is ascetic. This novel lacks all the purple and deep velvet which he has occasionally employed elsewhere. But he has not simplified his matter throughout as he has simplified his style. Richard Bale, the protagonist, is a Virginia Federalist during the vexed era of the conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson. Bale clings to the old days of the Revolutionary struggle and to the older codes of the Anglo-Virginian aristocrats. In the movement of democracy he sees, and Mr. Hergesheimer shows every sign of seeing, nothing but the iconoclastic march of mediocrity. At his best Richard Bale is heroic, however absurd, particularly in the episode of the duel which ends the book. A genuine Hergesheimer personage, he has one idea, an impolitic idea, and he meets his certain fate with a grand gesture. But Bale, like most aristocrats with their backs against the wall, is rather a stupid fellow, with more character than intelligence. When he acts, he may be interesting; when he argues, he is dull. Who, indeed, cares now by what disquisitive processes the older American gentry faced the changes brought about by Jefferson? The ancient arguments are deadlier than the ancient issues. Only the actual deeds have a persistent vitality. C. V. D.

MURDER WILL OUT

Murder will out, a proverb says, but it is evident from Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder" (Macmillan) that murderers in the United States have a remarkably good chance

to escape conviction and punishment. Mr. Pearson is not without strong opinions in the matter, as he is not without certain patriotic impulses which lead him now and then to be very silly when he has a chance to take belated, wanton shots at Germans. On the whole, however, he has dealt with these five celebrated American murder cases with impartiality, and with a humor which he somehow manages to keep from seeming out of place in such gory annals. Two of his narratives are much better than the others, and one of the two is easily the best in the book. This is the story of the Borden case, the amazingly mysterious murder of a respectable elderly couple in Fall River in 1892. They were killed in broad daylight, almost under the eyes of their household. Their daughter Lizzie was accused of the murder, but was acquitted for the reason that, though it was nearly impossible to believe that any one else could have been guilty, it was equally impossible to understand how she could have been guilty and yet could have hidden her traces with such skill as the murderer showed. What Mr. Pearson's private opinion is may be read clearly between the lines, but he is content not to announce it. Instead, he sets his stage, recounts the facts which can be known, examines and digests the testimony given in the trials, and leaves the mystery, if anywhere, still in the memory of the accused. What would Mr. Pearson not give for one peep into the mind of the criminal as he or she reads this book? If his version of the Borden case is better than that of the murders on board the barkentine *Herbert Fuller* in 1896, this is partly because Mr. Pearson is less a dramatist than a social

historian. He lacks, or has neglected, the art which might have taken full advantage of the situation on the barkentine when the survivors, each one suspicious of all the others, were planning how they could get safe home and yet see that justice was done when they got there. He excels in showing how the American public grows heated over murders and develops such violent or sentimental opinions about them that a mob is virtually present at every trial.

C. V. D.

THUNDER FROM SOUTH AFRICA

To get some notion of how John Keats dawned upon the smooth days of George III it is sufficient this year to read "The Flaming Terrapin" (Dial Press) by Roy Campbell, who dawns upon the less smooth days of George V with even louder thunders. His poem will be shocking to tender ears, as Keats's "Endymion" was shocking to their kind. The story is a tumultuous fable of a mythical creature which rose from the deep, with all the untamable elements of creation upon its back, took Noah's ark in tow, drew it out from the dying world to the hopeful top of Ararat, and then returned to the deep which gave it. The action takes place over the whole universe, with the earth its principal setting, but with heaven and hell, eternity and chaos,

now on the stage and never farther off than the wings of the theater. "The Flaming Terrapin" is a sort of "Moby Dick" in rhyme, with a longer plot and a wider scene. By its very method it is obliged to be a miscellany, as "The Faerie Queene" and "Endymion" were miscellanies. The images come from many cultures and from many lands. All the gods and all the devils inhabit its cosmos. Lightning and Leviathan are among its minor characters. The language takes on a quality which the method enforces. It is full of the sonorous abstractions of Milton and Pope, but with them are to be found intensely concrete details from Mr. Campbell's observations in his native South Africa. It is as if he were a well-read, poetical cow-boy, racing, as he might say, on some stallion of the wind, swinging his lasso out across the immeasurable and snatching back to himself incalculable booty wherewith to shape an allegory of the human mind lifting itself once more out of the slime and once more facing the splendid, smiling sun. Mr. Campbell is all violence; he marries, in the phrase of Æ, the wild word to the wild thought. Whether he is to be another Keats, of course, remains to be proved by his later work. To make a Keats there had to be, after the lush beginning in "Endymion," the rich flowering in "Hyperion" and the odes. C. V. D.

